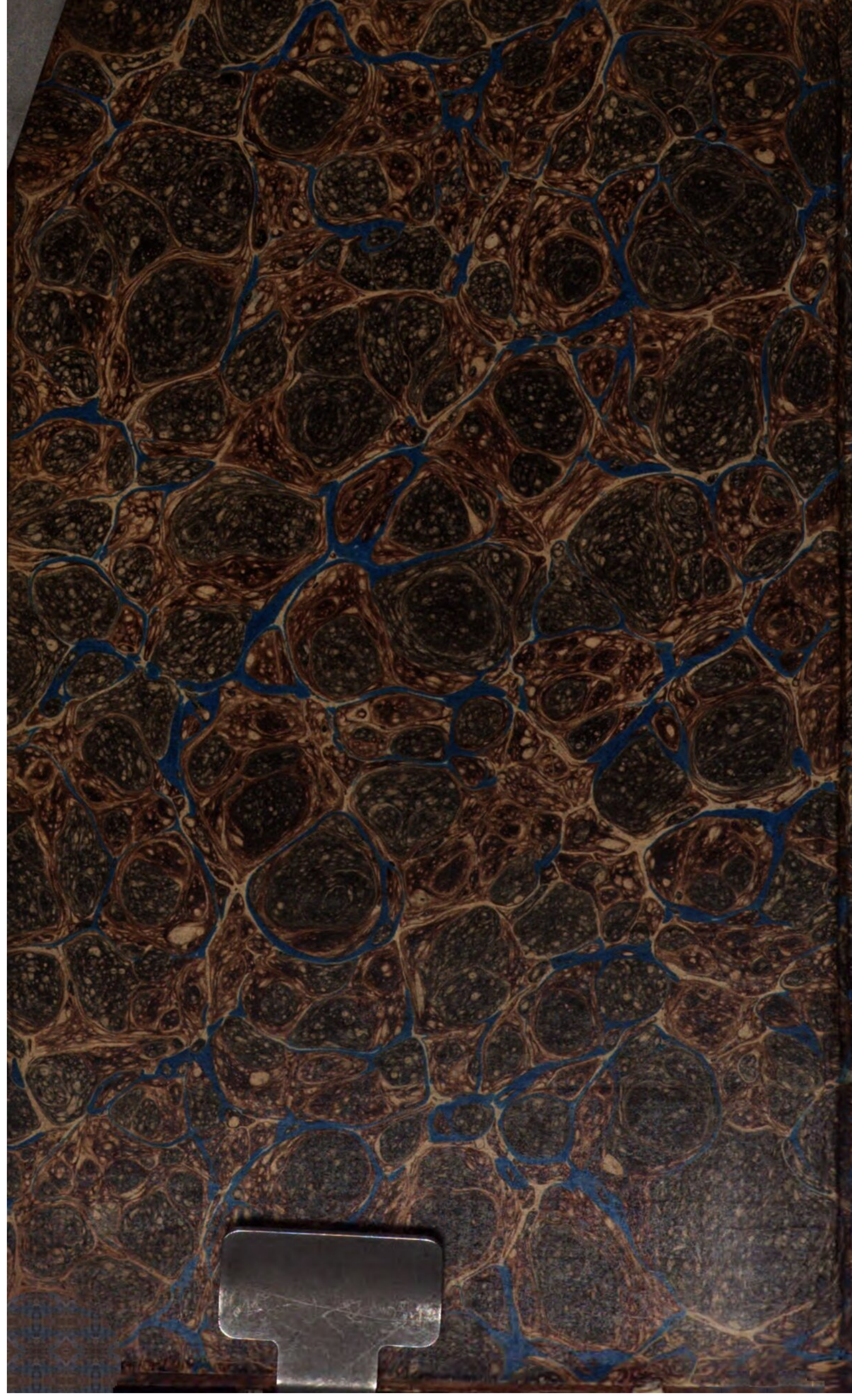






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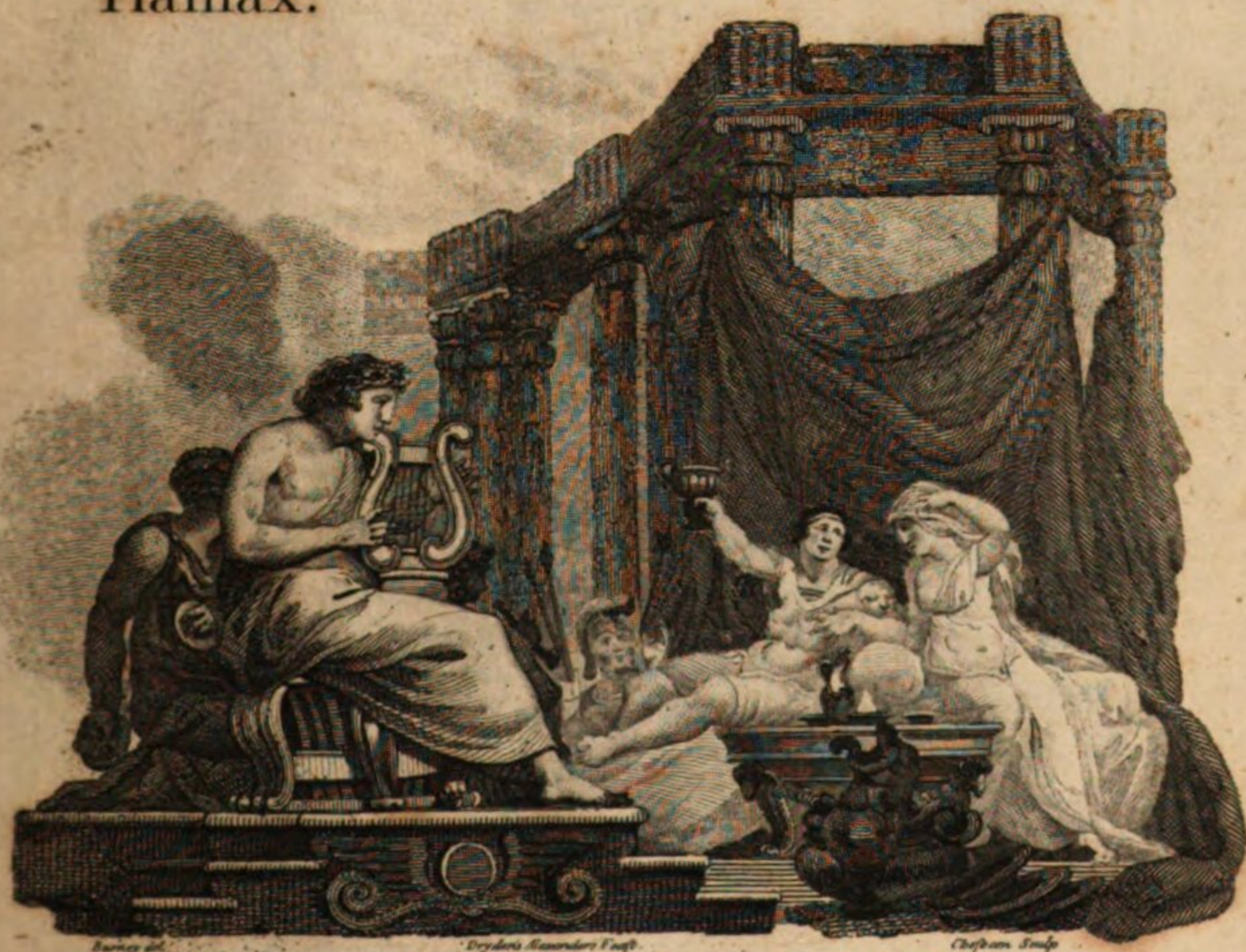
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.

Containing

STANZAS ON THE PROTECTOR,
ASTREA REDUX,
ANNUS MIRABILIS,
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL,
THE MEDAL,
HIND AND PANTHER,
RELIGIO LAICI,
THRENODIA,
AUGUSTALIS,
BRITANNIA REDIVIVA,
MAC-FLECNOE,

ALEXANDER'S FEAST,
FABLES,
ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
EPITAPHS,
SONGS,
PROLOCUES,
EPILOGUES,
TALES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here let me bend, great DRYDEN, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine.
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep!
Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
With equal strength the poet rises too:
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force.
The powers of genius, and of judgment join,
And the whole art of poetry is thine.

CHURCHILL'S APOLOGY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF THE NOTHMAN

THE LIFE OF DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN, "the great High Priest of all the Nine," and "the father of English criticism," was born at Aldwincle, near Oundle, a village belonging to the Earl of Exeter in Northamptonshire, Aug. 6. 1631. He was son of Erasmus Dryden, Esq. of Tichmarsh, Northamptonshire, the third son of Erasmus Dryden, Bart. of Canons-Ashby in that county, descended of a family originally settled in Huntingdonshire.

He is reported by Derrick, one of his biographers, to have inherited, from his father, an estate of 200 l. *per annum*, and to have been bred an Anabaptist; but for either of these particulars no authority is given.

He was educated at Westminster school, as a King's scholar, under Dr. Busby, where, he has himself told us, he "translated the *Third Satire of Persius*, for a Thursday night's exercise," and wrote "many other exercises of this nature in English verse."

In 1649, the year before he left school, he wrote a poem *On the Death of Lord Hastings*, which abounds in such conceits, as the example of Cowley still kept in reputation.

In 1650, he was elected to one of the Westminster scholarships at Cambridge, and went off to Trinity College.

The same year, he wrote a copy of verses prefixed to the "Poems of John Hoddefon," London, 12mo., 1650, under this title, *J. Dryden, of Trinity College, to his Friend, the Author, upon his Divine Epigrams.*

In 1653, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. On the death of Cromwell, in 1658, he wrote *Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector*; which, compared with the verses of Sprat and Waller on the same occasion, were sufficient to raise great expectations of the rising poet.

At the Restoration, he changed his opinion, like the other panegyrists of Cromwell, who shared with him the reproach of inconstancy, and published *ASTRÆA REDUX, a Poem on the happy restoration and return of his most sacred Majesty, King Charles II.* 1660. A remarkable couplet, in the beginning of this Poem, exposed him to the ridicule of the wits.

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.

The same year, he praised the new King, in *A Panegyric to his Majesty on his Coronation.*

In 1661, he contributed a copy of Latin verses, *On the Death of Prince Henry and Princess Mary*, inserted in the "*Tibreni Cantabrigienses*" of that year; and another on the *Marriage of King Charles II.* printed in the "*Epithalamia Cantabrigiensa* 1662."

It appears from his signature, that, in 1662, he had obtained a fellowship; for that academical honour does not attend his name in 1661.

If these poems had been seen by Dr. Johnson, before the publication of his excellent Life of Dryden, that judicious biographer would certainly have made some alteration in the following paragraph: "At the University, he does not appear to have been eager of poetical distinction, or to have lavished his *early wit* either on fictitious subjects, or public occasions. He probably considered, that he who purposed to be an author ought first to be a student. He obtained, whatever was the reason, *no fellowship* in the college. Why he was excluded cannot now be known, and it is vain to guess: had he thought himself injured he knew how to complain. It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a *public* candidate for fame."

In 1662, he addressed a poem to the Lord Chancellor Hyde, presented on New-Year's-Day, and the same year published *A Satire on the Dutch.*

It may be considered as a proof of his early reputation for knowledge, that he was chosen a member of the Royal Society soon after the formation of that institution. He was elected a fellow 19th November, 1662, and admitted the 26th. This circumstance is wholly unnoticed by his biographers. Few poets have solicited an introduction into that learned body since Cowley, Denham, and Dryden.

In 1663, in the thirty-second year of his age, he commented a writer for the stage, of which he



kept possession for many years, not without the competition of rivals, who sometimes prevailed, or the censure of critics, which was often just, but with such a degree of reputation, as encouraged him to exercise his genius in composing eight-and-twenty dramas.

His first piece was a comedy, called *The Wild Gallant*, which met with such indifferent success, that, had not necessity compelled him to persevere, the English stage had perhaps never been favoured with some of its brightest ornaments. This play was revised and printed in 1669.

In 1664, he produced *The Rival Ladies*, a tragi-comedy, in dramatic rhyme, with a dedication to the Earl of Orrery, who was himself a writer of rhyming tragedies.

He then joined with Sir Robert Howard in the *Indian Queen*, a tragedy in rhyme; but the parts which he wrote are not distinguished.

In 1667, he produced *The Indian Emperor*, a tragedy in rhyme, intended for a sequel to Howard's *Indian Queen*, of which notice was given to the audience by printed bills, distributed at the door, an expedient which is supposed to be ridiculed in "The Rehearsal," where Bayes tells how many reams he has printed, to instil into the audience some conception of the plot.

To this play is prefixed a very vehement defence of dramatic rhyme, in confutation of the preface to "the Duke of Lerma," in which Sir Robert Howard had censured it.

The same year, he published *Annus Mirabilis, the Year of Wonders*, M.DC.LXVI., which is justly esteemed one of his most elaborate performances. It is written in quatrains, or heroic stanzas of four lines, a measure which he borrowed from the "Gondibert" of Davenant, and which, in his prefatory letter to Sir Robert Howard, he says, "I have ever judged more noble, and of greater dignity, than any other verse in use amongst us."

He was now so much distinguished, that on the death of Davenant in 1668, he was made Poet-Laureat. The same year he published his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, an elegant and instructive dialogue, in which the principal character, according to Prior, is meant to represent the Earl of Dorset. In 1668, he produced *Secret Love, or the Maiden-Queen*, a tragi-comedy, and *Sir Martin Mar-all*, a comedy, which was at first published without his name. Langbaine charges it, like most of the rest, with plagiarism. Downes says, the Duke of Newcastle gave this play to Dryden, who adapted it to the stage, and it is entered on the books of the Stationers Company, as the production of that Nobleman.

The Tempest, an alteration of Shakspeare's play, made by Dryden in conjunction with Davenant, was exhibited in 1670. The effect produced by two such powerful minds, was, that to Shakspeare's monster *Caliban*, is added a sister-monster *Sycorax*; and a woman who in the original play had never seen a man, is in this brought acquainted with a man that had never seen a woman. The new characters were chiefly the invention and writing of Davenant, as acknowledged by Dryden in his preface.

In 1671, *An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer*, a comedy, made its appearance, with a preface and dedication to the Duke of Newcastle. The preface is elaborately written, and contains many just remarks on the fathers of the English drama.

In 1672, he produced another tragedy in rhyme, called *Tyrannic Love, or the Virgin Martyr*, which has many passages of strength and elegance, and many of empty noise and ridiculous turbulence. The rants of *Maximin* have been always the sport of criticism, and were at length the shame of the writer.

The same year appeared the two parts of the *Conquest of Granada*, which abound in dramatic wonders and poetical beauties, and met with great success; but they are written in professed defiance of probability, and have been long laid aside.

He did not enjoy his reputation, however, without molestation. The *Conquest of Granada* was censured with some severity by Martin Clifford, Esq. of the Charter-House; and the two most distinguished wits of the nobility, Buckingham and Rochester, declared themselves his enemies.

Buckingham characterised him in 1672, by the name of *Bayes*, in "The Rehearsal," a satirical comedy, which he is said to have written in 1665, with the assistance of Butler, Martin Clifford, Esq. and Sprat, then his chaplain.

Dr. Johnson says, it "was originally intended against Davenant, who in the first draught was characterised by the name of *Bilboa*. Davenant had been a soldier and an adventurer."

In the "Key to the Rehearsal," it is said Sir Robert Howard was characterised by the name of *Bilboa*. The design was probably to ridicule the reigning poet, whoever he might be. Rochester, to suppress the reputation of Dryden, took Settle and Crowne successively into his protection, and promoted their interest on the stage so effectually, as to make him think his supremacy of reputation in some danger.

The success of "The Empress of Morocco," a tragedy written in rhyme by Settle, seems to have given him great disturbance, as he condescended to write an intemperate critique on the play and dedication, expressive of rage and terror, indignation and jealousy. Settle took his revenge on the appearance of the *Conquest of Granada*. His answer is perhaps equal to the censure, which is no high commendation.

His *Marriage a-la-Mode*, a comedy, was exhibited, according to Langbaine, in 1673, and dedicated to Rochester, whom yet tradition always represents as his enemy, and who is mentioned by him with some disrespect in the preface to *Juvenal*.

The same year he produced *The Affignation, or Love in a Nunnery*, a comedy, which was driven off the stage; and *Amboyna*, a tragedy, intended to inflame the nation against the Dutch.

The next year he published *The State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man*, an opera, or rather a tragedy in heroic rhyme, founded on "Paradise Lost," which has undoubtedly very great beauties; but the characters are such as cannot decently be exhibited on the stage.

In 1675, he brought on the stage *The Mistaken Husband*, a comedy, founded on the *Menachmi* of Plautus, of which he only wrote one scene. The real author is unknown.

It was followed, in 1676, by *Aurengzebe*, a tragedy, written in rhyme, which has the appearance of being the most elaborate of all his dramas. By writing tragedies in rhyme he continued to improve his diction and his numbers, and seems to have fully formed his versification, and settled his system of propriety when he wrote this play.

In 1678, he produced *All for Love, or the World well Lost*, a tragedy, founded on Shakspeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," which is by universal consent accounted the most perfect of his dramas. It has certainly the fewest improprieties of style or character, and, in point of regularity and poetic harmony, may be justly considered as an invincible masterpiece of the power of English poetry. This, he tells us, "is the only play which he wrote for himself;" the rest were given to the people.

The next year he wrote, in conjunction with Lee, *Oedipus*, a tragedy, founded on the tragedies of Sophocles and Seneca, which was acted with great success, and acknowledged by Langbaine, "to be one of the best tragedies extant." The first and third acts were written by Dryden, who planned the scenes; the remainder by Lee.

It was followed the same year by *Trilussa and Cressida, or Truth found out too late*, a tragedy altered from Shakspeare, "to which," says Langbaine, "he added several new scenes, and even cultivated and improved what he borrowed from the original. The last scene in the third act is a masterpiece." It is introduced by a "Discourse on the grounds of Criticism in Tragedy."

The same year came out *An Essay on Satire*, said to be written jointly by Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave, containing some very severe reflections on the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Rochester, who took their revenge, by basely hiring three ruffians to cudgel Dryden in a coffee-house. This incident is mentioned by Mulgrave, the true writer, in his "Art of Poetry."

Though prais'd and beaten for another's rhymes,
His own deserves as great applause sometimes.

In 1680, he produced a comedy called *Limberham, or the Kind Keeper*, which, after the third night, was prohibited as too indecent for the stage. He confesses that its indecency was objected to; but Langbaine, who seldom favours him, reckons it his best comedy, and imputes its expulsion to resentment, because it "so much exposed the keeping part of the town."

The same year came out a "Translation of Ovid's *Epistles* in English verse," by several hands, two of which, together with the preface, were by Dryden. The Epistle of *Helen to Paris*, is attributed to him and Lord Mulgrave.

In 1681, he published his *Abraham and Achitophel*, a severe satire on the faction of the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shaftesbury, which was eagerly received and universally read. The well known character of *Zimri* in this memorable satire, is severe enough to repay all the ridicule thrown on him by Buckingham, in the character of *Boyes* in "The Rehearsal."

A *Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel* was written by Tate, at the request and under the direction of Dryden, who wrote nearly two hundred lines of it himself, beginning with

Next these a troop of busy spirits press,

And ending with

To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

The same year he published his *Medal, a Satire against Sedition*, which is a severe invective against Shaftesbury and the Whig party. Settle, his old antagonist, wrote an answer to it, intitled the "*Medal Reversed*," 4to, 1681, and is also supposed to have written two answers for his *Absalom and Achitophel*, the one intitled "*Absalom Senior*," the other "*Azariah and Hushai*," 4to, 1682. In both rencounters Settle had so much success, that he left the palm doubtful, and divided the suffrages of the nation.

In 1681, he brought on the stage his *Spanish Friar, or the Double Discovery*, written against the Papists, and eminent for the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots, and for the real power both of the serious and risible parts. The whole drama is natural, lively, entertaining, and highly finished, both with respect to plot, character, and language.

In 1682, came out his *Religio Laici*, which borrows its title from the *Religio Medici* of Dr. Browne, and is intended as a defence of revealed religion against Deists, Papists, &c.

In 1683, he brought on the stage *The Duke of Guise*, a tragedy, written in conjunction with Lee. The first scene, the whole fourth act, and the first half, or somewhat more, of the fifth, was written by Dryden. It was professedly written for the party of the Duke of York, whose succession was then opposed.

In 1684, he published a translation of *Maimbourg's History of the League*, with a large introduction, and dedication to the King, by whose command it was undertaken, on account of the parallel between the Leaguers of France, and the Covenanters of England.

On the death of Charles II., in the beginning of the year following, he wrote a funeral Pindaric Poem, sacred to his memory, intitled *Threnodia Augustalis*.

Soon after the accession of King James, when the profession of the Romish religion gave the only efficacious title to the favours of the Court, he declared himself a convert to Popery, and was appointed Historiographer.

In 1685, he brought on the stage *Albion and Albanus*, an opera, written like the *Duke of Guise*, against the Whig Party. Downes says, that, happening to be first performed the very day on which the Duke of Monmouth landed in the west, and the kingdom in a great consternation, it ran but six nights.

In 1686, he wrote *A Defence of the Papers written by the late King, and found in his Strong-Box*, in opposition to Dr. Stillingfleet's "*Answer to some Papers lately printed*," &c. Dr. Stillingfleet published "*A Vindication*," in 1687, in which he treats Dryden with some severity.

Having probably felt his own inferiority in theological controversy, he tried to reason in verse, and published his celebrated Poem, intitled the *Hind and Panther*, in 1687, which was successfully ridiculed in the "*City Mouse and Country Mouse*," a parody written by Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior.

In 1688, he published his *Britannia Rediviva*, a poem on the birth of the Prince, filled with predictions of greatness and prosperity, which were not verified.

With hopes of promoting Popery, he was employed to translate "*The Life of St. Francis Xavier*," and was supposed to have been engaged in translating "*Varillas's History of Heresies*," but to have dropped the design.

At the Revolution, having disqualified himself for holding any place under the Government, by turning Papist, he was dismissed from the office of Poet-Laureat, which he enjoyed with so much pride and praise; and which, to his great mortification, was conferred on Shadwell, an old enemy, whose inauguration he celebrated in a Poem exquisitely satirical, called *Mac-Flecknoe*.

It is related by Prior, that Lord Dorset, when, as Chamberlain, he was constrained to remove him from his office, gave him from his own purse an allowance equal to the salary.

Being no longer the Court Poet, and considering himself as discountenanced by the public, he resumed, for support, his former employment of writing for the stage, and produced in 1690, *Don Sebastian*, a tragedy, which is commonly esteemed either the first or the second of his dramatic performances.

The next year he brought two plays on the stage, *Amphytrion*, a comedy, founded on Plautus and Moliere, which succeeded on its first appearance, and was revived by Dr. Hawkesworth in 1756; and *King Arthur*, an opera, the incidents of which are extravagant, and many of them very puerile. It has been lately revived, with alterations, as a musical drama. Dr. Johnson's account of its exhibition contains a singular instance of inadvertence; besides which he has mistaken what befel the *Albion and Albanus* as happening to *King Arthur*.

In 1692, he produced *Cleomenes*, a tragedy, which was acted with applause, and occasioned a well-known incident related in the "Guardian," and allusively mentioned by Dryden in his preface.

In 1693, appeared a new version of *Juvenal* and *Perfius*, in which the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires of *Juvenal*, and *Perfius* entire, were translated by Dryden, who prefixed a very ample preface in the form of a dedication to Lord Dorset. In this prefatory discourse, he mentions the design he had once formed to write an Epic Poem on the actions either of Arthur, or the Black Prince, which it is much to be regretted, was not executed for want of a public stipend. He afterwards charged Blackmore with borrowing the plan of his "Arthur" from this preface, without "acknowledging his benefactor."

His last drama, *Love Triumphant*, a tragedy, appeared in 1694, and is said, like his first dramatic essay, to have been unsuccessful.

From the exhibition of such a number of theatrical pieces, it does not appear that his fortune received a proportionable improvement. He frequently complains that his diligence and abilities were insufficient to satisfy the importunities of want, and to set penury at defiance; for his profits were not great, as a play seldom produced him more than a hundred pounds, by the accumulated gain of the third night, the dedication, and the copy.

In 1695, he published a prose translation of *Fresnoy's Art of Painting*, with a preface, exhibiting a parallel between poetry and painting, which he boasts to have written in twelve mornings.

In 1697, he published his excellent version of *The Works of Virgil*, which he completed in three years; "the wretched remainder," he says, in his dedication to Lord Clifford, "of a sickly age, worn out with study, and oppressed by fortune, without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian." It was censured by Milbourne, a clergyman, styled by Pope, "the fairest of critics," because he exhibited his own version to be compared with that which he condemned.

His occasional poems and translations, such as *Prologues*, *Epilogues*, *Epistles*, *Epitaphs*, *Elegies*, *Songs*, &c. and versions from Greek and Latin poets, published in the six volumes of *Miscellanies*, by Tonson, are too numerous to be specified here.

Besides his controversial and critical writings in prose, already enumerated, he wrote the *Lives of Plutarch* and *Lucian*, prefixed to the translations of those authors by several hands, the *Life of Polybius*, before the translation of that historian by Sir Henry Sheers, and a *Preface* to the "Dialogue Concerning Women," by Walsh.

His last work was his *Fables*, ancient and modern, published in 1699, together with some original pieces, among which is the immortal *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, the production, according to Dr. Warton, of a morning; but, which Dr. Birch says, he spent a fortnight in composing and correcting. Both accounts may be true, but the first seems the most probable.

The end of all the schemes and labours of this great poet was now at hand. Having been for some time, as he tells us, a cripple in his limbs, he died, at his house in Gerard-Street, of a mortification in his leg, on the 1st of May 1701, in the 70th year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The splendor of his funeral was equal to the respect paid to him while living. In a satirical poem, intituled, "A Description of Mr. Dryden's Funeral," 1701, the writer asserts that the expence of the funeral was defrayed by Halifax;

He the great Bard at his own charge inters;

THE LIFE OF DRYDEN.

but makes no mention of the regularity of the procession having been interrupted by the outrages of Lord Jeffries and his "rakish companions;" as related at great length in Wilson's "Life of Congreve." Had such a circumstance happened, he hardly would have omitted it.

In the Register of the College of Physicians, is the following entry: "May 3. 1701, Comitiiis Censoriis Ordinariis. At the request of several persons of quality, that Mr. Dryden might be carried from the College of Physicians, to be interred at Westminster, it was unanimously granted by the President and Censors." This entry is not calculated to afford any credit to the narrative concerning Lord Jeffries; but renders it probable that the expence of the funeral was defrayed by subscription.

Ward, in his "London Spy," 1706, relates, that on the occasion there was a performance of solemn music at the College, and that at the procession, which he himself saw, there was a concert of hautboys and trumpets. The day of his interment he says was Monday the 13th of May, twelve days after his decease. Wilson says, that "Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration at the College, over the corpse, which was attended to the Abbey by a numerous train of coaches." Oldys mentions an epitaph on Dryden by Garth, which was in his possession, but it is not now extant.

He was buried among the Poets in Westminster Abbey, where he lay long without distinction, till Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire gave him a tablet, for which was originally intended this epitaph:

This Sheffield rais'd.—The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once; the rest who does not know?

Which was changed into the plain inscription now upon it,

J. DRYDEN,
Natus Aug. 9. 1631,
Mortuus Maii 1701,

Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis, posuit.

He married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, who survived him eight years. By her he had three sons, Charles, John, and Henry. Charles was Usher of the Palace to Pope Clement the XI. and visiting England in 1704, was drowned in an attempt to swim across the Thames at Windsor. He translated the *Seventh Satire of Juvenal*. John was author of a comedy, called *The Husband his own Cuckold*, acted in 1696, and translated the *Fourteenth Satire of Juvenal*. He is said to have died at Rome. Henry entered into some religious order.

A collection of his *Original Poems and Translations*, was printed in folio 1701, by the elder Tonson, and reprinted, with additions, in 2 vols 12mo, 1743, by J. and R. Tonson.

A complete collection of his *Poetical Works*, in 6 vols 8vo, with an account of his life by Mr. Derrick, was printed in 1766. The subsequent editions of his Plays, Poems, and Translations, require no particular enumeration.

Of the person, private life, and domestic manners of Dryden, very few particulars are known. His picture by Kneller would lead us to suppose that he was graceful in his person; but Kneller was a great mender of nature. From the "State Poems," we learn that he was a short, thick man. The nick-name given him by his enemies was *Poet-Squab*.

"I remember plain John Dryden" (says a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February 1745, who was then 87 years of age), "before he paid his court to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich druggat. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve [the actress] at the Mulberry Garden, when our author advanced to a sword and *Cbedreux* wig, [probably the wig that Swift has ridiculed in "the Battle of the Books"]. Posterity is absolutely mistaken as to that great man. Though forced to be a satirist, he was the mildest creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving. Though his comedies are horribly full of double entendre, yet 'twas owing to a false compliance for a dissolute age; he was in company the modestest man that ever conversed."

Of his private character, he himself thus speaks in a letter to Dennis, written in 1694. "For my principles of religion, I will not justify them to you; I know your's are far different. For the same reason, I shall say nothing of my principles of state; I believe you in your's follow the dictates

of your reason, as I, in mine, do those of my conscience : If I thought myself in an error I would retract it. For my morals, between man and man, I am not to be my own judge. I appeal to the world if I have deceived or defrauded any man ; and for my private conversation, they who see me every day, can be the best witnesses, whether or not it be blameless and inoffensive."

Dr. Johnson found two men to whom Dryden was personally known, one of whom said, that, at the house which he frequented, called Will's Coffee-House, the appeal upon any literary dispute was made to him ; and the other related, that his armed chair, which, in the winter, had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was in the summer placed in the balcony. The two places were called by him his winter and his summer seat.

One of his opinions, though prevalent in his time, will do him no honour in the present age. He put great confidence in the prognostications of judicial astrology. In the preface to his *Fables*, he has endeavoured obliquely to justify his superstition, by attributing the same to some of the ancients. The letter to his sons in Italy, preserved in the Library at Lambeth, and imparted to the public by Dr. Johnson, leaves no doubt of his notions or practice. It contains, also, an indubitable proof of his religious sincerity.

From some parts of his history he appears unsteady, and to have too readily temporised with the several revolutions in church and state. This, however, might in some measure have been owing to his natural timidity and diffidence. Congreve, whose authority cannot be questioned, has given us such an account of him, as makes him appear no less amiable as a man, than he was illustrious as a poet. He was humane, he tells us, compassionate, forgiving, sincerely friendly ; of extensive reading, a tenacious memory, and a ready communication ; gentle in the correction of the writings of others, and patient under the reprehension of his own deficiencies ; easy of access himself, but slow and diffident in his advances to others ; and of all men the most modest and the most easy to be discountenanced in his approaches either to his inferiors or his equals.

To the testimony of Congreve, who knew him familiarly, his censurers have nothing to object, but that his modesty, courtesy, and good-humour, were by no means inconsistent with a high opinion of his own powers, an unnecessary jealousy of the reputation of others, and a querulous ostentatiousness, in reminding the world of his merits.

From those notices which he has very liberally given us of himself, it appears, that " his conversation was slow and dull, his humour saturnine and reserved, and that he was none of those who endeavour to break jests in company, and make repartees." But whatever was his character as a companion, it appears, that he lived in familiarity with the highest persons of his time. He has been reproached with boasting of his familiarity with the great, but he has never been accused of being an auxiliary of vice, or charged with any personal agency, unworthy of a good character. His works, indeed, afford too many examples of dissolute licentiousness and abject adulation. Such degradation of genius, such abuse of superlative abilities, cannot be contemplated but with grief and indignation.

indignant view,
Yet pity Dryden—hark ! whene'er he sings,
How adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rhymers and inglorious kings.

MASON.

Of dramatic immorality he did not want examples among his contemporaries ; but in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation, he possessed an unrivalled superiority. Of this kind of meanness he never seems to decline the practice or lament the necessity. He appears to have been more delighted with the fertility of his invention than mortified by the prostitution of his judgment, which was probably, like his immorality and his merriment, artificial and constrained, the effect of study and meditation, and his trade rather than his pleasure. It is, indeed, not certain that his judgment much rebelled against his interest ; but it is certain that he abetted vice and vanity only with his pen, of which he lived to repent, and to testify his repentance.

Considered in his intellectual and literary character, Dryden presents himself to us as a dramatist, a critic, a scholar, a writer of prose, and a general poet.

THE LIFE OF DRYDEN.

His plays have perhaps the least merit of all his writings. He has himself confessed his unfitness for the writing of comedy. "I want," says he, "that gaiety of humour that is required in it; so that those who decry my comedies, do me no injury except in point of profit. Reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend." But even in this branch of poetry he has written enough to perpetuate his fame; as his *All for Love*, *Spanish Friar*, *Don Sebastian*, and *Conquest of Granada*, can never be forgotten. It should be remembered that he deserves a much severer censure for the immorality of his plays, than for any defects in their composition.

His character as a critic and a poet, has been illustrated by writers of distinguished ability; but it is most happily illustrated by the classical pen of Dr. Johnson, who has written his life with candor, analysed his character with much ingenuity, and dismissed him with a just eulogium.

Dryden may be properly considered as the father of English criticism. His *Essay on Dramatic Poetry* was the first regular and valuable treatise on the Art of Writing. It will not be easy to find, in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations.

His scholastic acquisitions, though great, seem not proportionate to his opportunities and abilities. He could not, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, like Milton or Cowley, have made his name illustrious merely by his learning. Yet it cannot be said that his genius is ever unprovided of matter, or that his fancy languishes in penury of ideas. His works abound with knowledge, and sparkle with illustrations.

Criticism either didactic or defensive, occupies almost all his prose, except those pages which he has devoted to his patrons; but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not, as Dr. Johnson observes, the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled: every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous: what is little, is gay; what is great, is splendid. He may be thought to mention himself too frequently; but while he forces himself upon our esteem, we cannot refuse him to stand high in his own. Every thing is executed by the play of images, and the sprightliness of expression. Though all is easy, nothing is feeble; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh; and though, since his earlier works, more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete.

From his prose, however, he deserves only his secondary praise; the veneration with which his name is pronounced, by every cultivator of English literature, is paid to him as he refined the language, improved the sentiments, and tuned the numbers of English poetry.

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

POPE.

Dryden is the most universal of all poets. This universality has been objected to him as a fault, but it was the unhappy effect of penury and dependence. His several productions were so many successive expedients for his support; his plays were therefore often borrowed, and his poems were almost all occasional. His *Heroic Stanzas* on the death of Cromwell, were among the earliest of his occasional compositions. They have beauties and defects; the thoughts are vigorous, and though not always proper, shew a mind replete with ideas; the numbers are smooth, and the diction, if not altogether correct, is elegant and easy. His *Astræa* shows that he had not yet learned to reject forced conceits, or to forbear the improper use of mythology. Into his *Verses to the Lord Chancellor*, he seems to have collected all his powers. They afford his first attempt at those penetrating remarks on human nature, for which he seems to have been peculiarly formed. The *Annus Mirabilis* is written with great diligence, yet does not fully answer the expectation raised by such subjects and such a writer. With the stanza of Davenant, he has sometimes his vein of parenthesis and incidental disquisition. He affords more sentiment than description, and does not so much impress scenes upon the fancy, as deduce consequences, and make comparisons. His *Alsalom and Achitophel* comprises all the excellencies of which a poem political and controversial is susceptible; acrimony of censure, ele-

gance of praise, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigour of sentiment, happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of numbers, and all these raised to such a height as scarcely can be found in any other English composition. It is not, however, without faults. The original structure of the poem is defective: some lines are inelegant or improper, and too many are irreverently licentious.

The *Medal*, written upon the same principles, but upon a narrower plan, gives less pleasure; though it abounds with touches both of humorous and serious satire. The *Threnodia* is obviously defective in the irregularity of its metre. What is worse, it has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. His elegiac ode, *On the Death of Mrs. Killigrew*, is among the best in our language; the first part flows with a torrent of enthusiasm. All the stanzas indeed are not equal. The *Religio Laici* is an example of the middle kind of writing. The subject is rather argumentative than poetical; it is, however, a composition of great excellence in its kind. The *Hind and Panther*, the largest of all his original poems, exhibits the most correct specimen of his versification. The parallel, however, is injudicious and incommensurate. But when this constitutional absurdity is forgiven, the poem must be confessed to be written with great smoothness of metre, a wide extent of knowledge, and an abundant multiplicity of images; the controversy is embellished with pointed sentences, diversified by illustrations, and enlivened by sallies of invective. In the poem, *On the Birth of the Prince of Wales*, nothing is very remarkable but the exorbitant adulation. His *Mac-Flecknoe* is only inferior to the "Dunciad," confessedly written in imitation of it, but upon a more extensive plan. The general character of his version of *Juvenal*, will be given, when it is said to preserve the wit, but to want the dignity of the original. The translation of *Perfius* is written in an uniform mediocrity, without any eager endeavour after excellence, or laborious effect of the mind. His version of *Virgil*, his greatest and most laborious work, is pronounced by Pope, "the most noble and spirited translation in any language." The general opinion is equally favourable. "Those who excel him," says Dr. Felton, "where they observe he hath failed, will fall below in a thousand instances where he hath excelled." His *Fables*, the most perfect of his works, have not received, from Dr. Johnson, the commendation they deserve. Dryden was probably partial in setting the story of *Palamon and Arcite* on a level with the *Æneid*, yet it merits great praise. The *Flower and Leaf*, passed over by Dr. Johnson, is happily modernised; the nineteen first lines, in particular, are delightful, and contain an incomparable sketch of the beauty of spring. "It is to his *Fables*," says Dr. Warton, "though written in his old age, that Dryden will owe his immortality, and among them particularly to *Palamon and Arcite*, *Sigismunda and Guiscardo*, and *Theodore and Honoria*. The warmth and melody of these pieces, have never been excelled in our language, I mean in rhyme." His *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, perhaps the last effort of his poetry, is the most unrivalled of his compositions; it exhibits the highest flight of fancy, and the exactest nicety of art, and is justly esteemed one of the most perfect in any language.

The character of his *Prologues*, *Epilogues*, *Songs*, and shorter Poems, may be comprised in Congreve's remark, that "each of them, if he had written nothing else, would have entitled him to the preference and distinction of excelling in its kind."

Critics have often stated a comparison between Dryden and Pope, as poets of the same order. The subject has not been forgotten by Dr. Johnson in his life of Pope. A long controversy relative to the comparative merits of Dryden and Pope, has been carried on between Miss Seward and Mr. Weston, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1789 and 1790. Much ingenuity and critical skill are displayed on both sides. Miss Seward strenuously maintains the pretensions of Pope, and Mr. Weston fights with inextinguishable ardour in the cause of his favourite, Dryden.

Dr. Beattie's comparison of the versification of Dryden and Pope merits particular attention.

"Dryden's verse," says that amiable and elegant writer, "though often faulty, has a grace and a spirit peculiar to itself. That of Pope is more correct, and perhaps, upon the whole, more harmonious, but it is in general more languid and less diversified. Pope's numbers are sweet, but elaborate; and our sense of their energy is in some degree interrupted by our attention to the art

displayed in their contexture. Dryden's are more natural and free, and while they communicate their own sprightly motion to the spirits of the reader, hurry him along with a gentle and pleasing violence, without giving him time either to animadvert on their faults, or to analyse their beauties. Pope excels in solemnity of sound; Dryden in an easy melody and boundless variety of rhyme. In this last respect, I think I could prove that he is superior to all other English poets, Milton himself not excepted. Till Dryden appeared, none of our writers in rhyme of the last century approached in any measure to the harmony of Spenser and Fairfax. Of Waller, it can only be said, that he is not harsh. Of Denham and Cowley, if a few couplets were struck out of their works, we could not say so much. But, in Dryden's hands, the English rhyming couplet assumed a new form, and seems hardly to be susceptible of any farther improvement."

His poetical character is given by Dr. Johnson, with a sagacity of discrimination, and a felicity of expression, which far transcend all praise.

"In a general survey of Dryden's labours," says that judicious and classical critic, "he appears to have a mind very comprehensive by nature, and much enriched with acquired knowledge. His compositions are the effects of a vigorous genius operating upon large materials.

"The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented, he studied rather than felt, and produced sentiments not such as nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the ample and elemental passions, as they spring and operate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted, and seldom describes them but as they are complicated by the various relations of society, and confused in the tumults and agitations of life.

"He is therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often pathetic, and had so little sensibility of the power of effusions purely natural, that he did not esteem it in others. Simplicity gave him no pleasure, and, for the first part of his life, he looked on *Otway* with contempt; though at last, indeed very late, he confessed that in his play *there was Nature, which is the chief beauty*.

"The favourite exercise of his mind was ratiocination. Next to argument, his delight was in wild and daring fallies of sentiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit. He delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle, to approach the precipice of absurdity, and hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy.

"He was no lover of labour. What he thought sufficient he did not stop to make better, and allowed himself to leave many parts unfinished, in confidence that the good lines would overbalance the bad. What he had once written, he dismissed from his thoughts, and, I believe, there is no example to be found of any correction or improvement made by him after publication. The hastiness of his productions might be the effect of necessity; but his subsequent neglect could hardly have any other cause than impatience of study.

"Some improvements had been already made in English numbers, but the full force of our language was not yet felt: the verse that was smooth, was commonly feeble. If Cowley had sometimes a finished line, he had it by chance. Dryden knew how to choose the flowing and the sonorous words; to vary the pauses, and adjust the accents; to diversify the cadence, and yet preserve the smoothness of his metre.

"Of Dryden's works it was said by Pope, that "he could select from them better specimens of every mode of poetry, than any other English writer could supply." Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments. By him we were taught "*sapere et fari*," to think naturally, and express forcibly. Though Davies has reasoned in rhyme before him, it may be perhaps maintained that he was the first who joined argument with poetry. He showed us the true bounds of a translator's liberty. What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry, embellished by Dryden, "*lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit*." He found it brick, and he left it marble."

ORIGINAL POEMS.

UPON THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

Must noble Hastings immaturely die,
 The honour of his ancient family,
 Beauty and learning thus together meet,
 To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?
 Must virtue prove death's harbinger? must she;
 With him expiring, feel mortality?
 Is death, sin's wages, grace's now? shall art
 Make us more learned, only to depart?
 If merit be disease; if virtue death;
 To be good, not to be; who'd then bequeath
 Himself to discipline? who'd not esteem
 Labour a crime? study self-murder deem?
 Our noble youth now have pretence to be
 Dunces securely, ignorant healthfully.
 Rare linguist, whose worth speaks itself, whose
 praise,
 Though not his own, all tongues besides do raise:
 Than whom great Alexander may seem less;
 Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
 In his mouth nations spake; his tongue might be
 Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.
 His native soil was the four parts o' th' earth;
 All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
 A young apostle; and with reverence may
 I speak it, inspir'd with gift of tongues, as they.
 Nature gave him a child, what men in vain
 Oft strive, by art though further'd, to obtain.
 His body was an orb, his sublime soul
 Did move on virtue's, and on learning's pole:
 Whose regular motions better to our view,
 Than Archimedes' sphere, the heavens did shew.

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Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
 Beauty and learning fill'd up all the parts.
 Heaven's gifts, which do like falling stars appear
 Scatter'd in others; all, as in their sphere,
 Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul; and thence
 Shone through his body, with sweet influence,
 Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
 The whole frame render'd was celestial.
 Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make,
 If thou this hero's altitude canst take:
 But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
 Could we but prove thus astronomical.
 Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray which shone
 More bright i' th' morn', than others beam at noon,
 He'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here
 What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.
 Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,
 Where was room left for such a foul disease?
 The nations sin hath drawn that veil which shrouds
 Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds,
 Heaven would no longer trust its pledge; but thus
 Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.
 Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
 The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
 So many spots, like naevs on Venus' foil,
 One jewel set off with so many a foil;
 Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's flesh
 did sprout
 Like rose-buds, stuck i' th' lily-skin about,
 Each little pimple had a tear in it,
 To wail the fault its rising did commit:

A

Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife,
 Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
 Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
 The cab'net of a richer soul within?
 No comet need foretel his change drew on,
 Whose corps might seem a constellation.
 O! had he dy'd of old, how great a strife [life?
 Had been, who from his death should draw their
 Who should, by one rich draught, become whate'er
 Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were?
 Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
 An universal metempsychosis.
 Must all these aged fires in one funeral
 Expire? all die in one so young, so small?
 Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
 Had swol'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
 But hasty winter, with one blast, hath brought
 The hopes of autumn, summer, spring, to nought.
 Thus fades the oak, i'th' spring, i'th' blade the corn;
 Thus without young, this Phœnix dies, new-born.
 Must then old three-legg'd grey-beards with their
 gout.
 Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out?
 Time's offals, only fit for th' hospital!
 Or to hang antiquaries rooms withal!

Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning, live
 With such helps as broths, possets, physic give?
 None live, but such as should die, shall we meet
 With none but ghostly fathers in the street?
 Grief makes me rail; sorrow will force its way;
 And showers of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
 The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
 Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.

But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,
 Now thy beloved, heaven-ravish'd spouse is gone,
 Whose skillful fire in vain strove to apply
 Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
 With greater than Platonic love, O wed
 His soul, though not his body, to thy bed:
 Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
 Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
 Transcribe th' original in new copies; give
 Hastings o'th' better part; so shall he live
 In's nobler half; and the great grandfire be
 Of an heroic divine progeny:
 An issue, which t' eternity shall last,
 Yet but th' irradiations which he cast.
 Erect no Mausoleums: for his best
 Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

HEROIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS DEATH.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
 Who would before have borne him to the sky,
 Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
 Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

II.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
 Join'd with the loud applause of public voice;
 Since heaven, what praise we offer to his name,
 Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Though in his praise no man can liberal be,
 Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,
 Add not to his immortal memory,
 But do an act of friendship to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,
 Such monuments as we can build to raise;
 Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
 And claim a title in him by their praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
 To draw a fame so truly circular;
 For in a round what order can be shew'd,
 Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
 For he was great e'er fortune made him so:
 And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
 Made him but greater seem, nor greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

IX.

He private mark'd the faults of others' sway,
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun:
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing, not to him, but heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join;
Rewards, that less to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
First sought to inflame the parties, then to poise:
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor;
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

XII.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade:
We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd
To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,
Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,
And made to battles such heroic haste,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought secure of fortune as of fame:
Still by new maps the island might be shewn,
Of conquests, which he strew'd where-e'er he
Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown. [came

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not
stand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait shew'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had banish'd, and did now restore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

XVII.

Her safety rescu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland to no interest true,
Yet blest that fate which did his arms dispose
Her land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
When to pale mariners they storms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true, his count'nance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all souls to his did bow,

As wands of divination downward draw, [grow-
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth
xx.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made
Successful councils did him soon approve [yield;
As fit for close intrigues, as open field.

XXI.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' asserted sea through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
Than the light Monsieur the grave Don out-
weigh'd;

His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast;
Though Indian mines were in the other laid,

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
For though some meaner artist's skill were
shown

In mingling colours, or in placing light;
Yet still the fair disfigurement was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could service draw;
The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,
And, as the confidant of nature, saw
How she complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their single virtues did survey,
By intuition in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such heroic virtue heaven sets out,
The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

XXIX.

He made us freemen of the continent,
Whom nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the English lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

The old unquestion'd pirate of the land, [heard;
Proud Rome with dread the fate of Dunkirk
And trembling wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
Although an Alexander were her guard.

XXXI.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars arise;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

A ij

xxxii.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a soul above
The highest acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

xxxiii.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live:
He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

xxxiv.

His latest victories still thickest came,
As, near the centre, motion doth increase;
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the vestal, under spoils de cease.

xxxv.

But first the ocean as a tribute sent
The giant prince of all her watery herd;
And th' isle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

xxxvi.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea.

xxxvii.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY

CHARLES II. 1660.

"Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna." VIRG.

The last great age foretold by sacred rhimes
Renews it's finish'd course: Saturnian times
Roll round again.

Now with a general peace the world was blest,
While our's, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worser far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war: [skies,
Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like restless billows tost,
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd

And heaven, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
 For France and Spain did miracles create,
 Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace
 As nature bred, and interest did increase.
 We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
 Must grow a lily to the lily's side,
 While our cross stars deny'd us Charles's bed,
 Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.
 For his long absence church and state did groan;
 Madness the pulpit, faction seiz'd the throne:
 Experienc'd age in deep despair was lost,
 To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross't:
 Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
 Envy'd grey hairs that once good days had seen:
 We thought our fires, not with their own content,
 Had ere we came to age our portion spent.
 Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
 Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt:
 For when by their designing leaders taught
 To strike at power which for themselves they
 fought,

The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
 Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
 The sacred purple then and scarlet gown,
 Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shewn.
 Thus when the bold Typhœus scal'd the sky,
 And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
 (What king, what crown, from treason's reach is
 If Jove and heaven can violated be?) [free,
 The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosperous state,
 All suffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
 The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,
 As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
 Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
 They own'd a lawless savage liberty,
 Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,
 Ere empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.
 How great were then our Charles's woes, who thus
 Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us!
 He, toss'd by fate, and hurry'd up and down,
 Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown,
 Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age;
 But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
 Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,
 His manly courage overcame his fate.
 His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
 Which by his virtue were with laurels dress'd.
 As souls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
 So did he live above his banishment.
 That sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
 Within the water, mov'd along the skies.
 How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
 With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
 But those that 'gainst stiff gales laveering go,
 Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.
 He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
 But stay'd and suffer'd fortune to repent.
 These virtues Galba in a stranger sought,
 And Piso to adopted empire brought.
 How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,
 That must his sufferings both regret and bless?
 For when his early valour Heaven had cross't;
 And all at Worcester but the honour lost;
 Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
 He made all countries where he came his own;

And, viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
 A royal factor for his kingdoms lay,
 Thus banish'd David, spent abroad his time,
 When to be God's anointed was his crime;
 And when restor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
 Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.
 Nor is he only by afflictions shown
 To conquer other realms, but rule his own:
 Recovering hardly what he lost before,
 His right endears it much; his purchase more.
 Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
 No rash procedure will his actions stain:
 To business ripen'd by digestive thought,
 His future rule is into method brought:
 As they, who first proportion understand,
 With easy practice reach a master's hand.
 Well might the ancient poets then confer
 On him the honour'd name of Counsellor,
 Since, struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
 We light alone in dark afflictions find.
 In such adversities to scepters train'd,
 The name of Great his famous grandfire gain'd:
 Who yet a king alone in name and right,
 With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
 Shock'd by a covenanting league's vast powers,
 As holy and as catholic as our's:
 'Till fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
 Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.

Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
 No action leave to busy chronicles:
 Such, whose supine felicity but makes
 In story chasms, in epocha mistakes;
 O'er whom time gently shakes his wings of down,
 'Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
 Such is not Charles's too too active age,
 Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
 Of some black star infecting all the skies,
 Made him at his own cost like Adam wise.
 Tremble ye nations, which secure before,
 Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we
 bore

Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
 Our lion now will foreign foes assail.
 With alga who the sacred altar strews?
 To all the sea gods Charles an offering owes:
 A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
 A lamb to you, ye tempests of the main:
 For those loud storms that did against him roar,
 Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
 Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,
 That by degrees they from each other go;
 Black steals unheeded from the neighbouring white,
 Without offending the well-cozen'd sight:
 So on us stole our blessed change; while we
 Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.
 Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
 To flowers that in its womb expecting lie,
 Do seldom their usurping power withdraw,
 But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
 Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
 But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
 Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
 But what we could not pay for, freely give.
 The Prince of peace would like himself confer
 A gift unhop'd, without the price of war:

Yet, as he knew his blessing's worth, took care,
That we should know it by repeated prayer;
Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from
As heaven itself is took by violence. [thence,
Booth's forward valour only serv'd to show,
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' attempt was fair; but heaven's prefixed hour
Not come: so, like the watchful traveller
That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose
Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
The blessed saints, that watch'd this turning scene,
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With each such fond chimeras we pursue,
As fancy frames for fancy to subdue:
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint like gold that chemists make.
How hard was then his task! at once to be
What in the body naturally we see?
Man's architect distinctly did ordain
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense;
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossest:
Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
Like those that vainly hop'd kind heaven would
wink,
While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.
And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls:
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.
Religion's name against itself was made;
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade;
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in shew, but made the gold their end.
Th' incens'd powers beheld with scorn from high
And heaven so far distant from the sky, [ground,
Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the
And martial brags, bely the thunder's sound.
'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit
To speed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *seigne* must spend at lesser rate,
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.

Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget.
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore,
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss:
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
Such swarms of English to the neighbouring shore,
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
Oh had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True, sorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd sails deny'd.
The wavering streamers, flags, and standards out,
The merry seamen's rude but chearful shout;
And last the cannons voice that shook the skies,
And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles's name,
(Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himself alone a freight;
The Swift-sure groans beneath great Gloster's
weight:
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these,
He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.
The same indulgence Charles's voyage bless'd,
Which in his right had miracles confess'd.
The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their
The British Amphitrite, smooth and clear, [charge.
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning prince to entertain
With the submitted faces of the main.

AND welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth shew,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;
By that same mildness, which your father's crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws;

Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their
flight,

Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.
And as those lees, that troubled it, refine
The agitated soul of generous wine :
So tears of joy, for your returning, spilt ;
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I see those crouds on Dover's strand,
Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their still-growing store,
And made a wilder torrent on the shore :
While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
Those, who had seen you, court a second sight ;
Preventing still your steps, and making haste
To meet you often wheresoe'er you past.
How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May !
(A month that owns an interest in your name :
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That star, that at your birth shone out so bright,
It stain'd the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.

And now Time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run :
Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall fly,
Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.

Our nation with united interest blest,
Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.
Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet shall, with a wide command,
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land :
And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be :
Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear,
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes ;
For what the powerful takes not he bestows ;
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they,
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray :
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin,
But most your life and blest example win. [way
Oh happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the
By paying vows to have more vows to pay !
Oh happy age ! Oh times like those alone,
By fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne !
When the joint growth of arms and arts foresaw
The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When life and sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill :
Yet when that flood in its own depths was
drown'd,
It left behind it false and slippery ground ;
And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,
Till new-born nature in fresh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal sir, to see you landed here,
Was cause enough of triumph for a year :
Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be secure and great :

Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps
away.

Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd :
But this untainted year is all your own ;
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refresh'd our joys by adding more :
As heaven, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us new.

Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,
 The season too comes fraught with new delight :
 Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
 Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop :
 Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy spring,
 And open'd scenes of flowers and blossoms bring,
 To grace this happy day, while you appear,
 Not king of us alone, but of the year.
 All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart :
 Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part :
 Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
 And heaven this day is feasted with your name.
 Your cavalcade the fair spectators view,
 From their high standings, yet look up to you.
 From your brave train each singles out a prey,
 And longs to date a conquest from your day.
 Now charg'd with blessings while you seek repose,
 Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close ;
 And glorious dreams stand ready to restore
 The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
 Next to the sacred temple you are led,
 Where waits a crown for your more sacred
 head :
 How justly from the church that crown is due,
 Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you !
 The grateful choir their harmony employ,
 Not to make greater, but more solemn joy.
 Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high,
 As flames do on the wings of incense fly :
 Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
 Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings :
 Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
 And lie like bees in their own sweetness drown'd.
 He that brought peace, all discord could atone,
 His name is music of itself alone.
 Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,
 And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread
 Through the large dome ; the people's joyful
 sound,
 Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground ;
 Which in one blessing mix'd descends on you ;
 As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.
 Not that our wishes do increase your store,
 Full of yourself you can admit no more :
 We add not to your glory, but employ
 Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.
 Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
 Create that joy, but full fruition :
 We know those blessings which we must possess,
 And judge of future by past happiness.
 No promise can oblige a prince so much
 Still to be good, as long to have been such.
 A noble emulation heats your breast,
 And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
 Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
 As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
 You have already quench'd sedition's brand ;
 And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.

The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause
 So far from their own will as to the laws,
 You for their umpire and their synod take,
 And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.
 Kind heaven so rare a temper did provide,
 That guilt repenting might in it confide.
 Among our crimes oblivion may be set :
 But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
 Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes
 From milder heavens you bring without their
 crimes.
 Your calmness does no after-storms provide,
 Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
 When empire first from families did spring,
 Then every father govern'd as a king :
 But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay
 Imperial power with your paternal sway. [bends,
 From those great cares when ease your soul un-
 Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends ?
 Born to command the mistress of the seas, [please.
 Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire
 Hither in summer evenings you repair
 To taste the *fraicheur* of the purer air :
 Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
 With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves.
 More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays ;
 No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
 In stately frigates most delight you find,
 Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
 What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
 When ev'n your pleasures serve for our defence.
 Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
 Where in new depths the wondering fishes glide :
 Here in a royal bed the waters sleep ;
 When, tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep.
 Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,
 So safe are all things which our king protects.
 From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,
 Second alone to that it brought in you ; [fate,
 A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by
 The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
 It was your love before made discord cease :
 Your love is destin'd to your country's peace.
 Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
 With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
 This to a mighty king presents rich ore,
 While that with incense does a god implore.
 Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you
 choose,
 This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
 Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
 Are answers sought, and destinies foretold :
 Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
 And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
 Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
 Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate :
 Choose only, sir, that so they may possess
 With their own peace their children's happiness.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

MY LORD,

WHILE flattering crouds officiously appear
 To give themselves, not you, an happy year;
 And by the greatness of their presents prove
 How much they hope, but not how well they love;
 The Muses, who your early courtship boast,
 Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,
 Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
 They were your mistresses, the world may not:
 Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
 Their former beauty by your former love;
 And now present, as ancient ladies do,
 That courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.
 For still they look on you with such kind eyes,
 As those that see the church's sovereign rise;
 From their own order chose, in whose high state,
 They think themselves the second choice of fate.
 When our great monarch into exile went,
 Wit and religion suffer'd banishment.
 Thus once, when Troy was wrap'd in fire and
 smoke,

The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;
 They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
 And leave their temples empty to the foe.
 At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
 To that great charge which nature did ordain;
 And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by fate,
 While you dispense the laws, and guide the state.
 The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense,
 Through you, to us, his vital influence;
 You are the channel, where those spirits flow,
 And work them higher, as to us they go.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
 Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky:
 So in this hemisphere our utmost view
 Is only bounded by our king and you;
 Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
 And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
 So well your virtues do with his agree,
 That, though your orbs of different greatness be,
 Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
 His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd.

Nor could another in your room have been,
 Except an emptiness had come between.
 Well may he then to you his cares impart,
 And share his burden where he shares his heart.
 In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find
 Their share of business in your labouring mind.
 So when the weary sun his place resigns,
 He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.

Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
 Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,
 In your tribunal most herself does please;
 There only smiles because she lives at ease;
 And, like young David, finds her strength the
 more,

When disincumber'd from these arms she wore.
 Heaven would our royal master should exceed
 Most in that virtue, which we most did need;
 And his mild father (who too late did find
 All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
 His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
 Not to increase, but to absolve our crimes:
 But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
 How large a legacy was left to you
 (Too great for any object to retain),
 He wisely ty'd it to the crown again:
 Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,
 As streams, through mines, bear tincture of their
 While empiric politicians use deceit, [ore,
 Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;
 You boldly shew that skill which they pretend,
 And work by means as noble as your end:
 Which should you veil, we might unwind the clue,
 As men do nature, till we came to you.
 And as the Indies were not found, before
 Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy shore,
 The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
 Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd;
 So by your counsels we are brought to view
 A rich and undiscover'd world in you.
 By you our monarch does that fame assure,
 Which kings must have, or cannot live secure

For prosperous princes gain their subjects heart,
 Who love that praise in which themselves have
 By you he fits those subjects to obey [part.
 As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
 His power unseen, and man to his designs,
 By his bright ministers the stars, inclines.

Our setting sun, from his declining feat,
 Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat :
 And, when his love was bounded in a few,
 That were unhappy that they might be true,
 Made you the favourite of his last sad times,
 That is a sufferer in his subjects crimes :
 Thus those first favours you receiv'd, were sent,
 Like heaven's rewards in earthly punishment.
 Yet fortune, conscious of your destiny,
 Ev'n then took care to lay you softly by ;
 And wrap'd your fate among her precious things,
 Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's.
 Shewn all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
 As new-born Pallas did the gods surprize :
 When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing
 wound,

She struck the warlike spear into the ground :
 Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,
 And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the arts of peace,
 Whose restless motions less than wars do cease !
 Peace is not freed from labour but from noise ;
 And war more force, but not more pains em-
 ploys :

Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
 That, like the earth, it leaves our sense behind,
 While you so smoothly turn and rowl our sphere,
 That rapid motion does but rest appear.
 For, as in nature's swiftness, with the throng
 Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
 All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
 Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony,
 So, carried on by your unwearied care,
 We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.

Let envy then those crimes within you see,
 From which the happy never must be free ;
 Envy, that does with misery reside,
 The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
 Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate
 You can secure the constancy of fate,
 Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem,
 By lesser ills the greater to redeem.
 Nor can we this weak shower a tempest call,
 But drops of heat, that in the sun-shine fall.
 You have already wearied fortune so,
 She cannot farther be your friend or foe ;
 But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
 A fate so weighty, that it stops her wheel.
 In all things else above our humble fate,
 Your equal mind yet swells not into state,
 But, like some mountain in those happy isles,
 Where in perpetual spring young nature smiles,
 Your greatness shews : no horror to affright,
 But trees for shade, and flowers to court the sight :
 Sometimes the hill submits itself a while
 In small descents, which do its height beguile ;
 And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,
 Whose rise not hinders, but makes short our
 way.

Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
 Sees rowling tempests vainly beat below ;
 And, like Olympus' top, th' impression wears
 Of love and friendship writ in former years.
 Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
 Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
 Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
 And measure change, but share no part of it.
 And still it shall without a weight increase,
 Like this new year, whose motions never cease.
 For since the glorious course you have begun
 Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
 It must both weightless and immortal prove,
 Because the centre of it is above,

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662.

As needy gallants, in the scrivener's hands,
 Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd
 The first fat buck of all the season's sent, [lands;
 And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
 The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
 To fawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch.
 They shall have all, rather than make a war
 With those who of the same religion are.
 The Straits, the Guinea-trade, the herrings too;
 Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.
 Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,
 But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
 What injuries foe'er upon us fall,
 Yet still the same religion answers all.
 Religion wheedled us to civil war,
 Drew English blood, and Dutchman's now would
 Be gull'd no longer for you'll find it true [spare.
 They have no more religion, faith! than you.
 Interest's the god they worship in their state,
 And we, I take it, have not much of that.
 Well monarchies may own religion's name,
 But states are atheists in their very frame.

They share a sin; and such proportions fall,
 That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
 Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty, [be.
 And that what once they were, they still would
 To one well-born the affront in worse and more,
 When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
 With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do,
 They've both ill nature and ill manners too.
 Well may they boast themselves an aucient nation;
 For they were bred e'er manners were in fashion:
 And their new commonwealth has set them free
 Only from honour and civility.
 Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
 Than did their lubber state mankind bestride.
 Their sway became them with as ill a mien,
 As their own paunches swell above their chin.
 Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
 And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
 As Cato fruits of Afric display;
 Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
 All loyal English will like him conclude;
 Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdew'd,

To her Royal Highness

THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

ON THE

MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE OVER THE HOLLANDERS,

JUNE 3. 1665,

AND ON HER JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH.

MADAM,

WHEN, for our sakes, your hero you resign'd,
To swelling seas, and every faithless wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and set free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breast
(The mansion where soft love should only rest):
And, e'er our foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
Those foes he fought with, then to part from you.
That glorious day, which two such navies saw,
As each unmatched might to the world give law.
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the trident of the sea:
The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were
As awfully as when God's people past: [cast,
Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
These, where the wealth of nations ought to flow,
Then with the Duke your Highness rul'd the
day:
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaste vows! the wind and tide
You brib'd to combat on the English side.
Thus to your much lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moses was upheld while Israel fought)

While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like distant thunder on a shiny day.
For absent friends we are asham'd to fear,
When we consider what you ventur'd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore;
But such a leader could supply no more.
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and victory he did pursue,
To bring them as the slaves to wait on you.
Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame,
Then, as you meant to spread another way
By land your conquests, far as his by sea,
Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along
The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupids strong.
Like commons the nobility to resort,
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like some new envoy from the distant sun,
And country beauties by their lovers go,
Blessing themselves, and wondering at the show.
So when the new-born Phoenix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adorn their queen,
And while she makes her progress through the
East,
From every grove her numerous train's increas'd:
Each poet of the air her glory sings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their
wings.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS,

M.DC.LXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

The most renowned and late flourishing

CITY OF LONDON,

IN ITS

*REPRESENTATIVES, THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN,
THE SHERIFFS, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF IT.*

As perhaps I am the first whoever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation; so it is likewise consonant to justice, that he who was to give the first example of such a dedication, should begin it with that city, which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be struck down and to triumph I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation: the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear

affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he, through a long exile, various traverses of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and with-held you from him: and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you therefore this year of wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a Phoenix in her ashes; and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity: but Heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes so general; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude, that your sufferings are at an end; and that one part of my poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of every true Englishmen, so it is by none more passionately desired, than by,

The greatest of your admirers,

And most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENSUING POEM,

IN A LETTER TO THE

HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject, which any poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes, of a most just and necessary war; in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have, in the fire, the most deplorable, but withal the greatest, argument that can be imagined: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not having served my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged

to it: and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonality of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the Fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous, that I wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem Historical, not Epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the *Æneids*. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those, who rank Lucan, rather among historians in verse, than Epic poets: in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever

judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme; and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion: for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those, who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practised: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the *Alarique*, the *Pucelli*, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verses of six feet; such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer by Chapman: all which, by lengthning of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to *Gondibert*; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea: and if there be any such in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his *Pharsalia*, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly, as those who in a logical dispute keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy; so those who do it in any poetical description, would veil their ignorance.

“*Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,*

“*Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor?*”

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn: and if I have made some few mistakes, it is only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted

opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was no more than recompensed by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the prince and general, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the royal family, so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—“*Omnia sponte sua reddit justissima tellus.*” I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given two harvests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real: other greatness burdens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digression to a farther account of my poem; I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after: or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. It is not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme), nor the gingle of a more poor *Paronomasia*; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly, and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention or finding of

the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine any thing that shews remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

“ —Totamque infusa per artus
“ Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore
“ miscet.”

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

“ —lumenque juventæ
“ Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:
“ Quale manus addunt chori decus, aut ubi flavo
“ Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.”

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas: and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings,
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the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, “ Materiem superabat opus:” the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Piso's:

“ Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum

“ Reddiderit junctura novum——”

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both knew so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

“ Et nova siætaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
“ Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta——”

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers! In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiarist; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poetry; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter; for the one shews nature

beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shews her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the Epic poesy, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, "Stantes in curribus Æmilianis," heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, "Spirantia mollius æra:" there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shewn in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses, which I wrote last year to her Highness the Dutchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did "humi serpere;" that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, "Nunc non erat his locus;" I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, sir, it is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know

you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks; "Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant;" I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candor in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withhold consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, christened all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is

S I R,

The most obedient, and most

Faithful of your servants,

From Charleton in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10. 1666.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS.

M, DC, LXVI.

I.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad :
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own ;
Our king they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

II.

Trade, which like blood, should circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost :
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

III.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat ;
In eastern quarries ripening precious dew :
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceilon spicy forests grew.

IV.

The sun but seem'd the labourer of the year ;
Each waxing moon supply'd her watery store,
To swell those tides which from the line did bear
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

V.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far ;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more
strong :
And this may prove our second Punic war.

VI.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend ?
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end ;
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd so far, [land :
That each seven years the fit must shake each
Where France will fide to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his timely friendship vain :
And while his secret soul in Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
O'er them, whose cause he seems to take in
hand ;
And prudently would make them lords at sea,
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

X.

This saw our king ; and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro :
He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd,
And he less for it than usurpers do.

XI.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay ;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII.

The loss and gain each fatally were great ;
And still his subjects call'd aloud for war :
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

XIII.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs rise,
It would in richer showers descend again.

XIV.

At length resolv'd t' assert the watery ball,
He in himself did whole Armadoes bring:
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And choose for general, were he not their king.

XV.

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey;
So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,
And so to pasture follow through the sea.

XVI.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,
Fir'd by the sun, or seeming so alone;
Or each some more remote and slippery star,
Which loses footing when to mortals shewn.

XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the sun,
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born king;
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious York did first with fam'd success,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus heaven our monarch's fortune did confess,
Beginning conquest from his royal race.

XX.

But since it was decreed, auspicious king, [main,
In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the
Heaven, as a gage, would cast some precious
thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be
flain.

XXI.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,
Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian state,
He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

XXII.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his pride presum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confess'd heaven present, and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

XXIII.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
So reverently men quit the open air,
When thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
With all the riches of the rising sun:
And precious sand from southern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coasts they
bring:
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
And winter brooded on the eastern spring.

XXVI.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert
lie:
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The English undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXVIII.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:
These fain would keep, and those more fain
enjoy:
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

XXIX.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd against them fly:
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.

XXX.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
In heaven's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;
For storms repenting part of it restor'd:
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

XXXII.

Go mortals now and vex yourselves in vain
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The son, who twice three months on th' ocean tost,
Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
And parents arms, in vain, stretch'd from the
shore.

XXXIV.

This careful husband had been long away,
Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

Such are the proud designs of human-kind,
And so we suffer shipwreck every where!
Alas, what port can such a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate must blindly steer!

XXXVI.

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill,
Heaven in his bosom from our knowledge hides:
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let munster's prelate ever be accurst,
In whom we seek the German faith in vain:
Alas, that he should teach the English first,
That fraud and avarice in the church could
reign!

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,
Whose friendship's in his interest understood!
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand;
And threatening France, plac'd like a painted
Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants power to enjoy;
Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,
And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to shew:
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore;
But Charles the French as subjects does invite:
Would heaven for each some Solomon restore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

XLIV.

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbours realms would deserts
make.

XLV.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
Which without rashness he began before:
As honour made him first the danger chuse,
So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

XLVI.

The doubled charge his subjects love supplies,
Who in that bounty to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
Two such as each seem'd worthiest when
alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Bath great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praise;
Their duty, faith, and interest too the same,
Like mighty partners equally they raise.

XLIX.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,
But once possess'd did absolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
And conquer'd first those beauties they would
gain.

L.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more;
And shook aloft the fasces of the main,
To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

LI.

Together to the watery camp they haste,
Whom matrons passing to their children show:
Infants first vows for them to heaven are cast,
And future people bless them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
To infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
To make slow fights, and victories but vain:
But war severely like itself appears.

LIII.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valour works like bodies on a glass,
And does its image on their men project.

LIV.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold:
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

LVI.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the
fight;
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
Th' Elean plains could boast no nobler fight,
When struggling champions did their bodies
bare.

LVII.

Borne each by other in a distant line,
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd, and floating nations strove.

LVIII.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack;
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more closely they come back,
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears, and so defy'd
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

LX.

And as the built, so different is the sight;
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage
find.

B iiij

LXI.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
 Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
 All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
 He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
 But he who meets all danger with disdain,
 Ev'n in their face his ship to anchor brought,
 And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

LXIII.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
 The foremost of his foes a while withdraw:
 With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
 Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

LXIV.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
 Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek;
 Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,
 And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

LXV.

Mean-time his busy mariners he hastes,
 His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
 And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
 Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

LXVI.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
 More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
 Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
 Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea
 They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet.
 Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay,
 Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet.

LXVIII.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
 The combat still, and they asham'd to leave:
 Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
 And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
 And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
 In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
 And slumbering smile at the imagin'd flame.

LXX.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
 Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
 Faint sweats all down their mighty members run;
 Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply.

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:
 Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore:
 Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
 They wake with horror and dare sleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
 Till from their main-top joyful news they hear
 Of ships, which by their mould bring new sup-
 And in their colours Belgian lions bear. [plies,

LXXIII.

Our watchful general had discern'd from far
 This mighty succour, which made glad the foe:
 He sigh'd, but like a father of the war, [flow.
 His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows

LXXIV.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
 Never till now unwilling to obey;
 They, not their wounds' but want of strength,
 deplore,
 And think them happy who with him can stay.

LXXV.

Then to the rest, Rejoice, said he, to-day!
 In you the fortune of Great-Britain lies:
 Among so brave a people, you are they [prize.
 Whom heaven hath chose to fight for such a

LXXVI.

If number English courages could quell, [foes:
 We should at first have shunn'd, not met our
 Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell:
 Courage from hearts and not from numbers
 grows.

LXXVII.

He said, not needed more to say: with haste
 To their known stations cheerfully they go;
 And all at once, disdain to be last
 Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
 But bold in others, not themselves, they stood:
 So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,
 But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engaged so far, [fought:
 That like the sword-fish in the whale they
 The combat only seem'd a civil war,
 Till through their bowels we our passage
 wrought.

LXXX.

Never had valour, no not ours, before
 Done aught like this upon the land or main.
 Were not to be o'ercome was to do more
 Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
 And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
 To see his fleet among unequal foes. [rise.
 By which fate promis'd them their Charles should

LXXXII.

Mean-time the Belgians tack upon our rear,
 And raking chase-guns through our sterns they
 send:
 Close by their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
 Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on:
 Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:
 In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shewn,
 Who burn contented by another's side.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
 Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,
 Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet.
 And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less;
 And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the
 main:
 Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
 While they lose cheaper than the English gain,

LXXXVI.

Have you not seen, when whistled from the fist,
Some falcon sloops at what her eye design'd,
And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
Streight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

The dastard crow that to the wood made wing,
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
Who safe in numbers cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly;
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
Like falling Cesar, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought:
And graciously with his despair he strove,
Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd:
But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which his foe his fruitless force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

XCII.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide, [foe:
And following smoke obscur'd them from the
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

XCIII.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subdue:
So Xenophon once led that sam'd retreat,
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

XCIV.

The foe approach'd; and one for his bold sin
Was sunk; as he that touch'd the ark was slain:
The wild waves master'd him and suck'd him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCV.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood:
As if they had been there as servants set
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue but wait on his retreat.

XCVI.

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts rouz'd, the lion chace:
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

XCVII.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round;
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
Now hissing waters the quenched guns restore;
And weary waves withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

XCIX.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,
Upon the deck our careful general stood,
And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

C.

That happy sun, said he, will rise again,
Who twice victorious did our navy see:
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
Without one ray of all his star for me.

CI.

Yet like an English general will I die,
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie;
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

CII.

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,
Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires behold the eastern sky.

CIII.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
His naked valour is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had fortune power, he forc'd to stay,
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife:
This is a ransom Albemarle did pay,
For all the glories of so great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad general knows;
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

CVI.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,
Who never fought three days, but to pursue.

CVII.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now silent city does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

CVIII.

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies:
She stops and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

CIX.

With such kind passion hastes the prince to fight,
And spreads his flying canvass to the sound:
Him, whom no danger were he there could fright,
Now absent every little noise can wound.

CX.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
And first the martlet meets it in the sky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train:

CXI.

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet;
And each ambitiously would claim the ken,
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

B iiij

CXII.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar,
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

CXIII.

Full in the prince's passage, hills of sand,
And dangerous flats in secret ambush lay,
Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,
And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels fear'd
This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

CXV.

But he unmov'd contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he please to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boasting valour flight.

CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And the substance not th' appearance chose:
To rescue one such friend he took more pride,
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supply'd,
Now long to execute their spleenful will;
And, in revenge for those three days they try'd,
Wish one, like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

CXIX.

Thus reinforce'd, against the adverse fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

CXX.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men:
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,
And death new pointed his dull dart again.

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchless courage, since the former fight:
Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did shew,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
His open side, and high above him shows:
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And doubly harm'd he double harms bestows.

CXXIII.

Behind the general mends his weary pace,
And fullenly to his revenge he fails:
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

CXXIV.

Th' increasing sound is borne to either shore,
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
Their passions double with the cannons roar,
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and close as when the fight began,
Their huge unweildy navy wastes away:
So sicken waning moons too near the sun,
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike prince had sever'd from the rest
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main;
Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
And flew so home they could not rise again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the passing winds they call:
The passing winds through their torn canvass play,
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into shades below:
Without grim death rides barefac'd in their fight,
And urges entering billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the prince's main-mast bore:
All three now helpless by each other lie,
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A coarse, till tir'd before the dog she lay:
Who stretch'd behind her pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill, as she to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey:
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuse,
By mortal valour never must be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

CXXXV.

The general's force as kept alive by fight,
Now not oppos'd no longer can pursue:
Lasting till heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

CXXXVI.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
And sighs to see him quit the watery field;
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though as when fiends did miracles avow,
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful Dutch:
He only does his conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;
 No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
 Domestic joys and cares he puts away; [guide.
 For realms are households which the great must

CXXXIX.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
 On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
 Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
 And know it will be gold another day:

CXL.

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
 Th' essay and rudiments of great success:
 Which all-maturing time must bring to light,
 While he like heaven does each day's labour bless.

CXLI.

Heaven ended not the first or second day,
 Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:
 God and kings work, when they their work survey,
 A passive aptness in all subjects find.

CXLI.

In burden'd vessels first with speedy care,
 His plenteous stores do season'd timber send:
 Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
 And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

CXLIII.

With cord and canvass from rich Hamburg sent,
 His navy's molted wings he imp's once more:
 Tall Norway fir, their masts in battle spent, [store.
 And English oak, sprung leaks and planks, re-

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd the royal work grows warm:
 Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
 Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
 And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

CXLV.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay
 Of virgin-combs which from the roof are hung:
 Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
 Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

CXLVI.

So here some pick out bullets from the sides, [rist:
 Some drive old okum through each seam and
 Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
 The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
 From friendly Sweden brought, the seams in stops:
 Which, well paid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand,
 And shakes them from the rising beak it drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marline bind,
 Or fear-cloth masts with strong tarpawling coats:
 To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
 And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful monarch stands in person by,
 His new-cast cannons firmness to explore:
 The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
 And ball and cartridge forts for every bore.

CL.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,
 And ships which all last winter were abroad;
 And such as fitted since the fight had been,
 Or new from stocks, were fall'n into the road.

CLI.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
 The Phoenix, daughter of the vanish'd old,
 Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
 And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

CLII.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
 And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
 The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
 Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
 Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow
 laves:
 Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
 She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

CLIV.

This martial present, piously design'd,
 The loyal city give their best-lov'd king:
 And with a bounty ample as the wind,
 Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV.

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art
 Makes mighty things from small beginnings
 grow:
 Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
 Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

CLVI.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,
 An useless drift, which rudely cut within,
 And hollow'd first a floating trough became,
 And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

CLVII.

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern,
 And untaught Indian on the stream did glide:
 Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did
 learn,
 Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

CLVIII.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
 When from lost empire he to exile went,
 And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
 Where coin and commerce first he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their ships was navigation then;
 No useful compass or meridian known;
 Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
 And knew no North but when the Pole-star
 shone.

CLX.

Of all who since have us'd the open sea,
 Than the bold English none more fame have
 won:
 Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,
 They make discoveries where they see no sun.

CLXI.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
 By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
 Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
 And hence be to admiring nations taught.

CLXII.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow,
 We, as art's elements, shall understand,
 And as by line upon the ocean go,
 Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

CLXIII.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
By which remotest regions are ally'd;
Which makes one city of the universe;
Where some may gain, and all may be supply'd.

CLXIV.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky:
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.

CLXV.

This I foretel from your auspicious care,
Who great in search of God and nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
Since best to praise his works is best to know.

CLXVI.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your maker's mind:
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
To fit the level'd use of human-kind.

CLXVII.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the seas.
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
Whose fleet more mighty every day became
By late success, which they did falsely boast,
And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
They knew to manage war with wise delay:
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor staid the English long; but well supply'd,
Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe:
The combat now by courage must be try'd,
And the success the braver nation show.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
Which in the Straights last winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
And on the midland sea the French had aw'd.

CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

CLXXIII.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:
As once old Cato in the Roman fight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young Hollis on a Muse by Mars begot,
Born, Cæsar like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

CLXXVI.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn:
And though to me unknown, they sure fought well,
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

CLXXVII.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail:
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

CLXXVIII.

Now anchors weigh'd the seamen shout so shrill,
That heaven and earth and the wide ocean rings:
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,
And durst not bide it on the English coast:
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw,
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

CLXXX.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

CLXXXI.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:
Or if with caution leisurely were past. [one.
Their numerous groves might charge us one by

CLXXXIII.

But with a fore-wind pushing them above,
And swelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

CLXXXIV.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
With all his hosts of waters at command,
Beneath them to submit th' officious flood;
And with his trident shov'd them off the sand.

CLXXXV.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,
And summon them to unexpected fight:
They start like murderers when ghosts appear,
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

CLXXXVI.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,
The midmost battles hastening up behind:
Who view far off the storm of falling fleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverse admirals appear;
The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,
The linlocks touch, the ponderous ball expires:
The vigorous seaman every port-holes plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires!

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians side,
For honour, which they seldom fought before :
But now they by their own vain boasts were ty'd,
And forc'd at least in shew to prize it more.

CXC.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,
And shame of being match'd by such a foe,
Rouze conscious virtue up in every heart,
And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæsar's bear
Each several ship a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

CXCII.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight :
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

CXCIII.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the sign to fly :
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if, to praise them, all the States stood by,

CXCIV.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear,
As Varro timely flying once did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

CXCV.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy English close to fight ;
Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobbies flight.

CXCVI.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
In other records may our courage know :
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

CXCVII.

Or if too busily they will inquire
Into a victory, which we disdain ;
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an offering bring :
England, which first, by leading them astray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her king.

CXCIX.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,
To check a monarchy that slowly grew ;
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

CC.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless destiny ;
Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

CCI.

But whate'er English to the bless'd shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet ;
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

CCII.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land besets ;
Each day new wealth without their care provides ;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII.

So close behind some promontory lie
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey ;
And give no chace, but swallow in the fry, [way.
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the

CCIV.

Nor was this all : in ports and roads remote,
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send ;
Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

CCV.

Those various squadrons variously design'd,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

CCVI.

Some bound for Guinea golden sand to find,
Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear :
Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
For folded turbants finest Holland bear.

CCVII.

Some English wool vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of spungy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

CCVIII.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest ;
And as the priests who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

CCIX.

But ah ! how insincere are all our joys ! [stay :
Which, sent from heaven, like lightning make no
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe, [cross,
Which France and Holland wanted power to
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown ;
Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire ;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of time,
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

CCXIII.

As when some dire usurper heaven provides,
To scourge his country with a lawless sway ;
His birth, perhaps, some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of fortune's way.

CCXIV.

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on :
His prince, surpriz'd at first, no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

CCXV.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

CCXVI.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
And luxury more late, asleep were laid:
All was the night's; and in her silent reign
No found the rest of nature did invade.

CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
And first few scattering sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

CCXVIII.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
And smouldering as it went, in silence fed;
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walk'd boldly upright, with exalted head.

CCXIX.

Now like some rich and mighty murderer,
Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold;
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

CCXX.

So 'scapes th' insulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes small outlets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
And beat him downward to his first repair.

CCXXI.

The winds like crafty courtezans with-held
His flames from burning, but to blow them
And every fresh attempt he is repell'd [more:
With faint denials weaker than before.

CCXXII.

And now no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire:
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threatening fire.

CCXXIII.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sat
Above the palace of our slumbering king:
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
And drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Call'd up some waking lover to the fight;
And long it was e'er he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eye-lids yet were full of night.

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
Half-cloath'd, half-naked, hastily retire:
And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late,
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

CCXXVII.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murmuring noises rise in every street:
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men juggle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repose;
But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire:
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play:
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX.

In vain: for from the east a Belgian wind
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
The flames impell'd soon left their foes behind,
And forward with a wanton fury went.

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
And shrunk his waters back unto his urn.

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean time, walks in a broader grofs;
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches
cross,
And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

CCXXXIV.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they
take;
Now with long necks from side to side they
feed:
At length grown strong their mother-fire for-
sake,
And a new colony of flames succeed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their restless tide:
In parties now they straggle up and down,
As armies unoppos'd for prey divide.

CCXXXVI.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does
By powerful charms of gold and silver led, [haste,
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
And slowly eats his way against the wind:
But the main body of the marching foe
Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,
Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest:
Far of the cracks of falling houses ring,
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks, that drive against his sacred face,

CCXI.

More than his guards his sorrows made him
known,
And pious tears, which down his cheeks did
shower :

The wretched in his grief forgot their own ;
So much the pity of a king has power.

CCXLII.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,
And what so well had merited his love :
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty strove.

CCXLIII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold :
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress ;
He cheers the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes despairers hope for good success.

CCXLIV.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
And orders all the succours which they bring :
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy such a king.

CCXLV.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
That where it seizes all relief is vain :
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That country, which would else the foe maintain

CCXLVI.

The powder blows up all before the fire :
Th' amazed flames stands gather'd on a heap ;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

CCXLVII.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,
But straight like Turks forc'd on to win or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctious vapours fly.

CCXLVIII.

Part stay for passage, till a gust of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet :
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

CCXLIX.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood-side,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their
round ;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

CCCL.

No help avails ; for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way :
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

CCCLI.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud :
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more :
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others ruin may increase their store.

CCCLII.

As those who live by shores with joy behold
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh ;
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd
gold,
And seek the tempests which the others fly :

CCCLII.

So these but wait the owners last despair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade ;
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,
And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

CCCLIII.

The days were all in this lost labour spent ;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective light.

CCCLIV.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal picture of the general doom ;
Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

CCCLV.

Those who have homes, when home they do
repair,
To a last lodging call their wandering friends :
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends.

CCCLVI.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require :
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

CCCLVII.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run ;
And while through burning labyrinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would
shun.

CCCLVIII.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor ;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

CCCLIX.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant waking to the paps would press,
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

CCCLX.

No thought can ease them but their sovereign's
care,
Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort sing :
Ev'n those, whom want might drive to just de-
spair,
Think life a blessing under such a king.

CCCLXI.

Mean time he sadly suffers in the grief,
Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint :
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be supply'd, and he may want.

CCCLXII.

O God, said he, thou patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and distress !
Who me unfriended brought'st by wondrous ways,
The kingdom of my fathers to possess :

CCCLXIII.

Be thou my judge, with what unwear'd care
I since have labour'd for my people's good ;
To bind the bruises of a civil war,
And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

CCLXIV.

Thou who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompence as friends the good mislaid;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

CCLXV.

Or if my heedless youth has stept astray,
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,
But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

CCLXVI.

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
As humble earth, from whence at first we came:
Like flying shades before the clouds we shew,
And shrink like parchment to consuming flame.

CCLXVII.

O let it be enough what thou hast done; [street,
When spotted deaths ran arm'd through every
With poison'd darts, which not the good could
shun,
The speedy could outfly, or valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place:
And now those few who are return'd again,
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

CCLXIX.

O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
Or bind thy sentence unconditional:
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
And in that foresight this thy doom recal.

CCLXX.

Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine thou may'st re-
But if immutable and fix'd they stand, [voke:
Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
And let not foreign foes oppress thy land.

CCLXXI.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Chose out the Cherub with the flaming sword;
And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were stor'd,

CCLXXII.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
And like a shooting star he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd
He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames chastis'd went forth to prey
On pious structures by our fathers rear'd;
By which to heaven they did affect the way,
E'er faith in churchmen without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting orphans saw with watery eyes,
Their founders charity in dust laid low;
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,
For he protects the poor, who made them so.

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise:
Though made immortal by a poet's song;
And poets songs the Theban walks could raise.

CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
But, since it was prophan'd by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
And widely opening did on both sides prey:
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII.

And now four days the sun had seen our woes:
Four nights the moon beheld th' incessant fire:
It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the feverish north retire.

CCLXXIX.

In th' empyread heaven, the blest'd abode,
The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast:
He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie,
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

CCLXXXI.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

CCLXXXII.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with seeding sink into a sleep:
Each household genius shews again his face,
And from the hearths the little lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

CCLXXXV.

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart which fear had froze before:
The standing streets with so much joy they view,
That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The father of the people open'd wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place supply'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds so deep did print the sense;
That if their ruins sadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

But so may he live long, that town to fway,
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

CCLXXXIX.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

CCXC.

Not with more constancy the Jews, of old
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCI.

The utmost malice of the stars is past, [town,
And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the
last,
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown,

CCXCII.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-raised Jove from his dark prison freed,
Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

CCXCIII.

Methinks already from this chemic flame,
I see a city of more precious mold;
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She shades the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human now, and more august,
Now deify'd she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And opening into larger parts she flies.

CCXCVI.

Before she like some shepherdes did shew,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;

Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

CCXCVII.

Now like a maiden queen she did behold,
From her high turrets hourly suitors come;
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

CCXCVIII.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffic lost.

CCC.

The venturous merchant, who design'd more far,
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charm'd with the splendor of this northern star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

CCCII.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumph boast,
That those, who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

CCCIV.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY
MR. DRYDEN AND THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

How dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In every age the lumpish mass to move:
But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In satire too the wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd, and scorn'd them into
shame.
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those who censure all besides,
In other things they justly are preferr'd:
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:

Besides 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But, with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
To see their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her, who miss'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here:
Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear;
Nor fluttering officers who never fight;
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less half wits: that's more against our rules;
For they are sops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?

The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull knavery makes so much ado;
 Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too too fast,
 Like Æsop's fox becomes a prey at last.
 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd;
 With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,
 They are as common that way as the other:
 Yet sauntering Charles, between his beastly

brace,
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,
 Affected humour, or a painted face.
 In loyal libels we have often told him,
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him:
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
 Was ever prince by two at once misled,
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
 Earnly and Aylesbury, with all that race
 Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
 At counsel set as foils on Dorset's score,
 To make that great false jewel shine the more;
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains and telling lies.
 But there's no meddling with such nauseous men;
 Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
 'Tis time to quit my company, and choose
 Some fitter subject for a sharper muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive
 Against his careless genius vainly strive;
 Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
 'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:
 Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
 Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
 But when he aims at reason or at rule,
 He turns himself the best to ridicule,
 Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
 Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
 That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
 Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd,
 So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
 Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
 But soon the lady had him in her eye,
 And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
 Reaching above our nature does no good;
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
 As by our little Machiavel we find
 That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
 His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;
 Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
 No pity of its poor companion takes.
 What gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see him drag his feeble legs about,
 Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still
 Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's
 'Twere crime in any man but him alone [ill.
 To use a body so, though 'tis one's own:
 Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er;
 That whilst he creeps his vigorous thoughts can
 soar:

Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,
 Is but a busy groveling here below.
 So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
 Whilst on the ground th' intranced wretches lie:
 So modern fops have fancy'd they would fly.

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As the new earl with parts deserving praise,
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
 Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
 Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune flights;
 Striving against his quiet all he can,
 For the fine notion of a busy man.
 And what is that at best, but one, whose mind
 Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
 For Ireland he would go: faith, let him reign;
 For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
 Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
 But is there any other beast that lives,
 Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?
 Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,
 Refinedly leave his bitches and his bones,
 To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd?
 While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
 Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
 Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Though satire nicely writ no humour stings
 But those who merit praise in other things;
 Yet we must needs this one exception make,
 And break our rules for folly Tropos sake;
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
 Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
 For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
 As boys on holy-days let loose to play,
 Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;
 Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
 Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress;
 So have I mighty satisfaction found,
 To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
 To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
 By some who scarce have words enough to shew
 it:

For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
 The sinner, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker:
 But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
 Should be acquired by such little sense;
 For words and wit did anciently agree,
 And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
 At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
 Knave on the woollack, fop at council-table.
 These are the grievances of such fools as would
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of wits must be made known,
 Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
 Excess of luxury they think can please,
 And laziness call loving of their ease:
 To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
 Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
 So much of surfeits, head-achs, claps, are seen,
 We scarce perceive the little time between:
 Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
 And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;
 Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
 Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
 Marry'd, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that:
 And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
 Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time;
 Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
 A teeming widow, but a barren wife;

C

Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dullness in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to scape the snare,
'Though learn'd in all those arts that cheat the
For after all his vulgar marriage mocks, [fair:
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
'To see him catch his tartar for his prize:
Th' impatient town waited the wished-for change,
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was free:
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
'To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom still,
Forc'd to live happily against his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and power
Break not his boasted quiet every hour.

And little Sid. for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought but never found:
'Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skillful nose:
Which from all stink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume and essence from a f—t:
Expecting supper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping fits,
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find:
And so like witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.

False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
A very Killigrew without good-nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there's the folly that's still mixt with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance still:
Falsely he falls into some dangerous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose;
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out 's the cinderwoman's trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here:
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dullness must atone.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwise:
Ev'n he, who would himself the most despise!
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shewn,
We pull down others but to raise our own;
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my master, who first satire taught;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous and above reward;
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

" Si propius stes,
" Te capiet magis——"

PART I.

TO THE READER.

IT is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party, must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the fanatic church, as well as in the popish: and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads: but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem has genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there is a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be sa-

tisfied on more easy terms: if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges; for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire, where justice would allow it, from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticize so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced at their own cost that I can write severely, with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices: and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am; but if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you commonwealth's men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the ad-

vantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing, though it is hard for an author to judge against himself. But more probably it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both sides will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to shew Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconciliation of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story: There seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel; but am content to be accused of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen, that the devil himself may at last be saved. For which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honestly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order to prevent the chirurgion's work of an *Ense rescindendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all, if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

In pious times, e'er priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiply'd his kind,
E'er one to one was curf'dly confin'd;
When nature prompted, and no law deny'd
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch after heaven's own heart
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
Michael, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To god-like David several sons before.
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust:
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states ally'd to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he deny'd;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had; for who from faults is free?
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purged by boiling
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name, [o'er;
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.

Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd,
But life can never be sincerely blest;
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring
race,
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom debauch'd with
ease,
No king could govern, nor God could please;
Gods they had try'd of every shape and size.
That goldsmiths could produce or priests devise:
These Adam-wits too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general shout proclaim'd him king:
Those very Jews, who at their very best
Their humour more than loyalty express'd,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf, a state.
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curst the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualify'd,
Inclin'd the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebell.

But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or false are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.

Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd for them;
And theirs the native right—
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common
wood.

This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all regions are the same.
Of whatsoever descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd
with lies,

To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
Where gods are recommended by their taste.
Such savory deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds.
So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment,
Work up to foam and threat the government.

Some by their friends, more by themselves thought
wife,

Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from
thence,

Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence,
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst;
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er inform'd the tenement of clay.

A daring pilot in extremity; [high,
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?

Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?

And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.

In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin, or to rule the state.

To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;

Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.

So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be
known,

Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;

The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin

With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;

Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,

With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed

From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,

And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess

A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,

And left the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.
 The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
 Some circumstances finds, but more he makes:
 By buzzing emissaries fill the ears
 Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
 Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
 And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
 Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well,
 Were strong with people easy to rebel.
 For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
 Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
 And once in twenty years their scribes record,
 By natural instinct they change their lord.
 Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
 Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
 Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
 For politicians neither love nor hate:
 But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
 That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
 And sheds his venom in such words as these.
 Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
 Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;
 Thy longing country's darling and desire;
 Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand
 Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd land:
 Whose dawning day, in every distant age,
 Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
 The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
 The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
 Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
 And, never satisfy'd with seeing, bless:
 Swift unespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
 And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
 How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
 Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
 Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise;
 Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?
 Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
 Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
 Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky revolution of their fate:
 Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
 For human good depends on human will,
 Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
 And from the first impression takes the bent;
 But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
 And leaves repenting folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
 Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
 Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
 At Gath an exile he might still remain,
 And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
 Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
 But shun th' example of declining age:

Behold him setting in his western skies,
 The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
 He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
 The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
 Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand;
 But like the prince of angels, from his height
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:
 Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn:
 Our only blessing since his curst return:
 Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
 Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
 What strength can he to your designs oppose,
 Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
 If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
 A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
 Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;
 Foment the war, but not support the king:
 Nor would the royal party e'er unite
 With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;
 Or if they should, their interest soon would break,
 And with such odious aid make David weak.
 All sorts of men by my successful arts,
 Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
 From David's rule; and 'tis their general cry,
 Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
 If you, as champion of the public good,
 Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
 What may not Israel hope, and what applause
 Might such a general gain by such a cause?
 Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower
 Fair only to the sight, but solid power:
 And nobler is a limited command,
 Given by the love of all your native land,
 Than a successive title, long and dark,
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
 When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds?
 Desire of power on earth a vicious weed,
 Yet sprung from high is of celestial seed:
 In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
 'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
 Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
 Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
 Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
 Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with
 praise.

Half loath, and half consenting to the ill,
 For royal blood within him struggled still,
 He thus reply'd.—And what pretence have I
 To take up arms for public liberty?
 My father governs with unquestion'd right;
 The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
 Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
 And heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
 Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
 What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
 Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose!
 Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
 Inclined to mercy, and averse from blood.
 If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
 His crime is God's beloved attribute.
 What could he gain his people to betray,
 Or change his right for arbitrary sway?

Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
 His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
 If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
 The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
 Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
 Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
 Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
 Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
 Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
 Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands:
 The people might assert their liberty;
 But what was right in them were crime in me.
 His favour leaves me nothing to require,
 Prevents my wishes, and out-runs desire;
 What more can I expect while David lives?
 All but his kingly diadem he gives: said—
 And that—But here he paus'd; then, sighing,
 Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
 For when my father from his toils shall rest,
 And late augment the number of the blest,
 His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
 Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
 His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
 Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
 Of every royal virtue stands possess'd;
 Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
 His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
 His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
 His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find;
 For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
 Why should I then repine at heaven's decree,
 Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
 Yet oh that fate, propitiously inclin'd,
 Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
 To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
 And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
 I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
 And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
 Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
 And made for empire whispers me within,
 Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.

Him staggering so, when hell's dire agent found,
 While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
 He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
 Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
 Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
 What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!
 Against your will your arguments have shown,
 Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
 Not that your father's mildness I condemn;
 But manly force becomes the diadem.
 'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;
 And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:
 For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
 And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
 But when should people strive their bonds to break,
 If not when kings are negligent or weak?
 Let him give on till he can give no more,
 The thrifty Sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
 And every shekel, which he can receive,
 Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
 To ply him with new plots shall be my care;
 Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;

Which when his treasure can no more supply,
 He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
 His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
 Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
 Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
 He shall be naked left to public scorn.
 The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
 Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
 And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
 His right, for sums of necessary gold,
 Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
 Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
 To pass your doubtful title into law;
 If not, the people have a right supreme
 To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
 All empire is no more than power in trust,
 Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
 Succession, for the general good design'd,
 In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
 If altering that the people can relieve,
 Better one suffer than a nation grieve. [chose,
 The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they
 God was their king, and God they durst depose.
 Urge now your piety, your filial name,
 A father's right, and fear of future fame;
 The public good, that universal call,
 To which ev'n heaven submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
 'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
 Our fond begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their posterity.
 Or let his kindness by th' effects be try'd,
 Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
 God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
 A better proof, than to anoint him king?
 It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
 Would David have you thought his darling son,
 What means he then to alienate the crown?
 The name of godly he may blush to bear:
 Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
 He to his brother gives supreme command,
 To you a legacy of barren land;
 Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
 Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
 Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
 Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
 And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
 Though now his mighty soul its grief contains:
 He meditates revenge who least complains:
 And like a lion, slumbering in the way,
 Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
 His fearless foes within his distance draws,
 Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
 Till at the last, his time for fury found,
 He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
 The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
 But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
 Your case no tame expedients will afford:
 Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
 Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
 And self-defence is nature's eldest law.

Leave the warm people no considering time :
 For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
 Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
 But try your title while your father lives :
 And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
 Proclaim you take them in the king's defence ;
 Whose sacred life each minute would expose
 To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes.
 And who can sound the depth of David's soul ?
 Perhaps his fear his kindness may controul.
 He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
 For plighted vows too late to be undone.
 If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd :
 Like women's lechery, to seem constrain'd.
 Doubt not : but, when he most affects the frown,
 Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
 Secure his person to secure your cause :
 They who possess the prince possess the laws.

He said ; and this advice above the rest,
 With Absalom's mild nature suited best ;
 Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
 Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puffed with pride.
 How happy had he been, if destiny
 Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high !
 His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
 And blest all other countries but his own.
 But charming greatness since so few refuse,
 'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
 Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
 With blandishments to gain the public love :
 To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
 And popularly prosecute the plot.
 To further this, Achitophel unites
 The malcontents of all the Israelites :
 Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
 For several ends, to serve the same design.
 The best, and of the princes some were such,
 Who thought the power of monarchy too much ;
 Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts ;
 Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
 By these the springs of property were bent,
 And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
 The next for interest sought to embroil the state,
 To sell their duty at a dearer rate ;
 And make their Jewish markets of the throne ;
 Pretending public good to serve their own.
 Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
 Who cost too much, and did too little good.
 These were for laying honest David by,
 On principles of pure good husbandry.
 With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
 That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
 Who follow next a double danger bring,
 Not only hating David, but the king ;
 The Solymæan rout ; well vers'd of old,
 In goodly faction, and in treason bold ;
 Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
 But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd ;
 Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
 And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
 Hot Levites headed these ; who pull'd before
 From th' ark, which in the judges days they bore,
 Refus'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
 Pursued their old belov'd theocracy :

Where sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
 And justify'd their spoils by inspiration :
 For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
 If once dominion they could found in grace ?
 These led the pack ; though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest-mouth'd against the government.
 A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
 Of the true old enthusiastic breed :
 'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
 Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
 But far more numerous was the herd of such,
 Who think too little, and who talk too much,
 These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
 Ador'd their fathers God and property ;
 And by the same blind benefit of fate,
 The devil and the Jebusite did hate :
 Born to be sav'd ev'n in their own despite,
 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the tools : but a whole Hydra more
 Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
 Some of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand :
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon :
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes ;
 And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes :
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art :
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late ;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court ; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
 For spite of him the weight of business fell
 On Absalom, and wise Achitophel :
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
 Of lords, below the dignity of verse. [best :
 Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the
 Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.
 And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
 The well-hung Balaam, and cold Caleb, free :
 And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
 Let friendship's holy band some names assure ;
 Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
 Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
 Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace :
 Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
 To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curse ;
 Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
 Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king ;

Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the sabbath but for gain :
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 Or curse unless against the government.
 Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray ;
 The city, to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.
 His hand a vase of justice did uphold ;
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
 During his office treason was no crime ;
 The sons of Belial had a glorious time :
 For Shemei, though not prodigal of pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
 When two or three were gather'd to declaim
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them :
 And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company.
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,
 He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews ;
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
 For laws are only made to punish those
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
 If any leisure time he had from power,
 Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour :
 His business was, by writing to persuade,
 That kings were useless and a clog to trade :
 And that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shun'd the fumes of wine.
 Chaste were his cellars and his shrivell'd board
 The grossness of a city feast abhor'd :
 His cooks with long dispute their trade forgot ;
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
 Such frugal virtue malice may accuse ;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews :
 For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
 With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel :
 And Moses' laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the mount,
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
 Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
 Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass ;
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
 High as the serpent of thy metal made,
 While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
 From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
 Prodigious actions may as well be done
 By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
 This arch-attestor for the public good
 By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
 Who ever ask'd the witness's high race,
 Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace ?
 Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
 Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither cholerick was, nor proud :
 His long chin prov'd his wit ; his saint-like grace
 A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
 His memory, miraculously great,
 Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat ;

Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
 For human wit could never such devise.
 Some future truths are mingled in his book ;
 But where the witness fail'd the prophet spoke :
 Some things like visionary flight appear ;
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where ;
 And gave him his rabbinical degree,
 Unknown to foreign university.
 His judgment yet his memory did excel ;
 Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,
 And suited to the temper of the times,
 Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
 Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
 And rashly judge his writ apocryphal ;
 Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made :
 He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
 Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
 The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
 Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an appendix of my plot.
 His zeal to heaven made him his prince despise,
 And load his person with indignities.
 But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words :
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
 In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
 What others in his evidence did join,
 The best that could be had for love or coin,
 In Corah's own predicament will fall :
 For Witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
 Deluded Absalom forsakes the court :
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
 Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show ;
 On each side bowing popularly low :
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their names.
 Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
 Then with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
 Few words he said ; but easy those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate ;
 Though far unable to prevent your fate ;
 Behold a banish'd man for your dear cause
 Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws !
 Yet oh ! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son !
 Now all your liberties a spoil are made ;
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
 And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
 My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame ;
 And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old ;
 Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys ;
 And all his power against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give, my right away :
 But why should he his own and yours betray ?
 He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.

Take then my tears, with that he wip'd his eyes,
'Tis all the aid my present power supplies:
No court-informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use:
And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
But common interest always will prevail:
And pity never ceases to be shewn
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train:
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Ishachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes,
And try their strength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant shew a plot is made;
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord!
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the scepter could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall? [mand,
Then kings are slaves to those whom they com-
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?

Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Nor only crowds but sanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itself at length must fall
To nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
For whatso'er their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errors but disturb a state;
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;
At once divine and human laws controul,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Berzillai first appears;
Berzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
But sinking underneath his master's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.
His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me, so heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's
prime

B' unequal fates, and providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
Swift was the race, but short the time to run. }
Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians prop'd;
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stop'd.

Oh ancient honour! Oh unconquer'd hand,
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
 But Israel was unworthy of his name:
 Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
 It looks as heaven our ruin had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
 Now free, from earth thy disencumber'd soul [pole:
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry
 From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring,
 To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight:
 No pinions can pursue immortal height:
 Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more;
 And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
 Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
 To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
 Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see
 If thou canst find on earth another he:
 Another he would be too hard to find;
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
 Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and
 His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace. [place,
 With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
 Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
 Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
 The prophets sons, by such example led,
 To learning and to loyalty were bred:
 For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
 And never rebel was to arts a friend.
 To these succeed the pillars of the laws;
 Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.
 Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
 Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
 Himself a Muse: in sanhedrims debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state;
 Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
 That from his disobedient son were torn.
 Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;
 Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
 To move assemblies, who but only try'd
 The worse a-while, then chose the better side:
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.
 Hushai, the friend of David in distress;
 In public storms of manly steadfastness:
 By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
 And join'd experience to his native truth.
 His frugal care supply'd the wanting throne;
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
 'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow;
 But hard the task to manage well the low:
 For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
 When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
 In his own worth, and without title great:
 The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
 Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
 So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
 That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.

Now rather charioteers the feat ascend,
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
 They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
 Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;
 While he withdrawn, at their mad labours smiles,
 And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithfull band }
 Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand, }
 And tempt th' united fury of the land,
 With grief they view'd such powerful engines bent
 To batter down the lawful government.
 A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
 In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights,
 The true successor from the court remov'd;
 The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.
 These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
 They shew'd the king the danger of the wound;
 That no concessions from the throne would
 please,

But lenitives fomented the disease:
 That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
 Was made the lure to draw the people down:
 That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
 Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:
 The council violent, the rabble worse:
 That Shemei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,
 And long revolving in his careful breast
 Th' event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
 Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inspir'd,
 The god-like David spoke; with awful fear
 His train their Maker in their master hear.

Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
 My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:
 So willing to forgive th' offending age;
 So much the father did the king assuage.
 But now so far my clemency they flight,
 Th' offenders question my forgiving right,
 That one was made for many, they contend;
 But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.
 They call my tenderness of blood, my fear;
 Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
 Yet, since they will divert my native course,
 'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.
 Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,
 Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
 Kings are the public pillars of the state,
 Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
 If my young Samson will pretend a call
 To shake the column, let him share the fall:
 But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
 How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
 With how few tears a pardon might be won
 From nature, pleading for a darling son!
 Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
 Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
 Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
 He would have given his soul another turn:
 Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
 Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
 The people's brave, the politician's tool;
 Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
 Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
 Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?

His old instructor ere he lost his place,
 Was never thought indued with so much grace.
 Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
 My rebel ever proves my people's faint.
 Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
 Let fanhedrims be taught to give their own.
 A king's at least a part of government,
 And mine as requisite as their consent:
 Without my leave a future king to choose,
 Infers a right the present to dispose.
 True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
 But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
 My pious subjects for my safety pray;
 Which to secure, they take my power away.
 From plots and treasons heaven preserve my years,
 But save me most from my petitioners.
 Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave;
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
 What then is left, but with a jealous eye
 To guard the small remains of royalty?
 The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
 And the same law teach rebels to obey:
 Votes shall no more establish'd power controul,
 Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
 No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
 Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
 For gods and god-like kings their care express,
 Still to defend their servants in distress.
 Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd!
 Why am I forc'd, like heaven, against my mind,
 To make examples of another kind?

Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
 Oh curst effects of necessary law!
 How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
 Beware the fury of a patient man.
 Law they require, let law then shew her face;
 They could not be content to look on grace,
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
 To tempt the terror of her front and die.
 By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
 Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
 Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
 Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;
 And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
 Which was their principle of life before.
 Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
 Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
 Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engag'd,
 In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
 Then let them take an unresisted course:
 Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
 But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
 And rise upon them with redoubled might:
 For lawful power is still superior found;
 When long driven back, at length it stands the ground.

He said: Th' Almighty nodding gave consent;
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
 Henceforth a series of new time began,
 The mighty years in long procession ran:
 Once more the god-like David was restor'd,
 And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART II.

“ — Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
“ Captus amore leget — ”

TO THE READER.

IN the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of king Charles the second. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a second part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

“ Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,”

and ending with

“ To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.”

containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places.—The preceeding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed complete.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE men like beasts each other's prey were
made,

Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as
those

That madly their own happiness oppose;
There heaven itself, and God-like kings, in vain
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign:
While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
For now their sovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem,
His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!

Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flattering charms no longer stands in need;
While, fond of change, though ne'er so dearly
bought,

Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel plead?

Sway'd by a monarch, whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land.
Whose only grievance is excess of ease;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with flanders load:
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,

Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen the sacrificers bleed!
Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain,
But soon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride.
For probable discoveries to dispense,
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought,
The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curst designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below.
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous
spring,

Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height,
Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!

Less desolation did the pest pursue,
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba flew,
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire.
With gentler terror these our state o'er-ran,
Than since our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confusion sat,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!
Trust was no more, art, science, useless made,
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.

Mean while a guard on modest Corah wait,
 If not for safety, needful yet for state.
 Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
 And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
 Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what sad fate
 But for his honesty had seiz'd our state!
 And with what tyranny had we been curst,
 Had Corah never prov'd a villian first!
 T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in gross,
 Had been, alas, to our deponent's loss:
 The travel'd Levite had th' experience got,
 To husband well, and make the best of's plot;
 And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
 With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
 Not quite of future power himself bereft,
 But limbo large for unbelievers left,
 And now his writ such reverence had got,
 'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
 Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
 Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.
 Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
 But more for interest sake believe and swear:
 Ev'n to that height with some the frenzy grew,
 They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.

Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,
 Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
 Not urg'd by fear, not through misguided sense,
 Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence,
 But for the good old cause that did excite
 Th' original rebels wiles, revenge, and spight.
 These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown
 Upon the bright successor of the crown,
 Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursued,
 As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
 Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
 The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.

Such practices as these, too gross to lie
 Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
 The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
 Though still the charm the giddy rabble held,
 Ev'n Absalom amidst the dazzling beams
 Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
 Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
 To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd.
 And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
 Thus to Achitophel his doubts express.

Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
 Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
 Not so when virtue did my arms require,
 And to my father's wars I flew intire.
 My regal power how will my foes resent,
 When I myself have scarce my own consent!
 Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
 Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
 How slight to force a throne that legions guard
 The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
 And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
 What will it when the tragic scene is wrought?
 Dire war must first be conjur'd from below,
 The realm we'd rule we first must overthrow:
 And when the civil furies are on wing
 That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,
 Who knows what impious chance may reach
 the king?

Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
 Than have my crown the price of David's life!
 Or, if the tempest of the war be stand,
 In peace, some vile officious villain's hand
 His soul's anointed temple may invade,
 Or, prest by clamorous crowds, myself be made
 His murderer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
 Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.
 Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
 Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
 Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
 A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
 The same pretence of public good will hold,
 And new Achitophels be found as bold
 To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.

He said. The statesman with a smile replies,
 A smile that did his rising spleen disguise,
 My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
 And are we still with conscience to contend?
 Whose want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
 As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
 Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
 And only can be safe by pressing on.
 The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
 Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
 And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
 Whose patience is th' effect of stinted power,
 But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour,
 And if remote the peril he can bring,
 Your present danger's greater from the king.
 Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
 Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
 Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
 To doom you little less than banishment,
 What rage must your presumption since inspire!
 Against his orders you return from Tyre.
 Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
 And open court of popularity,
 The factious tribes.—And this reproof from thee?
 The prince replies, O statesman's winding skill!
 They first condemn, that first advis'd the ill!
 Illustrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
 Misconstrue not the words that mean you well;
 The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
 But 'tis because you leave it unpursued.
 A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,
 Who reach, lay hold on death that mis the prize.
 Did you for this expose yourself to shew,
 And to the crowd bow popularly low!
 For this your glorious progress next ordain,
 With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train.
 With fame before you like the morning star,
 And shouts of joy saluting from afar? [view,
 Oh from the heights you've reach'd, but take a
 Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
 And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
 Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?
 Your single interest with the nation weigh'd,
 And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid!
 Ev'n when at helm a course so dangerous mov'd,
 To land your hopes as my removal prov'd.

I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
 The known perfection of your policies,

Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame,
 The privilege that statesmen ever claim;
 Who private interest never yet pursued,
 But still pretended 'twas for others' good:
 What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate,
 Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state?
 From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
 With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.
 What from a sway did David e'er pursue,
 That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
 Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,
 That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
 And who suspends fixt laws, may abrogate,
 That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
 Ev'n property, whose champion now you stand,
 And seem for this the idol of the land,
 Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
 As when your counsel shut the royal store;
 Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
 But secret kept till your own banks secur'd.
 Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
 And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;
 Nor here your counsels fatal progress staid,
 But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
 Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid, [made.
 And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror
 Ev'n yet of such a season can we dream,
 When royal rights you made your darling theme.
 For power unlimited could reasons draw,
 And place prerogative above the law;
 Which on your fall from office grew unjust,
 The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:
 Whom with state craft, to interest only true,
 You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.

To this hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here;
 Let interest be the star by which you steer;
 Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
 Whose interest most in your advancement lies.
 A tie so firm as always will avail,
 When friendship, nature, and religion, fail;
 On our's the safety of the crowd depends,
 Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
 Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
 Till they are made our champions by their fear.
 What opposition can your rival bring,
 While sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
 His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
 And what can David's self without supplies?
 Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
 Debar the heir, or starve in his defence,
 Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
 And David's justice never can admit.
 Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
 To your ambition next he clears the way;
 For if succession once to nought they bring,
 Their next advance removes the present king:
 Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
 In equal hazard shall his reign involve, [alarms,
 Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power so much
 Shall rise without their prince to oppose his arms;
 Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
 Their troops once up, are tools for our design.
 At least such subtle covenants shall be made,
 Till peace itself is war in masquerade.

VOL. VI.

Associations of mysterious sense,
 Against, but seeming for, the king's defence:
 Ev'n on their courts of justice fetters draw,
 And from our agents muzzle up their law,
 By which a conquest if we fail to make,
 'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our
 stake.

He said, and for the dire success depends
 On various sects, by common guilt made friends.
 Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their
 creed,

I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
 'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,
 Pursued by a meager troop of bankrupt heirs.
 Blest times when Ishban, he whose occupation
 So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
 Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
 As good a saint as usurer ever made.
 Yet Mammon has not so engross'd him quite,
 But Belial lays as large a claim of spight;
 Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws
 Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.
 That year in which the city he did sway,
 He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
 Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
 To offer talents of extorted gold;
 Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to shame
 And scandalize our peerage with his name;
 For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
 And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.
 Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,
 So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
 A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,
 Alike haunt conventicles and the stews:
 Of whom the question difficult appears,
 If most i' th' preachers or the bawds arrears.
 What caution could appear too much in him
 That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
 Let David's brother but approach the town,
 Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
 Protesting that he dares not sleep in's bed
 Lest he should rise next morn without his head.

"Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,
 Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
 With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd
 Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
 Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
 And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
 Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
 To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
 Such stipends those vile hirelings best besit,
 Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
 Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,
 Judas that keeps the rebels pension-purse;
 Judas that pays the treason-writer's fee,
 Judas that well deserves his namesake's tree;
 Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
 His college for a nursery of sects.
 Young prophets with an early care secures,
 And with the dung of his own arts manures.
 What have the men of Hebron here to do,
 What part in Israel's promis'd land have you
 Here Phaleg, the lay-Hebronite is come,
 'Cause like the rest he could not live at home;

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Who from his own possessions could not drain
 An omer even of Hebronitish grain,
 Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
 Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property :
 An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
 That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.
 Can dry bones live ? or skeletons produce
 The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice ?
 Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
 Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
 A waiting-man to travelling nobles chose,
 He his own laws would fawningly impose,
 'Till bastinadoed back again he went,
 To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
 Chastis'd he ought to have retreated home,
 But he reads politics to Absalom.
 For never Hebronite, though kick'd and scorn'd,
 To his own country willingly return'd.
 —But, leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
 And to talk treason for his daily bread,
 Let Hebron, nay let Hell produce a man
 So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan,
 A Jew of humble parentage was he,
 By trade a Levite, though of low degree :
 His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd,
 But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd
 To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
 And pick up single shekels from the grave.
 Marry'd at last, but finding charge come faster,
 He could not live by God, but chang'd his master :
 Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
 They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
 Still violent, whatever cause he took,
 But most against the party he forsook.
 For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
 Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
 So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains,
 To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.
 But, as the devil owes all his imps a shame,
 He chose th' apostate for his proper theme ;
 With little pains he made the picture true,
 And from reflexion took the rogue he drew.
 A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
 In every age a murmuring generation ;
 To trace them from their infancy of sinning,
 And shew them factious from their first beginning.
 To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
 Much to the credit of the chosen flock ;
 A strong authority, which must convince,
 That saints own no allegiance to their prince.
 As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
 To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
 But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
 The son that shew'd his father's nakedness ?
 Such thanks the present church thy pen will give,
 Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
 Must ancient failings be examples made ?
 Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
 As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
 Methinks th' apostate was the better man :
 And thy hot father, waving my respect,
 Not of a mother-church, but of a sect.
 And such he needs must be of thy inditing,
 This comes of drinking asses milk and writing.

If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,
 As profit is the loudest call of grace,
 His temple, dispossest of one, would be
 Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
 And shew rebellion bare, without a gown ;
 Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
 Who rhyme below ev'n David's Psalms translated.
 Some in my speedy pace I must out-run,
 As lame Mephibosheth the wizard's son :
 To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
 Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox ;
 And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
 Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse ;
 Who by my Muse to all succeeding times,
 Shall live in spight of their own doggrel rhymes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blundering kind of melody ; [thin,
 Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in ;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And in one word, heroically mad :

He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
 But sagotted his notions as they fell,
 And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well. }
 Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satyr,
 For still there goes some thinking to ill nature :
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.

If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a parrot :
 The words for friend and foe alike were made,
 To fetter them in verse is all his trade.

For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother :
 And call young Absalom king David's brother.

Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer since he nothing meant ;
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
 This animal's below committing treason :
 Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel ?
 That's a preferment for Achitophel.

The woman that committed buggery,
 Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die ;
 But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
 The dog that never heard the statute read.

Railing in other men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him :
 Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
 For to write verse with him is to transprose.

'Twere pity treason at his door to lay,
 Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key :

Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
 Have four and twenty letters to abuse,
 Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,
 Indict him of a capital offence,

In fire-works give him leave to vent his spight,
 Those are the only serpents he can write ;

The height of his ambition is, we know,
 But to be master of a puppet-show,
 On that one stage his works may yet appear,
 And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some, }
 For here's a tun of midnight-work to come,
 Og from a treason-tavern rowling home.

Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
 Goodly and great he fails behind his link;
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter,
 When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
 He curses God, but God before curst him;
 And, if man could have reason, none has more,
 That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for heaven knew
 What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
 To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
 That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?
 But tho' heaven made him poor, with reverence
 speaking,

He never was a poet of God's making;
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing—Be thou dull:
 Drink, swear and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
 A strong nativity—but for the pen!
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
 Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink.
 I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
 For treason botcht in rhyme will be thy bane:
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
 'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
 Why should thy merre good king David blast?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
 Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
 O'er-tops thy talent in thy very trade;
 Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
 A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull
 For writing treason, and for writing dull;
 To die for faction is a common evil,
 But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil:
 Had thou the glories of thy king express'd,
 Thy praises had been satyr at the best;
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:
 I will not rake the dunghill for thy crimes,
 For who would read thy life that reads thy
 rhymes?

But of king David's foes be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom!
 And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
 To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!"

Achitophel, each rank, degree, and age,
 For various ends neglects not to engage;
 The wise and rich for purse and counsel brought,
 The fools and beggars for their number sought:
 Who yet not only on the town depends,
 For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
 These thought the places they possess'd too small,
 And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall;
 Whose names the Muse disdain'd, holds i' th' dark,
 Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;
 With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
 Striving fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps,

Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
 Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;
 See where involv'd in common smoke they sit;
 Some for our mirth, some for our satyr fit;
 These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
 While those for mere good fellowship frequent
 Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
 Sense, nonsense, any thing t'employ the glass;
 And who believe in their dull honest hearts,
 The rest talk treason but to shew their parts;
 Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
 But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
 Industrious Arod never be forgot:
 The labours of this midnight-magistrate,
 May vie with Corah's to preserve the state.
 In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
 On war's most powerful dangerous weapon, gold.
 And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
 Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods;
 Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
 'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd.
 Which to his house with richer reliques came,
 While lumber idols only fed the flame:
 For our wise rabble ne'er took pains t' inquire,
 What 'twas he burnt, so't made a rousing fire.
 With which our elder was enrich'd no more
 Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
 So poor, that when our chusing-tribes were met,
 Ev'n for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
 For meat the wicked, and as authors think,
 The saints he chous'd for his electing-drink;
 Thus every shift and subtle method past,
 And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
 Soar'd high, his legions threatening far and wide;
 As when a battering storm engender'd high,
 By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
 Is gaz'd upon by every trembling swain,
 This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
 For blooming plants, and flowers new opening,
 these,

For lambs yearn'd lately, and for labouring bees:
 To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
 Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:
 Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
 With terror each expecting his alarms.
 Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?
 Thou only couldst the captive lands restore:
 But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,
 From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.
 Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
 Too much the representers of the crowd,
 Who for their own defence give no supply,
 But what the crown's prerogatives must buy:
 As if their monarch's rights to violate
 More needful were, than to preserve the state!
 From present dangers they divert their care,
 And all their fears are of the royal heir;
 Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
 Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown de-
 pose.

Religion the pretence, but their decree
 To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!

By fanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus prest,
 What passions rent the righteous David's breast!
 Who knows not how t' oppose or to comply,
 Unjust to grant and dangerous to deny!
 How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
 Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
 Which yet th' extremest virtue did require,
 Ev'n of that prince whose downfall they conspire!
 His absence David does with tears advise
 'T' appease their rage. Undaunted he complies;
 Thus he who prodigal of blood and ease,
 A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
 At once contending with the waves and fire,
 And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
 Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
 And like an exile quits the promis'd land!
 Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
 And painfully his royal state maintains,
 Who now embracing on th' extremest shore
 Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before:
 Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
 To storms and seas than to the raging crowd!
 Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,
 With silence charm'd as deep as their's that saw.
 Not only our attending nobles weep,
 But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
 The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd,
 The twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
 While this sole fear—
 Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
 Lest next the popular rage oppress the king!
 Thus parting, each for th' others danger griev'd,
 The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
 Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
 Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
 Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
 Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode!
 Safe on thy breast reclin'd her rest be deep,
 Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves asleep;
 While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
 And to Elysian fields convert the main!
 Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
 At thy approach so silent shall admire,
 Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
 And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
 Admir'd by every nation but their own;
 Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
 Their aking conscience gives their tongue the lie.
 Ev'n in the worst of men the noblest parts
 Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
 Whom to his king the best respects commend
 Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend;
 All sacred names of most divine esteem,
 And to perfection all sustain'd by him,
 Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
 Swift to discern and to reward desert;
 No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
 But on the noblest subjects still employ'd:
 Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
 Between his monarch's interest and the state,
 But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
 Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
 Against his worth and native rights engage?

Religious fears their argument are made,
 Religious fears his sacred rights invade
 Of future superstition they complain,
 And Jebusitic worship in his reign:
 With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
 With dangers fright which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove,
 Whate'er the faith of the successor prove:
 Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
 At least while their religion is their gain,
 Who know by old experience Baal's commands
 Not only claim'd their conscience but their lands;
 They grudge God's titles, how therefore shall they
 An idol full possession of the field? [yield
 Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
 The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
 Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
 And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
 Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
 Where are the means to compass the design?
 Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
 And jealous fanhedrims would give no more.

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
 Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
 Nor ever with such measures can comply,
 As shock the common rules of policy;
 None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,
 And he alone sufficient aids can bring;
 Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
 That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
 At such profound expence he has not stood,
 Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood;
 Would ne'er through wrong and right his progress
 take,

Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
 To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
 First to invade our rights, and then his own;
 His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
 And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
 We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
 And curse its fatal influence on our land,
 Which our brib'd Jews so numerously partake,
 That ev'n an host his pensioners would make;
 From these deceivers our divisions spring,
 Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king;
 These with pretended friendship to the state,
 Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,
 Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
 To guard their sacred rights and property;
 To ruin, thus the chosen flock are sold,
 While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
 Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
 And loath the manna of a gentle reign:
 Thus our forefathers crooked paths are trod,
 We trust our prince no more than they their God.
 But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach,
 To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
 Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
 And fresh remembrance of intestine wars;
 When the same household mortal foes did yield,
 And brothers stain'd with brothers blood the field;
 When sons curst steel the fathers gore did stain,
 And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain!
 When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand, [land,
 Our tribes lay slaughter'd through the promis'd

Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
 To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
 Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
 And madly, ev'n those ills we fear, pursue;
 While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
 And safely crowds his tents with nations spoils.
 Yet our fierce sanhedrim in restless rage,
 Against our absent hero still engage,
 And chiefly urge, such did their frenzy prove,
 The only suit their prince forbids to move,
 Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
 And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
 Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
 With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
 Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,
 But found the raging billows still increase.
 The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
 While he forgives too far, almost rebels.
 At last his deep resentments silence broke,
 Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke,
 Then Justice wake, and Rigor take her time,
 For lo! our mercy is become our crime.
 While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
 Our sovereign right, heaven's sacred trust, decays!
 For whose support ev'n subjects interest calls,
 Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
 That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
 So far his people's freedom does betray.
 Right lives by law, and law subsists by power;
 Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
 Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
 Which heaven itself in vain has try'd with grace!
 When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes uncloze,
 And Israel judge between her friends and foes?
 When shall we see expir'd deceivers sway,
 And credit what our God and monarchs say?
 Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
 Ev'n sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
 Those patriots falsehood in their actions see,
 And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
 If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
 Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
 Our senates in due methods they had led, [dread;
 T' avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to
 But first ere yet they propt the sinking state,
 T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
 Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,
 But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest!
 O! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
 And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
 When their injustice we are press'd to share,
 The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir;
 Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
 And this the privilege of royal blood?
 But grant we should confirm the wrongs they prest,
 His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
 Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
 And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
 Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
 And for th' oppression which they fear make way;
 Succession fix'd by heaven, the kingdom's bar,
 Which once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war;
 Waste, rapine, spoil, without, th' assault begin,
 And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.

Since then their good they will not understand,
 'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
 Authority and force to join with skill,
 And save the lunatics against their will.
 The same rough means that swage the crowd, ap-
 pease

Our senates raging with the crowd's disease.
 Henceforth unbias'd measures let them draw
 From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
 Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,
 Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.

Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
 Nor pharisees by pharisees be freed.

Impartial justice from our throne shall shower,
 All shall have right, and we our sovereign power.
 He said, th' attendants heard with awful joy,
 And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ;
 From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
 A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd;
 Till his approach, like some arriving God,
 Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
 The deluge check'd that to Judea spread,
 And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.

Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
 And, chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
 The field confess'd his power in arms before,
 And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
 As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
 How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.

Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
 And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head;
 His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
 The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.

Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrust,
 A virtue proper to the brave and best;
 'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
 To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,

Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
 Deserv'd at once two royal masters trust;
 Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
 On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;

Of learning yet, no portion was deny'd,
 Friend to the Muses and the Muses' pride.
 Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
 Of steady soul when public storms were high;

Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
 Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.

Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings
 mourn'd,
 And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
 While those that fought his absence to betray,
 Prest first their nauseous false respects to pay;
 Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,
 And with malicious duty break his rest.

While real transports thus his friends employ,
 And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,
 His triumphs so resounded far and near,
 Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
 And as when joyful hunters clamorous train
 Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
 Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
 And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,
 Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
 His eyes inflaming all the desert round,

With roar of seas directs his chafers way,
 Provokes from far, and darts them to the fray;
 Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
 Such indignation his fix'd eyes confess;
 Where now was the instructor of his pride?
 Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide?
 Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
 And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd;
 In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his fate,
 Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate,
 At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
 To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift,
 In which his dextrous wit had oft been shewn,
 And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own;
 But now with more than common danger prest,
 Of various resolution stands possess'd,
 Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
 Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,
 Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
 And for his pardon with their heads compound.
 Him therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
 The statesman plots t' engage in some bold crime
 Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
 Or threat with open arms the royal head,
 Or other daring method, and unjust,
 That may confirm him in the people's trust,
 But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure
 How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
 Plots next to lay him by as past his date,
 And try some new pretender's luckier fate;
 Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
 Nor cares what claimer's crown'd, except the true.
 Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
 And see, O see, for whom thou art undone!
 How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
 The property of desperate villains made?
 Lost power and conscious fear their crimes create,
 And guilt in them was little less than fate;
 But why should'st thou, from every grievance free,
 Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
 For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
 Love dress'd thy bowers, and laurels sought thy brow,
 Preferment, wealth, and power, thy vassals were,
 And of a monarch all things but the care.
 Oh should our crimes again that curse draw down,
 And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
 Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
 Alike by conquest or defeat undone;
 Who could relentless see such youth and charms,
 Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
 A prince so form'd with earth's and heaven's applause,
 To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause:
 Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
 Who conquering would not for himself prevail;
 The faction whom he trusts for future sway,
 Him and the public would alike betray;
 Amongst themselves divide the captive state,
 And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
 Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
 The pity'd youth, with scepters in his sight,
 So have their cruel politics decreed,
 Must, by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!

For could their pride brook any prince's sway,
 Whom but mild David would they chuse t' obey?
 Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
 The fall of monarchy itself design;
 From hate to that their reformations spring,
 And David not their grievance, but the king.
 Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
 Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes,

Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
 What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.
 But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
 Fair carriage still became Achitophel.
 Who now an envious festival instals,
 And to survey their strength the faction calls,
 Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;
 But oh how weakly does sedition build?
 For lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
 Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
 So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
 Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
 Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
 Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain;
 Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
 And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
 The commonwealth broke up, distracted go,
 And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow;
 Ev'n so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
 With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all jostling in the street;
 Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,
 For shekel without treat or treason paid.

Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shews,
 More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
 Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
 In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
 Here, labouring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
 That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;
 The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
 Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:
 Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recal,
 View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.

First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
 Foretells our praise, and gives his poet fame.
 The Kenites rocky province his command,
 A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
 Which for its generous natives yet could be
 Held worthy such a president as he!
 Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
 Serene his looks; serene his life and thought;
 On whom so largely nature heap'd her store,
 There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
 To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
 His second care that service to conceal;
 Of dues observant, firm to every trust,
 And to the needy always more than just.
 Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
 Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride;
 Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
 Sees all his glories copy'd in his son,
 Whose forward fame should every Muse engage:
 Whose youth boasts skill deny'd to others' age.
 Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
 Already are the conquest of his mind.

Whose loyalty before its date was prime;
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:
The monster faction early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confels'd his aid.

Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's school was
In plac'd;

Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while stars look'd wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown restor'd; and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.

Proceed, illustrious, happy chief! proceed,
Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain:

For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake;
Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
And to the sun their scaly brood expose,
Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.

Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right:

Long with the royal wanderer he rovd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient service and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.

His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling nature drest,
And blest again to see his flower ally'd [bride!

To David's stock, and made young Othniel's
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:

Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely fought, while fought by Absalom.
Ah prince! th' illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more powerful virtue guard thy worth;
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast;
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.

Ev'n envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive-ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To flight his gods was small; with nobler pride,
He all th' allurements of his court defy'd.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;
Who with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
So just, and with such charms of eloquence;
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.

Then Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,

Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factions priests the cant revive;
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive

'T' enflame the crowd; while he with watchful eye
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly:
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.

So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.

Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.

What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own
tree!

Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel:

Thy strains shall be our slumbering prophets dream,
And when our Sion virgins sing their theme;
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

How fierce his satyr loof'd; restrain'd, how
tame;

How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth, and brave adventures stil'd;
Just to his virtues, to his error mild.

No page of thine, that seats the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise as due;
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,
All paradise without one barren field:

Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his sufferings' bright companion back,
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious destiny!

Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant dy'd!

Give not insulting Ascalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd!

Weep, Arhon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.

Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treacherous sands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy seiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the stars disgrace!
Oh! had th' indulgent powers vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a list'd field:

A list'd field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd:
But destiny is now their only foe,

And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master's scape applaud.

Of whom kind force could scarce the fates defraud;
 Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind!
 At his own safety now almost repin'd!
 Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
 Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms;
 If all your sufferings past so nearly prest,
 Or pierc'd with half so painful grief your breast?

Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
 Not smooch'd with soft delights, but tost in storms.
 Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,
 Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with

love,
 But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,
 His slumbers short, his bed the herblefs ground:
 In tasks of danger always seen the first,
 Feeds from the hedge, and flakes with ice his

thirst.
 Long must his patience strive with fortune's rage,
 And long opposing gods themselves engage,
 Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,
 Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
 Such toil of fate must build a man of fame,
 And such, to Israel's crown, the god-like David

came.
 What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,

Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards
 waste!

The spring so far behind her course delay'd,
 On th' instant is in all her bloom array'd;
 The winds breathe low, the elements serene;
 Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
 Thronging and busy as Hyblæan swarms,
 Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms.
 See where the princely bark in loosest pride,
 With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
 High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
 Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
 Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!
 Here all your toils, here all your sufferings rest.

This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,
 And boldly all sedition's Syrtes stem,
 Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair,
 Than Ziph or Shimel to assist the chair;
 Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd
 That faction at the next election fail'd,
 When ev'n the common cry did justice sound,
 And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
 With David then was Israel's peace restor'd,
 Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their
 lord.

KEY TO ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

- Abdael*, General Monk, Duke of Albemarle,
Abetbdin, The name given, through this poem, to
 a Lord Chancellor in general.
Absalom, Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel, The Earl of Shaftesbury.
Adriel, Earl of Mulgrave.
Agog, Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel, Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the House of
 Commons.
Amri, Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, and
 Lord Chancellor.
Annabel, Duchess of Monmouth.
Arod, Sir William Waller.
Asaph, A character drawn by Tate for Dryden,
 in the second part of this poem.
Balaam, Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak, Barnet.
Barzillai, Duke of Ormond.
Bathsbeba, Duchess of Portsmouth.
Benaiah, General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan, Rev. Mr. Samuel Johnson.
Bezabiel, Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb, Lord Grey.
Corab, Dr. Oates.
David, Charles II.
Doeg, Elkanah Settle.
Egypt, France.
Eliab, Sir Hen. Bennet, E. of Arlington.
Ethnic-Plot, The Popish-Plot.
Gath, The Land of Exile, more particularly
 Brussels, where King Charles II. long re-
 sided.
Hebron, Scotland.
Hebrew Priests, The Church of England Clergy.
- Helon*, Hyde, Earl of Faversham.
Husbai, Earl of Rochester.
Jebusites, Papists.
Jerusalem, London.
Jews, English.
Jonas, Sir William Jones.
Jordan, Dover.
Jotbam, Marquis of Halifax.
Jotbran, Lord Dartmouth.
Ishbosheth, Richard Cromwell.
Israel, England.
Isshachar, Thomas Thynne, Esq.
Judas, Mr. Ferguson, a canting teacher.
Ishban, Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephibosheth, Pordage.
Michal, Queen Catharine.
Nadab, Lord Howard of Escrick.
Og, Shadwell.
Phaleg, Forbes.
Pharaoh, King of France.
Rabshakeh, Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jerusalem, Dr. Crampton, Bishop of
 London.
Sanbedrim, Parliament.
Saul, Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei, Sheriff Bethel.
Sbeva, Sir Roger Lestrangle.
Salymeane Rout, London Rebels.
Tyre, Holland.
Uzza, Jack Hall.
Zadoc, Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Zaken, A Member of the House of Commons.
Zimri, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
Ziloab, Sir John Moor.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

For to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice as to you? It is the representation of your own hero: it is the picture drawn at length which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of your Tower, nor the rising sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party; especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are brought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him; but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true; and though he fat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to a better purpose.

You tell us in your preface to the No-protestant Plot, that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the king. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, What right has any man among you, or any association of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do, in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal for the public welfare, to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the king according to the laws, allow you the license of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and,

by your very urging it. you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the king's disposition or his practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty; and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when it is apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to shew you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery, as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People is from Buchanan de jure regni apud Scotos: or your first Covenant and new Association from the holy league of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot murdered Francis Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian; for our church abhors so devilish a tenet, who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no further than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the Non-protestant Plot, and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship; but in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close intrenched behind the Council of Trent: so now, when

your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword: it is the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this association and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it, the other without either the consent or knowledge of the king, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are not freeborn subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome; let your verses run upon my feet; and, for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and, in utter despair of your own satyr, make me satyrize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the non-conformist parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin; and perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know; have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society, who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even protestant socks are bought up among you out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a protestant rhymers as a dissenter from the church of England a protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of prophane and sawcy Jack, and atheistic scribner, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him; by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would

you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations; and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no other reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please; for the short of it is, it is indifferent to your humble servant whatever your party says, or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL.

Of all our antique fights and pageantry,
Which English ideots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone :
A monster, more the favourite of the town
Than either fairs or theatres have shewn.
Never did art so well with nature strive ;
Nor never idol seem'd so much alive :
So like the man ; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with title and with face ;
And, lest the king should want a legal place,
On the reverse, a tower the town surveys ;
O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrill voice.
Latomur, which, in Polish, is rejoice.
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd :
And a new canting holiday design'd.
Five days he fast, for every cast and look ;
Four more than God to finish Adam took.
But who can tell what essence angels are,
Or how long heaven was making Lucifer ?
Oh, could the stile that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch face,
Could it have form'd his everchanging will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill !
A married hero first, with early care,
Blown like a pigmy by the winds, to war.
A beardless chief, a rebel, e'er a man ;
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, how wildly will ambition steer !
A vermin wriggling in th' usurper's ear.
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould ; [gain,
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
There split the saint ; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.

Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope :
Saints must not trade ; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly principle was all the same ;
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
Besides, their peace was formal, grave, and slack ;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay ;
Whole droves of blockheads choaking up his way ;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice ;
Villain and wit exact a double price.
Power was his aim : but, thrown from that
pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence ;
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
Him, in the anguish of his soul he serv'd ;
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
Behold him now exalted into trust ;
His counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
He had a grudging still to be a knave,
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears.
At best as little honest as he could,
And like white witches mischievously good.
To his first bias longingly he leans ;
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold ;
Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.
From hence those tears ! that lullum of our woe !
Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail so far
When he cut down the banks that made the
bar ?
Seas follow but their nature to invade ;
But he by art our native strength betray'd.
So Samson to his foe his force confest ;
And to be shorn lay slumbering on her breast.
But when this fatal counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its author to the publik hate ;

When his just sovereign, by no impious way
 Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway;
 Forsaken of the hope he shifts his sail,
 Drives down the current with a popular gale;
 And shews the fiend confess'd without a veil. }
 He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
 But not convey'd to kingly government;
 That claims successive bear no binding force,
 That coronation oaths are things of course!
 Maintains the multitude can never err;
 And sets the people in the papal chair.
 The reason's obvious; interest never lies; }
 The most have still their interest in their eyes;
 The power is always their's, and power is ever }
 wife.

Almighty crowd, thou shortenest all dispute;
 Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute!
 Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay, [way!
 Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric
 Athens no doubt did righteously decide,
 When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd:
 As righteously they did those dooms repent;
 Still they were wise whatever way they went:
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
 To kill the father, and recal the son.
 Some think the fools were most as times went then,
 But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent men.
 The common cry is ev'n religion's test,
 The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
 Idols in India; popery at Rome;
 And our own worship only true at home.
 And true, but for the time 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
 So all are God-almighties in their turns.
 A tempting doctrine, plausible, and new;
 What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
 Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,
 Inherent right in monarchs did declare:
 And that a lawful power might never cease,
 Secur'd succession to secure our peace.
 Thus property and sovereign sway at last
 In equal balances were justly cast:
 But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse;
 Instructs the best to know his native force;
 To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
 To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
 Too happy England, if our good we knew,
 Would we possess the freedom we pursue!
 The lavish government can give no more;
 Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
 God try'd us once; our rebel-fathers fought;
 He glutted them with all the power they sought;
 Till, master'd by their own usurping brave,
 The free-born subject sunk into a slave.
 We loath our manna, and we long for quails;
 Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails!
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill!
 Proud of his power, and boundless in his will!
 That kings can do no wrong, we must believe;
 None can they do, and must they all receive?
 Help, heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
 When neither wrong nor right are in their power!
 Already they have lost their best defence,
 The benefit of laws which they dispense.

No justice to their righteous cause allow'd;
 But baffled by an arbitrary crowd,
 And medals grav'd their conquest to record,
 The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.
 The man who laugh'd but once, to see an ass
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass;
 Might laugh again to see a jury chew
 The prickles of unpalatable law.
 The witnesses, that leech-like liv'd on blood,
 Sucking for them was med'cinally good;
 But, when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore, }
 Then justice and religion they forswore;
 Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore. }
 Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd;
 And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side.
 They rack ev'n scripture to confess their cause,
 And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.
 But that's no news to the poor injur'd page;
 It has been us'd as ill in every age,
 And is constrain'd with patience all to take,
 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
 Happy who can this talking trumpet seize;
 They make it speak whatever sense they please!
 'Twas fram'd at first our oracle to inquire:
 But since our sects in prophecy grow higher, }
 The text inspires not them, but they the text }
 inspire.

London, thou great emporium of our isle,
 O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
 How shall I praise or curse to thy desert?
 Or separate they found from thy corrupted part?
 I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand:
 Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
 Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
 Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.
 Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,
 Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
 Of Israel's tribe thou hast a numerous band,
 But still the Canaanite is in the land.
 Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
 Nor are thy disenchant'd burghers few.
 The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
 But what's a head with two such gouty hands?
 The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
 And are content to thrive and to obey.
 But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave;
 None are so busy as the fool and knave. [urge,
 Those let me curse; what vengeance will they
 Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
 Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
 Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king!
 In gospel-phrases, their chapmen they betray;
 Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
 The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
 They boast even when each other they beguile.
 Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
 That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
 All hands unite of every jarring sect;
 They cheat the country first, and then infect.
 They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
 And they'll be sure to make his cause their own.
 Whether the plotting jesuit lay'd the plan
 Of murdering kings, or the French pritan,
 Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
 And kings and kingly power would murder too.

What means that traiterous combinations less,
Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess.
But treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd;
Successful crimes alone are justify'd.
The men who no conspiracy would find
Who doubts? but had it taken, they had join'd,
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At first without, at last against, their prince.
If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan,
The same bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not safe, his thunder could they shun;
He should be forc'd to crown another son.
Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard
thrown,

The rich possession was the murderer's own.
In vain to sophistry they have recourse;
By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis
worse;
Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force;
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
'Tis working in th' immediate power to be;
For from pretended grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise.
Then cyclop-like in human flesh to deal,
Chop up a minister at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring;
From thence t' assume the power of peace and
war;

And ease him by degrees of public care.
Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
He should have leave to exercise his name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the
game.
For what can power give more than food and
drink,

To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;
On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band;
That waits impatient for the last command.
Thus outlaws open villainy maintain,
They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain:
And if their power the passengers subdue,
The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms foolishly they shew,
For in some soils republics will not grow:
Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain,
Of popular sway or arbitrary reign:
But slides between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest,
And though the climate vex'd with various winds,
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts,
Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,
And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
What curses on thy blasted name will fall!
Which age to age their legacy shall call;
For all must curse the woes that must descend
to all.

Religion thou hast none: thy Mercury [thee.
Has pass'd through every sect, or theirs through
But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains;
And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
What else inspires the tongues and swells the breasts
Of all thy bellowing renegado priests,
That preach up thee for god; dispense thy laws;
And with the scum ferment their fainting cause?
Fresh fumes of madness raise; and toil and sweat
To make the formidable cripple great.
Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless power
Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
Thy God and theirs will never long agree;
For thine, if thou hast any, must be one
That lets the world and human kind alone:
A jolly god, that passes hours too well
To promise heaven, or threaten us with hell.
That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,
And wink at crimes he did himself commit.
A tyrant theirs; the heaven their priesthood paints
A conventicle of gloomy fullen saints;
A heaven like Bedlam, slovenly and sad;
Fore-doom'd for souls, with false religion, mad.

Without a vision poets can foreshow
What all but fools by common sense may know:
If true succession from our isle should fail,
And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,
Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
With which thou flatterest thy decrepit age.
The swelling poison of the several sects,
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burst its bag; and fighting out their way
The various venoms on each other prey.
The presbyter puff'd up with spiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride:
His brethren damn, the civil power defy;
And parcel out republic prelacy.
But short shall be his reign: his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny sects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
Will croak to heaven for help, from this devour-
ing crane.

[jar,
The cut-throat sword and clamorous gown shall
In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war:
Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they
pretend;

Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit shall contend,
The surly commons shall respect deny,
And juggle peerage out with property.
Their general either shall his trust betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;
Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame.
And thrust out Collatine that bore that name.

Thus inborn broils the factions woe engage,
Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign age;
Till halting vengeance overtook to rest,
And our wild labours wearied ch's breast.
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

" — Pudet hæc orotia, vobis
" Et dici potuisse, non potuisse refelli."

TARQUIN AND TULLIA.

In times when princes cancel'd nature's law,
And declarations which themselves did draw;
When children us'd their parents to dethrone,
And gnaw their way, like vipers, to the crown;
Tarquin, a savage, proud, ambitious prince,
Prompt to expel, yet thoughtless of defence,
The envied sceptre did from Tullius snatch,
The Roman king, and father by the match.
To form his party, histories report,
A sanctuary was open'd in his court,
Where glad offenders safely might resort.
Great was the crowd, and wondrous the success,
For those were fruitful times of wickedness,
And all, that liv'd obnoxious to the laws,
Flock'd to prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his
cause.

'Mongst these a pagan priest for refuge fled;
A prophet deep in godly faction read;
A sycophant, that knew the modish way
To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,
To whine and sin, to scribble and recant,
A shameless author, and a lustful saint.
To serve all times he could distinctions coin,
And with great ease flat contradictions join:
A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,
And then obedience was his only theme:
He sung in temples the most passive lays,
And wearied monarchs with repeated praise;
But manag'd awkwardly that lawful part;
To vent foul lies and treason was his art,
And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart,
The priest, and others learned to defame,
First order injur'd Tullius in his name;
With blackest calumnies their sovereign load,
A poison'd other, and dark league abroad;
A son unjust, op'd upon the throne,
Which yet was lov'd undoubtedly his own;
Though, as the law was there, 'twas his behoof,
Who dispossest the law, to bring the proof.
This hellish charge they bas'd with dismal frights,
The loss of property and sacred rights,

And freedom, words which all false patriots use
As surest names the Romans to abuse.

Jealous of kings, and always malecontent,
Forward in change, yet certain to repent.
Whilst thus the plotters needful fears create,
Tarquin with open force invades the state.
Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,
And atheist fools for dear religion fight.

The priests their boasted principles disown,
And level their harangues against the throne.

Vain promises the people's minds allure,
Slight were their ills, but desperate the cure.

'Tis hard for kings to steer an equal course,
And they who banish one, oft gain a worse.

Those heavenly bodies we admire above,
Do every day irregularly move;

Yet Tullius, 'tis decreed, must lose the crown,
For faults, that were his council's, not his own.

He now in vain commands ev'n those he pay'd,
By darling troops deserted and betray'd,
By creatures which his generous warmth had
made.

Of these a captain of the guards was worst,
Whose memory to this day stands accurst.

This rogue, advanc'd to military trust
By his own whoredom, and his sister's lust,
Forsook his master, after dreadful vows,
And plotted to betray him to his foes;

The kindest master to the vilest slave,
As free to give, as he was sure to crave.

His haughty female, who, as books declare,
Did always toss wide nostrils in the air,

Was to the younger Tullia governess,
And did attend her, when, in borrow'd dress,
She fled by night from Tullius in distress.

This wretch, by letters, did invite his foes,
And us'd all arts her father to depose;

A father, always generously bent,
So kind, that ev'n her wishes he'd prevent.

'Twas now high time for Tullius to retreat,
When ev'n his daughter hasten'd his defeat;

When faith and duty vanish'd, and no more
The name of father and of king he bore:
A king, whose right his foes could ne'er dispute;
So mild, that mercy was his attribute;
Affable, kind, and easy of access;
Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppress;
Rich without taxes, yet in payment just;
So honest, that he hardly could distrust:
His active soul from labours ne'er did cease,
Valiant in war, and vigilant in peace;
Studious with traffic to enrich the land;
Strong to protect, and skilful to command;
Liberal and splendid, yet without excess;
Prone to relieve, unwilling to distress;
In sum, how godlike must his nature be,
Whose only fault was too much piety! [fit
This king remov'd, th' assembled states thought
That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit;
Voted him regent in their senate-house,
And with an empty name endow'd his spouse,
The elder Tullia, who, some authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's corse a rumbling wain:
But she more guilty numerous wains did drive
To crush her father and her king alive;
And in remembrance of his hasten'd fall,
Resolv'd to institute a weekly ball.
The jolly glutton grew in bulk and chin,
Feasted on rapine, and enjoy'd her sin;
With luxury she did weak reason force, [morse;
Debauch'd good-nature, and cram'd down re-
Yet when she drank cold tea in liberal sips,
The sobbing dame was maudling in her cups.
But brutal Tarquin never did relent,
Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;
Cruel in deeds, more merciless in will,
And blest with natural delight in ill.

VOL. VI.

From a wise guardian he receiv'd his doom
To walk the change, and not to govern Rome.
He swore his native honours to disown,
And did by perjury ascend the throne.
Oh! had that oath his swelling pride repress'd,
Rome had been then with peace and plenty blest;
But Tarquin, guided by destructive fate,
The country wasted, and embroil'd the state,
Transported to their foes the Roman pelf,
And by their ruin hop'd to save himself.
Innumerable woes oppress the land,
When it submitted to his curs'd command.
So just was heaven, that 'twas hard to tell,
Whether its guilt or losses did excel.
Men that renounc'd their God for dearer trade,
Were then the guardians of religion made.
Rebels were fainter, foreigners did reign,
Outlaws return'd, preferment to obtain,
With frogs, and toads, and all their croaking
train.
No native knew their features nor their birth;
They seem'd the greasy offspring of the earth.
The trade was sunk, the fleet and army spent;
Devouring taxes swallow'd lesser rent;
Taxes impos'd by no authority;
Each lewd collection was a robbery.
Bold self-creating men did statutes draw,
Skill'd to establish villainy by law;
Fanatic drivers, whose unjust careers
Produc'd new ills exceeding former fears.
Yet authors here except a faithful band,
Which the prevailing faction did withstand;
And some, who bravely stood in the defence
Of baffled justice and their exil'd prince.
These shine to after-times, each sacred name
Stands still recorded in the rolls of fame.

R

S U U M C U I Q U E.

W H E N lawless men their neighbours dispossess,
The tenants they extirpate or oppress;
And make rude havock in the fruitful soil,
Which the right owners plough'd with careful
toil,

The same proportion does in kingdoms hold,
A new prince breaks the fences of the old!
And will o'er carcases and deserts reign,
Unless the land its rightful lord regain.
He gripes the faithless owners of the place,
And buys a foreign army to deface
The fear'd and hated remnant of their race.
He starves their forces, and obstructs their trade;
Vast sums are given, and yet no native paid.
The church itself he labours to assail,
And keeps fit tools to break the sacred pale.

Of those let him the guilty roll commence,
Who has betray'd a master and a prince;
A man, seditious, lewd, and impudent;
An engine always mischievously bent:
One who from all the bands of duty swervers;
No tie can hold but that which he deserves;
An author dwindled to a pamphleteer;
Skillful to forge, and always insincere;
Careless exploded practices to mend;
Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend.
Fate's blindfold reign the atheist loudly owns,
And providence blasphemously dethrones.
In vain the leering actor strains his tongue
To cheat, with tears and empty noise, the throng,
Since all men know, whate'er he says or writes,
Revenge or stronger interest indites,
And that the wretch employs his venal wit
How to confute what formerly he writ.

Next him the grave Socinian claims a place,
Endow'd with reason, though bereft of grace;

A preaching pagan of surpassing fame;
No register records his borrow'd name.
O, had the child more happily been bred,
A radiant mitre would have grac'd his head:
But now unfit, the most he should expect,
Is to be enter'd of T—— F——'s sect.

To him succeeds, with looks demurely sad,
A gloomy soul, with revelation mad;
False to his friend, and careless of his word;
A dreaming prophet, and a griping lord;
He sells the livings which he can't possess,
And farms that fine-cure his diocese.
Unthinking man! to quit thy barren see,
And vain endeavours in chronology,
For the more fruitless care of royal charity.
Thy hoary noddle warns thee to return,
The treason of old age in Wales to mourn,
Nor think the city-poor may loss sustain,
Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.

I should admit the booted prelate now,
But he is even for lampoon too low:
The scum and outcast of a royal race;
The nation's grievance, and the gown's disgrace.
None so unlearn'd did e'er at London sit;
This driveler does the sacret chair besh—t.
I need not brand the spiritual parricide,
Nor draw the weapon dangling by his side:
Th' astonish'd world remembers that offence,
And knows he stole the daughter of his prince.
'Tis time enough, in some succeeding age,
To bring this mitred captain on the stage.

These are the leaders in apostacy,
The wild reformers of the liturgy,
And the blind guides of poor elective majesty;
A thing which commonwealth's-men did devise,
Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.

Their king's a monster, in a quagmire born,
Of all the native brutes the grief and scorn;
With a big snout, cast in a crooked mould,
Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold,
His substance is of clammy snout and phlegm;
Sleep is his essence, and his life a dream.
To Caprea this Tiberius does retire,
To quench with catamite his feeble fire.
Dear catamite! who rules alone the state,
While monarch dozes on his unpropt height,
Silent, yet thoughtless, and secure of fate,

}

Could you but see the fulsome hero led
By loathing vassals to his noble bed!
In flannen robes the coughing ghost does walk,
And his mouth moates like cleaner breech of
hawk,
Corruption, springing from his canker'd breast,
Furs up the channel, and disturbs his rest.
With head propt up the bolster'd engine lies;
If pillow slip aside, the monarch dies,

E ij

RELIGIO LAICI:

OR,

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence, both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but, in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place I will ingeniously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion, are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for

the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but, whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorized, or at least uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of shewing this paper before it was published to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the church and state; and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance: it is true he had too good a taste to like it all; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St Athanasius, which he advised me

wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion: but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japhet (of whose progeny we are), it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession. Or that so many ages had been delivered over to hell, and so many reserved for heaven, and that the devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons, might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem, is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies, were subdivided into many others: in process of time their descendants lost by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature as the next in dignity was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah: and that our modern philosophers, nay and some of our philosophising divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being, which we call God: that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God, by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest

of the heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them, that supreme nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which if it were possible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least, so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred scriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God, is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may possibly be saved: in the first place I desire it may be considered that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digestion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many several texts of scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in church history, knows that belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the father; and that thus compiled, it was sent abroad among the christian churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was looked upon as an orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, 'whosoever will be saved,' be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all, I am

far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from caviling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a Heresy, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural, will always be a mystery in spite of exposition; and for my own part, the plain apostles creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the scripture from us what they could; and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the fanatics move collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit; and have detorted those texts of scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least in appearance, to our present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peers and commons are excluded from parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all protestants believe; for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parlia-

ment; for I suppose the fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of jesuited papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santare, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, "*si vel paulum deflexeret*," if he shall never so little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, "*ex hominum Christianorum dominatu*," from exercising dominion over Christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not "*de fide*;" and that consequently they are not obliged by it; they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most received and authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vassal to the pope, "*ratione directi Domini*," and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that king John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the church, and the crown was received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning papists, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk; but that saying of their father Cref. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of christian prudence; but when

once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a thesis of the Jesuits maintained, amongst others, "ex cathedra," as they call it, or in open consistory.

Leaving them therefore in so fair a way, if they please themselves, of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme in our religion, I mean the fanatics, or schismatics, of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved but to be damned by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation, that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that government, which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth inform you; inasmuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graft upon our reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious common-wealth, yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject, by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of cap and sur-

plice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the Marvel of those times, was the first presbyterian scribler, who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done, says my author, upon this account; that their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if church and state were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most faintlike of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile; and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and scurrilous from their infancy: and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the presbytery and the rest of our schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to show what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the story tells us, got up into a pease-cart and harangued the people, to dispose them into an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force: so that however it comes about, that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their saint and patroness; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party, to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech, "There is in every one of these considerations a most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence (meaning the presbyterian discipline) should cause posterity to feel those evils, which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience: the seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr: and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I

fear it is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth: and it is the observation of Maimbourg, in his history of Calvinism, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of church and state has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were papists, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the scriptures to depose princes; when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons; and out of the same magazine, the Bible: so that the scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never, since the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the papists, the most frontless flatterers of the pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained by the whole body of non-conformists and republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the people of God, which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose: if they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly

handled in this paper; but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the Papists, to disclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the king, and true Protestants when they conform to the church-discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that these verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman my friend, upon his translation of the critical history of the Old Testament, composed by the learned father Simon; the verses therefore are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem; I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic: for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of lawgiver; and those three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul, by shewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or less: but instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul : and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here ; so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;
So pale grows reason at religion's sight ;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light. [led
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head ;
And found that one first principle must be :
But what, or who, that universal He ;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd ; yet making, moving all ;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance ;
Or this great all was from eternity ;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see ;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he :
As blindly grop'd they for a future state ;
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate :
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of human kind :
For happiness was never to be found ;
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd :
This every little accident destroy'd :

The wiser madmen did for virtue toil :
A thorny, or at best a barren soil :
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep ;
But found their line too short, the well too deep ;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul :
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end :
How can the less the greater comprehend ?
Or finite reason reach Infinity ?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground ;
Cries *ὁπρῶτα*, the mighty secret's found :
God is that spring of good ; supreme, and best ;
We made to serve, and in that service blest,
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by heaven :
Else God were partial, and to some deny'd
The means his justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray :
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay :
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, since the effects of providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to human kind ;
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear ;
Our reason prompts us to a future state :
The last appeal from fortune and from fate :

Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd ;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to heaven
would soar :

And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred !
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source :
'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear ?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found :
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb ?
Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero ?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no such system : no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
To one sole God.

Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe :
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe :
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence ;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah ! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin !
And great oppressors might heaven's wrath be-
guile,

By offering his own creatures for a spoil !
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity ?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee ?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal ;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel :
And, like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a power too just and strong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong ;
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose :
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way :
And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store :
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the
score.

See God descending in thy human frame ;
Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name ;
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee. [fence

For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' of-
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid ;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost : remorse for vice,
Not paid ; or, paid, inadequate in price :
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect ?
That shews us sick ; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till heaven reveal the cure :

If then heaven's will must needs be understood,
Which must, if we want cure, and heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown ;
With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof needs not here ; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
Which christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that shews us best
How God may be pleas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law :
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age ;
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book, [arts,
Whence, but from heaven, could men unskill'd in
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths ? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lye ?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true :
The doctrine, miracles ; which must convince,
For heaven in them appeals to human sense :
And though they prove not, they confirm the
cause,

When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.

Then for the stile, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line :
Commanding words ; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend ;
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend :
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose :
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows ;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin ;
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain ; it's own tormentors tires ;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine ;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd ;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd ?

But stay : the deist here will urge anew,
No supernatural worship can be true ;
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all, and every where, be known :
A stile so large as not this book can claim,
Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth :
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known :
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new ?
In other parts it helps, that ages past, [brac'd,
The scriptures there were known, and were em-
Till sin spread once again the shades of night :
What's that to these, who never saw the light ?

Of all objections this indeed is chief
 To startle reason, stagger frail belief :
 We grant, 'tis true, that heaven from human sense
 Has hid the secret paths of providence :
 But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
 Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way :
 If from his nature foes may pity claim, [name.
 Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his
 And though no name be for salvation known,
 But that of his eternal Son's alone ;
 Who knows how far transcending goodness can
 Extend the merits of that Son to man ?
 Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead ;
 Or ignorance invincible may plead ?
 Not only charity bids hope the best,
 But more the great apostle has express'd :
 " That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd ;
 By nature did what was by law requir'd ;
 They, who the written rule had never known,
 Were to themselves both rule and law alone :
 To nature's plain indictment they shall plead ;
 And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
 Most righteous doom ! because a rule reveal'd
 Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
 Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right ;
 Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light ;
 With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
 While thousand rubric martyrs want a place.

Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
 Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind :
 For though his creed eternal truth contains,
 'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
 All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd ;
 Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
 Then let us either think he meant to say
 This faith, where publish'd, was the only way ;
 Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
 The good old man, too eager in dispute,
 Flew high ; and as his christian fury rose,
 Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path has try'd ;
 A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide : [bred
 Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were
 By reading that which better thou hast read.
 Thy matchless author's work ; which thou, my
 friend,

By well translating better dost commend :
 Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
 In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
 Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd ;
 And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
 Witness this weighty book, in which appears
 The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
 Spent by my author, in the sifting care
 Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
 From gold divine ; which he who well can sort
 May afterwards make algebra a sport.
 A treasure, which if country curates buy,
 They Junius and Tremellius may defy :
 Save pains in various readings, and translations ;
 And without Hebrew make most learn'd quota-
 tions.

A work so full with various learning fraught,
 So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,

As nature's height and art's last hand requir'd :
 As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
 Where we may see what errors have been made
 Both in the copyers and translators trade :
 How Jewish, Popish, interests have prevail'd,
 And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
 Have found our author not too much a priest :
 For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
 To pope, and councils, and tradition's force :
 But he that old traditions could subdue,
 Could not but find the weakness of the new :
 If scripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
 Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth ;
 If God's own people, who of God before
 Knew what we know, and had been promis'd
 more,

In fuller terms, of heaven's assisting care,
 And who did neither time nor study spare
 To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
 Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
 Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
 With vain traditions stoppt the gaping fence,
 Which every common hand pull'd up with ease :
 What safety from such brushwood-helps as these ?
 If written words from time are not secur'd,
 How can we think have oral sounds endur'd ?
 Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
 Immortal lyes on ages are intail'd :
 And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain ;
 If we consider interest, church, and gain.

O but, says one, tradition set aside,
 Where can we hope for an unerring guide ?
 For since th' original scripture has been lost,
 All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
 Or christian faith can have no certain ground,
 Or truth in church-tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient church we wish indeed ;
 'Twere worth both Testaments ; cast in the creed ;
 But if this mother be a guide so sure,
 As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
 Then her infallibility, as well
 Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell ;
 Restore lost canon with as little pains,
 As truly explicate what still remains :
 Which yet no council dare pretend to do ;
 Unless like Esdras they could write it new :
 Strange confidence still to interpret true,
 Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
 Is in the blest original contain'd.

More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say
 God would not leave mankind without a way :
 And that the scriptures, though not every where
 Free from corruption, or intire, or clear,
 Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, intire,
 In all things which our needful faith require.
 If others in the same glass better see,
 'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me ;
 For my salvation must its doom receive,
 Not from what others, but what I believe.

Must all tradition then be set aside ?
 This to affirm, were ignorance or pride.
 Are there not many points, some needful sure
 To saving faith, that scripture leaves obscure ?

Which every sect will wrest a several way,
 For what one sect interprets, all sects may :
 We hold, and say we prove from scripture plain,
 That Christ is God; the bold Socinian }
 From the same scripture urges he's but man.
 Now what appeal can end th' important suit ?
 Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
 Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
 Assume an honest layman's liberty ?
 I think, according to my little skill,
 To my own mother-church submitting still,
 That many have been sav'd, and many may,
 Who never heard this question brought in play.
 Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
 Plods on to heaven; and ne'er is at a loss :
 For the straight-gate would be made straighter yet,
 Were none admitted there but men of wit.
 The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
 Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
 Must study well the sacred page; and see
 Which doctrine, this, or that, does best agree
 With the whole tenor of the work divine :
 And plainest points to heaven's reveal'd design :
 Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
 And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
 Not that tradition's parts are useless here :
 When general, old, disinterested, clear :
 That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
 Gives truth the reverend majesty of age :
 Confirms its force by bideing every test ;
 For best authorities, next rules, are best.
 And still the nearer to the spring we go
 More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
 Thus first traditions were a proof alone ;
 Could we be certain such they were, so known :
 But since some flaws in long descent may be,
 They make not truth, but probability.
 Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
 To what the centuries preceding spoke.
 Such difference is there in an oft-told tale :
 But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
 Tradition written therefore more commends
 Authority, than what from voice descends :
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
 Rolls down to us the sacred history :
 Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
 Is try'd, and after, for itself believ'd.

The partial Papists would infer from hence
 Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
 But first they would assume with wondrous art,
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
 Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they
 were

The handers-down, can they from thence infer
 A right t'interpret? or would they alone,
 Who brought the present, claim it for their own ?
 The book's a common largess to mankind ;
 Not more for them than every man design'd :
 The welcome news is in the letter found ;
 The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
 It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
 In all things needful to be known is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
 A gainful trade their clergy did advance :

When want of learning kept the laymen low,
 And none but priests were authoriz'd to know :
 When what small knowledge was, in them did
 dwell ;

And he a God who could but read and spell ;
 Then mother church did mightily prevail :
 She parcel'd out the Bible by retail :
 But still expounded what she sold or gave ;
 To keep it in her power to damn and save :
 Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
 Poor laymen took salvation on content ;
 As needy men take money good or bad :
 God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
 Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
 The lawyer still was certain to be paid. [well,
 In those dark times they learn'd their knack so
 That by long use they grew infallible :
 At last a knowing age began t'inquire
 If they the book, or that did them inspire :
 And making narrower search they found, though
 late,

That what they thought the priest's, was their
 estate :

Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
 How long they had been cheated on record.
 Then every man who saw the title fair,
 Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share :
 Consulted soberly his private good ;
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,
 This good had full as bad a consequence :
 The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
 Which each presum'd he best could understand,
 The common rule was made the common prey ;
 And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
 The tender page with horny fists was gall'd ;
 And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd :
 The spirit gave the doctoral degree :
 And every member of a company }
 Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.
 Plain truths enough for needful use they found ;
 But men would still be itching to expound :
 Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
 No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
 Study and pains were now no more their care ;
 Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer :
 This was the fruit the private spirit brought ;
 Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
 While crouds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
 About the sacred viands buz and swarm.
 The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood ;
 And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
 A thousand daily sects rise up and die :
 A thousand more the perish'd race supply :
 So all we make of heaven's discover'd will,
 Is not to have it, or to use it ill.

The danger's much the same ; on several shelves
 If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
 The tides of ignorance and pride to stem ?
 Neither so rich a treasure to forego ;
 Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know :
 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ;
 The things we must believe are few and plain ;

But, since men will believe more than they
need,

And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say :
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of heaven, than all the church before :
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The scripture and the fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
For no man's faith depends upon his will ;
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone :

And, after hearing what our church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb ;
For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear :
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear :
And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose ;
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose :
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will
serve.

THE ART OF POETRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS translation of monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, desired his revifal of it. I saw the manuscript lie in Mr. Dryden's hands for above fix months, who made very confiderable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to English writers; than keep to the French

names, as it was first translated, Sir William desired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The poem was first published in the year 1683; Sir William was after sent ambassador to Constantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage.

J. TONSON

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO I.

RASH author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime,
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme ;
If at thy birth the stars that rul'd thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence ;
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound,

You then that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry ;
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rhyme :
Fear the allurements of a spacious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight.

Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find :
One may in verse describe an amorous flame,
Another sharpen a short epigram :
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenser sing Rosalind in pastoral :
But authors that themselves too much esteem,
Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme ;
Thus in times past Dubartas vainly writ,
Allaying sacred truth with trifling wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Describ'd the Israelites triumphant flight,
And following Moses o'er the sandy plain,
Perish'd with Pharaoh in th' Arabian main.

Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme :
Falsely they seem each other to oppose ;
Rhyme must be made with reason's laws to close :
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble course ;
To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine :
But if neglected, will as easily stray,
And master reason which she should obey.

Love reason then ; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Most writers mounted on a resty Muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose ;
They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that's plain or natural :
Fly this excess, and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at sense ; but most in vain
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain :
You drown, if to the right or left you stray ;
Reason to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues its objects till 'tis over-wrought :
If he describes a house, he shews the face,
And after walks you round from place to place ;
Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are ballastred with gold ;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
" The festoons, freezes, and the astragals :"
Tir'd with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
And shun their barren superfluity.
All that is needless carefully avoid ;
The mind once satisfy'd is quickly cloy'd :
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er ;
To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more :
A verse was weak ; you turn it, much too strong,
And grow obscure for fear you should be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry ;
Not to be low, another soars too high.
Would you of every one deserve the praise ?
In writing, vary your discourse and phrase :
A frozen stile that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.

Those tedious authors are esteem'd by none
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
 Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
 From grave to light, from pleasant to severe;
 His works will he admir'd wherever found,
 And oft with buyers will be compass'd round.
 In all you write, be neither low nor vile:
 The meanest theme may have a proper stile.

The dull burlesque appear'd with impudence,
 And pleas'd by novelty in spite of sense.
 All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
 Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate:
 Boundless and mad, disorder'd rhyme was seen:
 Disguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
 This plague, which first in country towns began,
 Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran:
 The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
 And the Mock Tempest was a while renown'd;
 But this low stuff the town at last despis'd,
 And scorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd;
 Distinguish'd dull from natural and plain,
 And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.
 Let not so mean a stile your Muse debase;
 But learn from Butler the buffooning grace;
 And let burlesque in ballads be employ'd;
 Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
 Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
 "Millions of mourning mountains of the slain:"
 Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
 And periwig with wool the baldpate woods.
 Choose a just stile, be grave without constraint,
 Great without pride, and lovely without paint:
 Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear;
 And for the measure have a careful ear.
 On easy numbers fix your happy choice:
 Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise:
 The fullest verse and the most labour'd sense,
 Displease us, if the ear once take offence.
 Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
 Was rude, unmeasur'd, only tagg'd with rhymes;
 Number and cadence that have since been shewn,
 To those unpolish'd writers were unknown.
 Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
 By his just rules restrain'd poetic rage;
 Spenser did next in pastorals excel,
 And taught the nobler art of writing well;
 To stricter rule the stanza did restrain,
 And found for poetry a richer vein.
 Then Davenant came, who, with new-found art,
 Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart;
 His haughty Muse all others did despise,
 And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
 Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times
 In their Mock-Gondibert expos'd his rhymes;
 The laurels he pretended did refuse,
 And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring Muse.
 This headstrong writer falling from on high,
 Made following authors take less liberty.
 Waller came last, but was the first whose art,
 Just weight and measure did to verse impart;
 That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
 And shew'd for poetry a nobler course:
 His happy genius did our tongue refine,
 And easy words with pleasing numbers join:

His verses to good method did apply,
 And chang'd hard discord to soft harmony.
 All own'd his laws; which, long approv'd and
 try'd,

To present authors now may be a guide.
 Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
 And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
 If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
 My patience tires, my fancy goes astray;
 And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
 Nor search an author troublesome to find.
 There is a kind of writer pleas'd with sound,
 Whose fustian head with clouds is compass'd
 round,

No reason can disperse them with its light,
 Learn then to think e'er you pretend to write.
 As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
 Th' expression follows perfect or impure:
 What we conceive with ease we can express;
 Words to the notions flow with readiness.

Observe the language well in all you write,
 And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
 The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
 Displease us, if ill English give offence;
 A barbarous phrase no reader can approve;
 Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
 In short, without pure language, what you write
 Can never yield us profit nor delight.
 Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
 And value not yourself for writing fast.
 A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
 Shews want of judgment, not abounding wit.
 More pleas'd we are to see a river lead
 His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
 Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
 With foamy waters on a muddy shore.
 Gently make haste, of labour not afraid:
 A hundred times consider what you've said:
 Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
 And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
 'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ,
 That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit;
 Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
 And differing parts have corresponding grace;
 Till, by a curious art dispos'd, we find
 One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
 Keep to your subject close in all you say;
 Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
 The public censure for your writings fear,
 And to yourself be critic most severe.
 Fantastic wits their darling follies love;
 But find you faithful friends that will approve,
 That on your works may look with careful eyes,
 And of your faults be zealous enemies:
 Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
 And from a friend a flatterer desery,
 Who seems to like, but means not what he says:
 Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.
 A sycophant will every thing admire:
 Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on fire:
 All is divine! there's not a word amiss!
 He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness,
 He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
 Truth never moves in those impetuous ways:

A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine.
Reprove of words the too affected sound;
Here the sense flags, and your expression's round,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper, make them just and plain.
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use;
But authors, partial to their darling Muse,
Think to protect it they have just pretence,
And at your friendly counsel take offence.
Said you of this, that the expression's flat?
Your servant, Sir, you must excuse me that,
He answers you. This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out: That, Sir, 's the properest place.

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This turn I like not: 'Tis a approv'd by all.
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there's a syllable of which you doubt,
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out,
Yet still he says you may his faults confute,
And over him your power is absolute:
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his Muse,
Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds; for in our scribbling times
No fool can want a sot to praise his rhymes:
The flattest work has ever in the court
Met with some zealous ass for its support:
And in all times a forward scribbling fop
Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

F

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
But, without gold or pearl, or costly scents,
Gathers from neighbouring fields her ornaments :
Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect pastoral :
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verse :
There native beauty pleases, and excites,
And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.
But in this stile a poet often spent,
In rage throws by his rural instrument,
And vainly, when disorder'd thoughts abound,
Amidst the Eclogue makes the trumpet sound :
Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
Oppos'd to this another, low in stile,
Makes shepherds speak a language base and vile :
His writings flat and heavy, without sound,
Kissing the earth, and creeping on the ground ;
You'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
Again was quavering to the country swains,
And changing, without care of sound or dress,
Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Bess.
'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right ;
For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite :
Be their just writing, by the Gods inspir'd,
Your constant pattern practis'd and admir'd.

By them alone you'll easily comprehend
How poets, without shame, may condescend
To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
To stir up shepherds, and to tune the flute ;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narcissus made a flower,
And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror :
This of their writings is the grace and flight ;
Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

ELEGY.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful stile,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile ;
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites :
But well these raptures, if you'll make us see,
You must know love as well as poetry.
I hate those luke-warm authors, whose forc'd fire
In a cold stile describes a hot desire,
That sigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
Their sluggish Muse whip to an amorous mood :
Their transports feign'd appear but flat and vain ;
They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their prison, and their sufferings bless,
Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan ;

Nor Ovid, when instructed from above,
By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in Elegies forms the discourse.

ODE.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force,
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course:
To Simo's streams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry,
Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and blefs,
And boasts from Phyllis to surprize a kiss,
When gently she resists with feign'd remorse,
That what she grants may seem to be by force.
Her generous stile at random oft will part,
And by a brave disorder shews her art.
Unlike those fearful poets, whose cold rhyme
In all their raptures keeps exactest time,
That sing th' illustrious hero's mighty praise
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from least circumstances part,
But take all towns by strictest rules of art:
Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
And some have said that once the humorous god
Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
For the short Sonnet order'd this strict bound:
Set rules for the just measure, and the time,
The easy running and alternate rhyme;
But, above all, those licences deny'd
Which in these writings the lame sense supply'd;
Forbad an useless line should find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace,
A faultless Sonnet, finish'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
A hundred scribbling authors without ground,
Believe they have this only phoenix found:
When yet th' exactest scarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes from faults and censure free.
The rest but little read, regarded less,
Are shovel'd to the passy from the press.
Closing the sense within the measur'd time,
'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rhyme.

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram, with little art compos'd,
Is one good sentence in a distich clos'd.
These points, that by Italians first were priz'd,
Our ancient authors knew not, or despis'd:
The vulgar, dazzled with the glaring light,
To their false pleasures quickly they invite;
But public favour so increas'd their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnassus with their tide.
The Madrigal at first was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;

With these grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:
A hero never fail'd them on the stage,
Without his point a lover durst not rage;
The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word like Janus had a double face:
And prose, as well as verse, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his speech,
The parson without quibbling could not preach.
At last affronted reason look'd about,
And from all serious matters shut them out:
Declar'd that none should use them without shame,
Except a scattering in the Epigram;
Provided that by art, and in due time,
They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
Thus in all parts disorders did abate:
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate:
Insipid jesters, and unpleasant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'Tis not, but that sometimes a dexterous Muse
May with advantage a turn'd sense abuse,
And on a word may trifle with address;
But above all, avoid the fond excess;
And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,
With a dull point to tag your Epigram.

Each poem his perfection has apart;
The British round in plainness shews his art.
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The Madrigal may softer passions move,
And breathe the tender ecstasies of love.
Desire to shew itself, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue first, with Satire in its tongue,

SATIRE.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
Protected humble goodness from reproach,
Shew'd worth on foot, and rascals in the coach.
Horace his pleasing wit to this did add,
And none uncensur'd could be fool or mad:
Unhappy was that wretch, whose name might be
Squar'd to the rules of their sharp poetry.
Persius obscure, but full of sense and wit,
Affected brevity in all he writ:
And Juvenal, learned as those times could be,
Too far did stretch his sharp hyperbole;
Though horrid truths through all his labours shine,
In what he writes there's something of divine,
Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling senate come
To the stern tyrant to receive their doom;
Or Roman vice in coarsest habits shews,
And paints an empress reeking from the stews:
In all he writes appears a noble fire;
To follow such a master then desire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this solid base,
In his old style conserves a modern grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
Offended not the method of our times.

The Latin writers decency neglect;
 But modern authors challenge our respect,
 And at immodest writings take offence,
 If clean expression cover not the sense.
 I love sharp Satire, from obscenity free;
 Not impudence that preaches modesty:
 Our English, who in malice never fail,
 Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;
 Pleasant detraction, that by singing goes
 From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows:
 Our freedom in our poetry we see,
 That child of joy begot by liberty.
 But, vain blasphemy, tremble when you choose
 God for the subject of your impious Muse:
 At last, those jests which libertines invent,
 Bring the lewd author to just punishment.

Ev'n in a song there must be art and sense;
 Yet sometimes we have seen, that wine, or chance,
 Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers
 mettle,
 And furnish'd out a scene for Mr. Settle.
 But for one lucky hit, that made thee please,
 Let not thy folly grow to a disease,
 Nor think thyself a wit; for in our age
 If a warm fancy does some fop engage,
 He neither eats nor sleeps till he has writ,
 But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
 Nay 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage,
 He prints not his dull follies for the stage:
 And in the front of all his senseless plays,
 Makes David Logan crown his head with bayes.

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

THERE'S not a monster bred beneath the sky
But, well dispos'd by art, may please the eye :
A curious workman, by his skill divine,
From an ill object makes a good design.
Thus, to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
For Oedipus, provokes our hopes and fears :
For parricide Orestes asks relief ;
And to increase our pleasure causes grief.
You then that in this noble art would rise,
Come ; and in lofty verse dispute the prize.
Would you upon the stage acquire renown,
And for your judges summon all the town ?
Would you your words for ever should remain,
And after ages past be sought again ?
In all you write, observe with care and art
To move the passions, and incline the heart.
If in a labour'd act, the pleasing rage
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise ;
In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays,
Your cold discourse can never move the mind
Of a stern critic, naturally unkind ;
Who, justly tir'd with your pedantic flight,
Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.
The secret is, attention first to gain ;
To move our minds, and then to entertain :
That, from the very opening of the scenes,
The first may shew us what the author means.
I'm tir'd to see an actor on the stage,
That knows not whether he's to laugh or rage ;
Who, an intrigue unraveling in vain,
Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain,

I'd rather much the nauseous dunce should say
Downright, My name is Hector in the play ;
Than with a mass of miracles ill-join'd,
Confound my ears, and not instruct my mind.
The subject's never soon enough express'd ;
Your place of action must be fix'd, and rest.
A Spanish poet may with good event,
In one day's space whole ages represent ;
There oft the hero of a wandering stage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age :
But we that are by reason's rules confin'd,
Will, that with art the poem be design'd.
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the stage full, and all our labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with ease conceiv'd ;
Some truths may be too strong to be believ'd.
A foolish wonder cannot entertain :
My mind's not mov'd if your discourse be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye ;
Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy ;
But there are objects that a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is most agreeably surpris'd,
When a well-woven subject, long disguis'd,
You on a sudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another face and mould.
At first the tragedy was void of art ;
A song ; where each man danc'd and sung his part,
And of god Bacchus roaring out the praise,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days :
Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,
And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
Thespis was first, who, all besmear'd with lee,
Began this pleasure for posterity :

And with his carted actors, and a song,
 Amus'd the people as he pass'd along.
 Next Æschylus the different persons plac'd,
 And with a better mask his players grac'd :
 Upon a theatre his verse express'd,
 And shew'd his hero with a buskin dress'd.
 Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
 Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the stage,
 Engag'd the chorus song in every part,
 And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art :
 He in the Greek did those perfections gain,
 Which the weak Latin never could attain,
 Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
 As impious and prophane, abhor'd the stage :
 A troop of silly pilgrims, as 'tis said,
 Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd,
 Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
 The angels, God, the virgin, and the saints.
 At last, right reason did his laws reveal,
 And shew'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
 Silenc'd those nonconformists of the age,
 And rais'd the lawful heroes of the stage :
 Only th' Athenian mask was laid aside,
 And chorus by the music was supply'd.
 Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
 Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts :
 This passion never could resistance find,
 But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
 Paint then, I 'm pleas'd my hero be in love ;
 But let him not like a tame shepherd move ;
 Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis seen,
 Or for a Cyrus shew an Artaban ;
 That struggling oft his passions we may find,
 The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
 Of romance heroes shun the low design ;
 Yet to great hearts some human frailties join :
 Achilles must with Homer's heart engage ;
 For an affront I 'm pleas'd to see him rage.
 Those little failings in your hero's heart,
 Shew that of man and nature he has part :
 To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd ;
 Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
 Æneas in religious rights austere,
 Keep to each man his proper character.
 Of countries and of times the humours know ;
 From different climates different customs grow :
 And strive to shun their fault who vainly dress
 An antique hero like some modern ass ;
 Who make old Romans like our English move,
 Shew Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
 In a romance those errors are excus'd :
 'There 'tis enough that, reading, we 're amus'd :
 Rules too severe would there be useless found ;
 But the strict scene must have a juster bound :
 Exact decorum we must always find.
 If then you form some hero in your mind,
 Be sure your image with itself agree ;
 For what he first appears, he still must be.
 Affected wits will naturally incline
 To paint their figures by their own design :
 Your bully poets, bully heroes write :
 Chapman in Buffy d'Ambois took delight,
 And thought perfection was to huff and fight,
 Wise nature by variety does please ;
 Clothe differing passions in a differing dress :

Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears ;
 Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
 Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
 And shew a ranting grief upon the stage ;
 Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
 His sevenfold waters to the Euxine shore ;
 These swollen expressions, this affected noise,
 Shews like some pedant that declaims to boys.
 In sorrow you must softer methods keep ;
 And, to excite our tears, yourself must weep.
 Those noisy words with which ill plays abound,
 Come not from hearts that are in sadness drown'd.

The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
 Is a bold venture in our knowing times :
 An author cannot easily purchase fame ;
 Critics are always apt to hiss and blame :
 You may be judg'd by every ass in town,
 The privilege is bought for half a crown.
 To please, you must a hundred changes try ;
 Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high :
 In noble thoughts must every where abound,
 Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound :
 To these you must surprising touches join,
 And shew us a new wonder in each line :
 That all, in a just method well-design'd,
 May leave a strong impression in the mind.
 These are the arts that tragedy maintain :

THE EPIC.

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.
 In the narration of some great design,
 Invention, art, and fable, all must join :
 Here fiction must employ its utmost grace ;
 All must assume a body, mind, and face :
 Each virtue a divinity is seen ;
 Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen.
 'Tis not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly ;
 But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky :
 Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain ;
 But angry Neptune plowing up the main :
 Echo's no more an empty airy sound ;
 But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
 Thus in the endless treasure of his mind,
 The poet does a thousand figures find,
 Around the work his ornaments he pours,
 And strews with lavish hand his opening flowers.
 'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore
 The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore ;
 From faithless fortune this is no surprize,
 For every day 'tis common to our eyes ;
 But angry Juno, that she might destroy,
 And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy :
 That Æolus with the fierce goddess join'd,
 Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind ;
 Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
 Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
 Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steers ;
 These are the springs that move our hopes and
 fears ;
 Without these ornaments before our eyes,
 Th' unfinew'd poem languishes and dies ;
 Your poet in his art will always fail,
 And tell you but a dull insipid tale.

In vain have our mistaken authors try'd
 To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
 Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
 Might act like those the poets did invent,
 To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
 And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel;
 The mysteries which Christians must believe,
 Disdain such shifting pageants to receive:
 The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
 But penitence, or punishment for faults;
 And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries,
 Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.
 Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
 The howlings of repining Lucifer,
 Whose rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
 And oft with God himself disputes the prize?
 Tasso you'll say has done it with applause?
 It is not here I mean to judge his cause:
 Yet though our age has so extoll'd his name,
 His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
 If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies
 Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
 If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
 Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
 'Tis not, that Christian poems ought to be
 Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;
 But in a common subject to reject
 The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
 To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
 To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,
 To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
 To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
 Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
 And search perfection you can never find:
 As well they may forbid us to present
 Prudence or Justice for an ornament,
 To paint old Janus with his front of brass,
 And take from Time his scythe, his wings and
 glass.

And every where, as 'twere idolatry,
 Banish descriptions from our poetry.
 Leave them their pious follies to pursue;
 But let our reason such vain fears subdue:
 And let us not, amongst our vanities,
 Of the true God create a God of lies.
 In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
 And the smooth names seem made for poetry;
 As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
 Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
 In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
 To choose king Chilperic for his hero's name.
 Sometimes the name being well or ill apply'd,
 Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
 Would you your reader never should be tir'd?
 Choose some great hero, fit to be admir'd;
 In courage signal, and in virtue bright,
 Let e'en his very failings give delight;
 Let his great actions our attention bind,
 Like Cæsar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,
 And not like Oedipus his perjur'd race;
 A common conqueror is a theme too base.
 Choose not your tale of accidents too full;
 Too much variety may make it dull:
 Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
 Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.

Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;
 In your descriptions shew your noblest art:
 There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd:
 Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
 Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
 The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
 Plac'd on the sides to see their armies pass;
 The fishes staring through the liquid glass;
 Describ'd a child, who, with his little hand,
 Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
 Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;
 Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
 Be your beginning plain; and take good heed
 Too soon you mount not on the airy steed;
 Nor tell your reader in a thundering verse,
 "I sing the conqueror of the universe."
 What can an author after this produce?
 The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
 Much better are we pleas'd with his address,
 Who, without making such vast promises,
 Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,
 "I sing the combats of that pious prince
 "Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,
 "And landed first on the Lavinian shore."
 His opening Muse sets not the world on fire,
 And yet performs more than we can require:
 Quickly you'll hear him celebrate the fame
 And future glory of the Roman name;
 Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,
 And Cæsar's wandering in th' Elysian woods:
 With figures numberless his story grace,
 And every thing in beauteous colours trace.
 At once you may be pleasing and sublime:
 I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:
 I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
 Than a dull author always stiff and stale,
 Who thinks himself dishonour'd in his style,
 If on his works the graces do but smile.
 'Tis said, that Homer, matchless in his art,
 Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:
 His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,
 And whatsoever he touches turns to gold:
 All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
 He always pleases, and can never tire.
 A happy warmth he every where may boast;
 Nor is he in too long digressions lost:
 His verses without rule a method find,
 And of themselves appear in order join'd:
 All without trouble answers his intent;
 Each syllable is tending to th' event.
 Let his example your endeavours raise:
 To love his writings is a kind of praise.

A poem, where we all perfections find,
 Is not the work of a fantastic mind:
 There must be care, and time, and skill, and
 pains;
 Not the first heat of unexperienc'd brains.
 Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage
 Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
 Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,
 And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
 Their rustian Muse each accident confounds;
 Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
 Till, their small stock of learning quickly spent,
 Their poem dies for want of nourishment.

In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool decries,
 No branding censures can unveil his eyes;
 With impudence the laurel they invade,
 Resolv'd to like the monsters they have made.
 Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;
 And Homer understood not poetry:
 Against their merit if this age rebel,
 To future times for justice they appeal.
 But waiting till mankind shall do them right,
 And bring their works triumphantly to light;
 Neglected heaps we in bye-corners lay,
 Where they become to worms and moths a prey;
 Forgot, in dust and cobwebs let them rest,
 Whilst we return from whence we first digrest.

The great success which tragic writers found,
 In Athens first the comedy renown'd,
 Th' abusive Grecian there by pleasing ways,
 Dispers'd his natural malice in his plays:
 Wisdom and virtue, honour, wit, and sense,
 Were subject to buffooning insolence:
 Poets were publicly approv'd, and sought,
 That vice extoll'd, and virtue set at nought!
 A Socrates himself, in that loose age,
 Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage,
 At last the public took in hand the cause,
 And cur'd this madness by the power of laws;
 Forbad at any time, or any place,
 To name the person, or describe the face.
 The stage its ancient fury thus let fall,
 And comedy diverted without gall:
 By mild reproofs recover'd minds diseas'd,
 And sparing persons innocently pleas'd.
 Each one was nicely shewn in this new glass,
 And smil'd to think he was not meant the ass:
 A miser oft would laugh at first, to find
 A faithful draught of his own sordid mind;
 And fops were with such care and cunning writ,
 They lik'd the piece for which themselves did sit.
 You then that would the comic laurels wear,
 To study nature be your only care:
 Who'er knows man, and by a curious art
 Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart;
 He who observes, and naturally can paint
 The jealous fool, the fawning sycophant,
 A sober wit, an enterprising ass,
 A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;
 May safely in those noble lists engage,
 And make them act and speak upon the stage.
 Strive to be natural in all you write,
 And paint with colours that may please the sight,
 Nature in various figures does abound;
 And in each mind are different honours found:
 A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise;
 But every man has not discerning eyes.
 All-changing time does also change the mind;
 And different ages different pleasures find:

Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
 By flattering vice is easily led away;
 Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire,
 In censure rash, in pleasures all on fire.
 The manly age does steadier thoughts enjoy;
 Power and ambition do his soul employ:
 Against the turns of fate he sets his mind;
 And by the past the future hopes to find.
 Decrepit age still adding to his stores,
 For other heaps the treasure he adores,
 In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
 Past times extols, the present to debase:
 Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,
 In others blames what age does him refuse.
 Your actors must by reason be controul'd:
 Let young men speak like young, old men like old:
 Observe the town, and study well the court:
 For thither various characters resort:
 Thus 'twas great Johnson purchas'd his renown,
 And in his art had borne away the crown;
 If, less desirous of the people's praise,
 He had not with low farce debas'd his plays;
 Mixing dull buffoonery with wit refin'd,
 And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
 When in the Fox I see the tortoise hiss,
 I lose the author of the Alchemist.
 The comic wit, born with a smiling air,
 Must tragic grief and pompous verse forbear;
 Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
 With bawdy jests amuse the populace:
 With well-bred conversation you must please,
 And your intrigue unravel'd be with ease:
 Your action still should reason's rules obey,
 Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.
 Your humble style must sometimes gently rise;
 And your discourse sententious be, and wise:
 The passions must to nature be confin'd;
 And scenes to scenes with artful weaying join'd.
 Your wit must not unseasonably play;
 But follow bus'ness, never lead the way.
 Observe how Terence does this error shun;
 A careful father chides his amorous son:
 Then see that son, whom no advice can move,
 Forget those orders, and pursue his love:
 'Tis not a well-drawn picture we discover:
 'Tis a true son, a father, and a lover.
 I like an author that reforms the age,
 And keeps the right decorum of the stage;
 That always pleases by just reason's rule:
 But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
 Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his plays;
 Let him be gone, and on two treffels raise
 Some Smithfield stage, where he may act his
 pranks,
 And make Jack-Puddings speak to mountebanks.

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO IV.

In Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The scourge of God, and terror of the town,
Who all the cant of physic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public mischief was his private gain;
Children their slaughter'd parents sought in vain;
A brother here his poison'd brother wept;
Some bloodless dy'd, and some by opium slept.
Colds, at his presence, would to frenzies turn;
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at last, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his store,
In his new country-house affords him place;
'Twas a rich abbot, and a building afs:
Here first the doctor's talent came in play;
He seems inspir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Designs the stair-case at the other end,
His friend approves, does for his mason send.
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In short, to finish this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous science does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.

In this example we may have our part:
Rather be mason, 'tis a useful art!
Than a dull poet; for that trade accurst,
Admits no mean betwixt the best and worst.
In other sciences, without disgrace,
A candidate may fill a second place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader suffers an indifferent wit:
The ruin'd stationers against him bawl,
And herringham degrades him from his stall.
Burlesque, at least, our laughter may excite:
But a cold writer never can delight.

The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
Than the stiff formal stile of Gondibert.
Be not affected with that empty praise
Which your vain flatterers will sometimes raise,
And when you read, with ecstasy will say,
"The finish'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when expos'd to censure and to light,
Cannot endure a critic's piercing sight.
A hundred authors fates have been foretold,
And Shadwell's works are printed, but not fold.
Hear all the world; consider every thought;
A fool by chance may stumble on a fault:
Yet, when Apollo does your Muse inspire,
Be not impatient to expose your fire;
Nor imitate the Settles of our times,
Those tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes.
Who seize on all th' acquaintance they can meet,
And stop the passengers that walk the street:
There is no sanctuary you can choose
For a defence for their pursuing Muse.
I've said before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better is no shame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited sceptics, void of sense,
By their false taste condemn some finish'd part,
And blame the noblest flights of wit and art,
In vain their fond opinions you deride,
With their lov'd follies they are satisfy'd;
And their weak judgment, void of sense and
light,
Thinks nothing can escape their feeble sight:
Their dangerous counsels do not cure, but wound;
To shun the storm, they run your verse aground,
And, thinking to escape a rock, are drown'd. }
Choose a sure judge to censure what you write,
Whose reason leads, and knowledge gives you light,

Whose steady hand will prove your faithful guide,
 And touch the darling follies you would hide :
 He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,
 And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.
 'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
 A generous Muse may sometimes take her flight ;
 When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
 May from her stricter bounds and limits part :
 But such a perfect judge is hard to see,
 And every rhymers knows not poetry ;
 Nay some there are, for writing verse extoll'd,
 Who know not Lucan's dross from Virgil's gold.

Would you in this great art acquire renown ?
 Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.
 In prudent lessons every where abound ;
 With pleasant join the useful and the sound :
 A sober reader a vain tale will flight ;
 He seeks as well instruction as delight.
 Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
 Still offering nobler figures to our mind :
 I like not those loose writers who employ
 Their guilty Muse, good manners to destroy ;
 Who with false colours still deceive our eyes,
 And shew us vice dress'd in a fair disguise.
 Yet do I not their sullen Muse approve,
 Who from all modest writings banish love ;
 That strip the play-house of its chief intrigue,
 And make a murderer of Roderigue :
 The lightest love, if decently express'd,
 Will raise no vicious motions in our breast.
 Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief ;
 I blame her folly whilst I share her grief.
 A virtuous author, in his charming art,
 To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart ;
 His heat will never cause a guilty fire :
 To follow virtue then be your desire.
 In vain your art and vigour are express'd ;
 Th' obscene expression shews th' infected breast.
 But above all, base jealousies avoid,
 In which detracting poets are employ'd.
 A noble wit dares liberally contend ;
 And scorns to grudge at his deserving friend.
 Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
 Caballing still against it with the great,
 Maliciously aspire to gain renown,
 By standing up, and pulling others down.
 Never debase yourself by treacherous ways,
 Nor by such abject methods seek for praise :
 Let not your only business be to write ;
 Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.
 'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd ;
 But strive your conversation be desir'd :
 Write for immortal fame ; nor ever choose
 Gold for the object of a generous Muse.
 I know a noble wit may, without crime,
 Receive a lawful tribute for his time ;
 Yet I abhor those writers, who despise
 Their honour ; and alone their profits prize ;
 Who their Apollo basely will degrade,
 And of a noble science make a trade.
 Before kind reason did her light display,
 And government taught mortals to obey,
 Men, like wild beasts, did nature's laws pursue,
 They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew ;

Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,
 Committed murder without punishment ;
 Reason at last, by her all-conquering arts,
 Reduc'd these savages, and turn'd their hearts ;
 Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns call'd,
 And towns and cities fortifies with walls :
 Thus fear of justice made proud rapine cease,
 And shelter'd innocence by laws and peace.

These benefits from poets we receiv'd,
 From whence are rais'd these fictions since believ'd.
 That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
 Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains ;
 Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
 Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban
 towers ;

These miracles from numbers did arise :
 Since which, in verse heaven taught his mysteries,
 And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
 Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine.
 Soon after Homer the old heroes prais'd,
 And noble minds by great examples rais'd ;
 Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
 To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
 Thus useful rules were by the poets aid,
 In easy numbers to rude men convey'd,
 And pleasingly their precepts did impart ;
 First charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart :
 The Muses thus their reputation rais'd,
 And with just gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
 With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
 And sacrific'd to their divinity ;
 But want, at last, base flattery entertain'd,
 And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd :
 Desire of gain dazzling the poets' eyes,
 Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.
 Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
 And verse became a mercenary trade.
 Debase not with so mean a vice thy art :
 If gold must be the idol of thy heart,
 Fly, fly th' unfruitful Heliconian strand,
 Those streams are not enrich'd with golden sand :
 Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
 Laurels and honours for their toil and pain :
 But what ? an author cannot live on fame,
 Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name :
 A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
 Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd ;
 Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,
 Or relishes the Heliconian streams.
 Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,
 And, free from cares for money or for meat,
 Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
 'Tis true ; but verse is cherish'd by the great,
 And now none famish who deserve to eat ;
 What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,
 Receive the stars propitious influence ;
 When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants,
 Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants ?
 Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame ;
 Your noblest theme is his immortal name.
 Let mighty Spenser raise his reverend head,
 Cowley and Denham start up from the dead ;
 Waller his age renew, and offerings bring,
 Our monarch's praise let bright-ey'd virgins sing :

Let Dryden with new rules our stage refine,
 And his great models form by this design :
 But where's a second Virgil to rehearse
 Our hero's glories in his epic verse ?
 What Orpheus sing his triumphs o'er the main,
 And make the hills and forests move again ;
 Shew his bold fleet on the Batavian shore,
 And Holland trembling as his cannons roar ;
 Paint Europe's balance in his steady hand,
 Whilst the two worlds in expectation stand
 Of peace or war, that wait on his command ?
 But as I speak new glories seize my eyes,
 Glories, which heaven itself does give, and prize,
 Blessings of peace, that with her milder rays
 Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days :
 Now let rebellion, discord, vice, and rage,
 That have in patriots forms debauch'd our age,
 Vanish with all the ministers of hell :
 His rays their poisonous vapours shall dispel ;

'Tis he alone our safety did create,
 His own firm soul secur'd the nation's fate,
 Oppos'd to all the Bout'feu's of the state,
 Authors, for him your great endeavours raise ;
 The loftiest numbers will but reach his praise.
 For me, whose verse in satire has been bred,
 And never durst heroic measures tread ;
 Yet you shall see me, in that famous field,
 With eyes and voice, my best assistance yield :
 Offer your lessons, that my infant Muse
 Learnt, when she Horace for her guide did choose :
 Second your zeal with wishes, heart, and eyes,
 And afar hold up the glorious prize.
 But pardon too, if, zealous for the right,
 A strict observer of each noble flight,
 From the fine gold I separate the allay,
 And shew how hasty writers sometimes stray :
 Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend ;
 A sharp, but yet a necessary friend,

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM,

Sacred to the happy Memory of

KING CHARLES II.

I.

Thus long my grief has kept me dumb;
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room:
Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobé we marble grow;
And petrify with grief.
Our British heaven was all serene,
No threatening cloud was nigh,
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the first age in nature's golden scene;
Supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely, and we dreamt of more:
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already lost before we fear'd.
Th' amazing news of Charles at once were spread,
At once the general voice declar'd,

"Our gracious prince was dead."
No sickness known before, no slow disease,
To soften grief by just degrees,
But like an hurricane on Indian seas,
The tempest rose;
An unexpected burst of woes:
With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and perishing the next,
As if great Atlas from his height
Should sink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
As once it shall,
Should gape immense, and rushing down, o'er-
whelm this nether ball;
So swift and so surprising was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, sure the best
Who ever bore that name,

Was newly risen from his rest,
 And, with a fervent flame,
 His usual morning vows had just address'd
 For his dear sovereign's health;
 And hop'd to have them heard,
 In long increase of years,
 In honour, fame and wealth:
 Guiltless of greatness thus he always pray'd,
 Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he made,
 On his own head should be repay'd.
 Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
 Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,
 Who can describe th' amazement of his face!
 Horror in all his pomp was there,
 Mute and magnificent without a tear:
 And then the hero first was seen to fear,
 Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
 So hasty and so artless was his grief:
 Approaching greatness met him with her charms
 Of power and future state;
 But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
 He shook her from his arms.
 Arriv'd within the mournful room he saw
 A wild distraction, void of awe,
 And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
 God's image, God's anointed, lay
 Without motion, pulse, or breath,
 A senseless lump of sacred clay,
 An image now of death.
 Amidst his sad attendants groans and cries,
 The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
 Distorted from their native grace,
 An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.
 The pious Duke—Forbear audacious Muse!
 No terms thy feeble art can use
 Are able to adorn so vast a woe:
 The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did shew,
 His like a sovereign did transcend;
 No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,
 Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wonderful changes of a fatal scene,
 Still varying to the last!
 Heaven, though its hard decree was past,
 Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again:
 And death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.
 Heaven half repented of the doom,
 And almost griev'd it had foreseen,
 What by foresight it will'd eternally to come.
 Mercy above did hourly plead
 For her resemblance here below;
 And mild forgiveness intercede
 To stop the coming blow.
 New miracles approach'd th' ethereal throne,
 Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately
 known,
 And urg'd that still they might be shewn,
 On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
 Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
 Himself defending what he could,
 From all the glories of his future fate,
 With him th' innumerable crowd,
 Of armed prayers

Knock'd at the gates of heaven, and knock'd aloud;
 The first well-meaning rude petitioners.
 All for his life assail'd the throne,
 All would have brib'd the skies by offering up
 their own.
 So great a throng not heaven itself could bar;
 'Twas almost born by force as in the giants'
 war.
 The prayers at least for his reprieve were heard;
 His death, like Hezekiah's, was defer'd:
 Against the sun the shadow went;
 Five days, those five degrees, were lent
 To form our patience and prepare th' event.
 The second causes took the swift command,
 The medicinal head, the ready hand,
 All eager to perform their part;
 All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art:
 Once more the fleeting soul came back
 T' inspire the mortal frame;
 And in the body took a doubtful stand,
 Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
 That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er
 the brand.

IV.

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around,
 Took the same train, the same impetuous bound;
 The drooping town in smiles again was dress'd,
 Gladness in every face express'd,
 Their eyes before their tongues confess'd.
 Men met each other with erected look,
 The steps were higher that they took,
 Friends to congratulate their friends made haste;
 And long inveterate foes saluted as they past:
 Above the rest heroic James appear'd
 Exalted more, because he more had fear'd:
 His manly heart, whose noble pride
 Was still above
 Dissembled hate or vanish'd love,
 Its more than common transport could not hide;
 But like an eagle rode in triumph o'er the tide.
 Thus, in alternate course,
 The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
 Did in extremes appear,
 And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.
 Thus, at half ebb, a rolling sea
 Returns and wins upon the shore;
 The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
 Rest on their fins a while, and stay,
 Then backward take their wondering way:
 The prophet wonders more than they,
 At prodigies but rarely seen before, [their sway.
 And cries, a king must fall, or kingdoms change
 Such were our counter-tides at land, and so
 Presaging of the fatal blow,
 In their prodigious ebb and flow.
 The royal soul, that, like the labouring moon,
 By charms of art was hurried down,
 Forc'd with regret to leave her native sphere,
 Came but a while on liking here:
 Soon weary of the painful strife,
 And made but faint essays of life:
 And evening light
 Soon shut in night:

A strong distemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

The sons of art all medicines try'd,
And every noble remedy apply'd;
With emulation each essay'd
His utmost skill, nay more, they pray'd:
Never was losing game with better conduct play'd.
Death never won a stake with greater toil,
Nor ere was fate so near a foil:
But like a fortress on a rock, [mock;
Th' impregnable disease their vain attempts did
They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be essay'd,
'Twas beyond parly when the siege was laid:
Th' extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain,
As none but Cæsar could sustain:
Undaunted Cæsar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five such days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Against the worst of rebels, could decree,
A traitor or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now art was tir'd without success,
No racks could make the stubborn malady confess.
The vain insurers of life,
And he who most perform'd and promis'd less,
Ev'n Short himself forsook th' unequal strife.
Death and despair were in their looks,
No longer they consult their memories or books;
Like helpless friends, who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar;
So stood they with their arms across;
Not to assist, but to deplore
Th' inevitable loss.

VI.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound
Which ev'n the best can hardly bear,
He took the summons void of fear;
And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around;
As if to find and dare the griesly challenger.
What death could do he lately try'd,
When in four days he more than dy'd.
The same assurance all his words did grace:
The same majestic mildness held its place:
Nor lost the monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if some angel had been sent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again,
As he had number'd in his happy reign,
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor shrunk nor steeped aside for death:
But with unalter'd pace kept on;

Providing for events to come,
When he resign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly state;
And grew familiar with his fate.
Kind, good, and gracious, to the last,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he cast:
Oh truly good, and truly great,
For glorious as he rose benignly so he set!
All that on earth he held most dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both heaven,
The right had given
And his own love bequeath'd supreme command:
He took and prest that ever-loyal hand,
Which could in peace secure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever
vain.

Well, for so great a trust he chose
A prince who never disobey'd:
Not when the most severe commands were laid;
Nor want, nor exile, with his duty weigh'd:
A prince on whom, if heaven its eyes could close,
The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

VIII.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet less serenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harsh decree
For schoolmen with laborious art
To salve from cruelty:
Those, for whom love could no excuses frame,
He graciously forgot to name.
Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has design'd
Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind:
But neither pen nor pencil can express
The parting brother's tenderness:
Though that's a term too mean and low;
The blest above a kinder word may know:
But what they did, and what they said,
The monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who staid, [spent,
Like painters, when their heightening arts are
I cast into a shade.
That all-forgiving king,
The type of him above,
That unexhausted spring
Of clemency and love;
Himself to his next self accus'd,
And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd:
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godless men, and of rebellious times:
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country sent
Their best Camillus into banishment:
And forc'd their sovereign's act, they could not his
consent.

Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his sufferings past!
Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
Which given could give the dying no relief;
He bent, he sunk beneath his grief:
His dauntless heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.

Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
Disdain'd, or was ashamed to shew
So weak, so womanish a woe,
Which yet the brother and the friend so plenteously
confest.

IX.

Amidst that silent shower, the royal mind
An easy passage found,
And left its sacred earth behind :
Nor murmuring groan express'd, nor labouring sound,
Nor any least tumultuous breath ;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.
Soft as those gentle whispers were,
In which th' Almighty did appear ;
By the still voice the prophet knew him there.
That peace which made thy prosperous reign to
shine,
That peace thou leav'st to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh happy shade, be ever thine !

X.

For all those joys thy restoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it sound,
For numerous blessings yearly shower'd,
And property with plenty crown'd ;
For freedom, still maintain'd alive,
Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative,
Without whose charms even peace would be
But a dull quiet slavery :
For these and more, accept our pious praise ;
'Tis all the subsidy
The present age can raise,
The rest is charg'd on late posterity.
Posterity is charg'd the more,
Because the large abounding store [thee.
To them and to their heirs, is still entail'd by
Succession of a long descent
Which chaste in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almost to time in its extent,
Through hazards numberless and great,
Thou hast deriv'd this mighty blessing down,
And fixt the fairest gem that decks th' imperial
crown :
Not faction, when it shook thy regal seat,
Not senates, insolently loud,
Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd,
Not foreign or domestic treachery,
Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look :
Like a well-temper'd sword it bent at will ;
But kept the native toughness of the steel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name !
But draw him strictly so,
That all who view, the piece may know ;
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame :

The load's too weighty : thou may'st choose
Some parts of praise, and some refuse :
Write, that his annals may be thought more lavish
than the Muse.

In scanty truth thou hast confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind :
His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
Were such, dead authors could not give ;
But habitudes of those who live ;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive :
He drain'd from all, and all they knew ;
His apprehension quick, his judgment true :
That the most learn'd, with shame, confess
His knowledge more, his reading only less.

XII.

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he shed,
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
If science rais'd her head,
And soft humanity that from rebellion fled ?
Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before ;
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the solar walk and heaven's high way ;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle, at the best, amidst the corn it bore :
The royal husbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and sow'd, and till'd,
The thorns he rooted out the rubbish clear'd,
And bless'd th' obedient field.
When strait a double harvest rose ;
Such as the swarthy Indian mows ;
Or happier climates near the line,
Or paradise manur'd and dress'd by hands divine.

XIII.

As when the new-born phoenix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to survey,
Of airy choristers a numerous train
Attend his wondrous progress o'er the plain ;
So, rising from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return ;
Th' officious Muses came along,
A gay harmonious quire like angels ever young :
The Muse that mourns him now his happy tri-
umph sung,
Ev'n they could thrive in his auspicious reign ;
And such a plenteous crop they bore
Of purest and well-winnow'd grain,
As Britain never knew before.
Though little was their hire, and light their gain,
Yet somewhat to their share he threw ;
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
Like birds of paradise that liv'd on morning
dew.

Oh never let their lays his name forget !
The pension of a prince's praise is great.
Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts ;
Live blest above, almost invok'd below ;
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now,

Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
 Who didst by wise delays divert our fate,
 When faction like a tempest rose,
 In death's most hideous form,
 Then art to rage thou didst oppose,
 To weather out the storm:
 Not quitting thy supreme command,
 Thou held'st the rudder with thy steady hand,
 Till safely on the shore the bark did land:
 The bark that all our blessings brought,
 Charg'd with thyself and James, a doubly royal
 freight

XIV.

Oh frail estate of human things,
 And slippery hopes below!
 Now to our cost your emptiness we know;
 For 'tis a lesson dearly bought,
 Assurance here is never to be fought.
 The best, and best-belov'd of kings,
 And best deserving to be so,
 When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow
 Of faction and conspiracy,
 Death did his promis'd hopes destroy:
 He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
 What mists of Providence are these
 Through which we cannot see!
 So saints, by supernatural power set free,
 Are left at last in martyrdom to die;
 Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
 Forgive me, heaven, that impious thought,
 'Twas grief for Charles, to madness wrought,
 That question'd thy supreme decree!
 Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,
 Ev'n in thy saints and angels wrong,
 His fellow citizens of immortality:
 For twelve long years of exile borne,
 Twice twelve we number'd since his blest return:
 So strictly wert thou just to pay,
 Ev'n to the dribble of a day.
 Yet still we murmur and complain,
 The quails and manna should no longer rain;
 Those miracles 'twas needless to renew; [view.
 The chosen flock has now the promis'd land in

XV.

A warlike prince ascends the regal state,
 A prince long exercis'd by fate:
 Long may he keep, though he obtains it late!
 Heroes in heaven's peculiar mold are cast,
 They and their poets are not form'd in haste;
 Man was the first in God's design, and man was
 made the last.
 False heroes, made by flattery so,
 Heaven can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow;
 But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
 He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
 With toil and sweat,
 With hardening cold, and forming heat,
 The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
 Before th' impenetrable shield was wrought.
 It looks as if the Maker would not own
 The noble work for his,
 Before 'twas try'd and found a master-piece.

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne,
 Alcides thus his race began,
 O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
 The future God at first was more than man:
 Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate
 Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait;
 And there he grappled first with fate:
 In his young hands the hissing snakes he prest,
 So early was the Deity confest;
 Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial
 seat;
 Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
 Like his, our hero's infancy was try'd;
 Betimes the Furies did their snakes provide,
 And to his infant arms oppose
 His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
 The more oppress'd, the higher still he rose:
 Those were the preludes of his fate,
 That form'd his manhood, to subdue
 Thy hydra of the many-headed hissing crew,

XVII.

As, after Numa's peaceful reign,
 The martial Ancus did the sceptre wield,
 Furbish'd the rusty sword again,
 Resum'd the long-forgotten shield,
 And led the Latins to the dusty field;
 So James the drowsy genius wakes
 Of Britain long entranc'd in charms,
 Restless and slumbering on its arms:
 'Tis rous'd, and with a new-strung nerve, the
 spear already shakes.
 No neighing of the warrior steeds,
 No drum, or louder trumpet, needs
 To inspire the coward, warm the cold,
 His voice, his sole appearance makes them bold.
 Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;
 Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
 They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their
 fatal foe,
 Long may they fear this awful prince,
 And not provoke his lingering sword;
 Peace is their only sure defence,
 Their best security his word:
 In all the changes of his doubtful state,
 His truth, like heaven's, was kept inviolate,
 For him to promise is to make it fate.
 His valour can triumph o'er land and main;
 With broken oaths his fame he will not stain;
 With conquest basely bought, and with in-
 glorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O heaven, unfold thy adamantine
 book;
 And let his wondering senate see,
 If not thy firm immutable decree,
 At least the second page of strong contingency;
 Such as consists with wills originally free:
 Let them with glad amazement look
 On what their happiness may be:
 Let them not still be obstinately blind,
 Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,

Or with malignant penury,
To starve the royal virtues of his mind.
Faith is a Christian's and a subject's test,
Oh give them to believe, and they are surely blest.

They do; and with a distant view I see
Th' amended vows of English loyalty.

And all beyond that object, there appears
The long retinue of a prosperous reign,
A series of successful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.

Vol. VI.

Behold ev'n the remoter shores,
A conquering navy proudly spread;
The British cannon formidably rears,
While, starting from his oozy bed,
Th' asserted ocean rears his reverend head;
To view and recognize his ancient lord again:
And, with a willing hand, restores
The fasces of the main.

G

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice countroul,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

T H E

SOLILOQUY OF A ROYAL EXILE.

UNHAPPY I! who, once ordain'd to bear
God's justice sword, and his vicegerent here,
Am now depos'd—'gainst me my children rise,
My life must be their only sacrifice :
Highly they me accuse, but nothing prove ;
But this is out of tenderness and love !

They seek to spill my blood ; 'tis that alone
Must for the nation's crying sins atone.

But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,
And shew'd me that my dangers were extreme ;
The heavenly vision spoke, and bade me flee
Th' ungrateful brood that were not worthy me :
Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time ;
And mere necessity was made my crime !

G ij

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A P O E M.

IN THREE PARTS.

" ———Antiquam exquirite matrem.

" Et vera incessu patuit Dea."

VIRG.

P R E F A C E.]

THE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and though conscience is the common word, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take before-hand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call them either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the se-

veral members of them; at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example; there are some of the church by law established, who envy not liberty of conscience to dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: it is aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those, who are come over to the royal party, are consequently supposed to be out of gun-shot. Our physicians have observed, that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal: and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those, who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince: but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the dissenters in their addresses to his majesty, have said, "That he has restored God to his empire over conscience." I confess, I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness: but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else, but publicly to own, that they suffered not before for conscience-sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a church for those impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies), will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whether that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I

doubt not they will consider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign; who expects a return in specie from them; that the kindness, which he has graciously shewn them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter, and the beginning of this spring; though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad: which if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in hope, that the church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the test, which was one design of the poem, when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended: I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacked in print: and I refer myself to the judgment of those, who have read the Answer to the defence of the late king's papers, and that of the dutchess (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now informed both of the author and supervisors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension, than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those, whom he pretended to answer; and at his leisure, look out for some original treatise of humility, written by any Protestant in English; I believe I may say in any other tongue; for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; though with the omission of the seventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world, that her late highness died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause: for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot fast, because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning

the poem as such, and abstracted from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The first part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The second being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two episodes or fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common-places of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one church against the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART I.

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chac'd with horns and
hounds,

And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death though fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
'Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
'Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cry'd for pardon on their prejudg'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endu'd with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiply'd in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mix'd the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit
surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage re-
strain'd
By sovereign power her company disdain'd;

Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.

'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady fight.
For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloody bear, an independent beast,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.
Among the timorous kind the quaking hare
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon ape, as atheists use,
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose:
Still when the lion look'd, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains level'd in his furious race:
So first rebellion founded was in grace. }
But since the mighty ravage, which he made
In German forest, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,
He shun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the
shame;

So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chac'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd:
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And nature's king through nature's optics
view'd.

Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God descry.
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of antient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse
was gone,

My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith, than three in
one?

Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence?

Can I my reason to my faith compel?
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste, rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers shew the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.

Can they who say the host should be descry'd
By sense, define a body glorify'd?
Impassable, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through th' opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in open
fight.

For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain,
One single place two bodies did contain.
And sure the same omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity?

'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.

For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall
find

'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of some more deep design?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.

God thus asserted, man is to believe
Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit,
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take th' unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why choose we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums, and to compound the small:
For who would break with heaven, and would
not break for all?

Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss:
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.
But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from
thee.

Thou first apostate to divinity.
Unkennel'd range in thy Polonian plains:
A fiercer foe the insatiate wolf remains.
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more,
That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore.
The bear, the boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes de-
vour.

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd face:
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clap'd for shame; but his rough crest he
rears,

And pricks up his predestinating ears.
His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the bestial citizens surprize.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while,
As captain or companion of the spoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen:
The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race;
Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings.
But his innate antipathy to kings.

These last deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
 Who near the Leman-lake his consort lin'd ;
 That fiery Zuinglius first th' affection bred,
 And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.
 In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
 When the proud sanhedrim oppress'd the prince,
 Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
 When Corah with his brethren did conspire
 From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
 And Aaron of his ephod to divest :
 Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
 And could not bear the burden of a class.
 The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
 If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark :
 Perhaps not made ; for all their barking train
 The dog (a common species) will contain.
 And some wild curs, who from their masters

ran,
 Abhorring the supremacy of man,
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd !
 What ills in church and state have you redress'd ?
 With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
 Your first essay was on your native laws :
 Those having torn with ease, and trampled

down,
 Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
 And freed from God and monarchy your town.
 What though your native kennel still be small,
 Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall ;

Yet your victorious colonies are sent
 Where the north ocean girds the continent.
 Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
 In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed :
 And like the first the last affects to be
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
 A rank four herbage rises on the green ;
 So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
 Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
 Such are their doctrines, such contempt they

show
 To heaven above, and to their prince below,
 As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
 God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
 And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
 So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse
 To bite, and only dogs for physic use.

And where the lightning runs along the ground,
 No husbandry can heal the blasting wound ;
 Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,
 But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds :
 Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracts of dearth
 Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.

But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
 Are to their own unhappy coast confin'd ;
 As only Indian shades of light deprive,
 And magic plants will but in Cholchos thrive ;
 So presbytery and pestilential zeal
 Can only flourish in a commonweal.

From Celtic woods is chac'd the wolfish crew ;
 But ah ! some pity ev'n to brutes is due :
 Their native walks methinks they might enjoy,
 Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.

Of all the tyrannies on human-kind,
 The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
 Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,
 'Tis but because we cannot think alike,
 In punishing of this, we overthrow
 The laws of nations and of nature too.
 Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
 Where still the stronger on the weaker prey,
 Man only of a softer mold is made,
 Not for his fellow's ruin but their aid :
 Created kind, beneficent, and free,
 The noble image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was given
 To brutes, th' inferior family of heaven :
 The smith divine, as with a careless bear,
 Struck out the mute creation at a heat :
 But when arriv'd at last to human race,
 The Godhead took a deep considering space ;
 And to distinguish man from all the rest,
 Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast ;
 And mercy mixt with reason did impart,
 One to his head, the other to his heart :
 Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive :
 The first is law, the last prerogative.

And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
 When, issuing naked, to the wondering herd,
 He charm'd their eyes ; and, for they lov'd, they

fear'd :
 Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
 Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
 Or with increase of feet t' o'erake them in

their flight :
 Of easy shape, and pliant every way ;
 Confessing still the softness of his clay,
 And kind as kings upon their coronation day :
 With open hands, and with extended space
 Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.

Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
 His kingdom o'er his kindred world began :
 Till knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,
 And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins ;
 The murderer Cain was latent in his loins :
 And blood began its first and loudest cry,
 For differing worship of the Deity.
 Thus persecution rose, and farther space
 Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
 Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,
 Content to fold them from the famish'd beast :
 Mild were his laws ; the sheep and harmless hind
 Were never of the persecuting kind.

Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
 Such mercy from the British lion flows,
 That both provide protection from their foes.

Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,
 Which never did those monsters entertain !
 The wolf, the bear, the boar, can there advance
 No native claim of just inheritance.
 And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
 May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
 Where birth has plac'd them, let them safely share
 The common benefit of vital air.
 Themselves unarm'd, let them live unarm'd ;
 Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd :

Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
 They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
 More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
 The lion awfully forbids the prey.
 Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine
 fore,
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar :
 Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
 These are the chief : to number o'er the rest,
 And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
 Were weary work ; nor will the Muse describe
 A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe ;
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
 In fields their sullen conventicles found.
 These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave ;
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
 But, if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire :
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay :
 So droffy, so divisible are they,
 As would but serve pure bodies for allay :
 Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
 As only buz to heaven with evening wings ;
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
 They know not beings, and but hate a name ;
 To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
 The Panther, sure the noblest, next the Hind,
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind ;
 Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
 She were too good to be a beast of prey !
 How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend ;
 Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
 Then, like her injur'd lion, let me speak ?
 He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
 Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
 The wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
 She half commits who sins but in her will.
 If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,
 Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
 Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell ;
 So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
 It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.
 Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
 Her clergy heralds make in her defence.
 A second century not half-way run,
 Since the new honours of her blood begun.
 A lion old, obscene, and furious made
 By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade ;
 Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
 Covering adultery with a specious name :
 So schism begot ; and sacrilege and she,
 A well-match'd pair, got graceless heresy.
 God's and king's rebels have the same good cause,
 To trample down divine and human laws :
 Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
 Alike destructive both to church and state :
 The fruit proclaims the plant ; a lawless prince
 By luxury reform'd incontinence ;
 By ruins, charity ; by riots, abstinence.

Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside ;
 Oh with what ease we follow such a guide,
 Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd !
 Where marriage pleasures midnight prayer supply,
 And matin bells, a melancholy cry,
 Are tun'd to merrier notes, increase and multiply.
 Religion shews a rosy-colour'd face ;
 Not batter'd out with drudging works of grace :
 A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
 What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow
 gate, [wait ?
 Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches
 All would be happy at the cheapest rate.
 Though our lean faith these rigid laws has
 given,
 The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heaven ;
 For his Arabian prophet with delights
 Of sense allur'd his eastern proselytes.
 The jolly Luther, reading him, began
 T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran ;
 To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
 And make the paths of Paradise more sweet :
 Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
 For 'twas uneasy traveling alone ;
 And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
 Mistook the bliss of heaven for bacchanals above.
 Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
 Th' etherial pastures with so fair a flock
 Burnish'd, and battenning on their food, to show
 Their diligence of careful herds below.
 Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her
 head,
 Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
 Her front erect with majesty she bore,
 The crozier wielded, and the mitre wore.
 Her upper part of decent discipline
 Shew'd affectation of an ancient line ;
 And fathers, councils, church and church's head,
 Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
 But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
 Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
 Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
 In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.
 To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
 Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
 Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
 At least she leaves the refuse of the bad :
 Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
 And least deform'd, because deform'd the least.
 In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
 Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
 Their contradicting terms she strives to join ;
 Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
 A real presence all her son's allow,
 And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
 Because the Godhead's there they know not
 how.
 Her novices are taught, that bread and wine
 Are but the visible and outward sign,
 Receiv'd by those who in communion join.
 But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,
 His blood and body, who to save us dy'd ;
 The faithful this thing signify'd receive :
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave ?

For what is signify'd and understood,
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
Then, by the same acknowledgement, we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too,
The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood.
But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every wave is tost;
But sure no church can better morals boast.
True to her king her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligation made the tie.
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy,
Before the sounding ax so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine,
She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:
Yet these by fortune's favours are undone;
Resolv'd into a baser form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Isgrimis counsel, her new-chosen mate;
Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all; and those who toil
In common theft, will share the common spoil,
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If she reform by text, ev'n that 's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for every wind:
The bear, the fox, the wolf, by turns prevail;
The most in power supplies the present gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom she first betray'd;
No help from fathers or tradition's train:
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
And by that scripture, which she once abus'd
To reformation, stands herself accus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err;
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.
If then that conscience set th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church authority.
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But scripture may be construed to defend?
Ev'n those, whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil power, her doctrine first acquits;
Because no disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a judge is due;
Each judging for himself by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.

Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human laws.
How answering to its end a church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade!
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house not built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state!

Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A mere mock queen of a divided herd;
Whom soon by lawful power she might controul,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
Now, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Rul'd while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.

One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train:
None of her sylvan subjects made their court;
Levées and couchées pass'd without resort.
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire of more;
The hunger still increases with the store.
Without respect they brush'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome
food,

Ask'd no permission to the neighbouring flood.
The Panther, full of inward discontent,
Since they would go, before them wisely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking first,
As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.
Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering-place,
Nor durst approach; till with an awful roar
The sovereign lion had her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings
nigh,

Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd
Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd;
Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.
They thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas
offence

With them, to question certitude of sense,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they
drew,

And had the faultless object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage re-
strain'd,

Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation shew'd respect.

The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the less they fear'd.
The furlly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him
first:

But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.

For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
To ferney heaths, and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd
To chat a while on their adventures pass'd:

Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.
Yet wondering how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease re-
dress'd,
Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the spotted muff began,

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART II.

DAME, said the Panther, times are mended well,
Since late among the Philistines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground
With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round;
Th' inclosure narrow'd; the sagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
'Tis true, the younger lion scap'd the snare,
But all your priestly calves lay struggling there;
As sacrifices on their altars laid;
While you their careful mother wisely fled,
Nor trusting destiny to save your head.
For whate'er promises you have apply'd
To your unfailing church, the surer side
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to scape so well.

As I remember, said the sober Hind,
Those toils were for your own dear self design'd,
As well as me; and with the self-same throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too,
Forgive the slanderous tongues that call'd you so.
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs'd,
As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,
Because some forms, and ceremonies some
You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long
The test it seems at last has loos'd your tongue.
And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real presence in the sacrament,

After long fencing push'd against a wall.

Your salvo comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change
may fall.

Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be, at a stay?

Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,
Reply'd the Panther: grant such presence were,
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.

A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the sacrament believe.

Then said the Hind, as you the matter state,
Not only Jesuits can equivocate;

For real, as you now the word expound,
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.

Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat;

You know who took the shadow for the meat:

Your church's substance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure still.

I freely grant you spoke to save your life;

For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.

Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,

But, after all, against yourself you swore;

Your former self: for every hour your form

Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.

Thus fear and interest will prevail with some;

For all have not the gift of martyrdom.

The Panther grinn'd at this, and thus reply'd:

That men may err was never yet deny'd.

But, if that common principle be true,

The cannon, dame, is levell'd full at you,

But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see
That wondrous wight Infallibility.
Is he from heaven, this mighty champion, come :
Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome ?
First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,
Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose, though I disown it, said the Hind,
The certain mansion were not yet assign'd :
The doubtful residence no proof can bring
Against the plain existence of the thing.
Because philosophers may disagree,
If sight emission or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see ?
But you require an answer positive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give ;
For fallacies in universals live.

I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In pope and general councils must reside ;
But lawful, both combin'd : what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies :
On this undoubted sense the church relies.
'Tis true, some doctors in a scantier space.
I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
Some, who to greater length extend the line.
The church's after acceptation join.
This last circumference appears too wide ;
The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd ;
As members, by their representatives
Oblig'd to laws, which prince and senate gives.
Thus, some contract, and some enlarge the
space :

In pope and council who denies the place,
Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace ?
Those canons all the needful points contain ;
Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,
That no disputes about the doubtful text
Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd.
If any should in after times appear,
New councils must be call'd, to make the mean-
ing clear :

Because in them the power supreme resides ;
And all the promises are to the guides.
This may be taught with sound and safe defence :
But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
Who, setting councils, pope, and church aside,
Are every man his own presuming guide.
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain :
All who can read interpreters may be :
Thus, though your several churches disagree,
Yet every saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone.
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs ;
Or like wild horses several ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Christian world ;
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse ;
No matter what dissension leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake :
Rul'd by the scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind bye-path in Paradise ;

Where, driving in a circle slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door :
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none ;
But Christ and Moses were to save their own :
Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Though reason good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, said the Panther, I shall ne'er deny
My brethren may be sav'd as well as I :
Though Huguenots condemn our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation ;
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread :
Yet, lady, still remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain.

Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend ;
(Rejoin'd the matron) ; but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow ?
And did not these by gospel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own ?
Have not all heretics the same pretence
To plead the scriptures in their own defence ?
How did the Nicene council then decide
That strong debate ? was it by scripture try'd ?
No, sure ; to that the rebel would not yield ;
Squadrons of texts he marshall'd in the field :
That was but civil war, an equal set,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met,
With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so ?
The good old bishops took a simpler way ;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

The Panther smil'd at this ; and when, said she,
Were those first councils disallow'd by me ?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic ?

Friend, said the Hind, you quit your former
ground,
Where all your faith you did on scripture found :
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.

No, said the Panther ; for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I set them by the rule, and, as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.

(Hind.) The council steer'd, it seems, a differ-
ent course ;

They try'd the scripture by tradition's force :
But you tradition by the scripture try ;
Pursued by sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The world is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the scripture, not the scripture you.

Thus said the dame, and, smiling, thus pursu'd:
 I see, tradition then is disallow'd,
 When not evinc'd by scripture to be true,
 And scripture, as interpreted by you.
 But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
 Unless you could infallibly expound:
 Which you reject as odious popery,
 And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
 Suppose we on things traditive divide,
 And both appeal to scripture to decide;
 By various texts we both uphold our claim,
 Nay, often, ground our titles on the same:
 After long labour lost, and time's expence,
 Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
 Thus all disputes for ever must depend;
 For no dumb rule can controversies end.
 Thus, when you said, Tradition must be try'd
 By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide,
 You said no more, but that yourselves must be
 The judges of the scripture sense, not me.
 Against our church-tradition you declare,
 And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair:
 At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
 The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by scriptures, how can we be sure
 Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure?
 For you may palm upon us new for old:
 All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the dame,
 To whom deriv'd from fire to son they came;
 Where every age does on another move,
 And trusts no farther than the next above,
 Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
 The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies.

Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
 Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
 And said but this: Since lucre was your trade,
 Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made,
 'Tis dangerous climbing: To your sons and you
 I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(Hind.) The Panther's breath was ever fam'd
 for sweet;

But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet:
 You learn'd this language from the blatant beast,
 Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
 As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd:
 You must evince tradition to be forg'd;
 Produce plain proofs; unblemish'd authors use
 As ancient as those ages they accuse;
 Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame:
 An old possession stands, till elder quits the claim.
 Then for our interest, which is nam'd alone
 To load with envy, we retort your own.
 For when traditions in your faces fly,
 Resolving not to yield, you must decry.
 As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
 Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
 So when you stand of other aid bereft,
 You to the twelve apostles would be left,
 Your friend the Wolf did with more craft pro-
 vide

To set these toys traditions quite aside;
 And fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
 He cites them but sometimes for ornament.

But, madam Panther, you, though more sincere,
 Are not so wise as your adulterer:
 The private spirit is a better blind,
 Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
 For they, who left the scripture to the crowd,
 Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
 The way to please them was to make them
 proud.

Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf;
 Who could suspect a cozenage from himself?
 On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,
 Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second hand.
 But you, who fathers and traditions take,
 And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
 Pretending church-authority to fix,
 And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
 Are like a mule made up of differing seed,
 And that's the reason why you never breed;
 At least not propagate your kind abroad,
 For home dissenters are by statutes aw'd.
 And yet they grow upon you every day,
 While you, to speak the best, are at a stay,
 For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle
 way.

Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
 Or mollify a mad brain'd senate's mood:
 Of all expedients never one was good.

Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
 If we must fix on church authority,
 Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood;
 That must be better still, if this be good.
 Shall she command who has herself rebell'd?
 Is antichrist by antichrist expell'd?
 Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
 To set aloft a bastard of the race?

Why all these wars to win the book, if we
 Must not interpret for ourselves, but she?
 Either be wholly slaves or wholly free.
 For purging fires traditions must not fight;
 But they must prove episcopacy's right.
 Thus those led horses are from service freed;
 You never mount them but in time of need.
 Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
 They will not serve against their native prince.
 Against domestic foes of hierarchy.
 These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
 But, when they see their countrymen at hand,
 Marching against them under church com-
 mand,

Straight they forsake their colours, and disband.

Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge
 With weak defence against so strong a charge;
 But said: For what did Christ his word pro-
 vide,

If still his church must want a living guide?
 And if all-saving doctrines are not there,
 Or sacred penmen could not make them clear,
 From after ages who should hope in vain
 For truths, which men inspir'd could not ex-
 plain.

Before the word was written, said the Hind,
 Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human-kind:
 From his apostles the first age receiv'd
 Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.

Thus by tradition faith was planted first;
 Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.
 This was the way our wise Redeemer chose;
 (Who sure could all things for the best dispose)
 To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
 He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
 Th' event would be like that of Moses' law;
 Some difference would arise, some doubts remain
 Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
 No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
 But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure;
 Not those indited by his first command,
 A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
 Thus faith was, e'er the written word appear'd,
 And men believ'd not what they read but heard.
 But since th' apostles could not be confin'd
 To these, or those, but severally design'd
 Their large commission round the world to blow;
 To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.

Yet still their absent flock their pains did share;
 They hearken'd still; for love produces care.
 And as mistakes arose or discords fell,
 Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
 As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
 Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,
 For all their wants they wisely did provide;
 And preaching by epistles was supply'd:
 So great physicians cannot all attend,
 But some they visit, and to some they send.
 Yet all those letters were not writ to all;
 Nor first intended but occasional,
 Their absent sermons; nor if they contain
 All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
 Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
 They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
 And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
 "He darkly writ," is true apply'd to all.
 For this obscurity could heaven provide
 More prudently than by a living guide,
 As doubts arose, the difference to decide?
 A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
 And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
 Thus, with due reverence to th' apostles' writ,
 By which my sons are taught, to which submit;
 I think, those truths, their sacred works contain,
 The church alone can certainly explain;
 That following ages, leaning on the past,
 May rest upon the primitive at last.
 Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
 But none without the church-interpreter.
 Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
 And is itself the subject of dispute.
 But what th' apostles their successors taught,
 They to the text, from them to us is brought,
 Th' undoubted sense which is in scripture sought,
 From hence the church is arm'd, when errors rise,
 To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise;
 And, safe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
 By these all festering sores her councils heal,
 Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;
 For discord cannot end without a last appeal.

Nor can a council national decide,
 But with subordination to her guide:
 (I wish the cause were on that issue try'd.)
 Much less the scripture; for suppose debate
 Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
 Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent;
 (Such is our dying Saviour's testament;)
 The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
 The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead:
 All vouch the words their interest to maintain,
 And each pretends by those his cause is plain.
 Shall then the Testament award the right?
 No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;
 The field of battle, subject of debate;
 The thing contend'd for, the fair estate.
 The sense is intricate; 'tis only clear
 What vowels and what consonants are there.
 Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd
 Before some judge appointed to decide.

Suppose, the fair apostate said, I grant,
 The faithful flock some living guide should want,
 Your arguments an endless chase pursue;
 Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
 This mighty Moses of the chosen crew.

The dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,
 With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;
 And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
 As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
 Pronounc'd his words—"she whom you seek
 am I."

Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
 Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd.
 Then thus the matron modestly renew'd:
 Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
 And see to which of them yourselves think fit
 The conduct of your conscience to submit:
 Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
 With absolute exclusion to the rest:
 Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
 And end, as it began, in anarchy:
 Yourself the fairest for election stand,
 Because you seem crown-general of the land:
 But soon against your superstitious lawn
 Some presbyterian sabre would be drawn:
 In your establish'd laws of sovereignty
 The rest some fundamental flaw would see
 And call rebellion gospel-liberty.
 The church-decrees your articles require
 Submission mollify'd, if not entire.
 Homage deny'd, to censures you proceed;
 But when Curtana will not do the deed,
 You lay that pointless clergy weapon by,
 And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
 Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
 Those prying varlets hit the blots you make,
 Because some ancient friends of yours declare,
 Your only rule of faith the scriptures are,
 Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
 Which every sect will for themselves expound;
 Nor think less reverence to their doctors due
 For sound interpretation, than to you.
 If then, by able heads, are understood
 Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
 Those able heads expound a wiser way,
 That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.

But if you mean yourselves are only sound,
 That doctrine turns the reformation round,
 And all the rest are false reformers found;
 Because in sundry points you stand alone,
 Not in communion join'd with any one;
 And therefore must be all the church or none.
 Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,
 Against this forc'd submission they protest:
 While sound and sound a different sense explains,
 Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;
 And from their chairs each other's force defy,
 While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
 I pass the rest, because your church alone
 Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.
 But neither you, nor any sect beside,
 For this high office can be qualify'd,
 With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide.
 For that, which must direct the whole, must be
 Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
 But all your several churches disagree.
 The consubstantiating church and priest
 Refuse communion to the Calvinist:
 The French reform'd from preaching you re-
 strain,
 Because you judge their ordination vain:
 And so they judge of yours, but donors must or-
 dain.
 In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,
 Not one reform'd can with another join:
 But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
 No union they pretend, but in Non-popery:
 Nor, should their members in a synod meet,
 Could any church presume to mount the seat,
 Above the rest, their discords to decide;
 None would obey, but each would be the guide:
 And face to face dissensions would increase:
 For only distance now preserves the peace.
 All in their turns accusers, and accus'd:
 Babel was never half so much confus'd.
 What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;
 For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
 And all confess themselves are fallible.
 Now since you grant some necessary guide,
 All who can err are justly laid aside:
 Because a trust so sacred to confer
 Shews want of such a sure interpreter;
 And how can he be needful who can err?
 Then granting that unerring guide we want,
 That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant:
 Our Saviour else were wanting, to supply
 Our needs, and obviate that necessity.
 It then remains, that church can only be
 To guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
 Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,
 Relapsing from a necessary guide.
 But this annex'd condition of the crown,
 Immunity from errors, you disown;
 Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pre-
 tensions down.
 For petty royalties you raise debate;
 But this unfailing universal state [weight;
 You shun; nor dare succeed to such a glorious
 And for that cause those promises detest,
 With which our Saviour did his church invest;

Vol. VI.

But strive t' evade, and fear to find them true,
 As conscious they were never meant to you:
 All which the mother church asserts her own,
 And with unrival'd claim ascends the throne.
 So when of old th' almighty father fate
 In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
 Millions of millions at a distance round,
 Silent the sacred consistory crown'd,
 To hear what mercy, mixt with justice, could
 propound:
 All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil
 The full extent of their Creator's will.
 But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
 A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
 And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
 Submissively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd
 crown.
 Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity;
 Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
 A weight which all the frame of heaven had
 bent,
 Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.
 Now, to remove the least remaining doubt.
 That ev'n the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,
 Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
 What from his wardrob'd her belov'd allows
 To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted
 spouse.
 Behold what marks of majesty she brings;
 Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings:
 Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys:
 With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
 With that to assert spiritual loyalty.
 One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
 Entire, one solid shining diamond;
 Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you:
 One is the church, and must be to be true;
 One central principal of unity,
 As undivided, so from errors free,
 As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
 Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting rage
 Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
 Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
 She stoops from heaven, and meets them half
 way down,
 And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
 But like Egyptian forcerers you stand,
 And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
 To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the
 land:
 You could like them, with like infernal force,
 Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.
 But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace
 And public scandal, sat upon the face.
 Themselves attack'd, the Magi strove no more,
 They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
 Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest
 fore.
 Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
 Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
 From east to west triumphantly she rides,
 All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.

H

The gospel-sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.

Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes on my British race;
Our sailing ships like common-sewers we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of
stews.

Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disembody on some far Indian coast:
Thieves, pandars, paillards, sins of every sort;
Those are the manufactures we export;
And these the missionaries our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.

Yet some improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And set a public price on piety.
Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked
shame.

Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we
view,

Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much less the fourth; in vain, alas! you seek
'Th' ambitious title of apostolic:
God-like descent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;
Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,
By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unstable sands:
Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her,
yet she stands.

Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew, when, and how, and from what hands they
grew.

We claim no power, when heresies grow bold,
'To coin new faith, but still declare the old.
How else could that obscene disease be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
'To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more
Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.
'Those monumental arms are never stirr'd.
Till schism and heresy call down Goliath's sword.

Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in truth,
The first plantations of the gospel's youth;
Old standard faith: but cast your eyes again,
And view those errors which new sects maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the church's peaceful
reign;

And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd,

Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith apostolic;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source;
Succession lawful in a lineal course.

Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate.
Shew such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresy.

If such a one you find let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A church unprincipled kicks up the scale.

But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,
To banish truth, and to usurp her place:

That seven successive ages should be lost,
And preach damnation at their proper cost;
That all your erring ancestors should die,
Drown'd in th' abyss of deep idolatry:

If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he sent his Son:

Then think but well of him, and half your work
is done.

See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long-lost son's em-
brace.

Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor less himself could from discovery keep,
When in the crowd of suplicants they were
seen,

And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.
That pious Joseph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuse your gold;
The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you
sold.

Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke;
Shot from the skies; a cheerful nature light:
The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
And graping graves receiv'd the wandering
guilty spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
For James's late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I saw myself the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night:
The messenger with speed the tidings bore:
News, which three labouring nations did re-
store;

But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.

By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell.
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.

The western borders were with crimson spread,
 The moon descending look'd all-flaming red;
 She thought good manners bound her to invite
 The stranger dame to be her guest that night.
 'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast,
 (She said) were weak inducements to the taste
 Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast:
 But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
 A hearty welcome at a homely board,
 Was freely her's; and, to supply the rest,
 An honest meaning, and an open breast:
 Last, with content of mind, the poor man's
 wealth,

A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
 This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
 Because she wanted an unerring guide,
 And then the dew-drops on her silken hide
 Her tender constitution did declare,
 Too lady-like a long fatigue they bear,
 And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
 But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
 Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though she lent a listening ear,
 Had more of lion in her than to fear:
 Yet, wisely weighing, since she had to deal
 With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
 Return'd her all the thanks she could afford:
 And took her friendly hostess at her word:

Who entering first her lowly roof, a shed
 With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,
 Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
 Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest:
 So might these walls, with your fair presence
 blest,

Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;
 Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
 This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
 War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
 Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode
 Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives, a God:
 A God victorious of a Stygian race
 Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctify'd the
 place.

This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain;
 And dare not to debase your soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
 Contempt of wealth, and willful poverty:
 And, though ill habits are not soon controul'd,
 A while suspended her desire of gold.
 But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
 Not violating hospitable laws,
 And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

The Hind did first her country cates provide;
 Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

Hij

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART III.

Much malice mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps, may censure this mysterious writ :
Because the Muse has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beast
unknown,
As if we were not stock'd with monsters of
our own.

Let Æsop answer, who has set to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew ;
And mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
Has sharply blam'd a British Lionsess ;
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep.
Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.

Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply ?
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dangerous guest by night.
Let those remember, that she cannot die
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity ;
Nor need she fear the Panther, though untam'd,
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd :
The wary savage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince ;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry sons in frequent senate met.
Meanwhile she quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten sallad cool'd her blood.

Their commons, though but coarse, were nothing
scant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want,

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove
T' express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past, a sadly pleasing theme ;
Remembering every storm which tofs'd the
state,

When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own chil-
dren's fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake :
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
Her strength t' endure, her courage to defy ;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd ;
Then with acknowledgment herself she charg'd ;
For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity. [say,
Now should they part, malicious tongues would
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd ;
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd ;
But, that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends :
The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The Panther nodded when her speech was
done,

And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone :
But said, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Christian care.

If to the lawful heir she had been true,
 She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
 I might, she added, with like praise describe
 Your suffering suns, and so return your bribe :
 But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd ;
 For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.
 I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away ;
 You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
 And sip the sweets, and bask in your great pa-
 tron's day.

This heard, the matron was not slow to find
 What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind :
 Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despight,
 And canker'd malice, stood in open sight :
 Ambition, interest, pride without controul,
 And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul ;
 Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
 With all the lean tormentors of the will.
 'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
 Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
 Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
 Affected kindness with an alter'd face :
 Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
 As hoping still the nobler parts were sound :
 But strove with anodynes t' assuage the smart,
 And mildly thus her medicine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain ;
 It shews a rest of kindness to complain ;
 A friendship loth to quit its former hold ;
 And conscious merit may be justly bold.
 But much more just your jealousy would shew,
 If others' good were injury to you :
 Witness, ye heavens, how I rejoice to see
 Rewarded worth and rising loyalty.
 Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
 The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
 Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind :
 When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,
 My heaving wishes help to fill the sail ;
 And if my prayers for all the brave were heard.
 Cæsar should still have such, and such should still
 reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and
 till'd ;

'Tis just you reap the product of the field :
 Your's be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
 To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
 Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
 Your charity for alms may safely spare,
 For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
 My daily bread is literally implor'd ;
 I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
 If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
 Say which of yours his charity offends :
 You know he largely gives to more than are
 his friends.

Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor ?
 Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
 I am but few, and by your fare you see
 My crying sins are not of luxury.
 Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
 And makes you break our friendship's holy laws ;
 For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.

Shew more occasion for your discontent ;
 Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent :
 Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
 Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
 When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
 To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
 How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
 And tax the sheep for troubling streams below ;
 Or call her (when no farther cause you find)
 An enemy profess'd of all your kind.
 But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,
 The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink.

'Tis this last allusion gall'd the Panther more,
 Because indeed it rub'd upon the sore. [pain'd :
 Yet seem'd she not to wrinch, though shrewdly
 But thus her passive characters maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
 Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
 You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
 But I am always on the suffering side :
 You know my doctrine, and I need not say
 I will not, but I cannot disobey.

On this firm principle I ever stood ;
 He of my sons who fails to make it good,
 By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.

Ah, said the Hind, how many sons have you,
 Who call you mother, whom you never knew !
 But most of them who that relation plead,
 Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead,
 They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
 And fain would nibble at your grand-dame Gold
 Inquire into your years, and laugh to find
 Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd.
 Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
 A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
 No more of kin to you than you to me.
 Do you not know, that for a little coin,
 Herald can foist a name into the line ?
 They ask you blessing but for what you have,
 But once possess'd of what with care you save,
 The wanton boys would piss upon your grave.

Your sons of latitude that court your grace,
 Though most resembling you in form and face,
 Are far the worst of your pretended race.
 And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
 Pray God you prove them lawfully begot :
 For in some popish libels I have read,
 The Wolf has been too busy in your bed ;
 At least her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
 The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
 Their malice too a sore suspicion brings ;
 For though they dare not bark, they snarl at
 kings :

Nor blame them for intruding in your line ;
 Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.

Think you your new French proselytes are come
 To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home ?
 Your benefices twinkled from afar ;
 They found the new Messiah by the star :
 Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
 And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
 Mark with what management their tribes divide,
 Some stick to you, and some to t' other side,
 That many churches may for many mouths pro-
 vide.

More vacant pulpits would more convents make;
 All would have latitude enough to take:
 The rest unbenefic'd your sects maintain;
 For ordinations without cures are vain,
 And chamber practice is a silent gain.
 Your sons of breadth at home are much like
 these;

Their soft and yielding metals run with ease:
 They melt, and take the figure of the mould:
 But harden and preserve it best in gold.

Your Delphic sword, the Panther then replied,
 Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side,
 Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
 Three steeples argent is a fable field,
 Have sharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
 Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
 Such who themselves of no religion are,
 Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
 Bare lies with bold assertions they can face;
 But dint of argument is out of place.
 The grim logician puts them in a fright;
 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.

Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
 They say the schism of beds began the game,
 Divorcing from the church to wed the dame;
 Though largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,
 That conscience, conscience would not let him rest:
 I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
 And old, uncharming Catharine was remov'd.
 For sundry years before he did complain,
 And told his ghostly confessor his pain.

With the same impudence, without a ground,
 They say that, look the reformation round,
 No treatise of humility is found.
 But if none were, the gospel does not want;
 Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
 The sermon on the mount was protestant.

No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as sure as all
 The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
 On that decision let it stand or fall.
 Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed
 Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
 Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
 If since their change their loaves have been in-
 creas'd.

The lion buys no converts; if he did,
 Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
 Tax those of interest who conform for gain,
 Or stay the market of another reign:
 Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
 To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;
 But rais'd three steeples higher would change
 their note.

And quit the cassock for the canting-coat,
 Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
 Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.
 Meantime my sons accus'd, by fame's report,
 Pay full attendance at the Lion's court,
 Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;
 For silently they beg who daily wait.
 Preferment is bestow'd, that comes unsought;
 Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
 How they should speed, their fortune is untry'd;
 For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.

For what they have, their God and king they
 bless,

And hope they should not murmur, had they less.
 But if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
 In common prudence they would pass your door,
 Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
 Has shewn how far your charities extend.

This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
 "He sham'd you living and upbraids you dead."

With odious atheist names you load your foes;
 Your liberal clergy why did I expose?
 It never fails in charities like those.

In climes where true religion is profess'd,
 That imputation were no laughing jest.
 But Imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
 Is here sufficient licence to defame.

What wonder is 't that black detraction thrives;
 The homicide of names is less than lives;
 And yet the perjur'd murderer survives.

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
 The boiling indignation of her breast.

She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
 Pollute her satire with ignoble blood:
 Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
 So when the generous lion has in fight
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
 But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
 He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
 And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
 Walks over and disdains th' inglorious prey.

So James, if great with less we may compare,
 Arrests his rolling thunder-bolts in air;
 And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
 T' implore the remnants of long-suffering grace.

This breathing-time the matron took; and
 then

Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.
 Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
 And let heaven judge betwixt your sons and
 mine:

If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
 With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
 Then welcome infamy and public shame,
 And, last, a long farewell to wordly fame.

'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly try'd
 By haughty souls to human honour ty'd!

O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!

Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
 And what thou didst and dost so dearly prize,
 That fame, that darling fame, make that thy
 sacrifice.

'Tis nothing thou hast given, then add thy tears
 For a long race of unrepenting years:

'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give:

Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:

Yet nothing still; then poor, and naked come:

Thy father will receive his unthrifty home,

And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the
 mighty sum.

Thus (she pursued) I discipline a son,
 Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run:
 He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
 And flarts aside, and flounders at the cross.

Instruct him better, gracious God! to know,
As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too.
That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no
more
Than what his sovereign bears, and what his Sa-
viour bore.

It now remains for you to school your child,
And ask why God's anointed he revil'd;
A king and princess dead! did Shimei worse?
The curser's punishment should fright the curse:
Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
But he who counsel'd him has paid the score:
The heavy malice could no higher tend,
But woe to him on whom the weights descend!
So to permitted ills the dæmon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies:
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
The foe discharges every tire around,
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;
To that long story little answer needs:
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,
What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
Which from the cause he calls a distant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the sun to
light.

Now let your sons a double psalm sound,
A treatise of humility is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,
Than thus in protestant procession brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Roderiguez' work, my celebrated son,
Which yours, by ill-translating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
My altars kindled first that living coal;
Restore or practise better what you stole:
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
'Tis all the restitution I require.

Glad was the Panther that the charge was
clos'd,

And none of all her favourite sons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himself a saviour where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whose hands he sell;
But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private person in the foe's estate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet christian laws allow not such redress;
Then let the greater supersede the less.
But let th' abettors of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight,
A spotted dam, and all her offspring white.

The Savage, though she saw her plea control'd,
Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,
And judge conversion by the convert's life.

'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange,
So few should follow profitable change:
For present joys are more to flesh and blood,
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.

'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliss;
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow.
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
It shows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inference would be strong (the Hind re-
ply'd)

If yours were in effect the suffering side:
Your clergy's sons their own in peace possess,
Nor are their prospects in reversion less.
My proselytes are struck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their
head;

The respite they enjoy but only lent,
The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.
Be judge yourself, if interest may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,
That is, till man's predominant passions cease,
Admire no longer at my slow increase,

By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.
The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But interest is the most prevailing cheat,
The fly seducer both of age and youth;
They study that, and think they study truth.
When interest fortifies an argument,
Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent;
For souls, already warp'd, receive an easy bent.
Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cause,
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief among the still-mistaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
And more than all the private judge allow'd;
Disdain of fathers which the dance began,
And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile:
Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without control,
Among my sons for proselytes to prowl,
And here and there you snap some silly soul.
You hinted fears of future change in state;
Pray heaven you did not prophesy your fate!
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may mistake the season of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear.

For charity, reply'd the matron, tell
What sad mischance those pretty birds beset.
Nay, no mischance, the Savage Dame reply'd,
But want of wit in their unnerving guide,

And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy
pride.

Yet wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds, as men's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold :
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
'Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine.

This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest :
Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year ;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct, or prophesy, she knew :
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven, and warmer climes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight ;
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair :
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings, and trust them-
selves in air.

But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to
know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their
flight.

And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night :
Next morn they rose, and set up every sail ;
The wind was fair, but blew a Mackrel gale :
The sickly young sat shivering on the shore,
Abhor'd salt-water never seen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day.

With these the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird ;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity design'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and Code,
And fathers which he never understood :
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in,
Her household chaplain, and her next of kin :
In superstition silly to excess,
And casting schemes by planetary guests :
In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not : so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price ;
A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of rising waters, and a troubled stream,
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
With something more, not lawful to express :

By which he slyly seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.

For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot :
The mad divinerefs had plainly writ,
A time should come, but many ages yet,
In which, sinister destinies ordain,
A dame should drown with all her feather'd
train,

And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian } [main.
At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.

'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort
Made all these idle wonderments their sport :
They said, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could say,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time
away.

The passage yet was good ; the wind, 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than usual equinoxes blew.
The sun, already from the scales declin'd,
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worse of weather and
of wind.

Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on sails to dry.

But, least of all, philosophy presumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes :
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight
round,

Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream :
As little weight his vain presages bear,
Of ill effect to such alone who fear :
Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
Each Nostradamus can foretel with ease :
Not naming persons and confounding times,
One casual truth supports a thousand lying
rhymes.

Th' advice was true ; but fear had seiz'd the } [most,
And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
The question crudely put to shun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the major part to slay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His power, and from a priest became a prince.
He order'd all things with a busy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large provisions laid of winter fare :
But row and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heaven some miracle might show,
And for their sakes the sun should backward go ;
Against the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime :
For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.
In expectation of such times as these,
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of ease :
For Martin much devotion did not ask ;
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd, as beyond the reach of wit
 Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit,
 That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
 Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
 Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,
 Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind,
 (For Swifles or for Gibeonites design'd,) }
 These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
 To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring plain;
 And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
 New blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise;
 As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
 Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year:
 The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
 With glittering beams, and in the meads below
 The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold }
 to flow.

At last they heard the foolish Cuckow sing,
 Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
 And repossess their patrimonial sky.

The priest before them did his wings display;
 And, that good omens might attend their way,
 As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day. }

Who but the Swallow triumphs now alone?
 The canopy of heaven is all her own:

Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
 And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
 And dip for insects in the purling springs,
 And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.
 Their mothers think a fair provision made,
 That every son can live upon his trade:
 And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
 Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
 The youthful widow longs to be supply'd;
 But first the lover is by lawyers ty'd
 To settle jointure-chimnies on the bride. }
 So thick they couple in so short a space,
 That Martin's marriage-offerings rise apace.
 Their ancient houses, running to decay,
 Are furbish'd up and cemented with clay;
 They teem already; store of eggs are laid,
 And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.

Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls ap- }
 pear

In flocks to greet the new returning year,
 To bless the founder, and partake the cheer. }

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)
 To plant abroad and people colonies.

The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
 (For so their cruel destiny requir'd)

Were sent far off on an ill-fated day;
 The rest would needs conduct them on their way, }
 And Martin went, because he fear'd alone to
 stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
 That now their afternoon began to waste;
 And, what was ominous, that very morn
 The Sun was enter'd into Capricorn;
 Which, by their bad astronomer's account,
 That week the Virgin Balance should remount.
 An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
 And hid the small remainders of his day.
 The crowd, amaz'd, pursued no certain mark;
 But birds met birds, and jostled in the dark;

Few mind the public in a panic fright;
 And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
 Night came, but unattended with repose;
 Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close:
 Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars }
 arose.

What should they do, beset with dangers }
 round

No neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,
 But bleak plains, and bare unhospitable ground. }

The latter brood, who just began to fly,
 Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,

For succour to their helpless mother call;
 She spreads her wings; some few beneath them }

crawl; [all.]

She spread them wider yet, but could cover
 T' augment their woes, the winds began to move

Debate in air for empty fields above,
 Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain

His rattling hailstones mix'd with snow and rain.

The joyless morning late arose, and found
 A dreadful desolation reign around, }

Some bury'd in the snow, some frozen to the
 ground.

The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
 The Crows and Ravens rights, an undefended

prey:

Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree:

But, soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
 He headed all the rabble of a town, }

And finish'd them with bats, or poll'd them
 down.

Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd
 For treasonous crimes, because the laws provide }

No Martin there in winter shall abide.

High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;

And there his corpse unblest'd is hanging still,
 To show the change of winds with his prophetic
 bill.

The patience of the Hind did almost fail;
 For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:

Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
 In malice it began, by malice grows; [rose.] }

He sow'd the Serpent's teeth, an iron-harvest
 But most in Martin's character and fate, }

She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
 The people's rage, the persecuting state:

Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part:

You clear your conscience, or at least your heart:
 Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,

For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:

As for my sons, the family is bless'd,
 Whose every child is equal to the rest:

No church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
 Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:

Or else an old fanatic author lies,
 Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries.

But through your parable I plainly see

The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;

The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight:

Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.

Mistake me not; the charge concerns not you.
 Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,

As far as non-resistance makes them so;
But that's a word of neutral sense, you know,
A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.

Rest well assur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
My sons would all support the regal side,
Though heaven forbid the cause by battle should
be try'd.

The Matron answer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus pursued her argument again.
If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practise what yourselves profess,
What angry power prevents our present peace?
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires (and kings' desires are ill withstood)
To join our nations in a lasting love;
The bars betwixt are easy to remove;
For sanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly.
Make not a worse example of your own;
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood.
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor edge on life.

Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion's joins;
Your finger is more gross than the great mo-
narch's loins.

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first reformers' coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjust, or just, is all the question now;
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test, would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet still remember, that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your sovereign lord;
Design'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and dis-heir the crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.

What means it else, which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away?

Suppose some great oppressor had, by flight
Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,
Your common fire surrendering a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he rendered back
the gold.

What more could you have done, than now you
do,
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their plot, been true?
Some specious reasons for those wrongs were
found;

Their dire magicians threw their mists around,
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.

But now, when time has made th' imposture
plain, [held her train]
(Late though he follow'd truth, and limping
What new delusion charms your cheated eyes
again?)

The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with
itch?

The first reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state,
They suffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the sovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is
bare,

Your answer is, they were not dispossest;
They need but rub their metal on the test
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone;
But that unfaithful test unsound will pass,
The dross of atheists, and sectarian brass:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For base production, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
No danger to the church or state from these;
The papist only has his writ of ease.

No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
To thrive; but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.

Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble race
We banish not, but they forsake the place;
Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,
You toss your 'censing test, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the Panther sharply had reply'd;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
Because she sued *in forma pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent something should be said;
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you
bring,

As once Æneas to th' Italian king:
By long possession all the land is mine;
You strangers come with your intruding line,
To share my sceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him on ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful seat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plausibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in succeeding space,
Those household puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps some barbarous laws have been preferr'd;
I spake against the test, but was not heard;

These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious sovereign would my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more.

Conscience is then your plea, reply'd the dame,
Which well inform'd will ever be the same.
But yours is much of the camelion hue,
To change the die with every distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey:
He might have had your statutes and your test;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the sects essay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move
his heart.

But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of heaven's unbounded grace;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence your Egypt was supply'd,
You thought your sovereign bound to send the
tide:

Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king:
Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span;
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
And make a wise alliance with her foes.
Can Conscience own th' associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.
But if the cause by battle should be try'd,
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O Proteus conscience, never to be ty'd!
What Phœbus from the Tripod shall disclose,
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie;
Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,
But Interest is her name with men below.

Conscience or Interest be't, or both in one,
(The Panther answer'd in a surly tone)
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our test excludes your tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land;
And once let in, with unresisted sway,
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity:
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
Possess your soul with patience, and attend:
A more auspicious planet may ascend;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witness all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:

That little space you safely may allow;
Your all-dispensing power protects you now.

Hold, said the Hind, 'tis needless to explain;
You would postpone me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjust:
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For present profit and inheritance.
Few words will serve to finish our dispute;
Who will not now repeal, would persecute.
To ripen green revenge, your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier planet would ascend.
For shame, let Conscience be your plea no more:
To will hereafter, proves she might before:
But she's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.

Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatening floods and inundations near;
If so, a just reprimand would only be
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;
And all your jealousies but serve to show,
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low,
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to distrust the justice of your cause;
And argues that the true religion lies
In those weak adversaries you despise.

Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;
The sound is frightful in a christian's ear:
Avert it, heaven! nor let that plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled continent.

But piety commands me to refrain;
Those prayers are needless in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
And yet—

And yet, 'tis but because you must;
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd t' enlarge
On power of kings, and their superior charge,
As heaven's trustees before the people's choice,
Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echos given of her once-loyal
voice.

The Matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
But could not win; her hour of grace was past.
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally:
Which well she hop'd would more successful prove,
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther ask'd, what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?
The Dame reply'd: 'Tis sung in every street,
The common chat of gossips when they meet:
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholesome tale, though told in homely
style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood,
 (So few deserve the name of plain and good)
 Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,
 And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
 Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
 Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth :
 At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
 Was never known a more adventurous knight,
 Who oft'ner drew his sword, and always for the
 right.

As fortune would (his fortune came, though late)
 He took possession of his just estate :
 Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent ;
 Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent ;
 But overlook'd his Hinds ; their pay was just,
 And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust :
 Slow to resolve, but in performance quick ;
 So true, that he was awkward at a trick.
 For little souls on little shifts rely,
 And cowards arts of mean expedients try ;
 The noble mind will dare do any thing but lye.
 False friends, his deadliest foes, could find no way
 But shows of honest bluntnefs, to betray :
 That unsuspected plainness he believ'd ;
 He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.
 Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,
 Or heaven would make a miracle on earth ;
 For prosperous honesty is seldom seen
 To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
 It looks as fate with nature's law would strive,
 To shew plain-dealing once an age may thrive :
 And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
 Exceeded her commission to befriend.

This grateful man, as heaven increas'd his store,
 Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
 His house with all convenience was purvey'd ;
 The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric where he
 pray'd ;

And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
 Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

Nor did their alms extend to those alone,
 Whom common faith more strictly made their
 own ;

A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
 Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
 Though some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
 The greater part degenerate from their kind ;
 Voracious birds that hotly bill and breed,
 And largely drink, because on salt they feed.
 Small gain from them their bounteous owner
 draws ;

Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause,
 As corporations privileg'd by laws.

That house which harbour to their kind affords,
 Was built, long since, God knows, for better birds ;
 But fluttering there they nestle near the throne,
 And lodge in habitations not their own,
 By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
 Like Harpies they could scent a plenteous board,
 Then to be sure they never fail'd their lord :
 The rest was form, and bare attendance paid ;
 They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
 The more they fed, they raven'd still for more ;
 They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.

All this they had by law, and none repin'd ;
 The preference was but due to Levi's kind :
 But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
 The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
 When once possess'd, they never quit their claim ;
 For then 'tis sanctify'd to heaven's high name ;
 And hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent,
 The gift should be prophan'd by worldly manage-
 ment.

Their flesh was never to the table serv'd ;
 Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were
 starv'd ;

But that their master did not like the food,
 As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
 Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
 Ey'n though they were not doves, to persecute :
 Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
 Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.
 Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
 Which new from treading in their bills they
 brought :

But left his Hinds each in his private power, [flour.
 That those who like the bran might leave the
 He for himself, and not for others, chose,
 Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose ;
 But in their faces his devotion paid,
 And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
 And sacred incense on his altars laid.

Besides these jolly birds, whose corpse impure
 Repaid their commons with their salt-manure ;
 Another farm he had behind his house,
 Not overstock'd, but barely for his use :
 Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
 And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
 Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
 Beheld these inmates, and their nurseries :
 Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn
 A cruise of water and an ear of corn ;
 Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought.
 A sheaf in every single grain was brought.
 Fain would they filch that little food away,
 While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey.
 And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall,
 The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall :
 That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
 And clap his wings, and call his family
 To sacred rites ; and vex th' etherial powers
 With midnight matins at uncivil hours ;
 Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
 Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.
 Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
 Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light !
 What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
 Could he not let a bad example die ?
 The world was fallen into an easier way ;
 This age knew better than to fast and pray.
 Good sense in sacred worship would appear
 So to begin, as they might end the year.
 Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
 Of crowning Chanticleers in cloyster'd walls.
 Expell'd for this, and for their lands they fled ;
 And sister Partlet with her hooded head
 Was hooted hence, because she would not pray
 a-bed.

The way to win the restiff world to God,
Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
Unnatural fasts, and foreign-forms of prayer :
Religion frights us with a mien severe.
'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
And put her in undress to make her please :
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.

Such doctrines in the pigeon-house were taught :
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought ;
But sure the common cry was all for these,
Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease.
Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail ;
For vice, though frontless, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful grace,

An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours }
true ;

And this grotesque design expos'd to public view. }
One would have thought it some Egyptian }
piece,

With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies. }
All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to strike.

Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small
To view the monster crowded pigeon-hall.

There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adorning shrines, and stocks of fainted trees ;
And by him, a mis-shapen, ugly race ;

The curse of God was seen on every face :
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But still the worse the look, the fitter for a fiend.

The master of the farm, displeas'd to find
So much of rancour in so mild a kind,
Inquir'd into the cause, and came to know,
The passive church had struck the foremost }
blow ;

With groundless fears and jealousies possess'd, }
As if this troublesome intruding guest }
Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest. }
A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd ;
But interest will not trust, though God should }
plight his word.

A law, the source of many future harms,
Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms ;
With loss of life, if any should be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.

That bloody statute chiefly was design'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind ;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise :
By which unrighteously it was decreed, }
That none to trust or profit should succeed, }
Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked }
weed :

Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,
Or henbane juice to swell them till they burst.

The patron (as in reason) thought it hard }
To see this inquisition in his yard, [barr'd. }
By which the sovereign was of subjects' use de-

All gentle means he try'd, which might with-
draw

Th' effects of so unnatural a law :
But still the dove-house obstinately stood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours' }
good ;

And which was worse, if any worse could be,
Repented of their boasted loyalty :
Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
And drunk with fumes of popular applause ;
For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays ;
And emissary Pigeons had in store,
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
To whisper counsels in their patron's ear ;
And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.
The master smil'd, to see them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign :
He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts :
But they abus'd that grace to make allies, }
And fondly clos'd with former enemies ; }
For fools are doubly fools, endeavouring to }
be wise.

After a grave consult what course were best,
One, more mature in folly than the rest,
Stood up, and told them with his head aside,
That desperate cures must be to desperate ills }
apply'd :

And therefore, since their main impending fear
Was from th' increasing race of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profess'd to him, and all his kind :
Some haggard Hawk, who had her cyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly :
One they might trust, their common wrongs to }
wreak :

The Musquet and the Coystrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon ; but, above the rest,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best ;
Of small renown, 'tis true ; for, not to lye,
We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.

I know he hates the Pigeon-house and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm :
But all his hate on trivial points depends :
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.
For Pigeons flesh he seems not much to care ;
Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sovereign sway :
Petition him t' accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.

This pithy speech prevail'd ; and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.
Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard, }
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd, }
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his }
guard.

He came, and, crown'd with great solemnity,
God save king Buzzard ! was the general cry.

A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height :

Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer :
 Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter :
 Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight ;
 A prophet form'd to make a female profelyte.
 A theologue more by need than genial bent ;
 By breeding sharp, by nature confident,
 Interest in all his actions was discern'd ;
 More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd :
 Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
 Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled :
 But brought the virtues of his heaven along ;
 A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
 And yet with all his arts he could not thrive ;
 The most unlucky parasite alive.

Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
 And then himself pursued his compliment ;
 But, by reverse of fortune chas'd away,
 His gifts no longer than their author stay :
 He shakes the dust against th' ungrateful race,
 And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
 Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same ;
 For in his rage he spares no sovereign's name :
 The hero and the tyrant change their style
 By the same measure that they frown or smile.
 When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
 The kindness he returns, is to expose ;
 For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great,
 No gratitude in felon minds beget ;
 As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
 His praise of foes is venomously nice :
 So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice :

" A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice."
 Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,
 Because he knows confession stands for one ;
 Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
 And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd :
 But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
 Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul ;
 Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his crimes,
 And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
 Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
 Invulnerable in his impudence,
 He dares the world ; and eager of a name,
 He thrusts about, and jostles into fame.
 Frontless, and satire-proof, he scowrs the streets,
 And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
 So fond of loud report, that not to miss
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
 He rather would be known for what he is.

Such was, and is, the Captain of the Test,
 Though half his virtues are not here express'd ;
 The modesty of fame conceals the rest.
 The spleenful Pigeons never could create
 A prince more proper to revenge their hate ;
 Indeed, more proper to revenge than save.
 A king, whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave :
 For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
 But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud ;
 Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce the
 crowd.

They long their fellow-subjects to intral,
 Their patron's promise into question call,
 And vainly think he meant to make them lords
 of all.

False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
 As if the Doves were to be dispossest ;
 Nor sighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes, did
 want ;

For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
 The house of prayer is stock'd with large in-
 crease ;

Nor doors nor windows can contain the press ;
 For birds of every feather fill th' abode ;
 Ev'n atheists, out of envy, own a God :
 And reeking from the stews adulterers come,
 Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.
 That Conscience, which to all their crimes was
 mute,

Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute :
 No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,
 And much the less, because it was their Lord's re-
 quest :

They thought it great their sovereign to controul,
 And nam'd their pride, nobility of soul.

'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
 Where short of power, their purpose to effect :
 But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
 And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food ;
 And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
 Though naming not the patron, to infer
 With all respect, he was a gross idolater.

But when th' imperial owner did espy,
 That thus they turn'd his grace to villainy,
 Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,
 He strove a temper for th' extremes to find.
 So to be just, as he might still be kind ;
 Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
 Of sacred strength for every age to come.
 By this the doves their wealth and state possess,
 No rights infringing, but licence to oppress :
 Such power have they as factious lawyers long
 To crowns ascrib'd, that kings can do no wrong.
 But since his own domestic birds have try'd
 The dire effects of their destructive pride,
 He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
 Concluding well within his kingly breast,
 His fowls of nature too unjustly were oppress'd.
 He therefore makes all birds of every sect
 Free of his farm, with promise to respect
 Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.
 His gracious edict the same franchise yields
 To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
 And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples
 builds :

To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
 And Coughs and Daws, and such republic birds :
 Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
 Each has his district, and his bounds decreed :
 Combin'd in common interest with his own,
 But not to pass the Pigeons Rubicon.

Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove ;
 All prophecies accomplish'd from above,
 For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.
 Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
 Like Dionisius to a private rod,
 The passive church, that with pretended grace
 Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
 Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
The small beginnings had a large increase,
And arts and wealth succeed, the secret spoils
of peace.

'Tis said, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the smiths of their own foolish fate:
Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour;
But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in power:
Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the silence of decay.

The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;
To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
And all together make a seeming goodly flight:
But each have separate interests of their own;
Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
Nor can th' usurper long abstain from food;
Already he has tasted Pigeons blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord shall late to heaven repair.

Bare bending times, and moulting months may
come,

When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress;
The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling
feast.

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose:
For now the streaky light began to peep;
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The dame withdrew, and wishing to her guest
The peace of heaven, betook herself to rest.
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
With glorious visions of her future state.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

A POEM ON THE PRINCE,

BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688.

Our vows are heard betimes, and heaven takes
care

To grant, before we can conclude the prayer :
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.

Just on the day, when the high-mounted sun
Did farthest in its northern progress run,
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the
sphere

Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born ;
That was the business of his longest morn ;
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.

Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes th' auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.

Last solemn sabbath saw the Church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend ;
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a blessing to so good a king,
None but th' Eternal Comforter could bring.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once in council to create our sire ?

It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast ;
And on their sacred anniverſe decreed
To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union show'd :
The mighty trine the triple empire shar'd :
As every person would have one to guard.

Hail, Son of prayers ! by holy violence
Drawn down from heaven ; but long be banish'd
thence,

And late to thy paternal skies retire :
To mend our crimes, whole ages would require ;
To change th' inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike fire begins.
Kind heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.

The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve ;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
To keep possession, and secure the line ;
But long defer the honours of thy fate :
Great may they be like his, like his be late ;
That James his running century may view,
And give this Son an auspice to the new.

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay :
For see the dragon winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.

Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
 Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
 The snakes besieg'd his young divinity :
 But vainly with their forked tongues they threat ;
 For opposition makes a hero great.

To needful succour all the good will run,
 And Jove assert the godhead of his Son.

O still repining at your present state,
 Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
 Look up, and read in characters of light
 A blessing sent you in your own despatch.
 The manna falls, yet that celestial bread [feed
 Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you
 May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
 Yet forty years to wander in the wild !
 Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
 To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest !

Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
 What plants will take the blight, and what will
 grow,

By tracing heaven, his footsteps may be found :
 Behold ! how awfully he walks the round !
 God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
 The rise of empires, and their fall surveys ;
 More, might I say, than with an usual eye,
 He sees his bleeding church in ruin lie, [cry.
 And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar }
 Already has he lifted high the sign,
 Which crown'd the conquering arms of Constan-
 tine :

The moon grows pale at that presaging sight,
 And half her train of stars have lost their light.

Behold another Sylvester, to bless
 The sacred standard, and secure success ;
 Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
 As fills and crowds his universal seat.
 Now view at home a second Constantine
 (The former too was of the British line) ;
 Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
 Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd ?
 O, did not heaven by its eternal doom
 Permit those evils, that this good might come ?
 So manifest, that ev'n the moon-ey'd sects
 See whom and what this Providence protects.
 Methinks, had we within our minds no more
 Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,
 That only thought may make us think again,
 What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
 To dream that chance his preservation wrought,
 Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought ;
 Or the surviving eight were not design'd
 To people earth, and to restore their kind.

When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
 The manly lines of a majestic face
 Give awful joy : 'tis paradise to look
 On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book :
 In the first opening page so charms the sight,
 Think how th' unfolded volume will delight !
 See how the venerable infant lies
 In early pomp ; hew through the mother's eyes
 The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
 Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
 See on his future subjects how he smiles,
 No meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles ;

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But with an open face, as on his throne,
 Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own :
 Born in broad day-light, that th' ungrateful rout
 May find no room for a remaining doubt ;
 Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
 And the true eaglet safely dares the sun. [birth,

Fain would the fiends have made a dubious
 Loth to confess the Godhead cloath'd in earth :
 But sicken'd after all their baffled lies,
 To find an heir apparent in the skies :
 Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
 And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.

Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
 When the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away ;
 He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden face,
 Shining with all his goddess mother's grace :
 For she herself had made his countenance bright,
 Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple
 light.

If our victorious Edward, as they say,
 Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
 Why may not years revolving with his fate
 Produce his like, but with a longer date ?
 One, who may carry to a distant shore
 The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
 But why should James or his young hero stay
 For slight presages of a name or day ?
 We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
 That happy moment when our prince was born :
 Our prince adorns this day, and ages hence
 Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.

Great Michael, prince of all th' ætherial hosts,
 And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts ;
 And thou, th' adopted patron of our isle,
 With cheerful aspects on this infant smile :
 The pledge of heaven, which, dropping from above,
 Secures our blifs, and reconciles his love.

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
 When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught ;
 Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
 Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire, }
 But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire. }
 Then perjur'd plots, the still impending test,
 And worse—but charity conceals the rest :
 Here stop the current of the sanguine flood ;
 Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood ;
 But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
 Spread a rich harvest through their native soil ;
 A harvest ripening for another reign,
 Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.

Enough of early saints one womb has given ;
 Enough increas'd the family of heaven :
 Let them for his, and our atonement go ;
 And, reigning blest above, leave him to rule below,

Enough already has the year foreshow'd
 His wonted course, the sea has overflow'd,
 The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
 And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing :
 The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
 And the same shivering sweat his lord attaints.
 When will the minister of wrath give o'er ?
 Behold him at Araunah's threshing-floor :
 He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming brand,
 Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's hand

David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.

Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys sin-
No future ills nor accidents appear } cere;
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.
Five months to discord and debate were given:
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be blest,
And prelude to the realms perpetual rest!

Let his baptismal drops for us atone;
Lustrations for offences not his own.
Let Conscience, which is interest ill disguis'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land
baptiz'd.

Un-nam'd as yet; at least unknown to fame:
Is there a strife in heaven about his name;
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To shun the spells and sorceries of those,
Who durst her infant majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes;
'This isle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
Th' artillery of heaven shall make him known;
Crete could not hold the God, when Jove was
grown.

As Jove's increase, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might controul,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood:
But kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd when the sudden blast,
The face of heaven, and our young Sun o'ercast!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, despair, and death, at three reprises told:
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but, mounted
high,

The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black rebellion shooting from below
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow) }
And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplez of grief! so low were driven
The saints, as hardly to defend their heaven.

As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook;
Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on
fate.

By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.

So, ere the Shunamite a son conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and
mourn'd,

Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul, return'd.

Thus mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past:
For heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career.
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass,
With sparing hands will diet us to good:
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays them long.

True, this last blessing was a royal feast;
But where's the wedding garment on the guest?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the present ark their guard;
But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, though his ark was
there.

Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the blessings of a day!
For we have sinn'd him hence; and that he lives,
God to his promise, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty
scale,

But James and Mary, and the church, prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.

By living well, let us secure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
But charity, and great examples gain.

Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day.
'Tis god-like God in his own coin to pay.

But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged
sphere,

Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year :

You, who your native climate have bereft

Of all the virtues, and the vices left ;

Whom piety and beauty make their boast,

Though beautiful is well in pious lost ;

So lost as star-light is dissolv'd away,

And melts into the brightness of the day ;

Or gold about the royal diadem,

Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.

What can we add to your triumphant day ?

Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.

For should our thanks awake the rising sun,

And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,

That, though the longest day, would soon, too
soon be done.

Let angels voices with their harps conspire,

But keep th' auspicious infant from the choir ;

Late let him sing above, and let us know

No sweeter music than his cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, great monarch, more

Than such an annual income to your store ;

The day which gave this unit, did not shine

For a less omen, than to fill the trine.

After a prince, an admiral beget ;

The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.

Our isle has younger titles still in store,

And when th' exhausted land can yield no
more,

Your line can force them from a foreign shore.

The name of great your martial mind will
suit ;

But justice is your darling attribute :

Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's due,

And in him, Plutarch prophesy'd of you.

A prince's favours but on few can fall,

But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some kings the name of conquerors have as-
sum'd,

Some to be great, some to be gods presum'd ;

But boundless power, and arbitrary lust,

Made tyrants still abhor the name of just ;

They shunn'd the praise this godlike virtue gives

And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.

The power, from which all kings derive their
state,

Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,

Is equal both to punish and reward ;

But few would love their God, unless they
fear'd.

Resistless force and immortality

Make but a lame, imperfect, deity :

Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,

And deathless being ev'n the damn'd enjoy ;

And yet heaven's attributes, both last and first,

One without life, and one with life accurst :

But justice is heaven's self, so strictly he,

That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.

This virtue is your own ; but life and state

Are one to fortune subject, one to fate :

Equal to all, you justly frown or smile ;

Nor hopes, nor fears your steady hand beguile ;

Yourself our balance hold, the world's our isle.

MAC-FLECKNOE.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long :
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase ;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state :
And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd ; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years :
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval :
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabrit fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty :
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the
plain,
And spread in solemn state supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology !
Ev'n I, a dunc of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way ;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggert, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,

Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge ;
And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail,
At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar :
Echoes from Pissing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
'Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Pysche's rhyme :
Though they in numbers as in sense excel ;
So just, so like tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton foreswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more. }

Here stopt the good old fire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta much to tears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight :
A watch-tower once ; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains :
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.

Near those a-nursery erects its head,
Where queens are are form'd and future heroes
bred;

Where unsledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy. }
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Johnson dare in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburban Muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophecy'd long since, }
'That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense.
To whom true dulness should some Pysches owe,
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow:
Humourists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rouz'd by report of fame the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat.
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his fire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
'That he till death true dulness would maintain:
And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway,
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
young,

And from whose loins recorded Pysche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,
Preface of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The fire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed

Full on the filial dulness; long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging God;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood. }

Heavens blest my son! from Ireland let him
To far Barbadoes on the western main; [reign
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen!—
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd Amen.
Then thus continued he: My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without births, and fruitless industry.
Let virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage:
Let Gully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly shew the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst
cull,

Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Johnson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Johnson had no part:
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Pysche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kiss my arse,
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherage did transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play;
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.

With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
 Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
 In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
 It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen lambics, but mild Anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and choose for thy com-
 mand,
 Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
 There thou mayst wings display and altars raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.

Or if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.

He said; but his last words were scarcely
 heard:

For Bruce and Longvel had a trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
 Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
 With double portion of his father's art.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

To my honoured Friend

SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

As there is music uninform'd by art
In those wild notes, which with a merry heart
The birds in unfrequented shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us less:
So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
Which shames compofure, and its art excels.
Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them deep;
Such is your Muse: no metaphor swell'd high
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky:
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.
'Tis strange each line so great a weight should
bear,
And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as stoics feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain;
And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden springs within the engine be.

Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
Each act and motion of your graceful Muse.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies spread,
Lets through its meshes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your strong genius then which does not feel
Those weights, would make a weaker spirit reel.
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those heavens and gods he bore.
Your easier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our instruction make their second end:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that
woo
At once a beauty, and a fortune too

Of moral knowledge poesy was queen,
And still she might, had wanton wits not been;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.

Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exil'd to her crown again:
And gives us hope, that, having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
"A sober prince's government is best."
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richest ground,
That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliza's griefs are so express'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true,
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had said.
If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your Muse so justly has discharged those,
Eliza's shade may now its wandering cease,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess;
Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin robes he took,
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers, with your author's, view:
Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff:
His colours laid so thick on every place,
As only shew'd the paint, but hid the face,

But as in perspective we beauties see,
Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.

Your curious notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page,
That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
We are at least misled in pleasant way.
But, what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.

Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.

So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shews like mists to the dull passenger.
To Charles your Muse first pays her duteous love,
As still the antients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd
shall be,

As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's interest, than the world to sway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.

"This work, by merit first of fame secure,
"Is likewise happy in its geniture: [throne,
"For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the
"It shares at once his fortune and its own."

EPISTLE II.

To my honoured Friend

DR. CHARLETON.

ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS;

BUT MORE PARTICULARLY HIS TREATISE ON STONE-HENGE, BY HIM
RESTORED TO THE TRUE FOUNDER.

THE longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd
Their free born reason to the Stagirite,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only one supply'd the state,
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.

Columbus was the first that shook his throne;
And found a temperate in a torrid zone:
The feverish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees;
And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime,
Had we still paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and nature justly claim;

The western seas had been our utmost bound,
Where poets still might dream the sun was
drown'd :

And all the stars that shine in southern skies,
Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.

Among th' asserters of free reason's claim,
Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.

The world to Bacon does not only owe

Its present knowledge, but its future too.

Gilber shall live till loadstones cease to draw,

Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe.

And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen,

Than his great brother read in states and men.

The circling streams, once thought but pools, of
blood

(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food)

From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save;

While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.

Nor are you, learned friend, the least renown'd;

Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English
ground,

Flies like the nimble journies of the light;

And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.

Whatever truths have been by art or chance,

Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,

Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,

Your works unite, and still discover more.

Such is the healing virtue of your pen,

To perfect cures on books, as well as men.

Nor is this work the least: you well may give

To men new vigour, who make stones to live.

Through you, the Danes, their short dominion
lost,

A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.

Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found

A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were
crown'd;

Where by their wondering subjects they were
seen,

Joy'd with their stature, and their princely
mien.

Our sovereign here above the rest might stand,

And here he chose again to rule the land.

These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,

When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled;

Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,

And mighty visions of the Danish race.

His refuge then was for a temple shown: .

But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE LADY CASTLEMAIN,

UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY.

As seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before;
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much envy'd Muse, by storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
And finds more favour by her ill success,
Than she could hope for by her happiness.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose;
While they the victor, he the vanquish'd
chose:

But you have done what Cato could not do,
To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him too
Let others still triumph, and gain their cause
By their deserts, or by the world's applause;

Let merit crowns, and justice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.

True poets empty fame and praise despise,
Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.

You sit above, and see vain men below

Contend for what you only can bestow:

But those great actions others do by chance,

Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:

So great a soul, such sweetness join'd in one,

Could only spring from noble Grandison.

You, like the stars, not by reflection bright,

Are born to your own heaven, and your own light;

Like them are good, but from a noble cause,

From your own knowledge, not from nature's
laws,

Your power you never use, but for defence,
To guard your own, or others' innocence:
Your foes are such, as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes show,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the
blow:

With such assurance as they meant to say,
We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
Posterity will judge by my success,
I had the Grecian poet's happiness,

Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some God descended, and preserv'd the play.
When first the triumphs of your sex were sung
By those old poets, beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white,
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight;
So beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises till she came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You justly, madam, have discharg'd to me,
When your applause and favour did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

EPISTLE IV.

TO MR. LEE.

ON HIS ALEXANDER.

THE blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear;
For 't will be thought, and with some colour too,
I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap pen'worths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not secure;
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite;
Then, envy had not suffer'd me to write;
For, since I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I must envy or commend.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place at court is scarce so hard to get;
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For ev'n reversions are all begg'd before:
Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd;
And then too fools and knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,
That courts themselves are just, for fear of shame;
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praise, and forc'd himself away.
'Tis here as 'tis at sea; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes.

Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest,
It shoots too fast, and high, to be express;
As his heroic worth struck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom:
Such praise is your's, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themselves all
phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise these drones, whose praise, while they
accuse,
The too much vigour of your youthful Muse.
That humble stile which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd.
But how should any sign-post dawber know
The worth of Titan or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty, shew's a master's hand.

EPISTLE V.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
 The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
 'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,
 Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurst.
 The Grecians added verse: their tuneful tongue
 Made nature first, and nature's God, their song.
 Nor stopt translation here: for conquering Rome,
 With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers
 home:
 Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more,
 Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before.
 Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
 Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes:
 Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling prose,
 That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.
 But Italy, reviving from the trance
 Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
 With pauses, cadence, and well vowel'd words,
 And all the graces a good ear affords,
 Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page
 Restor'd a silver, not a golden age.
 Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see
 What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
 At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity. }
 The French pursued their steps; and Britain, last,
 In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
 The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
 Appear exalted in the British loom;
 The Muses' empire is restor'd again,
 In Charles's reign, and by Roscommon's pen.
 Yet modestly he does his work survey,
 And calls a finish'd Poem an Essay;
 For all the needful rules are scatter'd here;
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe; }
 So well is art disguis'd for nature to appear.
 Nor need these rules to give translation light:
 His own example is a flame so bright;
 That he who but arrives to copy well,
 Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
 Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
 Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.

How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
 How much in gaining him has Britain lost!
 Their Island in revenge has our's reclaim'd;
 The more instructed we, the more we still are
 sham'd.
 'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
 Deriv'd from British channels long ago,
 That here his conquering ancestors were nurst;
 And Ireland but translated England first:
 By this reprisal we regain our right,
 Else must the two contending nations fight;
 A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
 Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
 To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
 How will invention and translation thrive,
 When authors nobly born will bear their part,
 And not disdain th' inglorious praise of art!
 Great generals thus, descending from command,
 With their own toil provoke the soldiers' hand.
 How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
 His fame augmented by an English peer;
 How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
 Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves!
 When these translate, and teach translators too,
 Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
 Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand:
 Roscommon writes: to that auspicious hand.
 Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.
 Roscommon, whom both court and camps com-
 mend,
 True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
 Roscommon, first in fields of honour known, }
 First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
 Who both Minerva's justly makes his own. }
 Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
 Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
 On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
 Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page.
 Our English palace opens wide in state;
 And without stooping they may pass the gate.

EPISTLE VI.

TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
 The queen of beauty and the court of love,
 The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken arts,
 And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts:
 Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd,
 Like Eden's face, when banish'd man it mourn'd.
 Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
 The great supporter of his awful throne.
 Love could no longer after beauty stay,
 But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
 As if the sun and he had lost their way.
 But now th' illustrious nymph, return'd again,
 Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
 The wondering Nereids, though they rais'd no
 storm,
 Foreflow'd her passage, to behold her form:
 Some cry'd, a Venus; some, a Thetis past;
 But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
 Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and
 Pride;
 And envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
 Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate,
 Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.
 Three gloomy years against this day were set;
 But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt:

Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,
 The famine past, the plenty still to come.
 For her the weeping heavens become serene;
 For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
 For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
 And Nature has for her delay'd the spring.
 The Muse resumes her long forgotten lays,
 And Love restor'd his ancient realm surveys,
 Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
 His waste dominions peoples once again,
 And from her presence dates his second reign.
 But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
 Dispensing what she never will admit:
 Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
 The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
 Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
 No more shall vex the church, and tear the state:
 No more shall Faction civil discords move,
 Or only discords of too tender love:
 Discord, like that of music's various parts;
 Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
 Discord, that only this dispute shall bring,
 Who best shall love the duke, and serve the
 king.

EPISTLE VII.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you who live in chill degree,
 As map informs, of fifty-three,
 And do not much for cold atone,
 By bringing thither fifty-one.
 Methinks all climes should be alike;
 From tropic ev'n to pole artique;
 Since you have such a constitution
 As no where suffers diminution.
 You can be old in grave debate,
 And young in love-affairs of state;
 And both to wives and husbands shew
 The vigour of a plenipo.
 Like mighty missionary you come
 "Ad Partes Infidelium."
 A work of wondrous merit sure,
 So far to go, so much t' endure;
 And all to preach to German dame,
 Where sound of Cupid never came.
 Less had you done, had you been sent
 As far as drake or Pinto went,
 For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
 Or ev'n for oranges to China.
 That had indeed been charity;
 Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
 Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.
 But you have made your zeal appear
 Within the circle of the Bear.
 What region of the earth's so dull,
 That is not of your labours full?
 Triptolemus (so sung the Nine)
 Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
 But, spite of all these fable-makers,
 He never sow'd on Almain acres;
 No, that was left by fate's decree,
 To be perform'd and sung by thee.
 Thou break'st through forms with as much ease
 As the French king through articles.
 In grand affairs thy days are spent,
 In waging weighty compliment,
 With such as monarchs represent.

They, whom such vast fatigues attend,
 Want some soft minutes to unbend,
 To shew the world that now and then
 Great ministers are mortal men.
 Then Rhenish rummers walk the round;
 In bumpers every king is crown'd;
 Besides three holy mitred Hectors,
 And the whole college of Electors.
 No health of potentate is sunk,
 That pays to make his envoy drunk.
 These Dutch delights, I mention'd last,
 Suit not, I know, your English taste:
 For wine to leave a whore or play
 Was ne'er your excellency's way.
 Nor need this title give offence,
 For here you were your excellence,
 For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
 His excellence for all but sleeping.
 Now if you top in form, and treat,
 'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat,
 The fine you pay for being great.
 Nay, here's a harder imposition,
 Which is indeed the court's petition.
 That, setting worldly pomp aside,
 Which poet has at font deny'd,
 You would be pleas'd in humble way
 To write a trifle call'd a Play.
 This truly is a degradation,
 But would oblige the crown and nation
 Next to your wise negotiation.
 If you pretend, as well you may,
 Your high degree, your friends will say,
 The duke St. Aignon made a play.
 If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
 His grace of Bucks has made a farce,
 And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
 Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
 Then finish what you have began;
 But scribble faster if you can:
 For yet no George, to our discerning,
 Has writ without a ten years warning,

EPISTLE VIII.

TO MR. SOUTHERN,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE WIVES EXCUSE.

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
 To write, while these malignant planets reign.
 Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
 Not always kind to sense, or just to wit:
 And whilst it lasts, let buffoonry succeed,
 To make us laugh; for never was more need.
 Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent;
 But the gain smells not of the excrement.
 The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
 With all her charms, bore but a single show:
 But let a monster Muscovite appear,
 He draws a crowded audience round the year.
 May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit;
 Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
 So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.

Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
 Ev'n lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
 The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
 But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
 Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd,
 But with a kind civility dismiss'd;
 With such good manners, as the Wife did use,
 Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
 There was a glance at parting; such a look,
 As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
 But if thou wouldst be seen, as well as read,
 Copy one living author, and one dead:
 The standard of thy style let Etherege be;
 For wit, th' immortal spring of Wycherley;
 Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
 And the next age will learn to copy thine.

EPISTLE IX.

TO HENRY HIGDEN ESQ.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who Satire first began,
 Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;
 At mighty villains, who the state oppress'd,
 They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd, at
 least,
 And turn'd them out of office with a jest.

No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
 The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
 Wise legislators never yet could draw
 A fop within the reach of common law;
 For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
 Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.

Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
 And Satire is our Court of Chancery.
 This way took Horace to reform an age,
 Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
 But yours, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
 Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
 Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him so well,
 You make him smile in spite of all his zeal:
 An art peculiar to yourself alone,
 To join the virtues of two styles in one.

Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
 Half of the labouring world would be reliev'd:
 For not to wish is not to be deceiv'd.
 Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
 Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd:
 It costs our quiet and content of mind,
 And when 'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind.

Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff,
 Why should I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
 'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
 They love the spite and mischief of the fray.
 No; I have cur'd myself of that disease;
 Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please:
 But let me half that cure to you restore;
 You give the salve, I laid it to the sore.

Our kind relief against a rainy day,
 Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
 We take your book, and laugh our spleen away.
 If all your tribe, too studious of debate,
 Would cease false hopes and titles to create,
 Led by the rare example you begun,
 Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE X.

To my dear friend

MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.

Well then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
 The present age of wit obscures the past: [wit,
 Strong were our fires, and as they fought they
 Conquering with force of arm, and dint of wit:
 Theirs was the giant race, before the flood;
 And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
 Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd,
 With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;
 Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude,
 And boisterous English wit with art indued.
 Our age was cultivated thus at length;
 But what we gain'd in skill, we lost in strength.
 Our builders were with want of genius curst;
 The second temple was not like the first:
 Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length;
 Our beauties equal, but excel our strength;
 Firm Doric pillars found your solid base:
 The fair Corinthian crown the higher space:
 Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.

In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
 He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise.
 Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
 Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
 In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
 One for the study, t'other for the stage.
 But both to Congreve justly shall submit, [wit.
 One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in
 In him all beauties of this age we see
 Etherege's courtship, Southern's purity, [ley.
 The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycher-
 All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd:
 Nor are your foil'd co-temporaries griev'd.
 So much the sweetness of your manners move,
 We cannot envy you, because we love.
 Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
 A beardless consul made against the law,
 And join his sufferage to the votes of Rome;
 Though he with Hannibal was overcome,

Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had descended for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy; thou shalt be seen,
(Though with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;

But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native store;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not }
give him more.

Maintain your post: That's all the fame you
For 'tis impossible you should proceed. [need;
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at heaven's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you:
And take for tribute what these lines express:
You merit more; nor could my love do less.

EPISTLE XI.

TO MR. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY CALLED HEROIC LOVE.

Auspicious poet, were thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I must commend!
But since 'tis nature's law in love and wit, [mit,
That youth should reign, and withering age sub-
With less regret those laurels I resign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last.
Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:
Old monarchs, though successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age
Can best, if any can, support the stage;
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the town.
And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill,

Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miscal riviv-
ing.

Our sense is nonsense, through their pipes con-
vey'd;

Scarce can a poet know the play be made;

'Tis so disguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he

That suffers in the mangled tragedy,,

Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd

For his own fire, the chief invited guest.

I say not this of thy successful scenes,

Where thine is all the glory, theirs the gains.

With length of time, much judgment, and more
toil,

Not ill they acted, what they could not spoil.

Their setting-sun still shoors a glimmering ray,

Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay:

And better gleanings their worn soil can boast,

Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coast.

This difference yet the judging world will see;

Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee.

EPISTLE XII.

To my Friend

MR. MOTTEUX,

ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'Tis hard, my friend, to write in such an age,
 As damns, not only poets, but the stage.
 That sacred art, by heaven itself infus'd,
 Which Moses, David, Solomon, have us'd,
 Is now to be no more: the Muses' foes
 Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.
 Were they content to prune the lavish vine
 Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
 Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend?
 All would submit; for all but fools will mend.
 But when to common sense they give the lie,
 And turn distorted words to blasphemy,
 They give the scandal, and the wise discern,
 Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn.
 What I have loosely or profanely writ,
 Let them to fires, their due desert, commit:
 Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:
 Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
 Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they pursued;
 The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people rued.
 The stage was silenc'd; for the saints would see
 In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
 But let us first reform, and then so live,
 That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
 Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
 Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
 The moral part, at least, we may divide,
 Humility reward, and punish pride;

Ambition, interest, avarice, accuse:
 These are the province of a Tragic Muse.
 These hast thou chosen; and the public voice
 Has equal'd thy performance with thy choice.
 Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee
 That ev'n Corneille might with envy see
 Th' alliance of his Tripled Unity.
 Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
 But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
 At least but two can that good crime commit,
 Thou in design, and Wycherley in wit.
 Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare;
 Contented to be thinly regular:
 Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
 With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
 Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
 And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
 Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
 More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd
 with allay.
 But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,
 To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
 It moves our wonder that a foreign guest
 Should over-match the most, and match the best.
 In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong;
 Here find the first deficiency of our tongue:
 Words, once my stock, are wanting, to commend
 So great a poet, and so good a friend.

EPISTLE XIII.

To my Honoured Kinsman

JOHN DRYDEN, OF CHESTERTON, IN THE
COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQ.

How blest'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deserve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.

Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours }
come,
From your award to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendship home. }
Without their cost, you terminate the cause;
And save th' expence of long litigious laws:
Where suits are travers'd; and so little won,
That he who conquers, is but last undone:
Such are not your decrees; but so design'd, }
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind;
Like your own soul, serene; a patron of your }
mind.

Promoting concord, and composing strife;
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight:
Minds are so hardly match'd, that even the first,
'Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradise were
curs'd.

For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet first or last, return again to two.
He to God's image, she to his was made;
So, farther from the fount the stream at ran-
dom stray'd.

How could he stand, when, put to double pain,
He must a weaker than himself sustain!
Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.

Not that my verse would blemish all the fair,
But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware;
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the }
snare.

Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the marry'd state,
Trusting as little as you can to fate.

No porter guards the passage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To sanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has
wrought,

And to the second son a blessing brought;
The first begotten had his father's share:
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.

So may your stores and fruitful fields increase;
And ever be you blest'd, who live to blest.

As Ceres sow'd, where-e'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew:
So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel host.

With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You seek the champion sports, or sylvan chace:
With well-breath'd beagles you surround the
wood,

Ev'n then, industrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
Chac'd even amid the folds, and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd;
Not yet by years extinguish'd, though restrain'd:
You season still with sports your serious hours:
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.

The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.

Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he,
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
Than such as once on slippery thrones were
plac'd;

And, chafing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.

So liv'd our fires, e'er doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made:
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade:
Pity the generous kind their cares bestow
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know:)
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were
In vain the leech would interpose delay; [vain.
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.

What help from art's endeavours can we have?

Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples
every grave;

And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muse.
Wouldst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with
thy soul.

By chace our long-liv'd fathersear'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:
O, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of life!
Now both are lost: yet, wandering in the dark,
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark;
They, labouring for relief of human kind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find;
Th' apothecary train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make,
Garth, generous as his Muse, prescribes and
gives;

The shopman sells; and by destruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From medicine issuing, suck their mother's blood!
Let these obey; and let the learn'd prescribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their superiors, kill;
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill:
He escapes the best, who nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields, in draughts of vi-
tal air.

You board not health, for your own private use,
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,

And sends to senates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more shuns; and none can better
bear;

Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit!
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could so firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.

Good senators (and such as you) so give,
That kings may be supply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who flights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But on our native strength, in time of need,
relies.

Munster was bought, we boast not the success;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace em-
brac'd:

The peace both parties want, is like to last:
Which, if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the war, in ever annual course;
What has been done, was done with British force:
Namur subdu'd, is England's palm alone;
The rest besieg'd; but we constrain'd the town:
We saw th' event that follow'd our success;
France, though pretending arms, pursued the
Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore [peace;
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Persian king was put to flight;
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight:
Themselves their own mortality confess'd;
And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.

Ev'n victors are, by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his
own.

While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful dye again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of success;
Sure of a share as umpires of the peace.

A patriot both the king and country serves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preserves:
Of each our laws the certain limits shew;
One must not ebb, nor t' other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand;
The barriers of the state on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the
land.

When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode;
Like those that water'd once the Paradise of God

Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share;
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made:
When the Gauls came, one sole dictator sway'd.

Patriots in peace, assert the people's right;
With noble stubbornness resisting might:
No lawless mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandfire; free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But so tenacious of the common cause,
As not to lend the king against his laws.
And in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And sham'd oppression, till it set him free.

O true descendant of a patriot line, [thine,
Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them
Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see;
'Tis so far good, as it resembles thee.
The beauties to th' original I owe;
Which when I miss, my own defects I shew;
Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace:
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a house few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praise-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises last.
For ev'n when death dissolves our human frame,
The soul returns to heaven from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the fame.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
True, she was dumb: for nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue;
But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller; such thy skill,
That nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her
thought.

At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
And from their animated canvass came,
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;
And either would thy noble work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise;
This is the least attendant on thy praise;
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original;
E'er canvass yet was strain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd:
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view:
No point of light was known, no bounds of
art;

When light was there, it knew not to depart;
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive:
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.

Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a skreen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.

Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.

Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard
line:

One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both; where true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest:
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not
strives,

Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

Shakespeare, thy gift, I place before my fight:
With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face;
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight.
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntless
breast

Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost:
When most they rail, know then, they envy most.
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy croud,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.

Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth:
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter Muse, though last in place,
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.

Apelles' art an Alexander found;

And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;

But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.

Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I;

But pass we that unpleasing image by.

Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine;

All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.

A graceful truth thy pencil can command;

The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.

Likeness appears in every lineament;

But likeness in thy work is eloquent.

Though nature there her true resemblance bears,

A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.

So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame,

Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.

Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
When on wild nature we ingraft our skill;
But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,
To speak the language of their native place:
The painter widely stretches his command:
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you please to live;
And not seven cities, but the world, would strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did smile,
When first you were conducted to this isle:
Our genius brought you here, to enlarge our fame;
For your good stars are every where the same;
Thy matchless hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.

Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design
A more exalted work, and more divine.

For what a song, or senseless opera,
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to history.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live:
Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give;
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
But so his follies in thy posture sink,
The senseless ideot seems at last to think.

Good heaven! that fots and knaves should be so
vain,

To wish their vile resemblance may remain!
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest!

Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
With every various character exprest:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal art exprest;
But venerable age shall add the rest.
For time shall with his ready pencil stand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the tint;
Add every grace, which time alone can grant;
To future ages shall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I.

To the memory of

MR. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think, and call my own;
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out, the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place, - [race.
Whilst his young friend perform'd, and won the
O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue.

But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd,
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their
prime,
Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing time
But mellows what we write, to the dull sweets
of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou young,
But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around,

II.

A N O D E.

To the pious memory of the accomplished young Lady

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

I.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou treadst, with seraphims, the vast abyfs:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of Poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial
kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here
on earth.
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And ev'n the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres,
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy blest fraternity of love [day above,
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
 Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
 For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
 O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
 This lubrique and adulterate age,
 (Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
 T' increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
 What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
 Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all:
 Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
 Her wit was more than man, her innocence a
 child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
 For nature did that want supply:
 So rich in treasures of her own,
 She might our boasted stores defy:
 Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
 Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
 By great examples daily fed,
 What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
 And to be read herself she need not fear;
 Each test, and every light, her Muse will bear,
 Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
 Ev'n love (for love sometimes her Muse express)
 Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her
 breast:
 Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
 So cold herself, while she such warmth express,
 'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine, [content
 One would have thought, she should have been
 To manage well that mighty government;
 But what can young ambitious souls confine?
 To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
 For Painture near adjoining lay }
 A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
 A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd.
 (As conquerors will never want pretence,
 When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
 And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, she claim'd.
 The country open lay without defence:
 For poets frequent inroads there had made,
 And perfectly could represent
 The shape, the face, with every lineament;
 And all the large domains which the Dumb Sister
 sway'd.
 All bow'd beneath her government,
 Reteci'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
 Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,
 And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in
 her mind.

The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
 And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
 Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
 The bottom did the top appear;
 Of deeper too and ampler floods,
 Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;

Of lofty trees, with sacred shades.
 And perspectives of pleasant glades,
 Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
 And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
 Which them at once admire and fear. }
 The ruins too of some majestic piece,
 Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
 Whose statues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
 And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
 What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
 Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
 So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
 But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
 Our martial king the sight with reverence strook:
 For, not content t' express his outward part,
 Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
 His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
 His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there, }
 As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
 Our phoenix queen was pourtray'd too so bright,
 Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
 Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.
 With such a peerless majesty she stands,
 As in that day she took the crown from sacred
 hands:

Before a train of heroines were seen,
 In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.
 Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
 But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
 Still with a greater blaze she shone,
 And her bright soul broke out on every side.
 What next she had design'd, heaven only knows:
 To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,
 That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
 The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
 Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
 In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
 Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
 Nor was the cruel destiny content
 To finish all the murder at a blow,
 To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
 But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
 O double sacrilege on things divine,
 To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!

But thus Orinda dy'd:

Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
 As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
 His waving streamers to the winds displays,
 And vows for his return, with vain devotion,
 pays.

Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
 The winds too soon will waft thee here!
 Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
 Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!
 No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
 Thou hast already had her last embrace.

But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

x.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who sleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;

When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the
dead;

The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire shall
go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

III.

Upon the death of the

EARL OF DUNDEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF DR. PITCAIRN.

On last and best of Scots! who did maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.

Scotland and thou did each in other live;
Nor would'st thou her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

IV.

ELEONORA.

A PANEGYRICAL POEM,

Dedicated to the memory of the late

COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

To the right honourable the

EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands with which you honoured me some months ago are now performed: they had been sooner; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verses never flow but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than

ill; if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escaped from a shipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small flock, which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my lady's memory. We,

who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait till the God comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist: which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my lord; for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a Heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the Ancients for our patterns, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the Younger Pliny amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or seen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation, acknowledges,

that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric; which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem "The Pattern:" and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly loved by you while she was living, and so gratefully honoured after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exterior of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands: and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: so give me leave to hope that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure your lordship, that she is remembered, in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of

both sexes are so few in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules: and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire: if it be so, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest: they have sown the dragon's teeth themselves, and it is but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased

you, and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper-monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So, slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did Matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loss the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But most the poor, whom daily she supply'd,
Beginning to be such but when she dy'd.
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread as of returning light;
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she cloath'd, she nurs'd,
That she herself might fear her wanting first.
Of her five talents, other five she made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than heaven; to heap huge treasures there.

Want pass'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven saw, he safely might increase his poor,

And trust their sustenance with her so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom she saw, or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as sure,
As the first Christians of th' apostles' cure.
The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.
As to some holy house th' afflicted came,
The hunger-starv'd, the naked, and the lame;
Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her servants were too slow;
She was the first, where need requir'd, to go;
Herself the foundress and attendant too.

Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train:
Her Lord himself might come, for aught we
know;

Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay;
Or some benighted angel, in his way,
Might ease his wings, and, seeing heaven appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there:
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method as above,
All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last;
That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
Provided for the seventh necessity;
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.

Thus Heaven, though all-sufficient, shews a thrift
In his economy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one single light;
And his reflection too supplies the night;
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the sky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurst:
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her soul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
Had she given more, it had profusion been,
And turn'd th' excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:
So low did her secure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but humility.

Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst com-
pare;

For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own worth wanting, others to abound;
Ascrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone.

Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the scales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb, her prayer;
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
An active life long oraisons forbids;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.

Her every day was sabbath; only free
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd;
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as blest angels exercise above,
Vary'd with sacred hymns and acts of love:
Such sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs
(For such vicissitudes in heaven there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer.
All this she practis'd here; that when she sprung,
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:

Sung, and was sung herself in angel's lays;
For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All offices of heaven so well she knew,
Before she came, that nothing there was new:
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?
But as the sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the sun, but his reflexion there,
So let us view her, here, in what she was,
And take her image in this watery glass:
Yet look not every lineament to see;
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know, 'tis she.
For where such various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky-way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd
light.

Her virtue, not her virtues let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of stars, that rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run:
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith ascends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.

As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost;
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose every part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's
art.

No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occasion but exerted that, or this.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made, to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accus'd;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.

Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So subjects love just kings, or so they should.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd them both, and in one grief
they mourn'd.

His passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast,
As if he fear'd each day would be her last.
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state:

When he to heaven entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the soul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.

So had her children too; for charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perspective of distant view.

Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marshaling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next, to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?

As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more.

And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as every vessel could contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear;
So did she love, and so dispense her care,
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.

The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles:
But when dilated organs let in day

To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness, the maternal love
Those rudiments of reason did improve:

The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind

With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind;
Soft for impression, from the first prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exercise grew hard:

With every act confirm'd, and made at last
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,

Goodness resolv'd into necessity.
Thus fix'd the virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children shone;
For that was their perfection; she was such,
They never could express her mind too much.

So unexhausted her perfections were,
That, for more children, she had more to spare;
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;
And (could they take th' impressions of her mind)
Enough still left to sanctify her kind.

Then wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend:

As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide;
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent,
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:

T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.

For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate:

Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind.

The souls of friends like kings in progress are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A sweet retirement to a coarser place;
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatness was shut out, and business well
forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught; but short as far }
As the true height and bigness of a star
Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer.
She shines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly guest;
Distance and altitude conceal the rest.

Though all these rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,

The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not so large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, through the public place,
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,

The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurry'd on,

That all, though not distinctly, might be shewn:
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,

She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along;

Each passing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no minute slip't away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.

The haste of heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each com- }
plete;

But every act stood ready to repeat.

Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her blest name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:

But more will wonder at so short an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:

And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.

But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy of th' original, 'twas she.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:

So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet odor, of a vast expence.

She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd;
For but a Now did heaven and earth divide:

She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:

One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure,

As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;

So close they follow, Such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:

So softly death succeeded life in her :
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise ;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice ;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long familiar guest.
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go :
Ev'n on that day, in all her trim prepar'd ;
As early notice she from heaven had heard,
And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove ;
Or counsel'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Cloath'd all in white, the livery of the day :
Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act ;
Unless omissions were to pass for fact :
That hardly death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.

And, that she dy'd, we only have to shew
The mortal part of her she left below :
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,
Look'd like translation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent.

O happy soul ! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If, looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st, that any way be perviews,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family :
Look on thy tender pledges left behind ;
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find

From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, mistaking in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above ;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there ;
That they with moderate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain.
Or else divide the grief ; for such thou wert,
That should not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a single heart.

Let this suffice : nor thou, great saint, refuse
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muse :
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age deprest,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast ;
And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime ;
Where ev'n to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is satire on the most of human kind :
Take it, while yet 'tis praise ; before my rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age ;
So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what and where thou art : to wish thy
place,
Were, in the best, presumption more than grace.
Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
So shall this verse preserve thy memory ;
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of
thee.

V.

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'Twas on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the
thorn ;

When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey,
Rose early from his bed ; but soon he found
The welkin pitch'd with sullen clouds around,
An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey
The fields, and curst th' ill omens of the day,
He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace ;
Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face :

He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
And sent his voice before him from afar.
Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy swain,
The spongy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain :
The promise of the day not only cross'd,
But ev'n the spring, the spring itself, is lost.
Amyntas—oh !—he could not speak the rest,
Nor needed, for presaging Damon guess'd.
Equal with heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boast of nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind ;
So great a genius, and a soul so kind,

Gave sad assurance that his fears were true;
 Too well the envy of the gods he knew:
 For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
 Soon they repent, and will not make them last.
 For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
 The mother's features, and the father's soul.
 Then thus he cry'd: the morn bespoke the news:
 The morning did her cheerful light diffuse:
 But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
 And brought on clouds and rain, the day's dif-
 grace;
 Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
 What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature
 smil'd,
 And more than man was given us in a child!
 His infancy was ripe: a soul sublime
 In years so tender that prevented time:
 Heaven gave him all at once; then snatch'd
 away,
 Ere mortals all his beauties could survey: [day.
 Just like the flower that buds and withers in a

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief oppress'd,
 Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast;
 The mournful family stood all around;
 One groan was heard, one universal sound:
 All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow
 drown'd.
 So dire a sadness sat on every look,
 Ev'n death repented he had given the stroke.
 He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
 But promis'd length of life to those who yet re-
 main'd.
 The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
 It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.

The father bore it with undaunted soul,
 Like one who durst his destiny controul:
 Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
 Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart.
 Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
 Like him, a new increasing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wish, and such my prophecy.
 For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains
 Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
 But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
 More lasting, and endued with equal grace!
 Equal she may, but farther none can go:
 For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
 Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?
 There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
 About their godlike mate, and sing him on his
 way.
 He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
 And every moment gains upon the skies.
 The new-come guest admires th' ætherial state,
 The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;
 And now admitted in the shining throng,
 He shews the passport which he brought along.
 His passport is his innocence and grace,
 Well known to all the natives of the place.
 Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire [quire:
 Your brother's voice that comes to mend your
 Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;
 For like Amyntas none is left below.

VI.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

He who could view the book of destiny,
 And read whatever there was writ of thee,
 O charming youth, in the first opening page,
 So many graces in so green an age,
 Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
 A soul at once so manly, and so kind,

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Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
 And after some new leaves should find no more,
 Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
 A step of life that promis'd such a race.
 We must not, dare not think, that heaven began
 A child, and could not finish him a man

Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,
As more was never to one soul allow'd:
Yet, after this profusion spent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering ashes to remain,
I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf,
Yet, durst I guess, heaven kept it for himself;
And giving us the use, did soon recal,
Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper speech to say he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
'Tis sin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on every son.
He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood:
And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay;
The length of course had wash'd it in the way:

So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford,
Perhaps we gave so much, the powers above
Grew angry at our superstitious love:

For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went so soon;
Though miracles are short and rarely shewn;

Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.

That individual blessing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining store.

The flames dispers'd, but does not all expire;
The sparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.

Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And from those parts form one collected grace;

Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

VII.

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Of gentle blood, his parents only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race;

More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date;
Too early fitted for a better state;
But, knowing heaven his home, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

I.
MARK how the lark and linnet sing:
With rival notes
They strain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the spring.

But in the close of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They cease their mutual spite,
Drink in her music with delight,
And listening silently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
 They sung no more, or only sung his fame:
 Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
 The godlike man,
 Alas! too soon retir'd,
 As he too late began.
 We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore:
 Had he been there,
 Their sovereign's fear
 Had sent him back before.
 The power of harmony too well they knew:

He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,
 And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
 Let down the scale of music from the sky:
 They handed him along,
 And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung,
 Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
 Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
 Now live secure, and linger out your days;
 The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
 Nor know to mend their choice.

IX.

E P I T A P H.

ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

Fair, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,
 A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one,
 Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
 Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.
 Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
 Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;

Pray but for half the virtues of his wife,
 Compound for all the rest, with longer life;
 And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
 So lov'd when living, and when dead so
 mourn'd.

X.

E P I T A P H

ON SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in
 execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors,
 then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his age, Oct. 24, 1680.

Ye sacred relics, which your marble keep,
 Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:
 Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,
 Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
 And be the town's Palladium from the foe.

Alive and dead these walls he will defend:
 Great actions great examples must attend.
 The Candian siege his early valour knew,
 Where Turkish blood did his young hands im-
 bue.

L ij

From thence returning with deserv'd applause,
 Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he
 draws;
 The same the courage, and the same the cause.
 His youth and age, his life and death, com-
 bine,
 As in some great and regular design,
 All of a piece throughout, and all divine.

Still nearer heaven his virtues shone more bright,
 Like rising flames expanding in their height;
 The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
 More bravely British general never fell,
 Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well;
 Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
 Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
 To his lamented loss for time to come
 His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

XI.

UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE,

BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd;

The next, in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go;
 To make a third, she join'd the former two.

XII.

On the Monument of a

FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

WHO DIED AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
 All that heaven wants of this celestial maid.
 Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd;
 The mould was made on purpose for the mind:
 And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
 One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
 Such were the features of her heavenly face,
 Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace:
 So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
 Had been an emanation of the soul;
 Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd;
 And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd.
 Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light:
 Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.
 Each thought was visible that roll'd within:
 As through a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen.
 And heaven did this transparent veil provide,
 Because she had no guilty thought to hide.

All white, a virgin-saint, she fought the skies:
 For marriage, though it sullies not, it dies.
 High though her wit, yet humble was her mind:
 As if she could not, or she would not find
 How much her worth transcended all her kind.
 Yet she had learn'd so much of heaven below,
 That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know:
 But only to refresh the former hint;
 And read her Maker in a fairer print.
 So pious, as she had no time to spare
 For human thoughts, but was confin'd to prayer.
 Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
 'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
 A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
 Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
 A female softness, with a manly mind:
 A daughter duteous, and a sister kind:
 In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

XIII.

E P I T A P H

ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON, OF BURNINGHAM, IN NORFOLK.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
 So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
 Require at least an age in one to meet.
 In her they met; but long they could not stay,
 'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.

Heaven's image was in her so well exprest,
 Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
 Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
 Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

XIV.

On the Monument of

THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

He, who in impious times undaunted stood,
 And midst rebellion durst be just and good:
 Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
 Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before;
 Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince;
 For what his earthly could not recompence.
 Pray, reader, that such times no more appear:
 Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.

Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
 Which, to preserve them, heaven confin'd in thee.
 Few subjects could a king like thine deserve:
 And fewer, such a king, so well could serve.
 Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
 By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
 Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
 To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

XV.

E P I T A P H,

UPON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER'S BEING DISMISSED FROM THE TREASURY,
 IN 1687.

Here lies a creature of indulgent fate,
 From Tory Hyde rais'd to a chit of state;
 In chariot now, Elisha like, he's hurl'd
 To th' upper empty regions of the world:
 The airy thing cuts through the yielding sky;
 And as it goes does into atoms fly:
 While we on earth see, with no small delight,
 The bird of prey turn'd to a paper kite.

With drunken pride and rage he did so well,
 The hated thing without compassion fell;
 By powerful force of universal prayer,
 The ill-blown bubble is now turn'd to air;
 To his first less than nothing he is gone,
 By his preposterous transaction!

XVI.

EPITAPH,

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN'S WIFE.

HERE lies my wife : here let her lie !
 Now she's at rest, and so am I.

XVII.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE DUTCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH'S PICTURE.

SURE we do live by Cleopatra's age,
 Since Sunderland does govern now the stage :
 She of Septimius had nothing made,
 Pompey alone had been by her betray'd.

Were she a poet, she would surely boast,
 That all the world for pearls had well been
 lost.

XVIII.

DESCRIPTION OF OLD JACOB TONSON*.

WITH leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,
 With two left-legs, with Judas-colour'd hair,
 And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.—

* On Tonson's refusing to give Dryden the price he asked for his Virgil, the Poet sent him the above; and added, "Tell the dog that he who wrote them, can write more." The money was paid.

SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE.

I.

THE FAIR STRANGER,

A SONG.

I.

HAPPY and free, securely blest;
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My amorous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair.

II.

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control,
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

III.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms,
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the spell,
Who can see them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.*

II.

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchless impudence
Help'd to support the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
 What would these madmen have?
 First, they would bribe us without pence,
 Deceive us without common sense,
 And without power enslave,
 Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
 Submit to servile shame;
 Who from consent and custom draw
 The same right to be rul'd by law,
 Which kings pretend to reign?

The duke shall wield his conquering sword,
 The chancellor make a speech,
 The king shall pass his honest word,
 The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
 And then, come kiss my breech.
 So have I seen a king on chess
 (His rooks and knights withdrawn,
 His queen and bishop in distress)
 Shifting about, grew less and less,
 With here and there a pawn.

III.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began:
 When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise, ye more than dead.
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a God they thought there could not
 dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, hark! the foes come;
 Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat,

IV.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

*As from the power of sacred lays,
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky,*

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA,

FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON,

A SONG.

I.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
 Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone :
 From the cheerless dawn of morning
 Till the dews of night returning,
 Sighing thus she made her moan :
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
 Damon, my lov'd, is gone !

II.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a youth, and such a lover ;
 Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
 Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his every feature ;

Damon liv'd alone for me ;
 Melting kisses,
 Murmuring blisses :
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we !

III.

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore :
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, Love supplying
 All the joys he drain before :
 Death, come end me
 To befriend me ;
 Love and Damon are no more.

V.

A SONG.

I.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
 Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the
 green : [guest
 She had heard of a pleasure, and something she
 By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her
 breast :
 She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing
 so close ;

By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

II.

Ah ! she cry'd ; ah ! for a languishing maid,
 In a country of Christians, to die without aid !
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
 Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest,

T' instruct a young virgin, that is at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing
so close!

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close,

III.

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near;

Then shew'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear:
For the pain was no more than a maiden may
bear:

When the balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing
so close;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

VI.

THE LADY'S SONG.

I.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds
in green;

The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and love is no more:
The soft God of pleasure that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow and extinguish'd his fires:

And vows that himself and his mother will
mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the deity swore:
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your
arms:

Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall a-
dorn,

When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.

VII.

A SONG.

I.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me!
A I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conquest was design'd,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost, unless you love;

While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieves too late.

VIII.

A SONG.

HIGH state and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;

Give me in possessing
So matchless a blessing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you discover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die.
So give up my game.

IX.

RONDELEY.

I.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain;
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

II.

Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain:
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

III.

Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain,
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
But, repenting, and complying,
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:
Kiss'd him up before his dying;
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

X.

A S O N G.

I.

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not say.

II.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but death to close his eyes.

XI.

A S O N G.

TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

I.

Ask not the cause, why fullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Thy warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring, where she resides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair,
She cast not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal,
I only am by Love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

XII.

A SONG.

FROM MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE †.

I.
 WHY should a foolish marriage-vow,
 Which long ago was made,
 Oblige us to each other now,
 When passion is decay'd?
 We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we could,
 Till our love was lov'd out of us both;
 But our marriage is dead, when the pleasures
 are fled?
 'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

II.
 If I have pleasures for a friend,
 And father love in store,
 What wrong has he, whose joys did end,
 And who could give no more?
 'Tis a madness that he
 Should be jealous of me,
 Or that I should bar him of another:
 For all we can gain
 Is to give ourselves pain,
 When neither can hinder the other.

XIII.

SONG,

FROM TYRANNIC LOVE.

Ah, how sweet it is to love!
 Ah, how gay is young desire!
 And what pleasing pains we prove
 When we first approach love's fire!
 Pains of love be sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
 Do but gently heave the heart:
 E'en the tears they shed alone
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
 Treat them like a parting friend:
 Nor the golden gifts refuse
 Which in youth sincere they send:
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
 Swells in every youthful vein:
 But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again:
 If a flow in age appear,
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

† There are several excellent songs in his "King Arthur," which should have been copied, but that they are so interwoven with the story of the drama that it would be improper to separate them. There is also a song in "Love in a Nunnery;" and another in "The Duke of Guise;" but neither of them worth transcribing.

XIV.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

O R,

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were plac'd around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd:)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.*

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd:
 And while he sought her snowy breast:

Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of
 the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around:
 A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

*With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.*

III.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face:
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he
 comes.
 Bacchus, every fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain,

C H O R U S.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice slew
the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With down-cast looks the joyless victor fate
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

*Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.*

V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast,

CHORUS.

*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.*

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder,
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

*And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.*

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, [fore.
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown be-
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

*At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,*

*With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.*

XIII.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold the goal in sight,
Spread thy fans and wing thy flight.

*Enter CHRONOS with a scythe in his hand, and a globe
on his back; which he sets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me droop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS laughing. [done,

MOMUS. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back,
The world was a fool, e'er since it begun,
And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Cho. of all three. 'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHRONOS. Then, goddess of the silver bow, begin.
[Horns, or hunting music, within.]

Enter DIANA.

DIANA. With horns and with hounds, I awaken
the day;
And hie to the woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon.

I course the fleet stag, unkennel'd the fox,
And chace the wild goats o'er summits
of rocks,
With shouting and hooting we pierce
through the sky, [cry.
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the

Cho. of all. *With shouting and hooting we pierce
through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.*

JANUS. Then our age was in 't's prime,

CHRONOS. Free from rage:

DIANA. ——— And free from crime.

MOMUS. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Cho. of all. *Then our age was in 't's prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime.
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
[Dance of Diana's attendants.]*

Enter MARS.

MARS. Inspire the vocal brass, inspire;
The world is past its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the sky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled,
Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly;
The sprightly green,
In woodland walks, no more is seen;
The Sprightly green has drunk the Ty-
rian dye.

Cho. of all. *Plenty, peace, &c.*

MARS. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around,

Sound a reveille, found, found,
The warrior god is come.
Cho. of all. *Sound the trumpet, &c.*
MOMUS. Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were fast asleep,
Then kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our cost and care;
But neither side a winner,
For things are as they were.
Cho. of all. *The fools are only, &c.*

Enter VENUS.

VENUS. Calms appear, when storms are past;
Love will have his hour at last:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars destroys, and I repair:
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.
Cho. of all. *Take her, take her, &c.*
CHRONOS. The world was then so light,
I scarcely felt the weight;

Joy rul'd the day, and love the night.
But since the queen of pleasure left the
ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The ponderous orb around.
MOMUS. All, all of a piece throughout;
Point-
ing to } Thy chace had a beast in view;
Diana. }
[To Mars.] Thy wars brought nothing about;
[To Venus.] Thy lovers were all untrue.
JANUS. 'Tis well an old age is out,
CHRONOS. And time to begin a new.
Cho. of all. *All, all of a piece throughout;
Thy chace had a beast in view;
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin anew.*

Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

XV.

SONG

OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS,

WHO BEING CROSS'D BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER;
AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

[Music within.]

*The Lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a
Keeper.*

PHYLLIS. Look, look, I see—I see my love ap-
pear!
'Tis he—'Tis he alone;
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.
AMYNTAS. Hark! the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I see a ship afar:
Tossing and tossing, and making to the
shore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue,

St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon
the sails?

Ah! No, no, no.

St. Hermo, never, never shone so bright;
'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis, can shoot so
fair a light:

'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that saves the
ship alone,

For all the winds are hush'd, and the
storm is overblown.

PHYLLIS. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to
his arms.

AMYNTAS. If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I'll force my way to Phyllis, and break
through the charm.

[Here they break from their keepers, run
to each other, and embrace.]

PHYLLIS. Shall I marry the man I love?

And shall I conclude my pains?

Now blest'd be the powers above,

I feel the blood bound in my veins;

With a lively leap it began to move,

And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNTAS. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd
to heart,

To make sure of the cure,

Go call the man in black, to mumble
o'er his part.

PHYLLIS. But suppose he should stay—

AMYNTAS. At worst if he delay,

'Tis a work must be done,

We'll borrow but a day,

And the better, the sooner begun,

Cho. of both. At worst if he delay, &c.

[They run out together hand in hand.]

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

I.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE ACTING AFTER
THE FIRE.

So shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand
Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a desert shore.
From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence ev'n the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true :
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you the founders make yourselves the guests.
Of all mankind beside fate had some care,
But for poor wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.

You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was :
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And like a king, should in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed :
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

II.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE,

MARCH 26. 1674.

A PLAIN built house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfy'd away ;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is design'd,

You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, disdain the cheer.

M ij

Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
 And a plain suit, since we can make but one,
 Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known.
 They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
 With mighty sums may carry on the trade :
 We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
 With our small stock to humble roofs retire ;
 Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
 For fame and honour we no longer strive,
 We yield in both, and only beg to live :
 Unable to support their vast expence,
 Who build and treat with such magnificence ;
 That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
 They give the law to our provincial stage.
 Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
 While they impose their splendour on the less.
 But only fools, and they of vast estate,
 Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
 The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
 Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
 We in our plainness may be justly proud :
 Our royal master will'd it should be so ;
 Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no shew :

That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
 And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
 To build a playhouse while you throw down plays;
 While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
 And for the pencil you the pen disdain :
 While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither drive,
 And laugh at those upon whose alms they live :
 Old English authors vanish, and give place
 To these new conquerors of the Norman race.
 More tamely than your fathers you submit :
 You're now grown vassals to them in your wit,
 Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance,
 The mighty merits of their men of France,
 Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence,
 Well, please yourselves ; but sure 'tis understood
 That French machines have ne'er done England good.
 I would not prophesy our house's fate :
 But while vain shews and scenes you over-rate,
 'Tis to be fear'd —
 That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
 Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

III.

EPILOGUE, ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Though what our Prologue said was sadly true,
 Yet, gentlemen, our homely house is new,
 A charm that seldom fails with—wicked you.
 A country lip may have the velvet touch ;
 Though she's no lady, you may think her such :
 A strong imagination may do much.
 But you, loud sirs, who through your curls look
 Critics in plume and white vallancy wig, [big,
 Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,
 And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit ;
 Whose favours, like the sun, warm where you roll,
 Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor soul ;
 So may your hats your foretops never press,
 Untouch'd your ribbons, sacred be your dress ;
 So may you slowly to old age advance,
 And have th' excuse of youth for ignorance :
 So may sop-corner full of noise remain,
 And drive far off the dull attentive train ;
 So may your midnight scowerings happy prove,
 And morning batteries force your way to love ;

So may not France your warlike hands recal,
 But leave you by each other's swords to fall :
 As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
 When sober, rail, and roar when you are drunk,
 But to the wits we can some merit plead,
 And urge what by themselves has oft been said :
 Our house relieves the ladies from the frights
 Of ill pav'd streets, and long dark winter nights ;
 The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,
 Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad ;
 The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff,
 Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.
 Though in their house the poets heads appear,
 We hope we may presume their wits are here.
 The best which they reserv'd they now will play,
 For, like kind cuckolds, though w've not the way
 To please, we'll find you abler men who may.
 If they should fail, for last recruits we breed
 A troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed :
 You know the French sure cards at time of need.

IV.

PROLOGUE,
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assign'd
T' unbend, and to divert their sovereign's mind:
When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool shades of wit,
And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know. [go,
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you set,
As once the sphere of crystal shew'd the great.
Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can suit your mind:
Content to see, and shun, those ills we shew,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:

That Shakspeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's
claim,
May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For Muses so severe are worship'd here,
That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
And, as profane, from sacred places fly,
Rather than see th' offended God, and die. }
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers shewn:
And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
The greatest judges still can pardon most.
Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,
Debas'd ev'n to the level of their wit;
Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themselves what their applause must make.
But when to praise from you they would aspire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is
higher.
So far your knowledge all their power transcends,
As what should be beyond what is extends.

V.

PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

[BY DR. DEVENANT, 1675.]

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear;
To his green years your censures you would suit,
Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit,

The sex, that best does pleasure understand,
Will always choose to err on t' other hand.
They check not him that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him right

M ij

Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey,
 The youth may prove a man another day.
 Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
 Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;
 But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
 From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
 And each was guilty of some slighted maid.
 Shakspeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore;
 The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
 'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
 All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.

A slender poet must have time to grow,
 And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
 Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is curst;
 But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
 Then damn not, but indulge his rude essays,
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise,
 That he may get more bulk before he dies:
 He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
 Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
 He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

VI.

EPILOGUE,

Intended to have been spoken by

THE LADY HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH,

WHEN CALISTO WAS ACTED AT COURT.

As Jupiter I made my court in vain;
 I'll now assume my native shape again.
 I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
 And would not be a god to be refus'd.
 State grows uneasy when it hinders love;
 A glorious burden, which the wise remove.
 Now as a nymph I need not sue, nor try
 The force of any lightning but the eye.
 Beauty and youth more than a God command;
 No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand.
 'Tis here that sovereign power admits dispute;
 Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
 Our sullen Catos, whatso'er they say,
 Ev'n while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
 You, mighty sir, our bonds more easy make,
 And gracefully, what all must suffer, take:
 Above those forms the grave affect to wear;
 For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.

True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
 And soften business with the charms of wit.
 These peaceful triumphs with your cares you
 bought,
 And from the midst of fighting nations brought,
 You only hear it thunder from afar,
 And sit in peace the arbiter of war;
 Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains despise.
 You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
 And in its happy leisure sit and see
 The promises of more felicity:
 Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
 Whose morning rays like noontide strike and
 shine:
 Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
 To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes.

VII.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAN OF MODE, OR SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

[By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.]

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have
shewn,

They seem not of heaven's making, but their own.

Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass;

But there goes more to a substantial ass:

Something of man must be expos'd to view,

That, gallants, they may more resemble you.

Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,

The ladies would mistake him for a wit;

And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks would cry,

I vow, methinks, he's pretty company:

So brisk, so gay, so travel'd, so refin'd,

As he took pains to graff upon his kind.

True fops help nature's work, and go to school,

To file and finish God Almighty's fool.

Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;

He's knight o' th' shire, and represents you all.

From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;

Legion's his name, a people in a man.

His bulky folly gathers as it goes,

And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows.

His various modes from various fathers follow;

One taught the tofs, and one the new French
wallow.

His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd;

And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.

From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,

Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat pro-
phan'd.

Another's diving bow he did adore,

Which with a shog casts all the hair before,

Till he with full decorum brings it back,

And rises with a water-spaniel shake.

As for his songs, the ladies dear delight,

These sure he took from most of you who write.

Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd;

For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

VIII.

EPILOGUE

TO MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1678.]

You've seen a pair of faithful lovers die:

And much you care; for most of you will cry,

'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.

For, heaven be thank'd, we live in such an age,

When no man dies for love, but on the stage:

And ev'n those martyrs are but rare in plays;

A curst sign how much true faith decays.

Love is no more a violent desire;

'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.

In all our sex, the name examin'd well,

'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.

In woman, 'tis of subtle interest made:

Curse on the punk that made it first a trade!

M iij

She first did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool presume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty is not to be sold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
'That nothing but adoring it should buy.

Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;
They purchase but sophisticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
And women fight, like Swiflers, for their pay.

IX.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1680.]

TH' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praise soe'er the poetry deserve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.
That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Because he thinks himself or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichrist or France,
In the blest time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careless and qualmish with a yawning face:
You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Most of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
'The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourselves, and all the world beside.

One theatre there is of vast resort,
Which whilome of Requests was called the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night.
Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment still is fed
By villains in your own dull island bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To shew you better rogues upon the stage.
You know no poison but plain ratbane here;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elsewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy
By smelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, so known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair.
But, mark their feast, you shall behold such pranks;
The pope says grace, but 'tis the devil gives thanks.

X.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA.

AT OXFORD, 1680.

THESPIA, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes, sung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
Dicatur & plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis.

But Æschylus, says Horace in some page,
Was the first mountebank that trod the stage:
Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
Of tossing poets in a tennis-court.

But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation:
And few years hence; if anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And every prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your heathen wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish-plot:
Your poets shall be us'd like infidels,
And worst the author of the Oxford bells:
Nor should we 'scape the sentence, to depart,
Ev'n in our first original, a cart.

No zealous brother there would want a stone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be suppress'd,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beast:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
As chief supporters of the triple crown;
And Aristotle's for destruction ripe;
Some say, he call'd the soul an organ-pipe,
Which by some little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration.

XI.

A PROLOGUE.

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reasonable men should write;
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The rest may satisfy their curious itch
With city gazettes, or some factious speech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the shrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apostate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or see what's worse, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
Methinks, resemble the distracted age;
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings.
The style of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such censures our mistaking audience make,
That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.

They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress'd,
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest.
Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye choose,
Decoctions of a barley-water Muse:
A meal of tragedy would make you sick,
Unless it were a very tender chick.
Some scenes in sippets would be worth our
time;
Those would go down; some love that's poach'd
in rhyme;
If these should fail—
We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
Keep holiday, like watermen in frost;
While you turn players on the world's great
stage,
And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

XII.

EPILOGUE

TO A TRAGEDY CALLED TAMERLANE.

[By Mr. SAUNDERS.]

LADIES, the beardless author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play.
A woman wit has often grac'd the stage;
But he's the first boy-poet of our age.

Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narcissus peeping through the snow.
Thus Cowley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as strong.

Youth with the fair should always favour find,
 Or we are damn'd dissemblers of our kind.
 What's all this love they put into our parts?
 'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
 Should hag and grey-beard make such tender
 moan,
 Faith, you'd ev'n trust them to themselves alone,
 And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done.
 Since Love's our business, as 'tis your delight,
 The young, who best can practise, best can write.

What though he be not come to his full power,
 He's mending and improving every hour.
 You fly she-jockies of the box and pit,
 Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
 By management he may in time be made,
 But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
 Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a sweat,
 And always fails you at the second heat.

XIII.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian Muse, whose rhymes advance
 Orlando, and the Paladins of France,
 Records, that, when our wit and sense is flown,
 'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
 In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd,
 Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.
 Whate'er the story be, the moral's true;
 The wit we lost in town, we find in you.
 Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
 And fill their windy heads with sober sense.
 When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
 Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
 Here busy senates, to th' old cause inclin'd,
 May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:
 Your country neighbours, when their grain grows
 dear,
 May come, and find their last provision here:

Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
 Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one
 cross.
 We look'd what representatives would bring;
 But they help'd us, just as they did the king.
 Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth
 The Sibyls books to those who know their
 worth;
 And though the first was sacrific'd before,
 These volumes doubly will the price restore.
 Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
 To whom by long prescription you are kind.
 He, whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
 Has never spar'd the vices of the age,
 Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
 Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise.

XIV.

P R O L O G U E

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S
THEATRE, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682.

IN those cold regions which no summers cheer,
 Where brooding darkness covers half the year,
 To hollow caves the shivering natives go;
 Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow.

But when the tedious twilight wears away,
 And stars grow paler at th' approach of day,
 The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
 Happy who first can see the glimmering sun:

The furlly savage offspring disappear,
 And curse the bright successor of the year.
 Yet, though rough bears in covert seek defence,
 White foxes stay, with seeming innocence :
 That crafty kind with day-light can dispense.
 Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,
 That loyal subjects scarce can find a place :
 Thus modest truth is cast behind the crowd :
 Truth speaks too low ; hypocrisy too loud,
 Let them be first to flatter in success ;
 Duty can stay, but guilt has need to press ;
 Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call,
 To make their solemn shew at Heaven's Whitehall,
 The fawning devil appear'd among the rest
 And made as good a courtier as the best.
 The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
 Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
 Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true ;
 Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue :

A tyrant's power in rigour is express ;
 The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
 We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend ;
 But most are babes, that know not they offend.
 The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd,
 Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
 Driven by their chiefs they storms of hailstones
 pour ;
 Then mourn, and soften to a silent shower.
 O welcome to this much-offending land,
 The prince that brings forgiveness in his hand !
 Thus angels on glad messages appear :
 Their first salute commands us not to fear :
 Thus heaven, that could constrain us to obey,
 (With reverence if we might presume to say)
 Seems to relax the rights of sovereign sway :
 Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
 And makes us happy by our own free-will.

XV.

PROLOGUE TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

[By Mr. J. BANKS, 1682.]

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.

WHEN first the ark was landed on the shore,
 And heaven had vow'd to curse the ground no
 more ;
 When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
 And the new scene of earth began to draw ;
 The dove was sent to view the waves decrease,
 And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.
 'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,
 Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
 We have before our eyes the royal dove,
 Still innocent as harbinger of love :
 The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
 And people with a better race the plain.
 Tell me, ye powers, why should vain man pur-
 With endless toil, each object that is new, [sue,
 And for the seeming substance leave the true ?
 Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
 And loath the manna of his daily food ?

Must England still the scenes of changes be,
 Tost and tempestuous, like our ambient sea ?
 Must still our weather and our wills agree ?
 Without our blood our liberties we have :
 Who that is free would fight to be a slave ?
 Or, what can wars to after-times assure,
 Of which our present age is not secure ?
 All that our monarch would for us ordain,
 Is but to enjoy the blessings of his reign.
 Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
 While we preserve our state of innocence :
 That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
 And first their lord, and then themselves destroy.
 What civil broils have cost, we know too well ;
 Oh ! let it be enough that once we fell !
 And every heart conspire, and every tongue,
 Still to have such a king, and this king long.

XVI.

AN EPILOGUE

FOR THE KING'S HOUSE.

WE act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
 But just peep up, and then pop down again.
 Let those who call us wicked change their sense;
 For never men liv'd more on Providence.
 Not lottery cavaliers are half so poor,
 Nor broken cits, nor a vocation whore.
 Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
 Of the three last un giving parliaments:
 So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
 He might have spar'd his dream of seven lean
 kine,
 And chang'd his vision for the Muses nine.
 The comet, that, they say, portends a dearth,
 Was but a vapour drawn from play-house earth:
 Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,
 Foreshews our change of state, and thin third-days.
 'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
 For then the printer's press would suffer more.
 Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit;
 They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.

Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
 Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?
 Or, which is duller yet, and more would spite us,
 Democritus's wars with Heraclitus?
 Such are the authors, who have run us down,
 And exercis'd you critics of the town.
 Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes,
 Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the times.
 Scandal, the glory of the English nation,
 Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion.
 Such harmless thrusts, as if, like fencers wife,
 They had agreed their play before their prize.
 Faith, they may hang their harps upon the wil-
 lows;
 'Tis just like children when they box with pillows.
 Then put an end to civil wars for shame;
 Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
 Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
 The satisfaction of a gentleman.

XVII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE LOYAL BROTHER: OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

[By Mr. SOUTHERN, 1682.]

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,
 Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
 Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
 Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state:
 Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them!)
 hate.
 The critic humbly seems advice to bring;
 The fawning Whig petitions to the king:

But one's advice into a satire slides;
 T' other's petition a remonstrance hides.
 These will no taxes give, and those no pence;
 Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
 The critic all our troops of friends discards;
 Just so the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
 Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
 As watchful shepherds that fright beasts of prey.

Kings, who disband such needless aids as these,
Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please :
And that would be till next queen Bess's night :
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmundbury first, in woful wife,
Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart ;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congé does retire :
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall ;
There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years :
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore ;
For few take pity on an old cast-whore.
The devil, who brought him to the shame, takes
part ;
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart ;
Like thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart.

The word is given, and, with a loud huzza,
The mitred moppet from his chair they draw :
On the slain corpse contending nations fall :
Alas ! what's one poor pope among them all !
He burns ; now all true hearts your triumphs ring :
And next, for fashion, cry, God save the king !
A needful cry in midst of such alarms,
When forty thousand men are up in arms.
But after he's once saved, to make amends,
In each succeeding health they damn his friends :
So God begins, but still the devil ends.
What if some one, inspir'd with zeal, should call,
Come, let's go cry, God save him at Whitehall ?
His best friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the safer for this prayer.
Five praying saints are by an act allow'd ;
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, should heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.

XVIII.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

A VIRGIN poet was serv'd up to-day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory-boy :
But, like a girl whom several would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the best of his own natural
toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The king's house would instruct me by the name.
There's loyalty to one ; I wish no more :
A commonwealth sounds like a common whore.
Let husband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory still.
If any factious spirit should rebel,
Our sex, with ease, can every rising quell.
Then, as you hope we should your failings hide,
An honest jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence ;
They save dull culprits, who have murder'd sense.
Though nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass.
Faction in play's the commonwealth-man's bribe ;
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe :

Though void in payment laws and statutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will
take it.
'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit ;
Their's is the pension-parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent ;
For there 'tis safe, in its own element.
Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
Let them forget themselves an hour of sense.
In one poor isle, why should two factions be ?
Small difference in your vices I can see :
In drink and drabs both sides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land :
If places fell, the party could not stand :
Of this damn'd grievance every Whig complains :
They grunt like hogs till they have got their
grains.
Mean time you see what trade our plots advance ;
We send each year good money into France ;
And they that know what merchandize we need,
Send o'er true Protestants to mend our breed.

XIX.

PROLOGUE TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, 1683.

Our play's a parallel : the Holy League
 Begot our Covenant : Guisards got the Whig :
 Whate'er our hot-brain'd sheriffs did advance
 Was, like our fashions, first produc'd in France ;
 And, when worn-out, well scourg'd, and banish'd
 there,
 Sent over, like their godly beggars, here. [gull ?
 Could the same trick, twice play'd, our nation
 It looks as if the devil were grown dull,
 Or serv'd us up, in scorn, his broken meat,
 And thought we were not worth a better cheat.
 The fulsome Covenant, one would think in reason,
 Had given us all our bellies full of treason :
 And yet, the name but chang'd, our nasty nation
 Chaws its own excrement, th' Association.
 'Tis true we have not learn'd their poisoning way,
 For that's a mode but newly come in play ;
 Besides, your drug's uncertain to prevail ;
 But your true Protestant can never fail,
 With that compendious instrument a flail. }
 Go on ; and bite, e'en though the hook lies bare ;
 Twice in one age expel the lawful heir :
 Once more decide religion by the sword ;
 And purchase for us a new tyrant lord.

Pray for your king ; but yet your purses spare :
 Make him not two-pence richer by your prayer.
 To shew you love him much, chastise him more ;
 And make him very great, and very poor.
 Push him to wars, but still no pence advance ;
 Let him lose England, to recover France.
 Cry freedom up with popular noisy votes :
 And get enough to cut each other's throats.
 Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne ;
 For fear of too much power, pray leave him none.
 A noise was made of arbitrary sway ;
 But, in revenge, you Whigs have found a way, }
 An arbitrary duty now to pay.
 Let his own servants turn, to save their stake ;
 Glean from his plenty, and his wants forsake.
 But let some Judas near his person stay,
 To swallow the last sop, and then betray.
 Make London independent of the crown :
 A realm apart ; the kingdom of the town.
 Let ignoramus juries find no traitors :
 And ignoramus poets scribble satires.
 And, that your meaning none may fail to scan, }
 Do what in coffee-houses you began ;
 Pull down the master, and set up the man. }

XX.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Much time and trouble this poor play has cost ;
 And, faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
 Yet no one man was meant ; nor great nor small ;
 Our poets, like frank gamesters, threw at all.
 They took no single aim—
 But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
 Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
 Duels at crimes ; but, when the cause is right,
 In battle every man is bound to fight.

For what should hinder me to sell my skin
 Dear as I could, if once my hand were in ? }
Se defendendo never was a sin.
 'Tis a fine world, my masters, right or wrong,
 The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
 They must do all they can—
 But we, forsooth, must bear a christian mind ;
 And fight, like boys, with one hand ty'd behind.

Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wondrous nice,
To cry *box fair*, and give him time to rise.
When fortune favours, none but fools will dally;
Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipt you th' inviting wink, stand shall I; shall I?
A trimmer cry'd (that heard me tell the story),
Fie, Mistress * Cook! faith, you're too rank a
Tory!

With not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard cases;
You women love to see men make wry faces.
Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the devil his due.
Lenetives, says he, suit best with our condition.
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.
I love no blood—Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.

We Trimmers are for holding all things even:
Yes—just like him that hung twixt hell and
heaven.
Have we not had men's lives enough already?
Yes sure:—but you're for holding all things
steady:
Now, since the weight hangs all on our side, bro-
ther,
You Trimmers should, to poize it, hang on t' other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat,
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but whiggish teeth and claws.

XXI.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN TO THE PLAY, BEFORE
IT WAS FORBIDDEN LAST SUMMER†.

Two houses join'd, two poets to a play?
You noisy Whigs will sure be pleas'd to-day;
It looks so like two shrieves the city way. }
But, since our discords and divisions cease,
You, Bilboa gallants, learn to keep the peace:
Make here no tilts: let our poor stage alone; }
Or, if a decent murder must be done,
Pray take a civil turn to Marybone.
If not, I swear, we'll pull up all our benches;
Not for your fakes, but for our orange-wenchens:
For you thrust wide sometimes; and many a spark,
That misses one, can hit the other mark.
This makes our boxes full; for men of sense
Pay their four shillings in their own defence;
That safe behind the ladies they may stay,
Peep o'er the fan †, and judge the bloody fray.
But other foes give beauty worse alarms;
The *posse poetarum* 's up in arms:
No woman's fame their libels has escap'd;
Their ink runs venom, and their pens are clapt.
When sighs and prayers their ladies cannot move,
They rail, write treason, and turn Whigs to love.

Nay, and I fear they worse designs advance,
There's a damn'd love-trick now brought o'er
from France;
We charm in vain, and dress, and keep a pother,
Whilst those false rogues are ogling one another.
All sins besides admit some expiation;
But this against our sex is plain damnation.
They join for libels too, these women-haters;
And, as they club for love, they club for satires:
The best on 't is they hurt not; for they wear
Stings in their tails, their only venom's there.
'Tis true, some shot at first the ladies hit,
While able marksmen made, and men of wit:
But now the fools give fire, whose bounce is
louder:
And yet, like mere train-bands, they shoot but
powder.
Libels, like plots, sweep all in their first fury;
Then dwindle like an ignoramus jury.
Thus age begins with touzing and with tumbling;
But grunts, and groans, and ends at last in fum-
bling.

* The actresses, who spake the epilogue. N.

† Langbaine says, this play found many enemies at its first appearance on the stage.

‡ Hence Mr. Pope's couplet, *Essay on Criticism*. ver. 543.

"The modest fan was lifted up no more,
"And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before."

XXII.

P R O L O G U E.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only
 knew,
 Athenian judges you this day renew.
 Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
 And here poetic prizes lost or won.
 Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,
 And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
 A day of doom is this of your decree,
 Where even the best are but by mercy free :
 A day, which none but Jonson durst have
 wish'd to see.
 Here they, who long have known the useful stage.
 Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.
 As your commissioners, our poets go,
 To cultivate the virtue which you sow ;
 In your Lycæum first themselves refin'd,
 And delegated thence to human kind.
 But as ambassadors, when long from home,
 For new instructions to their princes come ;
 So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
 Return, and beg they may be better taught :
 Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shewn,
 But by your manners they correct their own.
 Th' illiterate writer, emp'ric-like, applies
 To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance remedies :

The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first be-
 gan,
 Studies with care th' anatomy of man ;
 Sees virtue, vice, and passions, in their cause,
 And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
 So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
 An art, in London only is a trade.
 There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
 Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
 Such build their poems the Lucretian way ;
 So many huddled atoms make a play ;
 And if they hit in order by some chance,
 They call that nature, which is ignorance.
 To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire,
 And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
 Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
 Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
 He owns no crown from those Prætorian bands,
 But knows that right is in the senate's hands,
 Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
 Low at the Muses feet his wreath he lays,
 And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.
 Kings make their poets whom themselves think
 But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit. [fit,

XXIII.

E P I L O G U E,

[SPOKEN BY THE SAME.]

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear,
 Flies with more haste, when the French arms
 draw near,
 Than we with our poetic train come down,
 For refuge hither, from th' infected town :

Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit
 To visit us with all the plagues of wit.
 A French troop first swept all things in its way ;
 But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay :

Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find
 They left their itch of novelty behind.
 Th' Italian merry-andrews took their place,
 And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace:
 Instead of wit, and humours, your delight
 Was there to see two hobby-horses fight;
 Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,
 And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
 For love you heard how amorous asses bray'd,
 And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
 Nature was out of countenance, and each day
 Some new-born monster shewn you for a play.
 But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite dumb,
 Those wicked engines call'd machines are come.

Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
 And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid:
 Art magic is for poetry profess'd;
 And cats and dogs, and each obscene beast,
 To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
 Upon our English stage are worship'd now.
 Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
 Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town,
 Fletcher's despis'd, your Johnson's out of fashion,
 And Wit the only drug in all the nation.
 In this low ebb our wares to you are shewn;
 By you those staple authors worth is known;
 For wit's a manufacture of your own.
 When you, who only can, their scenes have prais'd,
 We'll boldly back, and say, the price is rais'd.

XXIV.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL.

OFt has our poet wish'd, this happy seat
 Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:
 I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind;
 Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,
 And only in the shades like laurels grow.
 Youth, e'er it sees the world, here studies rest,
 And age returning thence concludes it best.
 What wonder if we court that happiness
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,
 Teaching ev'n you, while the next world we shew,
 Your peace to value more, and better know?
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,
 Whose holy memory shall ever last,
 For patronage from him whose care presides
 O'er every noble art, and every science guides:

Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know
 And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
 Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.
 His learning, and untainted manners too,
 We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
 Such ancient hospitality there rests
 In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
 Whose kindness was religion to their guests.
 Such modesty did to our sex appear,
 As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
 Since each of you was our protector here.
 Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shewn,
 As might Apollo with the Muses own.
 Till our return, we must despair to find
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

XXV.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Discord, and plots, which have undone our age,
 With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage.
 Our house has suffer'd in the common woe,
 We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.

Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed de-
 parted,
 And of our sisters, all the kinder-hearted,
 To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted.

With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in English three-pence
hight.

One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's lean,
There with her single person fills the scene.
Another, with long use, and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and rose there a maid.
Our trusty door-keepers of former time
There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.
Take but a copper-lace to druggert suit,
And there's a hero made without dispute :
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his subjects, to express the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare :

Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing ;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring ;
The Scot, who wore it would be chosen king. }
But why should I these renegades describe,
When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe ?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Irish action slander'd English wit :
You have beheld such barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a second massacre :
Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace,
And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
When strollers durst presume to pick your purse,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
Oxford's a place where wit can never starve.

XXVI.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THOUGH actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most :
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to wit.
We speak our poets' wit ; and trade in ore,
Like those, who touch upon the golden shore :
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take :
Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice ;
Whether th' applause be only sound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly,
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy :
We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,
And, for their ignorance, condemn their praise.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grossly ; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit ;
The ready finger lays on every blot ; [not.
Knows what should justly please, and what should

Nature herself lies open to your view ;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
Where outlines false, and colours seem too faint,
Where bunglers dawb, and where true poets paint.
But, by the sacred genius of this place,
By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome :
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage ;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

XXVII.

EPILOGUE TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1683.]

Our hero's happy in the play's conclusion;
 The holy rogue at last has met confusion:
 Though Arius all along appear'd a saint,
 The last act shew'd him a true Protestant.
 Eusebius (for you know I read Greek authors)
 Reports, that, after all these plots and slaughters,
 The court of Constantine was full of glory,
 And every Trimmer turn'd addressing Tory.
 They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
 When Clause was king, then all the world was
 glad.

Whigs kept the places they possess'd before,
 And most were in a way of getting more;
 Which was as much as saying, Gentlemen,
 Here's power and money to be rogues again.
 Indeed, there were a sort of peaking tools,
 (Some call them modest, but I call them fools)
 Men much more loyal, though not half so loud;
 But these poor devils were cast behind the crowd.
 For bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,
 But good men starve for want of impudence.
 Besides all these, there were a sort of wights,
 I think my author calls them Teckelites,
 Such hearty rogues against the king and laws,
 They favour'd ev'n a foreign rebel's cause.

When their own damn'd design was quash'd and
 aw'd,
 At least, they gave it their good word abroad.
 As many a man, who, for a quiet life,
 Breeds out his bastard, not to nose his wife;
 Thus o'er their darling plot these Trimmers
 cry;
 And though they cannot keep it in their eye,
 They bind it 'prentice to Count Teckelely.
 They believe not the last plot; may I be curst,
 If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.
 No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
 The man, that makes it, never smells the stink.
 And now it comes into my head, I'll tell [well.
 Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so
 Th' original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,
 Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
 He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
 Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer;
 And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,
 One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths
 lasted:
 To turn for this, may surely be forgiven:
 Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a heaven?

XXVIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DISSAPPOINTMENT: OR, THE MOTHER
IN FASHION.

[By Mr. SOUTHERNE, 1684.]

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

How comes it, gentlemen, that now-a-days,
 When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,
 Our poets tax you still with want of sense?
 All prologues treat you at your own expence.

Sharp citizens a wiser way can go;
 They make you fools, but never call you so.
 They, in good manners, seldom make a slip,
 But treat a common whore with ladyship:

N ij

But here each faucy wit at random writes,
 And uses ladies as he uses knights.
 Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
 Vows, that from him no nymph deserves a satire :
 Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme—
 Against the sweet partaker of his crime.
 Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker,
 To call men fools ; 'tis railing at their Maker.
 Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf ;
 He's young enough to be a fop himself.
 And, if his praise can bring you all a-bed,
 He swears such hopeful youth no nation ever bred.

Your nurses, we presume, in such a case,
 Your father chose, because he lik'd the face ;
 And, often, they supply'd your mother's place. }
 The dry nurse was your mother's ancient maid.
 Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd.
 Betwixt them both, for milk and sugarcandy,
 Your sucking-bottles were well stor'd with brandy.
 Your father, to initiate your discourse,
 Meant to have taught you first to swear and }
 curse,

But was prevented by each careful nurse.
 For, leaving dad and mam, as names too common,
 They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
 I pass your schools ; for there when first you came,
 You would be sure to learn the Latin name.
 In colleges you scorn'd the art of thinking,
 But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking :

Thence come to town, you practise play, to know
 The virtues of the high dice, and the low.
 Each thinks himself a sharper most profound :
 He cheats by pence ; is cheated by the pound.
 With these perfections, and what else he gleans, }
 The spark sets up for love behind our scenes ;
 Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens.
 There, if they know their man, with cunning
 carriage,

Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
 He hires some homely room, love's fruits to gather,
 And garret-high rebels against his father :
 But he once dead ———
 Brings her in triumph, with her portion, down,
 A toilet, dressing-box, and half a crown.
 Some marry first, and then they fall to scowering,
 Which is, refining marriage into whoring.
 Our women batten well on their good-nature ;
 All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.
 But while abroad so liberal the dolt is,
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
 Last, some there are, who take their first degrees
 Of lewdness in our middle galleries.
 The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
 Invade and grubble one another's punk :
 They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,
 Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out ;
 Thus while for paltry punk they roar and stickle,
 They make it bawdier than a conventicle .

XXIX.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE KING AND QUEEN*, UPON THE UNION OF
THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1686.

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fa-
 shion,
 Their penny-scribes take care t' inform the nation,
 How well men thrive in this or that plantation ;

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
 And Carolina's with Associators ;
 Both ev'n too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
 And every age produces such a store, [more.
 That now there's need of two New-Englands

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation ?
 Only thus much, that we have left our station,
 And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree ;
 But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
 Those play-house Whigs set up for property.

Some say, they no obedience paid of late ;
 But would new fears and jealousies create ;
 Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

* At the opening of their Theatre, 1683.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks
and quelling :
For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar ;
There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this,
call'd Charter.

But, since the victory with us remains,
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains ;
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight them ;
And you, fair ladies, and gallants, that slight them,
We'll treat with good new plays ; if our new wits
can write them.

We'll take no blundering verse, no fustian tumor,
No dribbling love, from this or that presumer ;
No dull fat fool sham'd on the stage for hu-
mour.

For, faith, some of them such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd ;
But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We've given you tragedies, all sense defying,
And singing men, in woful metre dying ;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather ;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither ;
Whig poets and whig sheriffs may hang to-
gether.

XXX.

EPILOGUE ON THE SAME OCCASION.

New ministers, when first they get in place.
Must have a care to please, and that's our case :
Some laws for public welfare we design,
If you, the power supreme, will please to join :
There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to wit ;
These noisy firs so loud their parts rehearse,
That oft the play is silenc'd by the farce.
Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldest son.
But stay : methinks some vizard mask I see,
Cast out her lure from the mid gallery :
About her all the flattering sparks are rang'd ;
The noise continues, though the scene is chang'd :
Now growling, sputtering, wauling such a clutter,
'Tis just like puff-defendant in a gutter :
Fine love, no doubt ; but e'er two days are o'er
The surgeon will be told a woful story. [ye,
Let vizard mask her naked face expose,
On pain of being thought to want a nose :
Then for your lacqueys, and your train beside,
By whate'er name or title dignify'd,
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears :

They're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters ;
We've none so great but their unpaying masters.
We beg you, firs, to beg your men, that they
Would please to give you leave to hear the play.
Next in the play-house spare your precious lives ;
Think, like good Christians, on your bearns and
wives :

Think on your souls ; but by your lugging forth,
It seems you know how little they are worth.
If none of these will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpless whore you leave behind.
We beg you, last, our scene-room to forbear,
And leave our goods and chattels to our care.
Alas ! our women are but washy toys,
And wholly taken up in stage employs :
Poor willing tits they are ; but yet I doubt
This double duty soon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd besides with jealous care ;
What if my lady's page should find you there ?
My lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye ;
No passing your gilt shilling for a guinea.
Thus, gentlemen, we have summ'd up in short
Our grievances, from country, town, and court :
Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure ;
But first vote money, then redress at leisure.

XXXI.

PROLOGUE TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1689.]

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
 I long to whisper something in your ear :
 A secret, which does much my mind perplex :
 There's treason in the play against our sex.
 A man that's false to love, that vows and cheats,
 And kisses every living thing he meets.
 A rogue in mode, I dare not speak too broad,
 One that does something to the very bawd.
 Out on him, traitor, for a filthy beast ;
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest.
 None of them stick at mark ; they all deceive. }
 Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe ; }
 There Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve. }
 To hide their faults, they rap up oaths, and
 tear :
 Now, though we lye, we're too well-bred to
 swear.
 So we compound for half the sin we owe,
 But men are dipt for soul and body too ;

And, when found out, excuse themselves, por-
 cant them,
 With Latin stuff, " Perjuria ridet Amantūm."
 I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
 I'm sure, I never heard that scritch-owl hollow'd
 In my poor ears, but separation follow'd.
 How can such perjur'd villains e'er be saved ?
 Achitophel's not half so false to David.
 With vows and soft expressions to allure,
 They stand, like foremen of a shop, demure :
 No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
 And for the next new face ride out a padding.
 Yet, by their favour, when they have been kissing,
 We can perceive the ready money missing.
 Well ! we may rail ; but 'tis as good as ev'n wink ;
 Something we find, and something they will sink.
 But since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,
 To trump their diamonds, as they trump our hearts.

XXXII.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

A QUALM of conscience brings me back again,
 To make amends to you bespatter'd men.
 We women love like cats, that hide their joys,
 By growling, squalling, and a hideous noise,

I rail'd at wild young sparks ; but, without lying,
 Never was man worse thought on for high-flying.
 The prodigal of love gives each her part,
 And squandering shews, at least, a noble heart.

I've heard of men, who, in some lewd lampoon,
Have hir'd a friend, to make their valour known.
That accusation straight this question brings;
What is the man that does such naughty things?
The spaniel lover, like a sneaking fop,
Lies at our feet: he's scarce worth taking up.
'Tis true, such heroes in a play go far
But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
When men such vile, such faint, petitions make,
We fear to give, because they fear to take;
Since modesty's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own sex confin'd.

When men usurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of supererogation—
We shew'd a princess in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæsar more than all his due;
Told her own faults: but I should much abhor
To choose a husband for my confessor.
You see what fate follow'd the saint-like fool,
For telling tales from out the nuptial school.
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
Had she confess'd so much to him she lov'd.
True Presbyterian wives the means would try;
But damn'd confessing is flat Popery.

XXXIII.

PROLOGUE TO THE WIDOW RANTER.

[By Mrs. BEHN, 1690.]

HEAVENS save you, gallants, and this hopeful age;
Ye're welcome to the downfall of the stage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation;
And vice, the manufacture of the nation,
O'erstocks the town so much, and thrives so well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
In vain our wares on theatres are shewn,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cause ne'er fails; for whatso'er he spends,
'There's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would be rais'd from fools!
Mean time poor wit prohibited must lie,
As if 'twere made some French commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expence;
And yet, as soon as seen, they give offence.

Time was, when none would cry, That oaf was me;
But now you strive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a mufs of more than half the town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at least;
A sign the family is well increas'd.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're supply'd so fast with English breed.
Well! flourish, countrymen, drink, swear, and
roar;
Let every free-born subject keep his whore,
And wandering in the wilderness about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you see these pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or single share:
For where the punk is common, he's a sot,
Who needs will father what the parish got.

XXXIV.

PROLOGUE
TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA REVIVED.

[By LODOWICK CARLELL, Esq.]

Spoken by Mr. HART.

WITH sickly actors and an old house too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alehouse scenes, and clothes bare
Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn. [worn,

If all these ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;

Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fallen from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lacquies early to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why ye like them? they are French.
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but shew their breeding:
Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest;
To make it seem they understood the jest.

Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play:
Civil, egad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
Mean time we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'd less good breeding, or had more good-na-
ture.

XXXV.

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER,

Revived by Mr. DRYDEN,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art, can guess
The fate of our approaching Prophetess?
A play, which, like a perspective set right,
Presents our vast expences close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow sated, ere the second fight.
False men, ev'n so you serve your mistresses:
They rise three stories in their towering drefs;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots, and Bilboa blade,
Your silver goes, that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn;
Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return;

And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his usquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hose,
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,
And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights;
We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake
Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious presence grace our play;
And with a sigh their empty seats survey:
Then think, on that bare bench my servant sat;
I see him ogle still, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
Their loss with patience we will try to bear;
And would do more, to see you often here;
That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may rise.

XXXVI.

PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES.

Enter Mr. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on, without a frontispiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet, sniveling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience: here's honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose-Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something like one: O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part, I wish him a good deliverance.

*[Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.]**Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.*

Save ye sirs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way. I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the play:

But the duce take me, if I know what to say. I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye, To the last drop of claret, in my belly.

So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting: And, if my verses feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.

Our young poet has brought a piece of work, In which, though much of art there does not lurk, It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Corke.

But, for this play—(which till I have done, we shew not)

What may be its fortune—By the Lord—I know not.

This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:

'Tis innocent of all things—ev'n of wit.

He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets.

His squibs are only level'd at your pockets.

And if his crackers light among your pelf,

You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himself.

By this time, I'm something recover'd of my fluster'd madness:

And now, a word or two in sober sadness.

Ours is a common play; and you pay down

A common harlot's price—just half a crown.

You'll say, I play the pimp, on my friend's score;

But, since 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er

For many a mother has done that before.

How's this, you cry? an actor writ?—we know it;

But Shakspeare was an actor, and a poet.

Has not great Jonson's learning, often fail'd?

But Shakspeare's greater genius still prevail'd.

Have not some writing actors, in this age

Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?

To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,

Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.

Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;

Peace and the butt, is all our business here:

So much for that;—and the devil take small beer.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY II.

[By Mr. MOUNTFORT, 1693.]

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

Thus you the sad catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they say;
But English manufacture got the day.

Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Rosamond was but her Nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With such a mistress, or with such a wife?

If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
 The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
 Would you be godly with perpetual strife,
 Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife:
 Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
 Like honest whoring Harry in the play?
 I guess your minds: the mistress would be taken,
 And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.
 The devil's in you all, mankind's a rogue;
 You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
 After a year, poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,
 And you, like Haynes, return to mother church.
 Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind,
 Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.

The play-house is a kind of market-place;
 One chaffers for a voice, another for a face;
 Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,
 Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny
 Ev'n this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
 Would make a shift my portion to provide,
 With some small perquisites I have beside,
 Though for your love, perhaps I should not care,
 I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
 What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
 But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
 And fear the poison that would make me swell.

XXXVIII.

A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, a bashful poet bids me say,
 He's come to lose his maidenhead to day.
 Be not too fierce; for he's but green of age,
 And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the stage.
 He wants the suffering part of resolution,
 And comes with blushes to his execution.
 Ere you deflower his Muse, he hopes the pit
 Will make some settlement upon his wit.
 Promise him well, before the play begin:
 For he would fain be cozen'd into sin.
 'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
 But, if you leave him after being frail,
 He'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail:
 To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,
 And put you in the new deserters bill.
 Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we see;
 Enough to fill another Mercury!
 But this the ladies may with patience brook:
 Theirs are not the first colours you forsook.

He would be loth the beauties to offend;
 But, if he should, he's not too old to mend.
 He's a young plant, in his first year of bearing;
 But his friend swears, he will be worth the rearing.
 His gloss is still upon him: though 'tis true
 He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
 You think an apricot half green is best;
 There's sweet and sour, and one side good at least.
 Mangos and limes, whose nourishment is little,
 Though not for food, are yet preserv'd for pickle.
 So this green writer may pretend, at least,
 To whet your stomachs for a better feast.
 He makes this difference in the sexes too;
 He sells to men, he gives himself to you.
 To both he would contribute some delight;
 A mere poetical hermaphrodite.
 Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo;
 With arms offensive and defensive too;
 'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

XXXIX.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

To say, this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
 Is not enough to make it pass you now.
 Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit;
 When few men censur'd, and when fewer writ,

And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this,
 As the best model of his master-piece:
 Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
 That Alchemist by this Astrologer;

Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
 He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the clothes.
 But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
 What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
 Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
 Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
 But this our age such authors does afford,
 As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one
 word:

Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
 And what's their plunder, their possession call:
 Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to prey,
 But rob by sun-shine, in the face of day:
 Nay scarce the common ceremony use
 Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse;
 But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
 Mount Pegasus before the owner's face.
 Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad,
 'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
 Yet it were modest, could it but be said,
 They strip the living, but these rob the dead;

Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
 And make love to them the Ægyptian way;
 Or, as a rhyming author would have said,
 Join the dead living to the living dead.
 Such men in Poetry may claim some part:
 They have the licence, though they want the art?
 And might, where theft was prais'd, for Laureate
 Poets, not of the head, but of the hand. [stand,
 They make the benefits of others studying,
 Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
 Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage;
 'Tis all his own, when once he has spit i' th' por-
 ridge.

But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this;
 You are in fault for what they do amiss:
 For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
 And durst not steal, unless you please to wink:
 Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
 They should refund; but that can never be.
 For should you letters of reprisal seal, [steal.
 These men write that which no man else would

XL.

AN EPILOGUE

You saw our wife was chaste, yet throughly try'd.
 And, without doubt, y' are hugely edify'd;
 For, like our hero, whom we shew'd to-day,
 You think no woman true, but in a play.
 Love once did make a pretty kind of show:
 Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow:
 But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago. }
 Now some small-chat, and guinea expectation,
 Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
 In Comedy your little selves you meet;
 'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-street.
 Smile on our author then, if he has shewn
 A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.
 Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,
 Who act those follies, Poets toil to write!
 The sweating Muse does almost leave the chace;
 She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices
 Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly [pace.
 To some new frisk of contrariety.

You roll like snow-balls, gathering as you run;
 And get seven devils when dispossest of one,
 Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
 Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
 But every inch of her you now uncase,
 And clap a vizard-mask upon the face:
 For sins like these, the zealous of the land,
 With little hair, and little or no band,
 Declare how circulating pestilences
 Watch, every twenty years, to snap offences.
 Saturn, ev'n now, takes doctoral degrees;
 He'll do your work this summer without fees.
 Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
 And, ah, preserve the eighteen-penny place!
 But for the pit confounders, let them go,
 And find as little mercy as they shew:
 The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets pray;
 For every critic sav'd, thou damn'st a play.

XLI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

Like some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,
 So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
 Unus'd to crowds, the Parson quakes for fear,
 And wonders how the devil he durst come there;
 Wanting three talents needful for the place.
 Some beard, some learning, and some little grace:
 Nor is the puny Poet void of care.
 For authors, such as our new authors are,
 Have not much learning nor much wit to spare:
 And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce
 But has as little as the very Parson: [one,
 Both say, they preach and write for your instruc-
 But 'tis for a third day, and for induction. [tion;
 The difference is, that though you like the play,
 The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
 But with the Parson 'tis another case,
 He, without holiness, may rise to grace;
 The poet has one disadvantage more,
 That, if his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,
 Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.

But dulness well becomes the fable garment;
 I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's preferment;
 Wit is not his business; and as wit now goes,
 Sirs, 'tis not so much your's as you suppose,
 For you like nothing now but nauseous beaux.
 You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
 At what his beauship says, but what he wears;
 So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears;
 The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
 The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous muff.
 The truth on't is, the payment of the pit
 Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
 You cannot from our absent author hope
 He should equip the stage with such a sop:
 Fools change in England, and new fools arise,
 For though th' immortal species never dies,
 Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
 But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find
 One fool, for millions that he left behind.

XLII.

PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM,

Reviv'd for our Author's Benefit, Anno 1700.

How wretched is the fate of those who write!
 Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite.
 Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common
 foe;
 Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
 Yet, worse, their brother Poets damn the play,
 And roar the loudest, though they never pay.

The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
 At every lewd, low character—That's I,
 He, who writes letters to himself, would swear,
 The world forgot him, if he was not there.
 What should a Poet do? 'Tis hard for one
 To pleasure all the fools that would be shewn:
 And yet not two in ten will pass the town.

Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop, than fops can find.

Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our universities;
Yet to be shewn by some kind wit he looks,
Because he play'd the fool, and writ three books,
But, if he would be worth a Poet's pen,
He must be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fustian stuff he wrote,
Was dead-born droggrel, or is quite forgot:
His man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew robe,
Is just the proverb, and as poor as Job.
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
There, though he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here, he founders in, and sinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;

Invades the psalms with rhymes, and leaves no
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come. [room

But when, if, after all this godly geer
Is not so senseless as it would appear;
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the sects to draw them in again. }
At leisure hours, in epic song he deals,
Writes to the tumbling of his coach's wheels,
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between stool and stool.

Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himself a place in farce or play. [him
We knew not by what name we should arraign
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one ass's back:
At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindness to requite; }
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the
knight.

XLIII.

EPILOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

PERHAPS the Parson stretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.
But sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,
The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The Poets, who must live by courts, or starve,
Were proud, so good a government to serve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps prophane,
Tainted the Stage, for some small snip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profess,
Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the least.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the Poets but the tail.
The sin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The scandal of the sin was wholly new.
Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd;
White-hall the naked Venus first reveal'd.
Who standing as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine,

Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all, and close devotion.
I pass the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would silence us, and shut the door,
That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.

As for reforming us, which some pretend,
That work in England is without an end: }
Well may we change, but we shall never mend.

Yet, if you can but bear the present Stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you say, if we should first begin }
To stop the trade of love behind the scene:
Where actresses make bold with married men?

For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
In short, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be some re- }
mains, [Hains.

While you have still your Oats, and we our

TALES AND TRANSLATIONS.

T O

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

MY LORD,

SOME estates are held in England, by paying a fine at the change of every lord: I have enjoyed the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this present day. I have dedicated the translation of the lives of Plutarch to the first Duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Though I am very short of the age of Nestor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your house; and by your Grace's favour am admitted still to hold from you by the same tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserved the value of so illustrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that for three descents they have been pleased to distinguish my poems from those of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to say, That as your grandfather and father were cherished and adorned with honours by two successive monarchs, so I have been esteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the son, descended from one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe.

It is true, that by delaying the payment of my last fine, when it was due by your Grace's accession to the titles and patrimonies of your house, I may seem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your service: and since you have

been graciously pleased, by your permission of this address, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay these volumes at your feet.

The world is sensible that you worthily succeed, not only to the honours of your ancestors, but also to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, easiness of access, and desire of doing good even to the prejudice of your fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the newest link of it: which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray, it may descend to late posterity: and your flourishing youth, and that of your excellent Dutchess, are happy omens of my wish.

It is observed by Livy and by others, that some of the noblest Roman families retained a resemblance of their ancestry, not only in their shapes and features, but also in their manners, their qualities, and the distinguishing characters of their minds: some lines were noted for a stern, rigid virtue, savage, haughty, parsimonious, and unpopular: others were more sweet, and affable; made of a more pliant paste, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable offices, and diffusive of the goods which they enjoyed. The last of these is the proper and indelible character of your Grace's family. God Almighty has endued you with a softness, a beneficence, an attractive behaviour on the hearts of others; and so sensible of their misery, that the wounds of for-

ture seem not inflicted on them, but on yourself. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their wishes, and always exceed their expectations: as if what was yours, was not your own, and not given you to possess, but to bestow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I must cast in shades, lest I offend your modesty, which is so far from being ostentatious of the good you do, that it blushes even to have it known: and therefore I must leave you to the satisfaction and testimony of your own conscience, which though it be a silent panegyric, is yet the best.

You are so easy of access, that Poplicola was not more, whose doors were opened on the outside to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where (I can scarce forbear saying) that want itself was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The history of Peru assures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, esteemed that the highest, which called them Lovers of the poor: a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Augustus of the Roman emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deserved by few of them; and not running in a blood, like the perpetual gentleness, and inherent goodness of the Ormond Family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest, and most ductile of all metals: iron, which is the hardest, gathers rust, corrodes itself; and is therefore subject to corruption: it was never intended for coins and medals, or to bear faces and the inscriptions of the great. Indeed it is fit for armour, to bear off insults, and preserve the wearer in the day of battle: but the danger once repelled, it is laid aside by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil conversation: a necessary guard in war, but too harsh and cumbersome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more humane life.

For this reason, my lord, though you have courage in a heroical degree, yet I ascribe it to you, but as your second attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compassion, claim precedence, as they are first in the divine nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity: affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word, which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean Good-nature, are of daily use: they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life: neither sighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curses of the vanquished, follow acts of compassion, and of charity: but a sincere pleasure and serenity of mind, in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot suffer the misfortunes of another, without redress; lest they should bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse tempers of mankind, since oppression on one side, and ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable occasions of

war; that courage, that magnanimity, and resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: and here it grieves me that I am scantied in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your actions: but *αἰδούμεαι Τρώας* is an expression which Tully often used, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the censure of the Romans.

I have sometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the subject is so fruitful that the harvest overcomes the reaper, I am shortened by my chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach: since it is not permitted me to commend you according to the extent of my wishes, and much less is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits. Yet, in this frugality of your praises, there are some things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your character. You have so formed your own education as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country; or, more properly speaking, both your countries: because you were born, I may almost say in purple, at the castle of Dublin, when your grandfather was lord-lieutenant, and have since been bred in the court of England.

If this address had been in verse, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury. "Numen commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo." The better to satisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the service of Britain or Ireland shall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practised in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cæsar (to omit a crowd of shining Romans) formed themselves to war by the study of history, and by the examples of the greatest captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name those two commanders in particular, because they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be sent into the field, against the most formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was called the learned consul in derision; but then he was not born a soldier: his head was turned another way: when he read the *Tactics*, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a general who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and resolution; in him it will direct his martial spirit, and teach him the way to the best victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, though achieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science distinguishes a man of honour from one of those athletic brutes whom, undeservedly, we call heroes. Cursed be the poet, who first honoured with that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing idiot. The Ulysses of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he understood not the shield for which he pleaded: there were engraven on it, plans of cities, and maps of coun-

tries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as stupidly as his fellow-beast the lion. But, on the other side, your Grace has given yourself the education of his rival: you have studied every spot of ground in Flanders, which for these ten years past has been the scene of battles and of sieges. No wonder if you performed your part with such applause on a theatre which you understood so well.

If I designed this for a poetical encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a subject; but, confining myself to the severity of truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many instances of your military skill, but also those of your assiduous diligence in the war: and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent thirst of honour; a long train of generosity; profuseness of doing good; a soul unsatisfied with all it has done; and an unextinguished desire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own historians; I am, as Virgil says, "*Spatiis exclusis iniquis.*"

Yet, not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the consideration of yourself. When, in the battle of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had transported you so far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you; when you were not only dangerously, but in all appearance mortally wounded, when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to Namur, at that time in possession of the French; then it was, my lord, that you took a considerable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of Count Guiscard, who was governor of the place, to be distributed among your fellow prisoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consigned it to the use for which it was intended by the donor: by which means the lives of so many miserable men were saved, and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had not you been the companion of their misfortune: or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine from invading those whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures, that your Grace was made their fellow-sufferer! and how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian; "*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*" All men, even these of a different interest, and contrary principles, must praise this action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in

this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made "*de meliore luto;*" when examples of chastity were frequent, and when they were in being, "*Teuceri pulcherrima proles, magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis.*" No envy can detract from this: it will shine in history; and, like swans, grow whiter the longer it endures: and the name of ORMOND will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greatest triumphs.

But all actions of your Grace are of a piece; as waters keep the tenor of their fountains: your compassion is general, and has the same effect as well on enemies as friends. It is so much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many, as the sun is always carrying his light to some part or other of the world: and were it not that your reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more, than is consistent with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that, being born for a blessing to mankind, your supposed death in that engagement was so generally lamented through the nation! The concernment for it was as universal as the loss: and though the gratitude might be counterfeit in some, yet the tears of all were real: where every man deplored his private part in that calamity; and even those, who had not tasted of your favours, yet built so much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loss of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into fresh remembrance; as if the same decree had passed on two, short successive generations of the virtuous; and I repeated to myself the same verses, which I had formerly applied to him: "*Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, nec ultra esse sinunt.*" But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the blessings and applause of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long prosperity; and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealously desired than by

Your Grace's

Most humble,

Most obliged, and

Most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

P R E F A C E

PREFIXED TO THE FABLES.

IT is with a poet as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short in the expence he first intended: he alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me: I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge: yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's Iliads (which I intended as an essay to the whole work) I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war: here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not balk them. When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book (which is the master-piece of the whole Metamorphoses), that I enjoined myself the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume: which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books: there occurred to me the Hunting of the Boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured story of Baucis and Philemon, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the

same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet: he who has arrived the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenser and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language; and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers, than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans, as well as other families: Spenser more than once insinuates, that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body; and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me, that Spenser was his original; and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloign, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax. But to return; having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old English poet Chaucer in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them: and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honour of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the Canterbury tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means

both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them, by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him: or if I seem partial to my countryman, and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few: and besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to myself than they allow me; because I have adventured to sum up the evidence: but the readers are the jury; and their privilege remains entire to decide according to the merits of the cause, or if they please, to bring it to another hearing, before some other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my discourse (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connection) so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse; particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at least assume the title of Heroic Poets: he and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace; who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch. But the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue; though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provencall, which was then the most polished of all the modern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own; which whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators, that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had, increases

rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject; to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse; yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness: they who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them; and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges, as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better?

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this discourse: in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing which favours of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency; if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be staved or forfeited, like contraband goods; at least, let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavoured to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain any thing which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best, what Horace says of good numbers, without good sense, "*Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*" Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing my other right of self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my sense wire-drawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading against the stage; in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thread of my discourse with the first of my translation, which was the first Iliad of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer

life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole *Ilias*; provided still that I meet with those encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world before-hand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil (though I say not the translation will be less laborious): for the Grecian is more according to my genius, than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners, and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words: Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties, both of numbers and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him: Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined: so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry: for nothing can be more evident, than that the Roman poem is but the second part of *Ilias*; a continuation of the same story: and the persons already formed: the manners of *Æneas* are those of *Hector* superadded to those which Homer gave him. The adventures of *Ulysses* in the *Odyssies* are imitated in the first Six Books of Virgil's *Æneis*: and though the accidents are not the same (which would have argued him of a servile copying, and total barrenness of invention) yet the seas were the same, in which both the heroes wandered; and *Dido* cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of *Calypso*. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty *Iliads* contracted: a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly said in his just praise: for his Episodes are almost wholly of his own invention; and the form which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design: and if invention be the first virtue of an Epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald translation of the *Ilias*, (studying poetry as he did mathematics, when it was too late) Mr. Hobbes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an Epic poem consists in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers: now, the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of nature is last to be considered. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the first beauties that arise, and strike the sight: but if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill-disposed, the manners obscure or

inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their several ways, is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design, as in the execution of it. The very heroes shew their authors; *Achilles* is hot, impatient, revengeful; "*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,*" &c. *Æneas* patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies: ever submissive to the will of heaven, "*quo fata tra-*" "*hunt, retrahuntque, sequamur.*" I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but I am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said, I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. It is the same difference which *Longinus* makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in *Demosthenes* and *Tully*. One persuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper; and therefore I have translated his first book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil: but it was not a pleasure without pains: the continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats; the *Iliad* of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to *Qvid* and *Chaucer*; considering the former only in relation to the latter. With *Ovid* ended the golden age of the Roman tongue: from *Chaucer* the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike: both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings, it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same, philosophy and philology. Both of them were known in astronomy, of which *Ovid's* books of the Roman feasts, and *Chaucer's* treatise of the *Astrolabe*, are sufficient witnesses. But *Chaucer* was likewise an astrologer, as were *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Persius*, and *Manilius*. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness; neither

were great inventors; for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predecessors. Boccace's Decameron was first published; and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his Canterbury tales: yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by some Italian wit, in a former age; as I shall prove hereafter: the tale of Grizild was the invention of Petrarch; by him sent to Boccace: from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Cressida was also written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him: but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, who love to be in debt; are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honest Montaign, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, *The Cock and the Fox*, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners, under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits; for an example, I see Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the *Canterbury tales*, their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the *Tabard* in Southwark: yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light: which though I have not time to prove; yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be considered in the comparison of the two poets; and I have saved myself one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian; Chaucer, in the dawning of our language: therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid; or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a post not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered: and they are to be measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without

them, will think me little less than mad; for preferring the Englishman to the Roman: yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire, are not only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of "*inopem me copia fecit*," and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death! This is just John Littlewit in *Bartholemew Fair*, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavour to raise pity: but, instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it: yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from possession, by being so near, and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They, who think otherwise, would by the same reason prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets; they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and followed nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the design nor the disposition of it; because the design was not their own; and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all subjects: as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept like a dragnet, great and small. There was plenty enough,

but the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweet-meats, for boys and women; but little of solid meat, for men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer: and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth: for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer followed nature every where; but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being Poeta and nimis Poeta, if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was "auribus istius temporis accommodata:" they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine; but this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense, (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse, which we call heroic, was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer, there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes; they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad, and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the commons; and, being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is

it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise, as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenæ, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him, whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death, have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his Canterbury tales: neither has his contemporary Boccace spared them. Yet both these poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders; for the scandal which is given by particular priests, reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Chanon, and his Fryer, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satirical poet is the check of the laymen, on bad priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarsely used; for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured: if he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander; and it is at the poet's peril, if he transgresses the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing dishonoured, when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his "Scandalum Magnatum" to punish the offender. They, who use this kind of argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash; and are less concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are all only to be judged among themselves, they are in some sort parties; for, since they say the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not; but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murder of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majesty from post to pillar for his

penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labour of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him. "Prior læsit" is justification sufficient in the civil law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure, reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the good parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his Canterbury tales the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some are virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing lady prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-tooth'd wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Chansons, and Lady Abesses, and Nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though every thing is altered. May I live to do myself the justice, (since my enemies

will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man); may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as favour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchants, the Summer, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good-manners: I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If any thing of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. "Totum hoc indictum volo." Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad-speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the Canterbury tales, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels.

But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrettee it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye, as ever he can:
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:
He may not spare, although he were his brother,
He mote as well say o word as another.
Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote ne villany is it,
Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been cousin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard, I know not what answer they would have made: for that reason, such tale shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English; as for example, these two lines, in the description of the carpenter's young wife:

Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who, having read him over at my lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author; but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator; and being shocked perhaps with his old stile, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond and must first be polished, e'er he shines. I deny not likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits besides Chaucer, whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed farther, in some places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be permitted to say it of myself) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings, if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press: let this example suffice at present; in the story of Palamon and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is described, you find these verses in all the editions of our author:

There saw I Danè turned into a tree,
I mean not the goddess Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè.

Which, after a little consideration, I knew was to be reformed into this sense, that Daphne the daughter of Peneus was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourn should arise, and say, I varied from my author, because I understood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose there is

a certain veneration due to his old language, and that it is little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My Lord dissuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it some years before his death) and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then, as his language grows obsolete, thoughts must grow obscure:

*" Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
" Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula; si volet usus,
" Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma lo-
" quendi."*

When an ancient word for its sound and significance deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; customs are changed; and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant that something must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with less profit and no pleasure. It is not for the use of some old Saxon friends, that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understood sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places, I give to others which had them not originally: but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at

least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: "*Facile est inventis addere,*" is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same god of poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal (for how she should come to understand old English I know not). But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, it is extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies; both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar stile, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled; so that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word; and therefore I will set two of their discourses on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and amongst the rest, pitched on the Wife of Bath's tale; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her prologue, because it is too licentious: there Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her: the crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his aversion, endeavours to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the fullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles,

without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and by this time had so far forgotten the Wife of Bath's tale, that when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood and titles, in the story of Sigismunda; which I had certainly avoided for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the *Ilias* or the *Æneis*: the story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the disposition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action, which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for casually looking on the end of his seventh *Giornata*, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself) and Fiametta (who represents his mistress the natural daughter of Robert King of Naples) of whom these words are spoken, "*Dioneo e la Fiametta granpezza contarono insieme d' Arcita, e di Palamone:*" by which it appears that this story was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, called the Flower and the Leaf; with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself; not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one Milbourn, and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice, that such men there are who have written scurrilously against me, without any provocation. Milbourn, who is in Orders, pretends, amongst the rest, this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and I am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I condemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If (as they say, he has declared in print) he prefers

the version of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment: for it is agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby: that, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot Milbourn bring about? I am satisfied, however, that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me; but, upon my honest word, I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. It is true, I should be glad, if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on any thing of mine: for I find by experience he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry; but nobody will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the church (as he affirms, but which never was in my thoughts) I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice by writing libels on my parishioners. But his account of my manners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry; and so I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Absalom and Achitophel, which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead; and therefore peace be to the Manes of his Arthurs. I will only say, that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an Epic poem on King Arthur, in my preface to the translation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus. Yet from that preface he plainly took the hint: for he began immediately upon the story, though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor; but, instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be other-

wise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses; and interpreted my words into blasphemy and baudry, of which they were not guilty; besides that, he is too much given to horse-play in his raillery; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say, The zeal of God's house has eaten him up; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays: a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes; whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices, which without their interpretation had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more baudry in one play of Fletcher's, called The Custom of the Country, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have some of them answered for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost ground at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the Prince of Conde at the battle of Senneph: from immoral plays, to no plays; "ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia." But being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourn are only distinguished from the crowd, by being remembered to their infamy.

— "Demetri, Teque Tigelli
"Discipulorum inter jubeo plotare cathedras."

TALES FROM CHAUCER.

T O

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND,

With the following Poem of

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

MADAM,

THE bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song :
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse :
He match'd their beauties, where they most excel;
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.

Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
What power the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspir'd by two fair eyes that sparkled like your
own.

If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest nymph before his eyes he set;
And then the fairest was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made their prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes :
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests, and extend your own :
As when the stars in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place,

From the same point of heaven their course advance,

And move in measures of their former dance ;
Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
Restor'd in you, and the same place adorns ;
Or you perform her office in the sphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new platonic year.
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty still is fatal to the line,)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you ;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight ;
And conquering Theseus from his side had sent
Your generous lord, to guide the Theban go-
vernment.

Time shall accomplish that ; and I shall see
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the Fates your path prepar'd,
And sure presage your future sway declar'd :
When westward, like the sun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before

To smoothe the seas; a soft Etesian gale
 But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the sail;
 Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand
 Heav'd up his lighten'd keel, and sunk the sand,
 And steer'd the sacred vessel safe to land.
 The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way,
 Projected out a neck, and jutt'd to the sea.
 Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador'd
 In you, the pledge of her expected lord;
 Due to her isle; a venerable name;
 His father and his grandsire known to fame;
 Aw'd by that house, accusom'd to command,
 The sturdy Kerns in due subjection stand;
 Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand.
 At your approach, they crowded to the port;
 And, scarcely landed, you create a court:
 As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
 For Venus is the promise of the Sun.
 The waste of civil wars, their towns destroy'd,
 Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
 Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
 Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
 Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,
 So mighty recompence your beauty brought.
 As when the dove returning bore the mark
 Of earth restor'd to the long labouring ark,
 The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
 Op'd every window to receive the guest,
 And the fair bearer of the message blest'd;
 So, when you came, with loud repeated cries,
 The nation took an omen from your eyes,
 And God advanc'd his rainbow in the skies,
 To sign inviolable peace restor'd;
 The saints with solemn shouts proclaim'd the
 new accord.

When at your second coming you appear,
 (For I foretel that millenary year)
 The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,
 But earth unbidden shall produce her store;
 The land shall laugh, the circling ocean smile,
 And heaven's indulgence blest the holy isle.
 Heaven from all ages has reserv'd for you
 That happy clime which venom never knew;
 Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
 Have power to chace all poison, but their own.]

Now in this interval, which fate has cast
 Betwixt your future glories and your past,
 This pause of power, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn;
 While England celebrates your safe return,
 By which you seem the seasons to command,
 And bring our summers back to their forsaken
 land.

The vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend,
 Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send
 Nor can we spare you long, though often we
 may lend.

The dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
 The world was dry'd, and she return'd no more.

Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
 New from her sickness, to that northern air;
 Rest here a while your lustre to restore,
 That they may see you, as you shone before;
 For yet, th' eclipse not wholly past, you wade
 Through some remains, and dimness of a shade.

A subject in his prince may claim a right,
 Nor suffer him with strength impair'd to fight;
 Till force returns, his ardour we restrain,
 And curb his warlike wish to cross the main.

Now past the danger, let the learn'd begin
 Th' inquiry, where disease could enter in;
 How those malignant atoms forc'd their way,
 What in the faultless frame they found to make
 their prey?

Where every element was weigh'd so well,
 That heaven alone, who mix'd the mass, could tell
 Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
 And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
 A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.

And yet the fine materials made it weak:
 Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
 Ev'n to your breast the sickness durst aspire;
 And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
 Profanely set the holy place on fire.

In vain your lord like young Vespasian mourn'd,
 When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn'd;
 And I prepar'd to pay in verses rude
 A most detested act of gratitude:
 Ev'n this had been your elegy, which now
 Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.
 Your angel sure our Morley's mind inspir'd,
 To find the remedy your ill requir'd;
 As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
 Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee:
 Or heaven, which had such over-cost bestow'd,
 As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
 So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew,
 To save the charges of another you.

Or by his middle science did he steer,
 And saw some great contingent good appear
 Well worth a miracle to keep you here:
 And for that end, preserv'd the precious mould,
 Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
 And meditated in his better mind
 An heir from you, which may redeem the failing
 kind.

Blest be the power which has at once restor'd
 The hopes of lost succession to your lord,
 Joy to the first and last of each degree,
 Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to see,
 To you the Graces, and the Muse to me.
 O daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
 The differing titles of the red and white;
 Who heaven's alternate beauty well display,
 The blush of morning and the milky way;
 Whose face is paradise, but fenc'd from sin:
 For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.

All is your lord's alone; ev'n absent, he
 Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
 For him you waste in tears your widow'd hours,
 For him your curious needle paints the flowers;
 Such works of old imperial dames were taught;
 Such, for Alcanius, fair Eliza wrought.
 The soft recesses of your hours improve
 The three fair pledges of your happy love:
 All other parts of pious duty done,
 You owe your Ormond nothing but a son;
 To fill in future times his father's place,
 And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR,

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK I.

In days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name:
A chief who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising nor the setting sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won.
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous
dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theseus ride.
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the
way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
The female army and th' Athenian host;

The spoufals of Hippolita the queen;
What tilts and turneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies fear:
But these, and other things, I must forbear.
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host:
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.
And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mentioned, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:

At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry, [high,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on
Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd. [are,

Tell me, said Theseus, what and whence you
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omend weeds?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your request, and I will ease your grief.

The most in years of all the mourning train
Began (but swooned first away for pain);
Then scarce recover'd spoke: nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy success;
We wretched women sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sovereign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy chance, which never bears,
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
But reverence thou the power whose name it bears,
Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears,
I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curst be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town besieg'd by our confederate host:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of funeral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes,
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed:
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, groveling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind!

The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising one by one the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore, [bore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece should see perform'd what he declar'd;
And cruel Creon find his just reward.
He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way;

But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;
Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,
And the green grass was dy'd to sanguine hue,
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaure:
The soldiers shout around with generous rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardour; inly pleas'd to see
His host the flower of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd; and all th' ensuing night;
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town:
How to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain:
And with what ancient rites they were interr'd;
All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd:
I spare the widows tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husbands obsequies;
How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.

Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.

There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load
oppress'd
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monu-
ment.

Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats, were
the same.

Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grievous
wound;

Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart.
These two were sisters' sons; and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a lingering death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and
more renown'd.

But in a tower, and never to be loos'd,
The woeful captive kinsmen are inclos'd :

Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly May :
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard
sleep ;

Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves ;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array ;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair ;
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair :
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind :
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.

At every turn, she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose, and every rose she drew
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew :
Then party-colour'd flowers of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head :
This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear :
Ev'n wondering Philomel forgot to sing ;
And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring.
The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall :
The garden was inclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.

It happen'd Palamon the prisoner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And with his jaylor's leave desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath.
This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day :
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger goal he had in view :
Then look'd below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight :
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In spring's new livery clad of white and green,
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks
between.

This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss ;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,

He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars that gave a scanty light :
But ev'n that glimmering serv'd him to descry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.

Scarcely had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden smart,
Stung to the quick; he felt it at his heart ;
Struck blind with over-powering light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.

Young Arcite heard ; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd ;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began ?
Or who had done th' offence ? But if, said he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity ;
For love of heaven, with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since fate will have it so :
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under earth :
Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done ;
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to
shun.

Nor of my bonds, said Palamon again,
Nor of unhappy planets I complain ;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye ;
Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay :
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace ;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in heaven, nor art thou less ;
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape)
O help us captives from our chains to 'scape ;
But if our doom be past in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
And shew compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant power ! While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look ;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound :
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more :
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
The beauty I behold has struck me dead :
Unknowingly she strikes ; and kills by chance ;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance.
O, I must ask ; nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love.

Thus Arcite : and thus Palamon replies,
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes.)
Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein ?
Jesting, said Arcite, suits but ill with pain.
It suits far worse (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows) with men who honour weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray ;
But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both ;

One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellows hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the Gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design:
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canst, nor darst thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend:
And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee first my pain:
For first my love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my eldership of right:
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.

Thus Palamon: but Arcite with disdain
In haughty language thus reply'd again;
Forsworn thyself: the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurst
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the blest above,
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love;
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a ge-
neral waste:

Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall;
The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers
all.

If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less;
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess.
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the sun, but as he passes o'er.

Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:
The fruitless fight continued all the day;
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away.
As courtiers therefore jostle for a grant, [want,
And when they break their friendship plead their
So thou, if fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or failing in th' adventure die.

Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met, they made a surly stand;

And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that every look might be their last.

It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man.
Companions of the war; and lov'd so well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.

But to pursue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since,
And honour'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.

Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he said, in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to
live:

Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heaven is not, but where Emily abides;
And where she's absent, all is hell besides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurst,
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first:
Had I not known that prince, I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:
For though I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompence enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes,
In prison, no; but blissful paradise!

Thou dally'st that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night;
And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But, doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor nature's hand can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell,
With youth and life, and life itself farewell.

But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate, or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain;
Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.

Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots about the street we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and staggers every pace.
Thus all seek happiness; but few can find;
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came: from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily.

Thus Arcite; but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the
ground;

The hollow tower with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropt all o'er with agony of sweat.
Alas! he cry'd! I wretch in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
Thou may'st, since thou hast youth and courage
A sweet behaviour and a solid mind, [join'd,
Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all th' advantage of the strife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows
mine.

The rage of Jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.
Then thus he said: Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What, is the race of human kind your care
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain.
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft endure;
Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail,
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?

What worse to wretched virtue could befall,
If fate or giddy fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;
Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create;
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
And your commands, not our desires, fulfil;
Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;
But man in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller:
The man lies murder'd while the thief and snake,
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
This let divines decide; but well I know,
Just or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartil, move
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love.

Let Palamon oppress'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this the sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd, to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of misery,
Both to the captive lover and the free;
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains:
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains:
One free, and all his motions uncontroul'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would
behold.

Judge as you please; for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befel.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair,
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink.
Bereft of sleep, he loaths his meat and drink,
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves:
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone:
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay desire:
But full of museful mopings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,

It happen'd once, that, slumbering as he lay,
 He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)
 That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
 And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd:
 His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the God,
 And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod:
 Such as he seem'd, when, at his fire's command,
 On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
 Arise, he said, to conquering Athens go,
 There fate appoints an end to all my woe.
 The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start,
 Against his bosom bounc'd his heaving heart;
 But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd breath,
 And thither will I go, to meet my death,
 Sure to be slain; but death is my desire,
 Since in Emelia's sight I shall expire.
 By chance he spy'd a mirror while he spoke,
 And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
 Wondering, he saw his features and his hue
 So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he
 knew.

A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
 Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
 The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
 But never penetrate through this disguise.
 Thanks to the change which grief and sickness
 give,

In low estate I may securely live,
 And see unknown my mistress day by day.
 He said; and cloth'd himself in coarse array:
 A labouring hind in shew; then forth he went,
 And to th' Athenian towers his journey bent:
 One squire attended in the same disguise,
 Made conscious of his master's enterprise.

Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
 Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:
 Proffering for hire his service at the gate,
 To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
 So fair befel him, that for little gain
 He serv'd at first Emelia's chamberlain;
 And, watchful all advantages to spy,
 Was still at hand, and in his master's eye;
 And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
 Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong;
 But from deep wells with engines water drew,
 And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
 He pass'd a year at least attending thus
 On Emely, and call'd Philostratus.
 But never was there man of his degree
 So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
 So gentle of condition was he known,
 That through the court his courtesy was blown:
 All think him worthy of a greater place,
 And recommend him to the royal grace:
 That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
 His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
 Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
 And by great Theseus to high favour rais'd:
 Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
 And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:
 Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
 Of his own income, and his annual rent:
 This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
 But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
 Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase,
 In arms of honour, and esteem in peace;
 To Theseus' person he was ever near;
 And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

O R,

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

WHILE Arcite lives in blifs, the ftory turns
Where hopelefs Palamon in prifon mourns.
For fix long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and fcarcely feen the
Loft liberty, and love, at once he bore : light :
His prifon pain'd him much, his paffion more :
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wifhes to be free from love.

But when the fixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the fun,
Were it by chance, or forceful destiny,
Which forms in caufes firft whate'er fhall be,
Affifted by a friend, one moonlefs night,
This Palamon from prifon took his flight :
A pleafant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey mix'd with added ftore
Of opium ; to his keeper this he brought,
Who fwallow'd unaware the fleepy draught,
And fnor'd fecure till morn, his fenfes bound
In flumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert e'er the rifing fun.

A thick fpread foreft near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd ftrides he took his way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).
Safe from purfuit, he meant to fhun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next defign
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Thefeus, till he loft his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our ftile ;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous fortune caught him in the fnare.
The morning-lark, the meffenger of day,
Saluted in her fong the morning gray ;
And foon the fun arofe with beams fo bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to fee the joyous fight ;
He with his tepid rays the rofe renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews ;
When Arcite left his bed, refolv'd to pay
Obfervance to the month of merry May :

Forth in his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod :
At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before ; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair ;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green li-
veries wear,

If not the first, the fairest of the year :
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers :
When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wandering feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek my brows to bind.

His vows address'd, within the grove he
stray'd,

Till fate, or fortune, near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his
flight,
In breaks and brambles hid, and shunning mor-
tal sight :

And lest he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know,
But as it has been said of ancient years,
'That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears ;
For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And lest than all suspected Palamon,
Who listening heard him, while he search'd the
grove,

And loudly sung his roundelay of love :
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood ;
Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell ;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well :
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.

Thus Arcite, having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desperate sigh, accusing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.

Curs'd be the day when first I did appear ;
Let it be blotted from the kalendar.
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the
year.

Still will the jealous Queen pursue our race ?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was :
Yet ceases not her hate ; for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood : unjust decree !
That punishes another's crime in me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all ; for Juno, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former name ;
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.

That fide of heaven is all my enemy :
Mars ruin'd Thebes : his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, th' unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not free ;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure ;
But Love's a malady without a cure ;
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue ;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a Goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd :
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my sufferings, if you knew my pain.

At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears rung inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look :
He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart ;
No longer staid, but starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and shew'd his hostile face :
False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
Now art thou found foresworn, for Emily ;
And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name, as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free :
But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily :
For, though unarm'd I am, and (free'd by chance)
And here without my sword, or pointed lance :
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began :
Now by the Gods who govern heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy love.
'The surety which I gave thee, I defy :
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers perjury.
Know I will serve the fair in thy despight ;
But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love :
And Heaven so help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both
unknown ;

With arms of proof both for myself and thee ;
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
And, that at better ease thou may'st abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful sustenance, that thou may'st be
A conquest better won, and worthy me.
His promise Palamon accepts ; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn,
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.

Oh Love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
 And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
 Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
 This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon;
 Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
 Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
 His foe with bedding and with food supply'd;
 Then, e'er the day, two suits of armour fought,
 Which borne before him on his steed he brought:
 Both were of shining steel, and wrought so

pure,
 As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
 Now, at the time, and in th' appointed place,
 The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
 Approach; each other from afar they knew,
 And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
 So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
 Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
 And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
 His course at distance by the bending trees;
 And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
 And either he must fall in fight, or I:

This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
 A generous chillsness seizes every part:
 The veins pour back the blood and fortify the

heart.
 Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury

burn;
 None greets; for none the greeting will return:
 But in dim furliness, each arm'd with care
 his foe profess, as brother of the war:
 Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
 Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance:
 They lash, they foil, they pass, they strive to bore
 Their corselets, and the thinnest parts explore.
 Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
 And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in

blood;
 And not a foot of ground had either got,
 As if the world depended on the spot.
 Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd.
 And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
 Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
 With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,
 Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they

wound;
 With grunts and groans the forest rings around.
 So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
 Till Fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.
 The power that ministers to God's decrees,
 And executes on earth what heaven foresees,
 Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
 Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes

her way.
 Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
 One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
 And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,
 Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
 For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
 Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above;
 They move our appetites to good or ill,
 And by foresight necessitate the will.

In Theseus this appears; whose youthful joy
 Was beasts of chace in forests to destroy,

This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
 Forsook his easy couch at early day,
 And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.
 Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
 And Emily attir'd in Lively green,
 With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
 To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
 And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
 He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
 The way that Theseus took was to the wood
 Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
 The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed

place
 In which th' uncoupled hounds began the chace.
 Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
 That shaded by the fern in harbour lay:
 And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,
 For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
 Approach'd, and looking underneath the sun,
 He saw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,
 In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
 Like lightening flam'd their faulchions to and fro,
 And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they strook,
 There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak:
 He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
 Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
 Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed
 With goring rowels to provoke his speed.

The minute ended that began the race,
 So soon he was betwixt them on the place;
 And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life
 Commands both combatants to cease their strife:
 Then with imperious tone pursues his threat;
 What are you? why in arms together met?
 How dares your pride presume against my laws,
 As in a list'd field to fight your cause?
 Unmask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
 As knightly require; nor judge to try?
 Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
 Thus hasty spoke: We both deserve the death,
 And both would die; for look the world around,
 A pair so wretched is not to be found,
 Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
 We long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.
 Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
 The rightful doom of death to him and me,
 Let neither find thy grace; for grace is cruelty.
 Me first, O kill me first, and cure my woe;
 Then sheath the sword of justice on my foe:
 Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
 He foremost will receive his due reward.
 Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:
 On whom thy grace did liberty bestow;
 But first contracted, that if ever found
 By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
 His head should pay the forfeit; see return'd
 The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour scorn'd.
 For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name
 And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
 Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee,
 A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
 Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
 My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own,
 And call myself th' unhappy Palamon.

Think me not like that man ; since no disgrace
 Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
 Know me for what I am : I broke my chain,
 Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain ;
 The love of liberty with life is given,
 And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.
 Thus without crime I fled ; but farther know,
 I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe ;
 Then give me death, since I thy life pursue ;
 For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
 More wouldst thou know ? I love bright Emily,
 And for her sake and in her fight will die :
 But kill my rival too ; for he no less
 Deserves ; and I thy righteous doom will bless, }
 Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess. }
 To this reply'd the stern Athenian prince,
 And sourly smil'd, In owning your offence,
 You judge yourself ; and I but keep record
 In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
 Take your desert, the death you have decreed ;
 I seal your doom, and ratify the deed :
 By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
 He said ; dumb sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
 The queen above the rest, by nature good,
 (The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
 For tender pity wept : when she began,
 Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.
 All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid :
 And thus among themselves they softly said :
 What eyes can suffer this unworthy fight !
 Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
 The mastership of heaven in face and mind,
 And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind :
 See their wide streaming wounds ; they neither
 came
 For pride of empire, nor desire of fame :
 Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause :
 But love for love alone ; that crowns the lover's
 cause.
 This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
 Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
 They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
 From the fierce king, implor'd th' offenders
 grace,
 He paus'd a while, stood silent in his mood
 (For yet his rage was boiling in his blood) ;
 But soon his tender mind th' impression felt,
 (As softest metals are not slow to melt
 And pity soonest runs in softest minds) :
 Then reasons with himself ; and first he finds
 His passion cast a mist before his sense,
 And either made, or magnify'd th' offence.
 Offence ! Of what ? to whom ? who judg'd the
 cause ?
 The prisoner freed himself by nature's laws :
 Born free, he sought his right : the man he freed
 Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed :
 Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,
 And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries ;
 Which mov'd compassion more, he shook his head,
 And softly sighing to himself he said :
 Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears
 can draw
 To no remorse ; who rules by lions law ;

And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
 Rends all alike ; the penitent, and proud :
 At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head ;
 Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled ;
 Then thus aloud he spoke : The power of love,
 In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
 Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod ;
 By daily miracles declar'd a God :
 He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind ;
 And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
 Behold that Arcite and this Palamon,
 Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
 What hinder'd either in their native soil
 At ease to reap the harvest of their toil ;
 But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
 And brought them in their own despite again,
 To suffer death deserv'd ; so well they know,
 'Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe ;
 The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
 Is hardly granted to the Gods above.
 See how the madmen bleed : behold the gains
 With which their master, Love, rewards their
 For seven long years, on duty every day, [pains ;
 Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay :
 Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on ;
 And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done ;
 Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
 For 'tis their maxim, Love is love's reward.
 This is not all ; the fair for whom they strove
 Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
 Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
 Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.
 But sure a general doom on man is past,
 And all are fools and lovers, first or last :
 This both by others and myself I know,
 For I have serv'd their sovereign long ago ;
 Oft have been caught within the winding train
 Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
 And learn'd how far the God can human hearts }
 constrain.
 To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
 Who for th' offending warriors interpose,
 I give their forfeit lives ; on this accord,
 To do me homage as their sovereign lord ;
 And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
 Assist my person, and assert my right,
 This freely sworn, the knights their grace ob-
 tain'd.
 Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd ;
 If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
 Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
 Then either of you knights may well deserve
 A princess born ; and such is she you serve :
 For Emily is sister to the crown,
 And but too well to both her beauty known :
 But should you combat till you both were dead,
 Two lovers cannot share a single bed :
 As therefore both are equal in degree,
 The lot of both be left to destiny.
 Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
 To her, and him who best deserves her love ?
 Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
 Search the wide world, and where you please
 repair ;

But on the day when this returning sun
To the same point through every sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
In royal lists, to fight before the king;
And then the knight, whom fate or happy chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far unequal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd;
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And heaven of me so judge as I shall judge
aright.

If both are satiated with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword.
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well,
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights with
leave

Departing from the place, his last commands re-
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took.
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.

It might be deem'd on our historian's part,
Or too much negligence, or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expence.
He first inclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees; to sixty paces rear'd:
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was,
Rome never saw; nor of so vast a space:
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command;
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame;
The master-painters and the carvers came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd above
A temple, sacred to the queen of love;
An altar stood below: on either hand [wand.
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle
The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was inclos'd,
Within the wall of alabaster white,
And crimson coral for the queen of night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.

Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:

Where every figure to the life express'd
The godhead's power to whom it was address'd,
In Venus' temple on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Prayers that even spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs that smok'd along the wall.
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell,
And scalding tears that wore a channel where
they fell:

And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties,
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
And sprightly hope, and short-enduring joy;
And sorceries to raise th' infernal powers,
And sigils fram'd in planetary hours:
Expence, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motely hue, and dark despair;
Suspensions, and fantastical surmise,
And jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny drest;
Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fist.

Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and more:
With acts and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there th' Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus was in colours drawn:
Before the palace gate, in careless dress,
And loose array, sat portress Idleness:
There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone;
There Samson was, with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by Love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to
beasts,

Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess, to the power of love submit:
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The Goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought:
From ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooch'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the
skies;

She trod the brine all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest;
A lute she held, and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
And, by his mother, stood an infant Love,
With wings unsledg'd; his eyes were banded
o'er;

His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a dead-
ly store.

But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were spread;
This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:

For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare;
Where neither beast, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the
sky.

A cake of scurf, lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and
Headless the most, and hideous to behold: [old:
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp'd them bare, and one sole way they
bent.

Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appear'd the stand-
ing hail,

Such was the face without; a mountain stood
Threatening from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the lowering brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A strait long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls; and horror over head:
'Thence issu'd such a blast, and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
In through that door, a northern light there
shone;

'Twas all it had, for windows there were none,
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian
quarries came,

The labour of a god; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it strong.
A ton about was every pillar there;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought
And treason labouring in the traitor's thought:
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder
brought.

There the red anger dar'd the pallid fear;
Next stood hypocrisy, with holy leer;
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend;
And far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t' other side there stood destruction bare;
Unpunish'd rapine, and a waste of war.
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the
place.

The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his fullen soul
away.

In midst of all the dome, misfortune sate,
And gloomy discontent, and fell debate,
And madness laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd complaint on theft; and cries of blood,

'There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent death in thousand shapes display'd:
The city to the soldier's rage resign'd;
Successless wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel; [made,
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd house that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls;
The whole division that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains,
Were there, the butcher, armourer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd faulchions, or the scythe.
The scarlet conquest on a tower was plac'd,
With shouts, and soldiers acclamations grac'd:
A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head.
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars's ides, the capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted e'er the men were born,
All copied from the heavens, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the God:
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid;
One when direct, and one when retrograde.

Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursu'd the flying deer, the woods with horns
resound:

Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and by peculiar grace
In the cold circle held the second place:
The stag Actæon in the stream had spy'd
The naked huntress, and, for seeing dy'd:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chace, and their mistaken master flew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th' adjoining fane th' assembled Greeks express'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beast.
Oenides' valour, and his envy'd prize;
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shewn,
The murders mother; and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of
their queen.

Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before;
 In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
 And at her back a painted quiver wore.
 She trod a waxing moon, that soon would wane,
 And drinking borrow'd light, he fill'd again:
 With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
 The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
 Before her stood a woman in her throes,
 And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
 All the painter drew with such command,
 That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,

Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
 And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
 Theseus beheld the fanes of every God,
 And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
 So princes now their poets should regard;
 But few can write, and fewer can reward.
 The theatre thus rais'd, the lists inclos'd,
 And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
 We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
 The knights to combat, and their arms to sing.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR,

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK III.

THE day approach'd when Fortune should decide
Th' important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now, the rivals round the world had fought,
And each his rival, well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And send the flower of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone:
Beside the champions: all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
'Throng'd to the lists, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name:
And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide
the rest.

A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat armour, imitating scale;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of
mail.
Some wore a breast-plate and a light jupon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use,
Of folded hides; and other shields of pruce.
One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeux arm'd, and double plates of steel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the furly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:

He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair :
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.

Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His furcoat was a bear-skin on his back ;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet

With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set :
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair,
And tall as flags, ran loose, and cours'd around
his chair, [bear :

A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the }
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way ;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold [gold.
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barbarous
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace ;
His furcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great ;
His saddle was of gold, with emerald set.

His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire :
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run, [sun,
With graceful negligence, and shone against the
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue :
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin :

His awful presence did the crowd surprize,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.

His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound,
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green ;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd
between.

Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.

His hundred knights attend him to the war.
All arm'd for battle ; save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.

For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might see, }
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry. }
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.

So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest
god.

In this array the war of either side
Through Athens pass'd with military pride.

At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn ;
Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers the
posts adorn.

The town was all a jubilee of feasts ;
So Theseus will'd, in honour of his guests ;
Himself with open arms the king embrac'd,
Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.
No harbinger was needful for a night,
For every house was proud to lodge a knight.

I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions
fate :

Who first, or last, or how the knights address'd
Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast ;
Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most sur-
prise ;

Soft amorous sighs, and silent love of eyes.

The rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day.

'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night :

And phosphor, on the confines of the light,

Promis'd the sun, e'er day began to spring ;

The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,

And, flickering on her nest, made short essays
to sing.

When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,

Took, to the royal lists, his early way,

To Venus at her sage, in her own house, to
pray.

There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine.

Creator Venus, genial power of love,

The bliss of men below, and Gods above !

Beneath the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,

Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place.

For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,

Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the
year.

Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the
sky, [apply.

And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes

For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,

And roaring hunts his female through the wood :

For thee the bulis rebellow through the groves,

And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent
loves.

'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair :

All nature is thy province, life thy care :

Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world
repair.

Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,

Increase of Jove, companion of the sun ;

If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,

Have pity, Goddess, for thou know'st the smart.

Alas ! I have not words to tell my grief ;

To vent my sorrow, would be some relief ;

Light sufferings give us leisure to complain ;

We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.

O Goddess, tell thyself what I would say,

Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.

So grant my suit, as I enforce my might ;

In love to be thy champion, and thy knight ;

A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,

A foe profess'd to barren chastity.

Nor ask I fame or honour of the field,
 Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield :
 In my divine Emilia make me blest,
 Let fate, or partial chance, dispose the rest :
 Find thou the manner, and the means prepare ;
 Possession, more than conquest, is my care.
 Mars is the warrior's god ; in him it lies,
 On whom he favours to confer the prize ;
 With smiling aspect you serenely move
 In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
 The fates but only spin the coarser clue,
 The finest of the wool is left for you.
 Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
 And let the sisters cut below your line :
 The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
 Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
 But, if you this ambitious prayer deny,
 (A wish, I grant, beyond mortality,)
 Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
 And, I once dead, let him possess her charms.
 Thus ended he ; then, with observance due,
 The sacred incense on her altar threw :
 The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires ;
 At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires ;
 At once the gracious Goddess gave the sign,
 Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine :
 Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took :
 For, since the flames pursued the trailing smoke,
 He knew his boon was granted ; but the day
 To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long
 delay.

Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky.
 Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily ;
 Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
 In state attended by her maiden train,
 Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
 Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.
 The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they
 crown,
 Nor wanted aught besides in honour of the moon.
 Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd
 steam,
 They wash the virgin in a living stream ;
 The secret ceremonies I conceal,
 Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal :
 But such they were as Pagan use requir'd,
 Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
 Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious rites
 Might turn to Scandal, or obscene delights.
 Well-meaners think no harm ; but for the rest,
 Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best.
 Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
 A crown of massless oak adorn'd her head :
 When to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid
 Had kindling fires on either altar laid
 (The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
 By Statius in his Theban story told).
 Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
 Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request.

O Goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
 To whom both heaven and earth and seas are seen ;
 Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
 Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy
 sphere ;

Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
 So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
 Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,
 When hissing through the skies the feather'd deaths
 were dealt ;

As I desire to live a virgin life,
 Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
 Thy votress from my tender years I am,
 And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
 Like death, thou know'st, I loath the nuptial
 state,

And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,
 A lowly servant, but a lofty mate :
 Where love is duty on the female side ;
 On their's mere sensual gust, and sought with
 surly pride,

Now by the triple shape, as thou art seen
 In heaven, earth, hell, and every where a queen,
 Grant this my first desire ; let discord cease,
 And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace :
 Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
 The flame, and turn it on some other love :
 Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
 That one must be rejected, one succeed,
 Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
 Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
 But, oh ! ev'n that avert ! I choose it not,
 But take it as the least unhappy lot.

A maid I am, and of thy virgin train ;
 Oh, let me still that spotless name retain !
 Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
 And only make the beasts of chase my prey !

The flames ascend on either altar clear,
 While thus the blameless maid address'd her
 prayer.

When lo ! the burning fire that shone so bright,
 Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
 And left one altar dark, a little space ;
 Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze ;
 The other victor-flame a moment stood,
 Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd wood ;
 For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
 Forsook the blackening coals, and sunk to night :
 At either end it whistled as it flew,
 And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the
 dew ;

Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.
 The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
 And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies,
 Nor knew what signify'd the boding sign,
 But found the powers displeas'd, and fear'd the
 wrath divine.

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
 Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the
 temple bright.

The power, behold ! the power in glory shone,
 By her bent bow and her keen arrows known ;
 The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
 Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.
 Then gracious thus began : Dismiss thy fear,
 And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear :
 More powerful Gods have torn thee from my
 side,
 Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride :

The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
 One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:
 But which the man, is in the Thunderer's breast;
 'Tis he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.
 The fire that once extinct reviv'd again,
 Foreshews the love allotted to remain:
 Farewell! she said, and vanish'd from the place;
 The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.
 Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood,
 Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the
 wood:

But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd;
 Propitious still be present to my aid,
 Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid.
 Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
 With hopes and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.

The next returning planetary hour
 Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,
 His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
 'T'adore with Pagan rites the power armipotent:
 Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,
 And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to
 pray:

Strong God of Arms, whose iron sceptre sways
 The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,
 And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
 Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd
 most:

There most; but every where thy power is known,
 The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
 Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
 From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong:
 And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
 And force is added to the fainting crew.

Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
 If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care:

If to my utmost power with sword and shield
 I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
 And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:
 Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
 That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.

Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
 To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.

Venus, the public care of all above,
 Thy stubborn heart has softned into love:
 Now by her blandishments and powerful charms,
 When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
 Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
 When Vulcan had thee in his net intrall'd;
 O envy'd ignominy, sweet disgrace,

When every God that saw thee wish'd thy place!
 By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
 And make me conquer in my patron's right:
 For I am young, a novice in the trade,
 The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade:
 And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
 But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
 And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
 Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with
 disdain.

For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
 To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
 Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee
 Endued by force, I gain the victory;

Then for the fire which warm'd thy generous
 heart,

Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.
 So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
 The palm and honour of the conquest thine:
 Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
 Immortal, be the business of my life;
 And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
 High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall be
 hung:

Rank'd with my champion's bucklers, and below,
 With arms revers'd, th' achievements of my foe:
 And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
 While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
 Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
 Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood:
 Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine:
 And fires eternal in thy temple shine.

The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
 Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
 Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
 Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.

So may my arms with victory be blest,
 I ask no more; let fate dispose the rest.

The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the
 close

A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose;
 The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
 Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung:
 The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
 The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast:
 The flames were blown aside, yet shone they
 bright,

Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.

Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
 Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice:

'Tis omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
 With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire:
 Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
 At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
 And with a sudden sound and feeble cry,
 Half sunk, and half pronounc'd, the word of
 victory.

For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the God,
 And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.

These vows thus granted, rais'd a strife above,
 Betwixt the God of War, and Queen of Love.
 She granting first, had right of time to plead;
 But he had granted too, nor would recede.
 Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
 And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife;
 Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
 And found a way the difference to compose:
 Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
 He seldom does a good with good intent.
 Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught
 To please both parties, for ill ends, he fought:
 For this advantage age from youth has won,
 As not to be outridden, though outrun.
 By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
 And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
 Of him disposing in his own abode,
 He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the
 God:

Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife;
 Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife:
 And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
 With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
 Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
 Till length of time, and move with tardy pace,
 Man feels me, when I press th' etherial plains,
 My hand is heavy, and the wound remains,
 Mine is the shipwreck, in a watery sign;
 And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
 Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
 And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
 Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from de-
 spair.

The throttling quinsy 'tis my star appoints,
 And rheumatism ascend to rack the joints:
 When churls rebel against their native prince,
 I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;
 And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,
 Bought senates and deserting troops are mine.
 Mine is the privy poisoning; I command
 Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
 By me kings' palaces are push'd to ground,
 And miners crush'd beneath their mines are
 found.

'Twas I flew Samson, when the pillar'd hall
 Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
 My looking is the fire of pestilence,
 That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
 Now weep no more, but trust thy grandfire's art,
 Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
 'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
 The family of Heaven for men should war.
 Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his
 right;

Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
 The management they left to Chronos' care;
 Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
 All proper to the spring, and sprightly May:
 Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,
 'I was jesting all the day, and love at night.
 Heaven smil'd, and gladdened was the heart of man;
 And Venus had the world as when it first began.
 At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
 And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
 As at a signal given, the streets with clamours
 ring:

At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high
 Ev'n from the heaven was heard a shouting
 cry;

For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
 The Gods came downward to behold the wars,
 Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their
 stars.

The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
 For battle by the busy groom prepar'd,
 Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
 Clattering of armour, furbish'd for the field.
 Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
 Battering the pavement with their couriers' feet:
 The greedy fight might there devour the gold
 Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:

And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
 And crested morions, with their plummy pride.
 Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
 In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
 One lac'd the helm, another held the lance:
 A third the shining buckler did advance.
 The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
 And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
 The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
 Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
 And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for
 shields provide.

The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands;
 And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in
 their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
 Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
 The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
 And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
 The throng is in the midst: the common crew
 Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
 In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
 Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:
 Factious, and favouring this or t' other side,
 As their strong fancy or weak reason guide:
 Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
 With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
 So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
 So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
 But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
 His rising muscles and his brawn commend;
 His double-biting axe and beamy spear,
 Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
 All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind:
 And, safe themselves, at others' cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,
 The knightly forms of combat to dispose;
 And passing through th' obsequious guards, he sat
 Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
 There, for the two contending knights he sent;
 Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they bent;
 He smil'd on both, and with superior look
 Alike their offer'd adoration took.
 The people press on every side, to see
 Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
 Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
 They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
 Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
 The king at arms bespeaks the knights and listen-
 ing crowd.

Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
 The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
 And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
 He modifies his first severe decree!
 The keener edge of battle to rebate,
 The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
 He wills, not death should terminate their strife;
 And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life:
 But issues, e'er the fight, his dread command,
 That flings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
 Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare
 With shortned sword to stab in closer war;
 But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
 Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.

The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear,
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and
young

Fight each his fill with swords and maces long.

The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good;
So just, and yet so provident of blood!
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around.
The marching troops through Athens take their
way.

The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry
tread;

The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshal'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their
way,

And at the list arriv'd e'er prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling East and West, before their many
ride.

Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next these the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd,
Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd:
The guards and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron God.

At that self-moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising-sun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From East to West, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found:
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature fix'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take,

Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun the care,
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of
war.

The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.

At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes reply:
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vault-
ed sky.

Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers jostling, men with men:
As labouring in eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grisly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie groveling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering faulchions cast a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a
wound: [ground.
Out spins the streaming blood, and dies the
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid armour
bend.

This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse:
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And floundering throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t' other side.
By fits they cease; and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.

Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their faulchions bite, that every stroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave
and took.

Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.

So when a tyger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion issuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.

Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear, and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to
distance drive.

At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By course of time to their appointed end;
So when the sun to West was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the
blow,

And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him
down,

And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the
ground,

Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.

Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!

The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bad cease the war; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The sound of trumpets to the voice reply'd,
And round the royal lists the heralds cry'd,
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.

The people rend the skies with vast applause;
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the Gods above,
And conquering Mars insults the Queen of Love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in heaven prevail'd.
Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the lists distill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love
is lost.

Till Saturn said, Fair daughter, now be still,
The blustering fool has satisfy'd his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But lost the prize, th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free.

Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth resound;
A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.

Then spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus sat on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where next the queen was plac'd his Emily;
Then passing to the saddle-bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way):
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight;
Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his countenance in a little space,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.

Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the
ground,

And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
The saddle-bow the noble parts had prest,
All bruise'd and mortify'd his manly breast.
Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd,
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.

Mean time the king, though inwardly he
mourn'd,

In pomp triumphant to the town return'd.
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd).
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladdened all the warrior-train,
Though most were sorely wounded, none were
slain.

The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some with
charms;

Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign
draughts of sage.

The king in person visits all around,
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd; for falling is no shame;
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.

The venturous knight is from the saddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own,
If crowds and palms the conquering side adorn.

The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor over-power'd with arms deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he
can;

Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.

Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was set according to his place.
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd;
Well pleas'd, and to their several homes retir'd,

Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs;
 From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the
 leeches cares;
 Swoln is his breast; his inward pains increase,
 All means are us'd, and all without success.
 The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
 Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:
 Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail;
 All outward remedies and inward fail:
 The mold of nature's fabric is destroy'd,
 Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void:
 The bellows of his lungs begin to swell:
 All out of frame is every secret cell,
 Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
 Those breathing organs thus within oppress'd,
 With venom soon disten'd the sinews of his breast.
 Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
 Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
 The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
 When nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void.
 For physic can but mend our crazy state,
 Patch an old building, not a new create.
 Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
 Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous
 bride,
 Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
 When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past,
 Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
 Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.
 With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
 Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
 No language can express the smallest part
 Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
 For you, whom best I love and value most;
 But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
 Which from this mortal body when untied,
 Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
 Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
 But wait officious, and your steps attend:
 How I have lov'd, excuse my faltering tongue,
 My spirits feeble, and my pains are strong:
 This I may say, I only grieve to die
 Because I lose my charming Emily:
 To die, when Heaven had put you in my power,
 Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
 What greater curse could envious fortune give,
 Than just to die, when I began to love! *Love!*
 Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
 Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
 Never, O never more to see the sun!
 Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
 This fate is common; but I lose my breath
 Near bliss, and yet not blest'd before my death.
 Farewel; but take me dying in your arms,
 'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
 This hand I cannot but in death resign;
 Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
 I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd
 Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last,
 Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
 I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
 But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
 Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
 And much I doubt, should heaven my life prolong,
 I should return to justify my wrong;

For, while my former flames remain within,
 Repentance is but want of power to sin.
 With mortal hatred I pursued his life,
 Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife:
 Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
 Your beauty, and my impotence of mind;
 And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
 For still our kindered souls had one desire.
 He had a moment's right in point of time;
 Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
 Fate made it mine, and justify'd his right;
 Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight,
 For virtue, valour, and for nobler blood,
 Truth, honour, all that is compriz'd in good;
 So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
 So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
 He loves you too, with such an holy fire,
 As will not, cannot, but with life expire;
 Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
 Nor any love but your's could our's divide.
 Then, by my love's inviolable band,
 By my long suffering, and my short command,
 If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
 Have pity on the faithful Palamon.
 This was his last; for death came on amain,
 And exercis'd below his iron reign;
 Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
 Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze;
 Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
 Though less and less of Emily he saw;
 So, speechless, for a little space he lay;
 Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his
 soul away.

But whither went his soul, let such relate
 Who search the secrets of the future state:
 Divines can say but what themselves believe;
 Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
 For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
 And faith itself be lost in certainty.
 To live uprightly then is sure the best,
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
 The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
 Who better live than we, though less they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears;
 Silent he wept, asham'd to shew his tears:
 Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd
 With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
 Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
 Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.
 'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate;
 Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
 When just approaching to the nuptial state.
 But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
 That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
 The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
 That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:
 Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
 With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
 Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
 For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
 Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair,
 The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they
 tare.
 Why would'st thou go, with one consent thy cry,
 When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily.

Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the
grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief.
Old Egeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known,
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and after pain delight;
Alternate, like the scenes of day and night;
Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond
our care.

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.
With worlds like these the crowd was satisfy'd,
And so they would have been, had Theseus dy'd.
But he, their king, was labouring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead design'd. }
And, after long debate, at last he found
(As love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
'That grove for ever green, that conscious land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,
There other flames might waste his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his
heart.

This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and fir, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly visage on the bier:
Menac'd his countenance; even in death severe.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
Groans, cries, and howlings fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed, that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining }
bright,
And cover'd with th' achievements of the knight. }
'The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;

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The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;
With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
And through the master-street the corps convey'd.
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy
wine.

Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appear'd th' illustrious train.
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
With cover'd fire the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below. |
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion
strow'd.

The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctious fir, }
And mountain ash, the mother of the spear; }
The mourner yew and builder oak were there: }
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane, }
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain, }
And laurels, which the gods for conquering }
chiefs ordain.

How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
With nameless nymphs that liv'd in every tree;
Nor how the dryads, or the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling on the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly
fright

Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as first I said, was laid below;
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,
And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array;
In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fir'd; the smouldering flames arise:
This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dress;
But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast; [threw,
And some their shields, and some their lances
And gave their warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood, }
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood, }
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the }
food.

Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire; and Arcite's name they thrice resound;

Q

Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd
again :

Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering shields;
The women mix their cries; and clamour fills the
fields.

The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were play'd at new returning
light;

Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.

I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:
When, by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be
freed;

Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon,
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.

The monarch mounts the throne, and plac'd
on high,

Commands into the court the beautiful Emily:
So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.
And first soft whispers through th' assembly went:
With silent wonder then they watch th' event:
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his
face.

At length he sigh'd; and, having first prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.

The cause and spring of motion, from above,
Hung down on earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were
bound,

And love, the common link, the new creation
crown'd.

The chain still holds; for, though the forms de-
Eternal matter never wears away: [say,

The same first mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last:

Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing and all-making mind:

Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never pass th' appointed destiny.

So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.

Then, since those forms begin, and have their end,
On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:

Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole;
Who gives us life and animating soul:

For nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give;

He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree;

Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,
We more or less of his perfection share.

But by a long descent, th' etherial fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:

As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
And the same matter makes another mass:

This law th' Omniscent Power was pleas'd to
give,

That every kind should by succession live:

That individuals die his will ordains;

The propagated species still remains.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,

shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;

Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,

Supreme in state, and in three more decays;

So wears the paving pebble in the street,

And towns and towers their fatal periods meet:

So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie, [dry.

Forsoaken of their springs; and leave their channels

So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,

Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat,

Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;

At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,

And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;

Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.

He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,

Grudges their life, from whence his own began:

Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,

Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne:

First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;

Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.

Some thus; but thousands more in flower of age:

For few arrive to run the latter stage.

Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,

And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.

What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,

At whose command we perish, and we spring?

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,

To make a virtue of necessity.

Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;

The bad grows better, which we well sustain;

And could we choose the time, and choose aright,

'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.

When we have done our ancestors no shame,

But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame;

Then should we wish our happy life to close,

And leave no more for fortune to dispose;

So should we make our death a glad relief

From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:

Enjoying while we live the present hour,

And dying in our excellence and flower.

Then round our death-bed every friend should run,

And joyous of our conquest early won:

While the malicious world with envious tears

Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.

Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,

Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,

Or call untimely, what the Gods decreed?

With grief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,

From a foul prison to free air restor'd.

Ought he to thank kinsmen or his wife,

Could tears recal him into wretched life?

Their sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;

And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.

What then remains, but, after past annoy,

To take the good vicissitude of joy?

To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
 Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live?
 Ordain we then, two sorrows to combine,
 And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
 That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
 As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
 Then I propose that Palamon shall be
 In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
 For which already I have gain'd th' assent
 Of my free people in full parliament.
 Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
 And well deserv'd, had fortune done him right:
 'Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily
 By Arcite's death from former vows is free:
 If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,
 And take him for your husband and your lord,
 'Tis no dishonour to confer your grace
 On one descended from a royal race:
 And were he less, yet years of service past
 From grateful souls exact reward at last:
 Pity is Heaven's and your's; nor can she find
 A throne so soft as in a woman's mind.

He said; she blush'd; and, as o'eraw'd by might
 Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight.
 Then turning to the Theban thus he said:
 Small arguments are needful to persuade
 Your temper to comply with my command;
 And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
 Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
 Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight;
 And blest'd with nuptial bliss the sweet labo-
 rious night.

Eros, and Anteros, on either side, [bride;
 One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the
 And long-attending Hymen from above,
 Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
 All of a tenor was their after-life;
 No day discolour'd with domestic strife;
 No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd.
 Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
 Thus heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
 Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.

So may the Queen of Love long duty bless,
 And all true lovers find the same success.

Q ij

THE COCK AND THE FOX:

OR,

THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow somewhat old, and very poor :
Deep in her cell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life, in patience, led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread :
But huswiving the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent ;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.

The cattle in her homestead were three sows,
An ewe call'd Molly, and three brinded cows.
Her parlour window stuck with herbs around,
Of savoury smell ; and rushes strew'd the ground.
A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made ;
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat ;
According to her cloth she cut her coat :
No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat,
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat :
A sparing diet did her health assure ;
Or, sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed :

With exercise she sweat ill humours out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad ; her heart content ;
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.

Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer :
Brown bread, and milk (but first she skim'd her
And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals. [bowls],
On holy days, an egg, or two at most ;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.

A yard she had with pales inclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead, liv'd, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer ;
So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock ;
And sooner than the matten-bell was rung,
He clapt his wings upon his roost, and sung :
For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall ;
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet ;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet :

White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnish'd gold.
This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
Six misses had, besides his lawful wife;
Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so good,
Says, they were all of his own flesh and blood,
His sisters both by fire and mother's side;
And sure their likeness shew'd them near ally'd.
But make the worst, the monarch did no more
Than all the Ptolemys had done before;
When incest is for interest of a nation,
'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation.
Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common ugliness are known.

But passing this as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his heart:
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a-day:
And she, that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet, and debonair,
Resolv'd the passive doctrine to fulfil,
Though loth; and let him work his wicked will:
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage-vow did bind,
And as the church's precept had enjoin'd.
Ev'n since she was a se'nnight old, they say,
Was chaste and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey.

By this her husband's heart she did obtain;
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
She was his only joy, and he her pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side;
If, spurning up the ground, he sprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was borne.
But, oh! what joy it was to hear him sing
In summer, when the day began to spring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
"Solus cum sola," then was all his note.

For in the days of yore, the birds of parts [ral arts.
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the libe-

It happ'd that, perching on the parlour-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn; and sigh'd, and groan'd so
fast,

As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cry'd
For help from Gods and men: and fore aghast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.
Dear heart, said she, for love of Heaven, declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, Sir, ever since the morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble spright.

And madam, well I might, said Chanticleer,
Never was shrovetide cock in such a fear,
Ev'n still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely senses not recover'd yet.
For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be shent:
It bodes I shall have wars and woeful strife,
Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life,
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled
breast,

That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest,

With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears }
Were black, and much unlike his other hairs: }
The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout, }
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout: }
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with surprise.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.
Now fy for shame, quoth she, by Heaven above,
'Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He must be bold by day, and free by night:
Our sex desires a husband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend;
Wife, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse;
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse:
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.
How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art appear'd?
Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?

If ought from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
They signify a cock of dunghill kind.
All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred;
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish fancies, you have had to-night,
Are certain symptoms (in the canting stile)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall that in your stomach floats,
Engenders all these visionary thoughts.

When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons, and red beasts, in sleep we view,
For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
And wasps and hornets with their double wings.

Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppress'd we sink in rivers drown'd.

More I could say, but thus conclude my theme,
The dominating humour makes the dream.

Cato was in his time accounted wise,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peccant humours that abound,
I should be loth to lay you on a bier;
And though there lives no 'pothecary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees.

Two sovereign herbs which I by practice know,
And both at hand (for in our yard they grow);
On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy:
You must both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of heaven make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
Beware the sun when in a vernal sign;
For when he mounts exalted in the ram,
If then he finds your body in a flame,

Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
 A tertian ague is at least your lot.
 Perhaps a fever which the Gods forefend)
 May bring your youth to some untimely end :
 And therefore, fir, as you desire to live,
 A day or two before your laxative,
 Take just three worms, nor under nor above,
 Because the Gods unequal numbers love.
 These digestives prepare you for your purge ;
 Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge,
 And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two,
 All which within our yard or garden grow.
 Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer ;
 Your father's son was never born to fear.

Madam, quoth he, grammercy for your care,
 But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare :
 'Tis true, a wise and worthy man he seems,
 And, as you say, gave no belief to dreams :
 But other men of more authority,
 And, by th' immortal powers, as wise as he,
 Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams forbode ;
 For Homer plainly says they come from God.
 Nor Cato said it : but some modern fool
 Impos'd in Cato's name on boy's at school.

Believe me, madam, morning dreams foreshew
 Th' events of things, and future weal or woe :
 Some truths are not by reason to be try'd,
 But we have sure experience for our guide.
 An ancient author, equal with the best,
 Relates this tale of dreams among the rest.

Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,
 On some far pilgrimage together went.
 It happen'd so that, when the sun was down,
 They just arriv'd by twilight at a town :
 That day had been the baiting of a bull,
 'Twas at a feast, and every inn so full,
 That no void room in chamber, or on ground,
 And but one sorrow bed was to be found :
 And that so little it would hold but one,
 Though till this hour they never lay alone.

So were they forc'd to part ; one stay'd behind,
 His fellow sought what lodging he could find :
 At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
 And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
 'Twas in a farther yard without a door ;
 But, for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.

His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
 Was weary, and without a rocker slept :
 Supine he snor'd ; but in the dead of night,
 He dreamt his friend appear'd before his sight,
 Who, with his ghastly look and doleful cry,
 Said, Help me, brother, or this night I die :
 Arise and help, before all help be vain,
 Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.

Rous'd from his rest, he waken'd in a start,
 Shivering with horror, and with aking heart ;
 At length to cure himself by reason tries ;
 'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies ?
 So thinking, chang'd his side, and clos'd his
 eyes.

His dream returns ; his friend appears again :
 The murderers come, now help, or I am slain :
 'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but
 vain.

He dreamt the third : but now his friend appear'd
 Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood be-
 smear'd :

Thrice warn'd, awake, said he, relief is late,
 The deed is done ; but thou revenge my fate :
 Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
 Awake, and with the dawning day arise :
 Take to the western gate thy ready way,
 For by that passage they my corpse convey :
 My corpse is in a tumbrel laid, among
 The filth and ordure, and inclos'd with dung :
 That cart arrest, and raise a common cry ;
 For sacred hunger of my gold, I die :
 Then shew'd his grievous wound : and last he drew
 A piteous sigh, and took a long adieu.
 The frighted friend arose by break of day,
 And found the stall where late his fellow lay.
 Then of his impious host inquiring more,
 Was answer'd that his guest was gone before :
 Muttering, he went, said he, by morning light,
 And much complain'd of his ill rest by night.
 This rais'd suspicion in the pilgrim's mind ;
 Because all hosts are of an evil kind ;
 And oft to share the spoils with robbers join'd.

His dream confirm'd his thought : with trou-
 bled look

Straight to the western gate his way he took ;
 There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
 That carry'd compost forth to dung the ground.
 This when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his
 throat,

And cry'd out *murder* with a yelling note.
 My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,
 Vengeance and justice on the villain's head.
 Ye magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,
 On you I call, to punish this offence.

The word thus given, within a little space,
 The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the
 place.

All in a trice they cast the cart to ground,
 And in the dung the murder'd body found ;
 Though breathless, warm, and reeking from
 the wound.

Good heaven, whose darling attribute we find
 Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
 Abhors the cruel ; and the deeds of night
 By wonderous ways reveals in open light :
 Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
 But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
 And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels :
 The hue and cry of heaven pursues him at the
 heels,

Fresh from the fact, as in the present case,
 The criminals are seiz'd upon the place :
 Carter and host confronted face to face.
 Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
 On engines they distend their tortur'd joints :
 So was confession forc'd, th' offence was known,
 And public justice on th' offenders done.

Here may you see that visions are to dread ;
 And in the page that follows this, I read
 Of two young merchants, whom the hope of
 gain
 Induc'd in partnership to cross the main :

Waiting till willing winds their sails supply'd,
 Within a trading town they long abide,
 Full fairly situate on a haven's side,
 One evening it befel, that looking out,
 The wind they long had wish'd was come about :
 Well pleas'd they went to rest ; and if the gale
 Till morn continued, both resolv'd to sail.
 But as together in a bed they lay,
 The younger had a dream at break of day.
 A man he thought stood frowning at his side :
 Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
 Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
 I come, thy genius, to command thy stay ;
 Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
 And death unhop'd attends the watery way.

The vision said : and vanish'd from his sight :
 The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright :
 Then pull'd his drowsy neighbour, and declar'd
 What in his slumber he had seen and heard,
 His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud con-
 tempt

Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.
 Stay, who will stay ; for me no fears restrain,
 Who follow Mercury the god of gain ;
 Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
 I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.
 Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes ;
 When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes :
 Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
 A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings :
 Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad :
 Both are the reasonable soul run mad ;
 And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
 That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
 Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
 The nurse's legends are for truth's receiv'd,
 And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.

Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
 The night restores our actions done by day ;
 As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
 In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
 Chimeras all ; and more absurd, or less :
 You, who believe in tales, abide alone ;
 Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.

Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting
 crew

That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
 The vessel went before a merry gale,
 And for quick passage put on every sail :
 But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
 The mischief overtook her in the way :
 Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
 Or whether she was overset with wind,
 Or that some rock below her bottom rent ;
 But down at once with all her crew she went :
 Her fellow ships from far her loss descri'd ;
 But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.

By this example you are taught again,
 That dreams and visions are not always vain :
 But if, dear Partlet, you are still in doubt,
 Another tale shall make the former out.
 Kenelm the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king.
 Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,

Warn'd in a dream his murder did foretel
 From point to point as after it befel ;
 All circumstances to his nurse he told
 (A wonder from a child of seven years old) ;
 The dream with horror heard, the good old wife
 From treason counsel'd him to guard his life ;
 But close to keep the secret in his mind,
 For a boy's vision small belief would find.
 The pious child, by promise bound, obey'd,
 Nor was the fatal murder long delay'd :
 By Quenda slain, he fell before his time,
 Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.
 The tale is told by venerable Bede,
 Which at your better leisure you may read.

Macrobius too relates the vision sent
 To the great Scipio, with the fam'd event :
 Objections makes, but after makes replies,
 And adds, that dreams are often prophesies.
 Of Daniel you may read in holy writ,
 Who, when the king his vision did forget,
 Could word for word the wondrous dream re-
 peat.

Nor less of patriarch Joseph understand,
 Who by a dream enslav'd th' Egyptian land,
 The years of plenty and of death foretold,
 When, for their bread, their liberty they sold.
 Nor must th' exalted butler be forgot,
 Nor he whose dream presag'd his hanging lot.
 And did not Cræsus the same death foresee,
 Rais'd in his vision on a lofty tree ?
 The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
 Dreamt of his death the night before he dy'd ;
 Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
 But men to death decreed are warn'd in vain :
 He dar'd the dream, and by his fatal foe was
 slain.

Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
 For see the ruddy day begins to break ;
 Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
 My dream was bad, and bodes adversity :
 But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
 They only serve to make the well man sick :
 Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
 And often gives a purge, but seldom takes :
 They not correct, but poison all the blood,
 And ne'er did any but the doctors good,
 Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all ;
 With every work of 'pothecary's hall.
 These melancholy matters I forbear :
 But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
 That when I view the beauties of thy face,
 I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace :
 So may my soul have blest, as when I spy
 The scarlet red about thy partridge eye.
 While thou art constant to thy own true
 knight,

While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
 All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.
 For true it is, as " in principio,
 " Mulier est hominis confusio."
 Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
 That woman is to man his sovereign bliss,
 For when by night I feel your tender side,
 Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,

Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are cast behind;
And ev'n already I forget my dream:
He said, and downward flew from off the beam,
For day-light now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed
call,

To chuck his wives together in the hall.

By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As shew'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found,
Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times e'er prime of day:
And took by turns, and gave so much delight,
Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight.
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground.
But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call.

'Twas now the month in which the world be-
(If March beheld the first created man): [gan
And since the vernal equinox, the sun,
In Aries twelve degrees, or more, had run;
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour, he measur'd
right;

And told more truly than th' Ephemeris:
For art may err, but nature cannot miss.
Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet. See, my dear,
How lavish nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats diffus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me:
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame:
Our dame sits couring o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and nature's works admire:
And ev'n this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found.

The time shall come when Chanticleer shall
wish

His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:
The crested bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his master-piece below;
And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
The vessel of his blebs to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.

Ye wife, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves, that oft the proud by flattery fall:
The legend is as true I undertake
As Tristram is, and Launcelot of the lake:
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in book of martyrs it were told.

A fox full-fraught with seeming sanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but, like the devil, would lie;
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer;

This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs, but when he
cou'd; [wood:
Had pass'd three summers in the neighbouring
And musing long whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent:
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.

The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his
way;

The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet, fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;
Then sculk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.

O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy;
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemagne!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bower:
Better for thee thou hadst believ'd thy dream,
And not that day descended from the beam!

But here the doctors eagerly dispute:
Some hold predestination absolute:
Some clerks maintain, that Heaven at first foresees,
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill:
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or its eternal prescience may be vain:
As bad for us as prescience had not been:
For first, or last, he's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming man
Say worse ev'n of the devil, if he can.
For how can that eternal Power be just
To punish man, who sins because he must?
Or, how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us; but first decreed.

I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can;
If prescience can determine actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow,
Or that, foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity;
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional.
The first so binds the will, that things fore-
known

By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,
Content to work, in prospect of the shore;
But would not work at all if not constrain'd
before.

That other does not liberty constrain,
But man may either act, or may refrain.
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, though he foresaw the will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.

If he could make such agents wholly free,
I not dispute, the point's too high for me;

For heaven's unfathom'd power what man can
found,

Or put to his Omnipotence a bound?
He made us to his image, all agree;
That image is the soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's image, or be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to sin,
I wave, for fear of splitting on a rock.
The tale I tell is only of a cock;
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife:
For women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he liv'd; and might have
been

As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil, had their sex to do,
That, born to follow, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass?
But I myself presume, and let it pass.

Silence in times of suffering is the best,
'Tis dangerous to disturb an hornet's nest.
In other authors you may find enough,
But all they say of dames is idle stuff.
Legends of lying wits together bound,
The wife of Bath would throw them to the
ground;

These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour dames, and think their sex divine.

Now to continue what my tale begun;
Lay madam Partlet basking in the sun,
Breast-high in sand: her sisters, in a row,
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below,
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea:
And so befel, that as he cast his eye,
Among the coleworts on a butterfly,
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low:
I need not swear he had no list to crow:
But cry'd, cock, cock, and gave a sudden start,
As fore dismay'd and frighted at his heart;
For birds and beasts, inform'd by nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe,
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.

But the false loon, who could not work his will
By open force, employ'd his flattering skill;
I hope, my lord, said he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your friend?
I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long:
Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false alarm,
For on my soul I never meant you harm.
I come to spy, nor as a traitor press,
To learn the secrets of your soft recess:
Far be from Reynard so profane a thought,
But by the sweetness of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard
The song as of an angel in the yard;
A song that would have charm'd th' infernal Gods,
And banish'd horror from the dark abodes;

Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the hus-
band there.

My lord, your fire familiarly I knew,
A peer deserving such a son as you:
He, with your lady mother, (whom Heaven rest)
Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest:
To view his living features, does me good;
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
And in my cottage should be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family.

But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the
ground

One like your father for a silver sound.
So sweetly would he wake the winter day,
That matrons to the church mistook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he, to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the fair?)
On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow
throat,

His winking might avail to mend the note.
By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's muse, who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a
swan.

Your ancestors proceed from race divine:
From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from arms.

Besides, a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
That of a parish-priest the son and heir,
(When sons of priests were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;
For which the clerk his father was disgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet saint charity;
Make hills and dales, and earth and heaven rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel voice.

The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,
And proud beside, as solar people are;
Nor could the treason from the truth descry,
So was he ravish'd with this flattery:
So much the more, as, from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himself;
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.

Ye princes rais'd by poets to the Gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard
And listen'd to, than modest truth is heard.

This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
 Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;
 Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both
 his eyes,

Ambitious, as he fought th' Olympic prize.
 But, while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
 False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the
 throat.

Then on his back he laid the precious load,
 And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
 Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
 Of all unheeded, and pursued by none.

Alas, what stay is there in human state,
 Or who can shun inevitable fate?

The doom was written, the decree was past,
 Ere the foundations of the world were cast!
 In Aries though the sun exalted stood,
 His patron planet to procure his good;
 Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he,
 In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree:
 The rays both good and bad, of equal power,
 Each thwarting other made a mingled hour.

On Friday morn he dreamt this direful dream,
 Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme!
 Ah blissful Venus, Goddess of delight,
 How could'st thou suffer thy devoted knight,
 On thy own day to fall by foe oppress'd,
 The wight of all the world who serv'd thee best?
 Who, true to love, was all for recreation,
 And minded not the work of propagation.
 Gaufride, who could'st so well in rhyme complain
 The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
 Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my heart,
 To sing this heavy dirge with equal art!
 That I like thee on Friday might complain;
 For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.

Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
 Were sent to heaven by woful Trojan dames,
 When Pyrrhus tofs'd on high his burnish'd
 blade,
 And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
 Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.
 Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,
 With sovereign shrieks, bewail'd her captive
 knight:

Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
 When Asdrubal her husband lost his life,
 When she beheld the smouldering flames ascend,
 And all the Punic glories at an end:
 Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,
 With greater ease than others seek their bed.
 Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
 When tyrant Nero burn'd th' Imperial town,
 Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful cry,
 For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die.

Now to my story I return again:
 The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
 This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
 Of those distracted damsels in the yard;
 And starting up beheld the heavy sight,
 How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
 And cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
 The hope and pillar of the house was borne.

The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry;
 Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh;

The vicar first, and after him the crew
 With forks and staves, the felon to pursue.
 Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
 And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand;
 Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
 In panic horror of pursuing dogs;
 With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
 Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
 The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
 With shrieks augment the terror of the day.
 The ducks that heard the proclamation cry'd,
 And fear'd a persecution might betide,
 Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
 Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.
 The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms
 Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
 Jack Straw at London-stone, with all his rout,
 Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
 Not when with English hate they did pursue
 A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew:
 Not when the welkin rung with one and all;
 And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall:
 Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and heaven above
 to fall.

With might and main they chac'd the murder-
 ous fox,
 With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
 To kindle Mars with military sounds,
 Nor wanted horns t' inspire sagacious hounds.

But see how Fortune can confound the wise,
 And, when they least expect it, turn the dice.
 The captive cock, who scarce could draw his
 breath,

And lay within the very jaws of death;
 Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
 And fear supply'd him with this happy thought:
 Your's is the prize, victorious prince, said he,
 The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.
 Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
 And bid the churls that envy you the prey
 Call back their mungril curs, and cease their
 cry,

See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
 And Chanticleer in your despoight shall die,
 He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone.

'Tis well advis'd, in faith it shall be done;
 This Reynard said: but, as the word he spoke,
 The prisoner with a spring from prison broke:
 Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his
 might,

And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his flight;
 Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
 He curs'd the Gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd;
 Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,
 For plotting an unprofitable crime;
 Yet, mastering both, th' artificer of lies
 Renews th' assault, and his last battery tries.

Though I, said he, did ne'er in thought offend,
 How justly may my lord suspect his friend!
 Th' appearance is against me, I confess,
 Who seemingly have put you in distress:
 You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
 May think I broke all hospitable laws,
 To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
 And put your noble person in a fright:

This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though, heaven can witness, with no bad intent :
I practise'd it, to make you taste your cheer
With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least of-
fence.

Descend ; so help me Jove as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.

Nay, quoth the cock ; but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a saint upon his oath :

An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice :

Once warn'd is well bewar'd ; not flattering lies
Shall sooth me more to sing with winking eyes,
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.

Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim ?

Better, fir cock, let all contention cease,
Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of peace.

A peace with all my soul, said Chanticleer ;
But, with your favour, I will treat it here :
And, lest the truce with treason should be mixt,
'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt.

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you th' effect may see
Of negligence, and fond credulity :
And learn besides of flatterers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply ;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who spoke in parables, I dare not say ;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be join'd ;
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A VISION.

Now coming from the winter's door, the sun
His rays sent forth, through the diamond air,
And a warm breeze, his gentle power
To melt the snow, and melt the ice, and melt the snow
To melt the snow, and melt the ice, and melt the snow

When all the trees were of a green
And all the flowers were of a red
And all the leaves were of a green
And all the leaves were of a green

The gentle breeze, and the warm sun
Made the garden bloom, and made the garden bloom
The gentle breeze, and the warm sun
Made the garden bloom, and made the garden bloom

And all the flowers were of a red
And all the leaves were of a green
And all the leaves were of a green
And all the leaves were of a green

The gentle breeze, and the warm sun
Made the garden bloom, and made the garden bloom
The gentle breeze, and the warm sun
Made the garden bloom, and made the garden bloom

And all the flowers were of a red
And all the leaves were of a green
And all the leaves were of a green
And all the leaves were of a green

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF:

OR,

THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A VISION.

Now turning from the wintery signs, the sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And, whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus and the lightsome realms of love;
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with
flowers:

When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe
the year:

Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call embolden'd, out they come,
And swell the germs, and burst the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms display.
Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair,
To scent the skies, and purge th' unwholsome air:
Joy spreads the heart, and, with a general song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary'd side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of pain:

Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For love had never enter'd in my breast;
I wanted nothing fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dry'd away the balmy dew:
Seas would be pools, without the brushing air,
To curl the waves: and sure some little care
Should weary nature so, to make her want
repair.

When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I sprung;
And, dressing, by the moon, in loose array,
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day, [way.
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my
Straight as a line in beauteous order flood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.

Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
 Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
 On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire;
 And listen'd for the queen of all the quire;
 Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;
 And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
 Which through a path but scarcely printed lay;
 In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
 And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
 Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought
 To some strange end so strange a path was
 wrought:

At last it led me where an arbour stood,
 The sacred receptacle of the wood: [green,
 This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the
 In all my progress I had never seen:
 And, seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
 Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting
 sight.

'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
 The thick young grass arose in fresher green:
 The mound was newly made, no light could pass
 Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass;
 The well-united sods so closely lay;
 And all around the shades defended it from day:
 For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
 A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
 And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
 The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with
 green,

That nature seem'd to vary the delight;
 And satisfy'd at once the smell and sight.
 The master workman of the bower was known
 Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon;
 Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
 They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;
 No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell:
 For none but hands divine could work so well.
 Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
 A soft recess, and a cool summer shade;
 The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
 The persons plac'd within it could espy:
 But all that pass'd without, with ease was seen,
 As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
 'Twas border'd with a field; and some was plain
 With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain.
 That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the
 ground)

A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
 I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight;
 Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight:
 And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
 Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
 Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
 Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit there:
 But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
 For this sweet place could only pleasure know.

Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
 And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
 The spreading branches made a goodly show,
 And full of opening blooms was every bough:
 A goldfinch there I saw with gawdy pride
 Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,

Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
 The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the
 dew:

Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
 And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
 But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
 Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my ear.

Her short performance was no sooner try'd,
 When she I sought, the nightingale, reply'd:
 So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
 That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung:
 And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
 I stood intranc'd, and had no room for thought,
 But, all o'er-power'd with ecstasy of bliss,
 Was in a pleasing dream of paradise;
 At length I wak'd, and, looking round the bower,
 Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower,
 If any where by chance I might espy,
 The rural poet of the melody:

For still methought she sung not far away:
 At last I found her on a laurel spray.
 Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
 Full in a line against her opposite;
 Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd;
 And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long
 (Sitting was more convenient for the song):
 Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
 But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
 Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
 And every note I fear'd would be the last.
 My sight, and smell, and hearing, were employ'd,
 And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
 And what alone did all the rest surpass,
 The sweet possession of the fairy place;
 Single, and conscious to myself alone
 Of pleasures to th' excluded world unknown:
 Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
 And all Elysium in a spot of ground.

Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
 And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
 All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
 Of vocal music, on th' enchanted ground:
 An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire;
 As if the bless'd above did all conspire
 To join their voices, and neglect the lyre. }
 At length there issued from the grove behind
 A fair assembly of the female kind:
 A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
 Seduc'd the sons of heaven to rebel.
 I pass their form, and every charming grace,
 Less than an angel would their worth debase:
 But their attire, like liveries of a kind
 All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
 In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,
 The seams with sparkling emeralds set around:
 Their hoods and sleeves the same; and purpled o'er
 With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
 Of eastern pomp: their long descending train,
 With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain:
 High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
 Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
 Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
 With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd.

Of laurel some, of woodbine many more;
And wreaths of Agnus castus others bore:
These last, who with those virgin crowns were
drefs'd,

Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
They danc'd around: but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien;
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sove-
reign queen.

She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servant's eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater
grace,

With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show:
A branch of Agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command):
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For wherefoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to
hear:

And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
The neighing coursets, and the soldiers cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain:
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their coursets were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.

To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song:
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issued in white mantles drefs'd:
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial-oak were crown'd.
And at each trumpet was a banner bound;

Which waving in the wind display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer web the silk-worm never drew.
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these of kings at arms a goodly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd:
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd:
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike array'd;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow;
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a row.
The pursuivants came next, in number more;
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.

Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed:
In golden armour glories to behold;
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermin fur were made,
With cloth of gold between, that cast a glittering
shade;

The trappings of their steeds were of the same;
The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.

Three henchmen were for every knight assign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind:
White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a truncheon bore:
The foremost held a helm of rare device;
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.
The second bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands
green. [shield,

And after these came, arm'd with spear and
An host so great, as cover'd all the field,
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their mystic emblems took,
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial oak.

Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,
Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd
around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.
Then turn'd their horses heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed oppos'd, the jousts began.
They lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other press'd:

They met. I sitting at my ease beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and
man,

And round the field the lighten'd coursers ran.
An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day :
At length the nine (who still together held)
Their fainting foes to shameful fight compell'd,
And with resistless force o'er-ran the field.

Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight :
Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain :
Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret arbour sung and danc'd.

The ladies left their measures at the fight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her chosen
knight.

Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood :
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the
heat :

Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there :
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war ;
From Heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching heat :
A hundred knights might there at ease abide ;
And every knight a lady by his side :
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common
breath.

The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeisance made :
And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.
These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue,
With song of love, and mix with pleasures new ;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.

I cast my sight upon the farther field,
And a fresh object of delight beheld :
For from the region of the West I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd ;
Of knights, and ladies mix'd, a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.

The ladies dress'd in rich fymars were seen
Of Florence fatten, flower'd with white and
green,
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row ;
And every damsel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratify'd the view with cheerful green :
Their chaplets of their ladies colours were,
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining
hair.

Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd ;
All in their master's liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind :
The fawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching
hand.

A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way ;
To this both knights and dames their homage
made,

And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay :

And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song, " The daisy is so sweet."
The daisy is so sweet, when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continued on.
The concert and the voice so charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was heaven to hear.

But soon their pleasure pass'd : at noon of day,
The sun with sultry beams began to play :
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky :
Then droop'd the fading flowers (their beauty
fled)

And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head ;
And, rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire ;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire ;
The fainty knights were scorcht ; and knew not
where

To run for shelter, for no shade was near ;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain :
And lightning flash'd betwixt : the field and
flowers,

Burnt up before, were buried in the showers.
The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintry sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain ;
While those in white protected by the tree [free.
Saw pass in vain th' assault, and stood from danger
But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeas'd at what, not suffering, they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green :
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand ;
So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace,
And with behaviour sweet their foes embrace,
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe ;
Nor shall be wanting aught within my power
For your relief in my refreshing bower.
That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took :
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courtesy was us'd by all in white, [knight.
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and every knight a

The laurel champions with their swords invade
The neighbouring forests, where the jists were
made,

And serewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:

A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire [attire.
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their wet
Refresh'd with heat, the ladies fought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground
They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment
made, [skins they laid:

Which on their sun-burnt cheeks, and their chap't
Then fought green salads, which they bade them eat,
A sovereign remedy for inward heat.

The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the lady of the flower her guest:
When lo, a bower ascended on the plain, [train.
With sudden seats ordain'd, and large for either
This bower was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The ladies sat with each a knight between,
Distinguish'd by their colours, white and green;
The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the
mind.

Mean time the minstrels play'd on either side,
Vain of their art, and for the mastery vy'd:
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reach'd my secret arbour from the bower.

The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky:
When Philomel officious all the day
To sing the service of th' ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white:
And hopping sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in bushes 'scap'd the bitter shower,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the flower;
And either songster holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes:
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night:
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by star-light and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen
Supply'd with steeds the lady of the green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic shew,
I started from my shade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind:
And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow,
She said; and I, who much desir'd to know

Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak:
Madam, might I presume and not offend,
So may the stars and shining moon attend
Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell
What nymphs they were who mortal forms
excel, [so well.]
And what the knights who fought in list'd fields
'To this the dame reply'd: Fair daughter, know,
That what you saw was all a fairy show:
And all those airy shapes you now behold,
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly
mold,

Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night;
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in sunshine may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the moon:
But when the morn arises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before, and lashes into
night.

All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger space
Than what is known to you of mortal race:
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
And ev'n this grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther; every lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are servants to the leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myself am one.
Saw you not her so graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold?
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity:
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
That Agnus castus in her hand appears;
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd;
But those the chief and highest in command
Who bear those holy branches in their hand:
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are
they,
Whom death nor danger never could dismay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey:
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held.
But those, who wear the woodbine on their brow,
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,
As true as Tristram and Isotta were.

But what are those, said I, th' unconquer'd nine,
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden ar-
mour shine?
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adore the flower, and some the tree?

Just is your suit, fair daughter, said the dame :
Those laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty fame ;
Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites,
Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian
knights.

These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
As they the foremost rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd :
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still
renew ;

For deathless laurel is the victor's due :
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemain :
For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their state ;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince :
Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
These, of the garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,
And still they Cæsar's successors adorn :
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth than all the world can buy.

One doubt remains, said I, the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen ?
Flora commands, said she, those nymphs and
knights,

Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose delights ;
Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue :
Who, nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,
Till death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of
their green.

These, and their mates, enjoy their present hour,
And therefore pay their homage to the flower.
But knights in knightly deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were ;
Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay ;
From good to better they should urge their way.

For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste ;
For this with lasting leaves their brows are
bound ;

For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd, [ground ;
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to
From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.
Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow ;
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace ;
This way and that the feeble stem is driven,
Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of heaven.
Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed ;
In summer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are de-
cay'd,

With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame ;
That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral show.
And she, to prove what profit I had made
Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
Demanded till the next returning May,
Whether the leaf or flower I would obey ?
I chose the leaf ; she smil'd with sober cheer,
And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence :
But I, said she, my fellows must pursue,
Already past the plain, and out of view.

We parted thus ; I homeward sped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day :
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the
May.

Then late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night :
Blush, as thou may'st, my little book, with shame,
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame ;
For such my Maker chose : and so design'd
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

THE WIFE OF BATH,

HER TALE.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were
blown;

The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the
ground:

Nor darkling did they glance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the
night.

Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they stay'd,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands
convey'd.

Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revel'd half
the year.

I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mint is dress'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest,
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:

For priests, with prayers and other goodly geer,
Have made the merry goblins disappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks
before,

Have sprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exercise the beds, and cross the walls:
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of
grace:

But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen,
The midnight parson posting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday
next,

With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leet to country girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he sets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near:
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both even song and morn.

It so befel in this king Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.

It happen'd, as he rode, a damsel gay
In russet robes to market took her way :
Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So straight she walk'd, and on her pasterns
high :

If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning short, he better likes her face.
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire :
This done, away he rode, not unespied,
For swarming at his back the country cry'd :
And once in view they never lost the sight,
But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the
knight.

Then courts of kings were held in high re-
nown,

Ere made the common brothels of the town :
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd :
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
No bad example to his poets gave :
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.

Now what should Arthur do? He lov'd the
knight,

But sovereign monarchs are the source of right :
Mov'd by the damsel's tears and common cry,
He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.

But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king th' offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or save :
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for
love ;

And with their mistresses join'd in close debate
(Covering their kindness with dissembled
hate),

If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At last agreed they call'd him by consent
Before the queen and female parliament.
And the fair speaker rising from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the house declare.

Sir knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet
still

Thy destiny depends upon my will :
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race,
But as our kind is of a softer mold,
And cannot blood without a sigh behold,
I grant thee life ; reserving still the power
To take the forfeit when I see my hour :
Unless thy answer to my next demand
Shall set thee free from our avenging hand.
The question, whose solution I require,
Is, What the sex of women most desire ?
In this dispute thy judges are at strife ;
Beware ; for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (lest, surpris'd, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thyself) we give thee farther day :
A year is thine to wander at thy will ;
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill.
But, not to hold our proffer turn'd in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return ;

That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day.

Woe was the knight at this severe com-
mand ;

But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand :
The terms accepted as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again,
And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with heaven's assistance, he could
find.

His leave thus taken, on his way he went
With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' event. }
'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went ; still anxious more and more,
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door ;
Inquir'd of men ; but made his chief request
To learn from women what they lov'd the
best.

They answer'd each according to her mind
To please herself, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place :
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed ;
The wanton maids were all for sport a-bed.
Some said the sex were pleas'd with handsome
lies,

And some gross flattery lov'd without disguise :
Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win
Who flatters well ; for that's our darling sin ;
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
Will work ev'n with the wisest of the kind.
One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free :
Their pleasures, hours, and actions, all their
own,

And uncontrol'd to give account to none.
Some wish a husband fool ; but such are curst,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst :
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes ;
For fools will prate ; and though they want the
wit

To find close faults, yet open blots will hit :
Though better for their ease to hold their
tongue,

For woman-kind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life ;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy :
And constant in one purpose still to dwell ;
And not our husbands counsels to reveal.
But that's a fable : for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold :
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.

Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with ass's ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
(As monarchs vices must not be reveal'd)
For fear the people have them in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind :

Nor apt to think from heaven their title springs,
 Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
 This Midas knew: and durst communicate
 To none but to his wife his ears of state:
 One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
 As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
 To this sagacious confessor he went,
 And told her what a gift the Gods had sent:
 But told it under matrimonial seal,
 With strick injunction never to reveal.
 The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
 (And sacred sure is every woman's oath)
 The royal malady should rest unknown,
 Both for her husband's honour and her own;
 But ne'ertheless she pin'd with discontent;
 The counsel rumbled till it found a vent,
 The thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide;
 By interest and by oath the wife was ty'd;
 But if she told it not, the woman dy'd.
 Loth to betray a husband and a prince,
 But she must burst, or blab; and no pretence
 Of honour ty'd her tongue from self-defence.
 A marshy ground commodiously was near,
 Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
 Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
 That word might be the secret of the king.
 Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
 Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent;
 Arriv'd, by pure necessity compell'd,
 On her majestic marrow-bones she kneel'd:
 Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
 And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
 To thee alone, O lake, she said, I tell,
 (And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal):

Beneath his locks the king my husband wears
 A goodly royal pair of ass's ears.
 Now I have eas'd my bosom of the pain,
 Till the next longing fit return again.

Thus through a woman was the secret known;
 Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
 But to my tale: The knight with heavy cheer,
 Wandering in vain, had now consum'd the
 year:

One day was only left to solve the doubt,
 Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
 But home he must, and, as th' award had been,
 Yield up his body captive to the queen.
 In this despairing state he hapt to ride,
 As fortune led him, by a forest side:
 Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
 Brown with the shade of a religious wood:
 When full before him at the noon of night,
 (The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light)
 He saw a quire of ladies in a round,
 That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground:
 Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they
 were,

He knew not where they trod, on earth or air,
 At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
 In hope where many women were, at least,
 Some one by chance might answer his request.
 But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
 And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.

One only hag remain'd: but fouler far
 Than grandame apes in Indian forests are;
 Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,
 Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,
 And dropp'd an aukward court'ly to the
 knight.

Then said, what makes you, Sir, so late abroad
 Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
 Or want you aught that here you hope to find,
 Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
 The last I guess; and if I read aright,
 Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight;
 Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage,
 Then tell your pain; for wisdom is in age.

To this the knight: Good mother, would you
 know

The secret cause and spring of all my woe?
 My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
 Unless I tell what women most desire.
 Now could you help me at this hard essay,
 Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay;
 Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
 Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
 The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
 Well satisfy'd of what they love the best.
 Plight me thy faith, quoth she, that what I ask,
 Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task,
 That thou shalt give for hire of thy demand;
 Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand;
 I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
 Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and
 wife.

More words there needed not to move the
 knight,

To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
 With that she spread a mantle on the ground,
 And, first inquiring whither he was bound,
 Bade him not fear, though long and rough the
 way,

At court he should arrive e'er break of day;
 His horse should find the way without a guide.
 She said: with fury they began to ride,
 He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
 The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
 But only this, they sped their journey well:
 And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
 How he should answer the demand aright.

To court they came; the news was quickly
 spread

Of his returning to redeem his head.
 The female senate was assembled soon
 With all the mob of women of the town:
 The queen sat lord chief justice of the hall,
 And bade the crier cite the criminal.
 The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim:
 Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:
 And, after forms of law, was last requir'd
 To name the thing that women most desir'd.

Th' offender, taught his lesson by the way,
 And by his counsel order'd what to say,
 Thus bold began: My lady liege, said he,
 What all your sex desire is sovereignty.
 The wife affects her husband to command;
 All must be her's, both money, house, and land.

The maids are mistresses ev'n in their name;
 And of their servants full dominion claim.
 This, at the peril of my head, I say,
 A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
 You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey.
 There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
 But said the knight had well deserv'd his life.
 Ev'n fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd
 The man had found what women love the best.

Up starts the beldam, who was there un-
 seen:

And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen.
 My liege, said she, before the court arise,
 May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
 To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught
 The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought.
 None but a woman could a man direct
 To tell us women, what we most affect.
 But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
 (And here demand performance of his oath)
 To grant the boon that next I should desire;
 He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
 My promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his life,
 And claim his debt, to take me for his wife.
 The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny,
 But hop'd they would not force him to com-
 ply.

The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
 Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
 (As judges on the bench more gracious are,
 And more attent, to brothers of the bar)
 Cry'd one and all, the suppliant should have
 right,

And to the grandame hag adjudg'd the knight.

In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
 Some reasonable suit might be requir'd.
 But still the crone was constant to her note:
 The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her
 throat,

In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
 His body destin'd to that living grave.
 The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn;
 And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
 Not all the wealth of Eastern kings, said she,
 Have power to part my plighted love and me:
 And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
 Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
 For mine thou art by promise, during life,
 And I thy loving and obedient wife.

My love! nay rather my damnation thou,
 Said he: nor am I bound to keep my vow;
 The fiend thy fire hath set thee from below,
 Else how couldst thou my secret sorrows know?
 Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
 The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
 Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed.
 Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the
 knight;

So was he marry'd in his own despite:
 And all day after hid him as an owl,
 Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
 Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
 To pass the marriage feast and nuptial song:
 Mirth there was none, the man was *à-la-mort*,
 And little courage had to make his court.

To bed they went, the bridegroom and the
 bride:

Was never such an ill-pair'd couple ty'd:
 Restless he toss'd, and tumbled to and fro,
 And roll'd and wriggled further off for woe.
 The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
 And caught him in her quivering arms, and
 cry'd,

When you my ravish'd predecessor saw,
 You were not then become this man of straw;
 Had you been such, you might have 'scap'd the
 law.

Is this the custom of king Arthur's court?
 Are all round-table knights of such a sort?
 Remember I am she who sav'd your life,
 Your loving, lawful, and complying wife:
 Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
 Nor I for this return employ'd my power.
 In time of need, I was your faithful friend;
 Nor did I since, nor ever will, offend.
 Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much unkind;
 What fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?
 Thus on my wedding night without pretence—
 Come turn this way, or tell me my offence.
 If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade;
 Name but my fault, amends shall soon be
 made.

Amends! nay that's impossible, said he;
 What change of age or ugliness can be?
 Or, could Medea's magic mend thy face,
 Thou art descended from so mean a race,
 That never knight was match'd with such dis-
 grace.

What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
 When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride?
 And is this all that troubles you so sore?
 And what the devil could'st thou wish me more?
 Ah, Benedicite, reply'd the crone:
 Then cause of just complaining have you none.
 The remedy to this were soon apply'd,
 Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride:
 But, for you say a long descended race,
 And wealth, and dignity, and power, and
 place,
 Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
 Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;
 Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
 Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
 The nobleman is he whose noble mind
 Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his
 kind.

The king of heaven was in a manger laid;
 And took his earth but from an humble maid;
 Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow?
 Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.
 We, who for name and empty honour strive,
 Our true nobility from him derive.
 Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,
 And vast estates to mighty titles ty'd,
 Did not your honour, but their own, advance;
 For virtue comes not by inheritance.
 If you tralineate from your father's mind,
 What are you else but of a bastard kind?
 Do, as your great progenitors have done,
 And by their virtues prove yourself their son.

No father can infuse or wit or grace ;
 A mother comes across, and mars the race.
 A grandfire or a grandame taints the blood ;
 And seldom three descents continue good.
 Were virtue by descent, a noble name
 Could never villanize his father's fame :
 But, as the first, the last of all the line
 Would like the sun even in descending shine ;
 Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,
 Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucasus ;
 If you depart, the flame shall still remain,
 And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain :
 Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
 By nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
 Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
 With worse, begets a base degenerate breed :
 The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
 No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
 The father sinks within his son, we see,
 And often rises in the third degree ;
 If better luck a better mother give,
 Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
 Such as our atoms were, even such are we,
 Or call it chance, or strong necessity :
 Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is }
 free.

And thus it needs must be : for seed conjoin'd
 Lets into nature's work th' imperfect kind ;
 But fire, th' enlivener of the general frame,
 Is one, its operation still the same.
 Its principle is in itself : while ours
 Works, as confederates war, with mingled
 powers ;

Or man or woman, whichsoever fails :
 And, oft, the vigour of the worse prevails.
 Æther with sulphur blended alters hue,
 And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
 Thus, in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
 And the fair mermaid in a fish descends :
 The line is gone ; no longer duke or earl ;
 But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
 Nobility of blood is but renown
 Of thy great fathers by their virtue known, }
 And a long trail of light, to thee descending
 down.

If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine ;
 But infamy and villanage are thine.
 Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
 The true nobility proceeds from God :
 Nor left us by inheritance, but given
 By bounty of our stars, and grace of heaven.
 Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,
 Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose :
 Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
 Whose noble hands had exercis'd the plough.
 From hence, my lord and love, I thus con-
 clude,

That though my homely ancestors were rude,
 Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
 To make you father of a generous race :
 And noble then am I, when I begin,
 In virtue cloth'd, to cast the rags of sin.
 If poverty be my upbraided crime,
 And you believe in Heaven, there was a time

When He, the great controller of our fate,
 Deign'd to be man, and liv'd in low estate :
 Which he who had the world at his dispose,
 If poverty were vice, would never choose.
 Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
 That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
 Content is wealth, the riches of the mind ;
 And happy he who can that treasure find.
 But the base miser starves amidst his store,
 Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more, }
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
 The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
 Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
 Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
 Because its virtues are not understood :
 Yet many things, impossible to thought,
 Have been by need to full perfection brought :
 The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
 Sharpness of wit, and active diligence ;
 Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
 And, if in patience taken, mends our lives ;
 For ev'n that indigence, that brings me low,
 Makes me myself, and Him above, to know.
 A good which none would challenge, few would
 choose,

A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
 If we from wealth to poverty descend,
 Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend,
 If I am old and ugly, well for you,
 No lewd adulterer will my love pursue ;
 Nor jealousy, the bane of marry'd life,
 Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife ;
 For age and ugliness, as all agree,
 Are the best guards of female chastity.

Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
 I'll do my best to further your content.
 And therefore of two gifts in my dispose,
 Think e'er you speak, I grant you leave to
 choose ;

Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
 Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold ;
 On this condition to remain for life
 A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
 In all I can contribute to your ease,
 And not in deed, or word, or thought, dis-
 please ?

Or would you rather have me young and fair,
 And take the chance that happens to your
 share ?

Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
 And how can you depend upon my truth ?
 Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,
 And thank yourself if aught should fall amiss.

Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long sermon
 heard ;

At length, considering all, his heart he cheer'd ;
 And thus reply'd : My lady and my wife,
 To your wise conduct I resign my life :
 Choose you for me, for well you understand
 The future good and ill, on either hand :
 But if an humble husband may request,
 Provide, and order all things for the best ;
 Your's be the care to profit, and to please :
 And let your subject servant take his ease.

Then thus in peace, quoth she, concludes the
strife,

Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife :
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign ;
Forgive if I have said or done amiss,
And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss :
I promis'd you but one content to share,
But now I will become both good and fair,
No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease ;
The business of my life shall be to please :
And for my beauty, that, as time shall try ;
But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye.
He look'd, and saw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.

With joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her ivory arm ;
And like Pygmalion found the statue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embrac'd,
And their first love continued to the last :
One sunshine was their life, no cloud between ;
Nor ever was a kinder couple seen.

And so may all our lives like theirs be led ;
Heaven send the maids young husbands fresh in
bed ;

May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man ;
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

T H E

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train ;
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.
 His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
 (As God hath cloth'd his own ambassador) ;
 For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
 Of sixty years he seem'd ; and well might last
 To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast ;
 Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense ;
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.
 Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
 Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see :
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity :
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.
 With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky :
 And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears
 (A music more melodious than the spheres :
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.
 He bore his great commission in his look : [spoke.
 But sweetly temper'd awe ; and soften'd all he
 He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of
 hell,
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ;
 But, on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
 He taught the gospel rather than the law ;
 And forc'd himself to drive ; but lov'd to draw.

For fear but freezes minds : but love, like heat,
 Exales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat,
 To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd ;
 But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
 He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
 Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
 As harbingers before th' Almighty fly :
 Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;
 The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took ;
 But never sued, or curs'd with bell or book.
 With patience bearing wrong ; but offering none ;
 Since every man is free to lose his own.
 The country churls, according to their kind,
 (Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind),
 The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
 And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare,
 To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare
 For mortify'd he was to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he would not see.
 True, priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
 Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord ;
 Nothing was their's ; but all the public store ;
 Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.
 Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
 He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish ; not contracted close
 In streets, but here and there a straggling house ;
 Yet still he was at hand, without request,
 To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd ;

Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none,
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey:
And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.

His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
That all might see the doctrine which they
heard:

For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God im-
press'd:)

But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show:
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he de-
sign'd,

And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must
be plain,

Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.

God saw his image lively was express'd;
And his own work, as in creation bless'd.

The tempter saw him too with envious eye;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest
withstood:

Near though he was, yet not the next in blood.
Had Richard unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.
The senseless plea of right by providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.

The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forsook.

Now, through the land, his cure of souls he
stretch'd:

And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd.
And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
Gave, while he taught; and edify'd the more,
Because he shew'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To shew you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright, [light.
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACE.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

WHILE Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd,
The title of a gracious prince he gain'd;
Till, turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
He lost the lustre of his former praise;
And from the bright meridian where he stood,
Descending, dipt his hands in lover's blood.
This prince, of Fortune's favour long possess'd,
Yet was with one fair daughter only blest'd;
And blest'd he might have been with her alone;
But oh! how much more happy had he none!
She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight;
Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear;
She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
For this, when ripe for marriage, he delay'd
Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid,
As envying any else should share a part
Of what was his, and claiming all her heart.
At length, as public decency requir'd,
And all his vassals eagerly desir'd,
With mind averse, he rather underwent
His people's will, than gave his own consent.
So was she torn, as from a lover's side,
And made almost in his despite a bride.

Short were her marriage joys; for in her prime
Of youth, her lord expir'd before his time;
And to her father's court in little space
Restor'd anew, she held a higher place;
More lov'd, and more exalted into grace.
This princess fresh and young, and fair and wife,
The worship'd idol of her father's eyes,

Did all her sex in every grace exceed,
And had more wit beside than women need.
Youth, health, and ease, and most an amo-
rous mind,
To second nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd:
And former joys had left a secret sting behind.
But, prodigal in every other grant,
Her fire left unsupply'd her only want;
And she, betwixt her modesty and pride,
Her wishes, which she could not help, would
hide.

Resolv'd at last to lose no longer time,
And yet to please herself without a crime,
See cast her eyes around the court, to find
A worthy subject suiting to her mind,
To him in holy nuptials to be ty'd,
A seeming widow, and a secret bride.
Among the train of courtiers, one she found
With all the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd,
Of gentle blood; but one whose niggard fate
Had set him far below her high estate;
Guiscard his name was call'd, of blooming age,
Now squire to Tancred, and before his page:
To him, the choice of all the shining crowd,
Her heart the noble Sigismonda vow'd.

Yet hitherto she kept her love conceal'd,
And with those graces every day beheld
The graceful youth, and every day increas'd
The raging fires that burn'd within her breast;
Some secret charm did all her acts attend,
And what his fortune wanted, her's could mend;

Till, as the fire will force its outward way,
 Or, in the prison pent, consume the prey;
 So long her earnest eyes on his were set,
 At length their twisted rays together met;
 And he, surpris'd with humble joy, survey'd
 One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid:
 Not well assur'd, while doubtful hopes he nurs'd,
 A second glance came gliding like the first;
 And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart,
 Without defence receiv'd it in his heart.
 In public, though their passion wanted speech,
 Yet mutual looks interpreted for each;
 Time, ways, and means of meeting were deny'd;
 But all those wants ingenious love supply'd.
 Th' inventive God, who never fails his part,
 Inspires the wit, when once he warms the heart.

When Guiscard next was in the circle seen,
 Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
 A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
 But in the concave had inclos'd a note;
 With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport,
 Toss'd to her love, in presence of the court;
 Take it, she said; and when your needs require,
 This little brand will serve to light your fire.
 He took it with a bow, and soon divin'd
 The seeming toy was not for nought design'd:
 But when retir'd, so long with curious eyes
 He view'd his present, that he found the prize.
 Much was in little writ; and all convey'd
 With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd
 By some false confidant, or favourite maid.
 The time, the place, the manner how to meet,
 Were all in punctual order plainly writ:
 But, since a trust must be, she thought it best
 To put it out of laymen's power at least;
 And for their solemn vows prepar'd a priest.
 Guiscard (her secret purpose understood)
 With joy prepar'd to meet the coming good;
 Nor pains nor danger was resolv'd to spare,
 But use the means appointed by the fair.

Next the proud palace of Salerno stood
 A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood.
 Through this a cave was dug with vast expence:
 The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,
 Who, when abusing power with lawless might,
 From public justice would secure his flight.
 The passage made by many a winding way,
 Reach'd ev'n the room in which the tyrant lay.
 Fit for his purpose on a lower floor,
 He lodg'd, whose issue was an iron door;
 From whence, by stairs descending to the ground,
 In the blind grot a safe retreat he found,
 Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
 With brambles, chok'd by time, and now unknown.

A rift there was, which from the mountain's
 height
 Convey'd a glimmering and malignant light,
 A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
 A twilight of an intercepted day.
 The tyrant's den, whose use, though lost to fame,
 Was now th' apartment of the royal dame;
 The cavern only to her father known,
 By him was to his darling daughter shown.

Neglected long she let the secret rest,
 Till love recall'd it to her labouring breast,
 And hinted as the way by heaven design'd
 The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
 What will not women do, when need inspires
 Their wit, or love their inclination fires!
 Though jealousy of state th' invention found,
 Yet love refin'd upon the former ground.
 That way, the tyrant had reserv'd, to fly
 Pursuing hate, now serv'd to bring two lovers
 nigh.

The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
 Bold by desire, explor'd the secret way;
 Now try'd the stairs, and, wading through the
 night,
 Search'd all the deep recess, and issued into light.
 All this her letter had so well explain'd,
 Th' instructed youth might compass what remain'd;

The cavern's mouth alone was hard to find,
 Because the path, diffus'd, was out of mind:
 But in what quarter of the copse it lay,
 His eye by certain level could survey:
 Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he knew)
 A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew;
 And, thus provided, search'd the brake around,
 Till the choak'd entry of the cave he found.

Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour arriv'd
 So long expected, and so well contriv'd:
 With love to friend, th' impatient lover went,
 Fenc'd from the thorns, and trod the deep descent.
 The conscious priest, who was suborn'd before,
 Stood ready posted at the postern door;
 The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
 And nothing wanted but th' invited guest.
 He came, and knocking thrice without delay,
 The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;
 At once invaded him with all her charms,
 And the first step he made was in her arms:
 The leathern outside, boisterous as it was,
 Gave way, and bent beneath her strict embrace;
 On either side the kisses flew so thick,
 That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
 The holy man, amaz'd at what he saw,
 Made haste to sanctify the blest by law;
 And mutter'd fast the matrimony o'er,
 For fear committed sin should get before.
 His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
 Because he knew he could not go too soon;
 His presence odious, when his task was done.
 What thoughts he had beseems me not to say;
 Though some surmise he went to fast and pray,
 And needed both to drive the tempting thoughts
 away.

The foe once gone, they took their full delight
 'Twas restless rage, and tempest all the night;
 For greedy love each moment would employ,
 And grudg'd the shortest pauses of their joy.

Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
 And thus with secret care were carried on.
 The stealth itself did appetite restore,
 And look'd so like a sin, it pleas'd the more.

The cave was now become a common way,
 The wicket, often open'd, knew the key:

Love rioted secure, and, long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.

But as extremes are short, of ill and good,
And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.

Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose delight
Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily sight,
Of custom, when his state affairs were done,
Would pass his pleasing hours with her alone;
And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of th' officious crowd.

It happen'd once, that when in heat of day
He try'd to sleep, as was his usual way,
The balmy slumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise:
Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
He sought the conversation of the fair;
But with her train of damsels she was gone,
In shady walks the scorching heat to shun:
He would not violate that sweet recess,
And found besides a welcome heaviness,
That seiz'd his eyes; and slumber, which forgot
When call'd before to come, now came unsought.
From light retir'd, behind his daughter's bed,
He for approaching sleep compos'd his head;
A chair was ready for that use design'd,
So quilted, that he lay at ease reclin'd;
The curtains closely drawn, the light to screen,
As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen:
Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office soon, and seal'd his sight.

With heaven averse in this ill-omen'd hour
Was Guiscard summon'd to the secret bower,
And the fair nymph, with expectation fir'd,
From her attending damsels was retir'd:
For, true to love, she measur'd time so right,
As not to miss one moment of delight.
The garden, seated on the level floor,
She left behind, and, locking every door,
Thought all secure; but little did she know,
Blind to her fate, she had inclos'd her foe.
Attending Guiscard, in his leathern frock,
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated knock:
Thrice with a doleful sound the jarring grate
Rung deaf and hollow, and presag'd their fate.
The door unlock'd, to known delight they haste,
And, panting in each other's arms embrac'd,
Rush to the conscious bed, a mutual freight,
And heedless press it with their wonted weight.

The sudden bound awak'd the sleeping fire,
And shew'd a sight no parent can desire;
His opening eyes at once with odious view
The love discover'd, and the lover knew:
He would have cry'd; but hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement ty'd his tongue, and stopp'd th' attempt.

Th' ensuing moment all the truth declar'd,
But now he stood collected, and prepar'd,
For malice and revenge had put him on his guard.

So like a lion, that unheeded lay,
Dissembling sleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey.

The thoughtless pair, indulging their desires:
Alternate, kindled, and then quench'd their fires;
Nor thinking in the shades of death they play'd,
Full of themselves, themselves alone survey'd,
And, too secure, were by themselves betray'd.
Long time dissolv'd in pleasure thus they lay,
Till nature could no more suffice their play;
Then rose the youth, and through the cave again
Return'd; the princess mingled with her train.

Resolv'd his unripe vengeance to defer,
The royal spy, when now the coast was clear,
Sought not the garden, but retir'd unseen,
To brood in secret on his gather'd spleen,
And methodize revenge: to death he griev'd;
And, but he saw the crime, had scarce believ'd.
Th' appointment for th' ensuing night he heard;
And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd
Two brawny yomen of his trusty guard.

Scarce had unwary Guiscard set his foot
Within the foremost entrance of the grot,
When these in secret ambush ready lay;
And rushing on the sudden seiz'd the prey:
Encumber'd with his frock, without defence,
An easy prize, they led the prisoner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the prince.
The gloomy fire, too sensible of wrong,
To vent his rage in words, restrain'd his tongue,
And only said, Thus servants are preferr'd,
And, trusted, thus their sovereigns they reward.
Had I not seen, had not these eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have believ'd.

He paus'd, and chok'd the rest. The youth,
Who saw
His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge th' accuser, and th' offence to him
Who had both power and will t' avenge the crime,

No vain defence prepar'd; but thus reply'd:
The faults of love by love are justify'd:
With unresisted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raises plains;
And, not regarding difference of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me.

This bold return with seeming patience heard,
The prisoner was remitted to the guard.
The sullen tyrant slept not all the night,
But, lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd breast,

But would not violate his daughter's rest;
Who long expecting lay, for bliss prepar'd,
Listening for noise, and griev'd that none she heard;

Oft rose, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
And oft accus'd her lover of delay; [away.]
And pass'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts

The morrow came; and at his usual hour
Old Tancred visited his daughter's bower;
Her cheek (for such his custom was) he kiss'd,
Then bless'd her kneeling, and her maids dismiss'd.
The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd;
But all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his beard,

O Sigismonda, he began to say :
 Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay, }
 Till words with often trying found their way : }
 I thought, O Sigismonda, (but how blind
 Are parents' eyes, their children's faults to find !)
 Thy virtue, birth, and breeding, were above
 A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love :
 Nor less than sight and hearing could convince }
 So fond a father, and so just a prince, }
 Of such an unforeseen, and unbeliev'd offence.
 Then what indignant sorrow must I have,
 To see thee lie subjected to my slave !
 A man so smelling of the people's lee,
 The court receiv'd him first for charity ;
 And since with no degree of honour grac'd,
 But only suffer'd, where he first was plac'd.
 A groveling insect still ; and so design'd
 By nature's hand, nor born of noble kind :
 A thing, by neither man nor woman priz'd,
 And scarcely known enough to be despis'd.
 To what has heaven reserv'd my age ? Ah ! why
 Should man, when nature calls, not choose to die,
 Rather than stretch the span of life, to find
 Such ills as fate has wisely cast behind,
 For those to feel, whom fond desire to live
 Makes covetous of more than life can give !
 Each has his share of good ; and when 'tis gone,
 The guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.
 But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
 Protracting life, have liv'd a day too long.
 If yesterday could be recall'd again,
 Ev'n now would I conclude my happy reign ;
 But 'tis too late, my glorious race is run,
 And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setting sun.
 Had'st thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the shame,
 If not the sin, by some illustrious name,
 This little comfort had reliev'd my mind,
 'Twas frailty, not unusual to thy kind :
 But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood
 Shews downward appetite to mix with mud :
 Thus not the least excuse is left for thee,
 Nor the least refuge for unhappy me.

For him I have resolv'd, whom by surprise
 I took, and scarce can call it, in disguise ;
 For such was his attire, as, with intent
 Of nature, suited to his mean descent :
 The harder question yet remains behind, }
 What pains a parent and a prince can find }
 To punish an offence of this degenerate kind.

As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more
 Than ever father lov'd a child before ;
 So that indulgence draws me to forgive :
 Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee live :
 But, as a public parent of the state,
 My justice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
 Fain would I choose a middle course to steer ;
 Nature's too kind, and justice too severe :
 Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
 On either side the father and the king.
 Heaven knows, my heart is bent to favour thee ;
 Make it but scanty weight, and leave the rest to
 me.

Here stopping with a sigh, he pour'd a flood
 Of tears, to make his last expression good.

She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
 The secret conduct of her love was known,
 But he was taken who her soul possess'd,
 Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast :
 And little wanted, but a woman's heart,
 With cries and tears had testify'd her smart,
 But inborn worth, that fortune can controul,
 New strung and stiffer bent her softer soul ;
 The heroine assum'd the woman's place,
 Confirm'd her mind, and fortify'd her face :
 Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,
 When her stern father had condemn'd her friend ?
 Her life she might have had ; but her despair
 Of saving his, had put it past her care ;
 Resolv'd on fate, she would not lose her breath,
 But, rather than not die, solicit death.
 Fix'd on this thought, she, not as women use,
 Her fault by common frailty would excuse ;
 But boldly justify'd her innocence,
 And while the fact was own'd, deny'd th' offence :
 Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
 She met his glance mid-way, and thus undaunted
 Tancred, I neither am dispos'd to make [spoke
 Request for life, nor offer'd life to take ;
 Much less deny the deed ; but least of all
 Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
 My words to sacred truth shall be confin'd,
 My deeds shall shew the greatness of my mind.
 That I have lov'd, I own ; that still I love,
 I call to witness all the powers above ;
 Yet more I own : to Guiscard's love I give
 The small remaining time I have to live ;
 And if beyond this life desire can be,
 Not fate itself shall set my passion free.
 This first avow'd ; nor folly warp'd my mind,
 Nor the frail texture of the female kind
 Betray'd my virtue ; for, too well I knew
 What honour was, and honour had his due :
 Before the holy priest my vows were ty'd,
 So came I not a strumpet, but a bride.
 This for my fame, and for the public voice :
 Yet more, his merits justify'd my choice :
 Which had they not, the first election thine,
 That bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine ;
 Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny)
 Had parents power ev'n second vows to tie,
 Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights,
 Has forc'd me to recourse of marriage rites,
 To fill an empty side, and follow known de- }
 lights. }

What have I done in this, deserving blame ?
 State-laws may alter : nature's are the same ;
 Those are usurp'd on helpless woman-kind,
 Made without our consent, and wanting power to
 bind.

Thou, Tancred, better shouldst have understood,
 That as thy father gave the flesh and blood,
 So gav'st thou me : not from the quarry hew'd
 But of a softer mould, with sense endu'd
 Ev'n softer than thy own, of suppler kind,
 More exquisite of taste, and more than man re-
 fin'd.

Nor need'st thou by thy daughter to be told,
 Though now thy spritely blood with age be cold,

Thou hast been young, and canst remember still,
That when thou hadst the power, thou hadst the
will;

And from the past experience of thy fires,
Canst tell with what a tide our strong desires
Come rushing on in youth, and what their rage
requires.

And grant thy youth was exercis'd in arms,
When love no leisure found for softer charms,
My tender age in luxury was train'd,
With idle ease and pageants entertain'd;
My hours my own, my pleasures unrestrain'd.
So bred, no wonder if I took the bent
That seem'd ev'n warrant'd by thy consent;
For, when the father is too fondly kind,
Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.
Blame then thyself, as reason's law requires,
(Sincenature gave, and thou foment'st, my fires);
If still those appetites continue strong,
Thou may'st consider I am yet but young:
Consider too that, having been a wife,
I must have tasted of a better life;
And am not to be blam'd, if I renew
By lawful means the joys which then I knew.
Where was the crime, if pleasure I procur'd,
Young, and a woman, and to bliss inur'd!
That was my case, and this is my defence:
I pleas'd myself, I shunn'd incontinence,
And, urg'd by strong desires, indulg'd my sense.

Left to myself, I must avow, I strove
From public shame, to screen my secret love,
And, well acquainted with thy native pride,
Endeavour'd what I could not help, to hide;
For which a woman's wit an easy way supply'd.
How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
Was known to thee, or what by chance betray'd,
Is not my care; to please thy pride alone,
I could have wish'd it had been still unknown.

Nor took I Guiscard by blind fancy led,
Or hasty choice, as many women wed;
But with deliberate care, and ripen'd thought,
At leisure first design'd, before I wrought:
On him I rested, after long debate,
And, not without considering, fix'd my fate:
His flame was equal, though by mine inspir'd
(For so the difference of our birth requir'd);
Had he been born like me, like me his love
Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to move:
But thus beginning, thus we persevere;
Our passions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of trial makes our joys the less sin-
cere.

At this my choice, though not by thine allow'd
(Thy judgment herding with the common crowd),
Thou tak'st unjust offence; and, led by them,
Dost less the merit, than the man esteem.
Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
Hast thou against the laws of kind inveigh'd:
For all th' offence is in opinion plac'd,
Which deems high birth by lowly choice debas'd.
This thought alone with fury fires thy breast
(For holy marriage justifies the rest),
That I have sunk the glories of the state,
And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate;

In which I wonder thou should'st oversee
Superior causes, or impute to me
The fault of fortune, or the fates' decree.
Or call it heaven's imperial power alone, [known.
Which moves on springs of justice, though un-
Yet this we see, though order'd for the best,
The bad exalted, and the good oppress'd;
Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow,
Th' unworthy rais'd, the worthy cast below.

But leaving that: search we the secret springs,
And backward trace the principles of things;
There shall we find, that when the world began,
One common mass compos'd the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moistening blood.
The same almighty power inspir'd the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the souls the same:
The faculties of intellect and will [skill,
Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal
Like liberty indulg'd with choice of good or ill:
Thus born alike, from virtue first began
The difference that distinguish'd man from man:
He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble made him good:
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upright flight, and soar'd to
fame;

The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a name.

This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force;
Uncancel'd, though diffus'd; and he, whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime who calls him base.

Now lay the line; and measure all thy court,
By inward virtue, not external port;
And find whom justly to prefer above
The man on whom my judgment plac'd my love:
So shalt thou see his parts and person shine;
And, thus compar'd, the rest a base degenerate line.
Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy court,
His valour, or his virtues, on report;
But trusted what I ought to trust alone,
Relying on thy eyes, and not my own;
Thy praise, (and thine was then the public voice)
First recommended Guiscard to my choice;
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found
A man I thought deserving to be crown'd;
First by my father pointed to my sight,
Nor less conspicuous by his native light;
His mind, his mien, the features of his face,
Excelling all the rest of human race: [aright.
These were thy thoughts, and thou could'st judge
Till interest made a jaundice in thy sight;
Or should I grant thou didst not rightly see;
Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd by
thee.

But if thou shalt allege through pride of mind,
Thy blood with one of base condition join'd,
'Tis false; for 'tis not baseness to be poor;
His poverty augments thy crime the more;
Upbraids thy justice with the scant regard
Of worth; whom princes praise, they should re-
ward.

Are these the kings intrusted by the crowd
 With wealth, to be dispens'd for common good?
 The people sweat not for their king's delight,
 T' enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite;
 Their's is the toil; and he who well has serv'd
 His country, has his country's wealth deserv'd.
 Ev'n mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,
 And kings by birth to lowest rank return;
 All subject to the power of giddy chance,
 For fortune can depress, or can advance:
 But true nobility is of the mind,
 Not given by chance, and not to chance design'd.
 For the remaining doubt of thy decree,
 What to resolve, and how dispose of me,
 Be warn'd to cast that useless care aside,
 Myself alone will for myself provide.
 If, in thy dotting and decrepit age,
 Thy soul, a stranger in thy youth to rage,
 Begins in cruel deeds to take delight,
 Gorge with my blood thy barbarous appetite;
 For I so little am dispos'd to pray
 For life, I would not cast a wish away.
 Such as it is, th' offence is all my own;
 And what to Guiscard is already done,
 Or to be done, is doom'd by thy decree,
 That, if not executed first by thee,
 Shall on my person be perform'd by me.

Away, with women weep, and leave me here,
 Fix'd like a man, to die without a tear;
 Or save, or slay us both this present hour,
 'Tis all that fate has left within thy power.

She said; nor did her father fail to find,
 In all she spoke, the greatness of her mind;
 Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
 Nor deem'd the death she promis'd was so nigh:
 Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
 Resolv'd to spare her life, and save her shame;
 But that detested object to remove,
 To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.
 Intent on this, a secret order sign'd,
 The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoin'd;
 Strangling was chosen, and the night the time,
 A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime:
 His faithful heart, a bloody sacrifice,
 Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes,
 Clos'd the severe command (for slaves to pay);
 What kings decree, the soldier must obey:
 Wag'd against foes; and when the wars are o'er,
 Fit only to maintain despotic power:
 Dangerous to freedom, and desir'd alone
 By kings, who seek an arbitrary throne;
 Such were these guards; as ready to have slain
 The prince himself, allur'd with greater gain;
 So was the charge perform'd with better will,
 By men inur'd to blood, and exercis'd in ill.

Now, though the sullen fire had eas'd his
 mind,
 The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
 A pomp prepar'd to grace the present he de-
 sign'd.
 A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
 Of depth, and breadth, the precious pledge to hold,
 With cruel care he chose: the hollow part
 Inclos'd, the lid conceal'd the lover's heart:

Then of his trusted mischiefs one he sent,
 And bade him with these words the gift present:
 Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy breast,
 And glad thy fight with what thou lov'st the best;
 As thou hast pleas'd his eyes, and joy'd his mind,
 With what he lov'd the most of human kind.

Ere this the royal dame, who well had weigh'd
 The consequence of what her sire had said,
 Fix'd on her fate, against th' expected hour,
 Procur'd the means to have it in her power;
 For this, she had distill'd with early care
 The juice of simples friendly to despair,
 A magazine of death; and thus prepar'd,
 Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
 Then smil'd severe; nor with a troubled look,
 Or trembling hand, the funeral present took:
 Ev'n kept her countenance, when the lid remov'd
 Disclos'd the heart, unfortunately lov'd;
 She needed not be told, within whose breast
 It lodg'd; the message had explain'd the rest.
 Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprise,
 She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes:
 Then thus; Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
 The gold, though precious, equals not the heart:
 But he did well to give his best; and I,
 Who wish'd a worthier urn, forgive his poverty.

At this she curb'd a groan, that else had come,
 And, pausing, view'd the present in the tomb;
 Then, to the heart ador'd devoutly glew'd
 Her lips, and, raising it, her speech renew'd:
 Ev'n from my day of birth, to this, the bound
 Of my unhappy being, I have found
 My father's care and tenderness express'd;
 But this last act of love excels the rest:
 For this so dear a present, bear him back
 The best return that I can live to make.

The messenger dispatch'd, again she view'd
 The lov'd remains, and sighing thus pursu'd:
 Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
 In whom I liv'd, with whom my soul expires,
 Poor heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
 Curs'd be the hands that tore thee from thy seat!
 The course is finish'd which thy fates decreed,
 And thou from thy corporeal prison freed:
 Soon has thou reach'd the goal with mended pace,
 A world of woes dispatch'd in little space;
 Forc'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
 Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly tomb.
 There yet remain'd thy funeral exequies,
 The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
 And those, indulgent heaven has found the way
 That I, before my death, have leave to pay.
 My father ev'n in cruelty is kind,
 Or heaven has turn'd the malice of his mind
 To better uses than his hate design'd;
 And made th' insult, which in his gift appears,
 The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
 Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
 And save myself the pains to weep below,
 If souls can weep; though once I meant to meet
 My fate with face unmov'd, and eyes unwet,
 Yet since I have thee here in narrow room,
 My tears shall set thee first afloat within thy
 tomb:

Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
To regions unexplor'd, secure to share
Thy state; nor hell shall punishment appear;
And heaven is double heaven, if thou art there.

She said: her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
And only wanted will to keep a flood,
Releas'd their watery store, and pour'd amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober shower of rain:
Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
Such as the majesty of grief destroys;
For, bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
Seem'd by the posture to discharge her head,
O'erfill'd before (and oft her mouth apply'd
To the cold heart); she kiss'd at once, and cry'd.
Her maids, who stood amaz'd, nor knew the
cause

Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was;
Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
Did office at the dirge, and by infection wept;
And oft inquir'd th' occasion of her grief
(Unanswer'd but by sighs), and offer'd vain relief.
At length, her stock of tears already shed,
She wip'd her eyes, she rais'd her drooping head,
And thus pursu'd: O ever faithful heart,
I have perform'd the ceremonial part,
The decencies of grief; it rests behind,
That, as our bodies were, our souls be join'd;
To thy whate'er abode, my shade convey,
And, as an elder ghost, direct the way.
She said; and bade the vial to be brought,
Where she before had brew'd the deadly draught:
First pouring out the med'cinable bane,
The heart, her tears had rins'd, she bath'd again;
Then down her throat the death securely throws,
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes.

This done, she mounts the genial bed, and there
(Her body first compos'd with honest care)
Attends the welcome rest; her hands yet hold
Close to her heart the monumental gold;
Nor farther word she spoke, but clos'd her sight,
And quiet sought the covert of the night.

The damsels, who the while in silence mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor suspecting death suborn'd,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred sent;
Who, conscious of th' occasion, fear'd th' event.
Alarm'd, and with presaging heart, he came,
And drew the curtains, and expos'd the dame
To loathsome light: then with a late relief
Made vain efforts, to mitigate her grief.
She, what she could, excluding day, her eyes
Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies:
Tancred, restrain thy tears, unsought by me,
And sorrow unavailing now to thee:
Did ever man before afflict his mind,
To see th' effect of what himself design'd?
Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy heart
Some sense of love, some unextinguish'd part
Of former kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd breast,
Not to deny thy daughter's last request:
The secret love which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd to gratify thy pride,
Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with my dying breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death;
Where'er his corpse by thy command is laid,
Thither let mine in public be convey'd;
Expos'd in open view, and side by side,
Acknowledg'd as a bridegroom and a bride.

The prince's anguish hinder'd his reply:
And she, who felt her fate approaching nigh,
Seiz'd the cold heart, and, heaving to her breast,
Here, precious pledge, she said, securely rest!
These accents were her last; the creeping death
Benumb'd her senses first, then stopp'd her breath.

Thus she for disobedience justly dy'd:
The fire was justly punish'd for his pride:
The youth, least guilty, suffer'd for th' offence,
Of duty violated to his prince;
Who, late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common sepulchre for both decreed;
Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal state,
And on their monument inscrib'd their fate.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none);
The rest she scorn'd; but hated him alone,
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid,
Turn'd all to poison, that he did or said:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
move;

The work went backward; and the more he
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his
breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his
care;

He sought a fairer, but found none so fair,

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He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expence, and with a pompous
train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him
short,

Confin'd within the purlieus of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.

The spring was in the prime; the neighbour-
ing grove

Supply'd with birds, the choiristers of love:
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharg'd his friends; but not th' ex-
pence

Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:

S

He would have liv'd more free; but many a
guest,

Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.

'T hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;

To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:

Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;

'T was in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches
play'd,

And dancing trees a mournful music made.

The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:

The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.

Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he
stood,

More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering
sound

Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the
ground;

With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled,
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal
eye.

Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cry'd for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briars and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish
wood;

From thence the noise, which now, approaching
near,

With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevel'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and ev'n those parts
reveal'd,

Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes, and prickly
thorn;

Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood imbru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side,
Mercy, O mercy, heaven! she ran, and cry'd;
When heaven was nani'd, they loos'd their hold
again,

Then sprang she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:

He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A sapline pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thundering on, but, from
afar,

Thus in imperious tone farbad the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:

I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.

He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and, fastening on her
side,

The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd,
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said
he,

Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd;
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:

Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.

What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my
pain.

Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep de-
spair,

To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.

Short was her joy; for soon th' insulting maid
By heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for
her pride:

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were
cast,

And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain;
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):

As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed :
Then with this fatal sword, on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open back or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her
breast,

Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry
hounds a feast.

Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.

This vers'd in death, th' infernal knight re-
lates,

And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he
drew,

And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue,
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.

And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again :

Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain :

As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me !

As in this grove I took my last farewell,

As on this very spot of earth I fell,

As Friday saw me die, so she my prey

Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the
ground

Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the wound,

And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,

Precipitates her flight along the shore :

The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and
blood,

Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food :

The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace;

And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with
awe

And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's
law.

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,

But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,

Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,

But such as must his future state portend ?

His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.

But yet, reflecting that it could not be

From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,

Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,

Which hell for his destruction did prepare;

And, as his better genius should direct,

From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from heaven he homeward took his
way,

Nor pall'd his new design with long delay :

But of his train a trusty servant sent

To call his friends together at his tent.

They came, and, usual salutations paid,

With words premeditated thus he said :

What you have often counsel'd, to remove

My vain pursuit of unregarded love;

By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,

Though late yet is at last become my care :

My heart shall be my own; my vast expence

Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence;

This only I require; invite for me

Honoria, with her father's family,

Her friends, and mine; the cause I shall display,

On Friday next; for that's th' appointed day.

Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was
light,

The father, mother, daughter, they invite;

Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;

But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.

The day was come, the guests invited came,

And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame :

A feast prepar'd with riotous expence,

Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.

The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,

Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love :

The tables in a proud pavilion spread,

With flowers below, and tissue overhead :

The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,

Was artfully contriv'd to set her face

To front the thicket, and behold the chace.

The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,

That just when the desert and fruits were
plac'd,

The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound

Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,

Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the
ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise,

Of one distress'd, and mastiffs mingled cries;

And first the dame came rushing through the
wood, [food,

And next the famish'd hounds that sought their

And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws
in blood.

Last came the felon, on his sable steed,

Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs
to speed.

She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent

(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,

The scene of death, and place ordain'd for pu-
nishment.

Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,

The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;

The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;

The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,

She rent the heaven with loud laments, implor-
ing aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,

Their faulchions brandish'd at the grisly sprite;

High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.

Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,

And wither'd all their strength before he spoke :

Back on your lives; let be, said he, my prey.

And let my vengeance take the destin'd way :

Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,

Against th' eternal doom of Providence :

Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven design'd :
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.

At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold :
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back : some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury launch'd
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,

Drew backward as before th' offending part.
The recking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd ;

The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general ; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand :
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done ;
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case their own.

So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high ;
They close their trembling troop ; and all attend
On whom the sowing eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear ;
Still on the table lay th' unfinished cheer :
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground ;
When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death ;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid :
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spur'd :

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs ; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd ;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spur'd th' infernal steed :

The more dismay'd, for when the guests with-drew,

Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er ; nor grac'd with kind adieu ;

That sting infix'd within her haughty mind
The downfall of her empire she divin'd ;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more :
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.

At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind :
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman ghost came thundering for his prey.

Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast :
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again ;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.

Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace ;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,

And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.

This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope ; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,

Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd :
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd :
Why not of her ? prefer'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd ?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.

This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,

That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd :
He took a lowering leave ; but who can tell,
What outward hate might inward love conceal ?
Her sex's arts she knew ; and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men ?

Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
 She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
 Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
 'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
 The precipice in sight: a shrub was all,
 That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal
 fall.

One maid she had, belov'd above the rest;
 Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
 And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
 She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
 But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
 With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
 If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
 The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
 'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce be-
 liev'd;

Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
 He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
 Should he delay the moment of consent.
 There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
 The modesty of maidens well might spare);
 But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd
 (As women, where they will, are all in haste);
 The father, mother, and the kin beside,
 Were overborn by fury of the tide;
 With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
 Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
 By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
 More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
 And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
 For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

POETA LOQUITUR.

OLD as I am, for ladies love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires
my wit.
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense:
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some de-
light;
Because he seems to chew the cud again, [plain;
When his broad comment makes the text too
And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double-meanings of the stage.
What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but wanton; he's obscene.
I not my fellows nor myself excuse;
But love's the subject of the comic Muse;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And brushing o'er adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;

To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Softens the fierce, and made the coward bold:
The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts
the mind.

IN that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And every grace, and all the loves, resort;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from her birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wife, wealthy, with a numerous issue blest.

But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir;
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape, and outward shew,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul bely'd the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were
join'd.

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
'Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banishment.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not
much to pray.

His quarter staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought.
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:

The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in slumber a superior grace:

Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
Her bosom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spy'd,
For yet their places were but signify'd:

The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testify'd surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense

First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown-accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkness in the mists were mix'd:
Till gathered in a globe the beams were fix'd.
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around the
So reason in his brutal soul began, [year.

Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a
day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor, love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame; and shame, with love
at strife,

Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t' other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire:
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees;
On several parts a several praise bestows,
The ruby lips, the well proportion'd nose,
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And, ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heav-
ing breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his
thought,

And love new-born the first good-manners taught.
And awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race.
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes, to watch the dawn
of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.

The slavingr cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake; nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she, Wha makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sort'd with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,

And in his breast receiv'd th' invenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But, conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew, [lust:
And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid
To see her safe; his hand she long deny'd,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his fire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire,
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And study'd lessons he before abhor'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so
fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd:
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In every exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease,
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay.
A load too heavy for his soul to move, [love.
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by
Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and as he went impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire,
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand;
Excus'd the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his fire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still:
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool confirm'd, and bishop'd by
the fair.

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wife:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her fire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,

Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the blest above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight; then, standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe;
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the vessels side by side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the
bride.

But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press
he pass'd.
Fierce was the fight, but, hastening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conquest for his following friends re-
main'd,

He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast the weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I
For love alone, nor other booty sought: [sought
Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign;
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you:
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or, if he could, my love disdains the laws,
And like a king by conquest gains his cause:
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and force shall love main-
tain,

You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom by your peace.

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th' ac-
cord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took;
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Though pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.

And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
 And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
 For your's I am, he said, and has deserv'd
 Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
 Then he to whom your formal father ty'd
 Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
 Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
 As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
 Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
 She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.
 Who now exults but Cymon in his mind?
 Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
 Proud of the present, to the future blind!
 Secure of fate, while Cymon plows the sea,
 And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
 Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run.
 When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
 The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
 Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails;
 Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
 And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
 But all at once; at once the winds arise,
 The thunders roll, the fork lightning flies.
 In vain the master issues out commands,
 In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
 The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
 And from the first they labour in despair.
 The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
 Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,
 Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots
 amain,
 Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
 Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
 Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest hell,
 Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
 Now curs'd the more, the more he had been
 blest'd;

More anxious for her danger than his own,
 Death he defies; but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
 Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
 Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent,
 But, since she cannot, dreads the punishment;
 Her forfeit faith and Pasimond betray'd,
 Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
 She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
 Augments her anger, as her fears increase:
 From her own back the burden would remove,
 And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
 Which interposing durst, in heaven's despite,
 Invade, and violate another's right:
 The powers incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
 And made him master of his vows in vain:
 But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
 That for his daring enterprise she dy'd;
 Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.

Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
 She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
 Sex to the last, mean time with sails declin'd
 The wondering vessel drove before the wind:
 Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then below,
 Nor port they seek, nor certain course they
 know,
 But every moment wait the coming blow.

Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
 The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
 The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
 The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
 And just escap'd; their force already spent:
 Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
 The land unknown at leisure they survey;
 And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
 The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view;
 And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
 Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.

The frightened sailors try'd their strength in
 vain
 To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
 But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
 And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
 The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
 And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land:
 Yet still they might be safe, because unknown,
 But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
 The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
 Already shelter'd on their native shore;
 Known each, they know; but each with change
 of cheer;

The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;
 Not them but theirs, made prisoners e'er they fight,
 Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
 And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
 Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expence,
 In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
 Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
 And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
 This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
 Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
 Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
 Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

The cowards would have fled, but that they
 knew

Themselves so many, and their foes so few:
 But, crowding on, the last the first impel:
 Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell,
 Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,
 And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
 Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast:
 His life was only spar'd at their request,
 Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:

But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
 Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
 While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast pre-
 pare.

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
 But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
 So passive is the church of womankind.
 What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
 Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
 It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
 Or raise him upward to his former height,
 The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
 Prepar'd th' amends, for what by love he lost.

The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
 Though younger, yet for courage early known,

Ormisda call'd, to whom by promise ty'd,
 A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride.
 Cassandra was her name, above the rest
 Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply blest.
 Lyfimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
 Was then by choice their annual magistrate:
 He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
 But fortune had not favour'd his desire;
 Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd.
 Nor yet prefer'd, or like Ormisda lov'd;
 So stood th' affair: some little hope remain'd,
 That, should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.
 Mean time young Pasimond his marriage press'd,
 Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
 And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
 Which would be double should he wed alone)
 To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lyfimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
 Receiv'd the news, and study'd quick relief:
 The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
 The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
 To justice liable, as law requir'd;
 For, when his office ceas'd, his power expir'd:
 While power remain'd, the means were in his
 hand

By force to seize, and then forsake the land:
 Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
 A slave to fame, but, more a slave to love:
 Restraining others, yet himself not free,
 Made impotent by power, debas'd by dignity.
 Both sides he weigh'd: but, after much debate,
 The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
 But works a different way in different minds,
 The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
 This youth, proposing to possess and 'scape,
 Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
 Unprais'd by me, though heaven sometimes may
 An impious act with undeserv'd success; [blest
 The great it seems are privileg'd alone
 To punish all injustice but their own.
 But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
 Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed:
 For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent,
 To find the means that might secure th' event;
 Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
 In captive Cymon found the friend he sought;
 Th' example pleas'd: the cause and crime the
 An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame. [same;
 How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
 The less he had to lose, the less he car'd,
 To manage loathsome life when love was the
 reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
 In depth of night he for the prisoner sent;
 In secret sent, the public view to shun,
 Then with a sober smile he thus begun.
 The powers above, who bounteously bestow
 Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
 Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
 To such as are not worthy to receive:
 For valour and for virtue they provide
 Their due reward, but first they must be try'd;

These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd;
 'Twas your's to improve the talent they bestow'd:
 They gave you to be born of noble kind,
 They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
 And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
 To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they found
 The grain intrusted in a grateful ground:
 But still the great experiment remain'd,
 They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd;
 That you might learn the gift was theirs alone:
 And when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
 Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
 The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd:
 Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
 Then Iphigene is your's, Cassandra mine.
 Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
 Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
 But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
 And love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
 Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine,
 As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine:
 To-morrow must their common vows be ty'd;
 With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
 Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
 'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed:
 Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight:
 And let the losers talk in vain of right:
 We with the fair will sail before the wind,
 If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
 Speak thy resolves; if now thy courage droop,
 Despair in prison, and abandon hope:
 But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain
 (For liberty without thy love were vain);
 Then second my design to seize the prey,
 Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st
 the way.

Said Cymon overjoy'd, do thou propose
 The means to fight, and only shew the foes;
 For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
 Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.

To this the bold Lyfimachus reply'd,
 Let heaven be neutre, and the sword decide;
 The spousals are prepar'd, already play
 The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:
 By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are
 dress'd;

All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
 All but myself the sole unbidden guest.
 Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
 And join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

Now hear the rest; when day resigns the light,
 And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
 Be ready at my call, my chosen few
 With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
 Then entering unexpected will we seize
 Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease;
 By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight:
 And hastening to the seas, suborn our flight:
 The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
 A ship well-mann'd expects us in the port:
 If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
 Death shall attend the man who dares resist;

It pleas'd! the prisoner to his hold retir'd,
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work
requir'd.

The sun arose; the streets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected spouse, and entertains the friends:
They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
The powers, and feed the flames with fragrant
smoke.

This done, they feast, and at the close of night
By kindled torches vary their delight,
These lead the lively dance, and those the brim-
ming bowls invite.

Now, at th' appointed place and hour assign'd
With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd; the first is sent before
To favour the retreat, and guar'd the shore;
The second at the palace-gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last:
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread:
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When like the harpies rushing through the hall
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own;
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain:
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore,
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear: [mend;
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle
bent.

Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow:
And as the next in rank Ormisda flood,
He turn'd the point; the sword inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a
purple flood.

With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd pursues,
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corps; the sprinkled gore
Besmeares the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,
The victors to their vessel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable
cries.

The crew with merry shouts their anchors
weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the
key.

What should the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone.
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval
store;

They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view:
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missile weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost,
Jove's isle they seek; nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore:
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws:
Both parties lose by turns; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for shew precede:
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love.

TRANSLATIONS FROM
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

To the Right Honourable

LORD RADCLIFFE.

MY LORD,

THESE Miscellany Poems* are by many titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptance of my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are derived from your own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candour of your nature; easy to forgive some trivial faults when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. But, after all, though these are your equitable claims to a dedication from other Poets, yet I must acknowledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking to my verses. It is a vanity common to all writers, to over-value their own productions; and it is better for me to own this failing in myself, than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? why am I grown old, in

seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application, which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown, which are often given to men of as little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein time-servers and blockheads will not be uppermost. The persons are only changed, but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest, and mismanagement, will remain for ever. Blood and money will be lavished in all ages, only for the preferment of new faces, with old consciences. There is too often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colours with other men. All whom they affect, look golden to them; when the gilding is only in their own distempered sight. These considerations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not ashamed

* Prefixed to the Third Volume of Dryden's Miscellany Poems, printed in 1693.

to be little, when I see them so infamously great ; neither do I know why the name of poet should be dishonourable to me if I am truly one, as I hope I am ; for I will never do any thing that shall dishonour it. The notions of morality are known to all men : none can pretend ignorance of those ideas which are in-born in mankind : and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be disingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear truth, and base to act against the light of my own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his own : for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit ; or fall for want of it. Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors : for they (as the best poet and the best patron said) when in the full perfection of decay, turn vinegar, and come again in play. Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic : I mean of a critic in the general acceptance of this age : for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentators on their works ; to illustrate obscure beauties ; to place some passages in a better light ; to redeem others from malicious interpretations ; to help out an author's modesty, who is not ostentatious of his wit ; and, in short, to shield him from the ill nature of those fellows, who were then called Zoili and Momi, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censors. But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavoured to defame Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients : what their reputation was then, we know ; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies ? are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit amongst readers is what they obtained by being subservient to the fame of writers, are these become rebels of slaves, and usurpers of subjects ; or, to speak in the most honourable terms of them, are they from our seconds become principals against us ? does the ivy undermine the oak, which supports its weakness ? what labour would it cost them to put in a better line, than the worst of those which they expunge in a true poet ? Petronius, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgment to fall on Lucan, he fell himself in his attempt : he performed worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the author of the Pharsalia : and avoiding his errors, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years : has he succeeded in his attempt ? he has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind : but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger ? You see the same hypercritic, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of Claudian (a faulty poet, and living in a barbarous age) yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his own as deserve the ferula. What a censure has he made of Lucan, that he rather seems to bark than sing ? would any but a dog, have made so snarling a

comparison ? one would have thought he had learned Latin, as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off, with a *pace tuâ*, by your good leave, Lucan ; he called him not by those outrageous names, of fool, booby, and blockhead : he had somewhat more of good manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation : some of them proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretence of respect, to the dramatic writers of the last age, only scorn and valify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance ; for their real design is nothing less than to do honour to any man, besides themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age : " Non ingeniis favet ille, sepultis ; nostra sed impugnat ; nos nostraque lividus odit." It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age : their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out as their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change ? if we are bad poets, they are worse ; and when any of their woeful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good writers, that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, as resemble none of us : our pretended pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sate to them ; they are all grotesque ; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature, so far from being copied from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of insects, more venomous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical church and state ; who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age. These attack the living by raking up the ashes of the dead ; well knowing that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we who claim under them must fall of course. Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson : none of the living will presume to have any competition with them : as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them ; but (as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor) our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead ; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to shew that we succeed : if less in dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted, and secretly undermined ; I think I shall be able to defend myself, when I am openly attacked. And to shew besides that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage which they never finished : that many of the tragedies in the former

age amongst us, were without comparison beyond those of Sophocles and Euripides. But, at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an undertaking. It is ill going to law for an estate, with him who is in possession of it, and enjoys the present profits, to feed his cause. But the "*quantum mutatus*" may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the world to judge, who gave the provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confess, a long digression from Miscellany Poems to Modern Tragedies: but I have the ordinary excuse of an injured man, who will be telling his tale unseasonably to his betters; though, at the same time, I am certain, you are so good a friend, as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who so truly honours you. And besides, being yourself a critic of the genuine sort, who have read the best authors in their own languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns; yet, I know, you judge for the English tragedies, against the Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish, of these latter ages. Indeed, there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like Perault in behalf of the French poets against Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the English poets their undoubted due of excelling *Æschylus*, Euripides, and Sophocles: for if we, or our greater fathers, have not yet brought the drama to an absolute perfection; yet, at least, we have carried it much farther than those ancient Greeks; who, beginning from a chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done; who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any necessity of entertaining it amongst us, and without the possibility of establishing it here, unless it were supported by a public charge. Neither can we accept of those lay-bishops, as some call them, who, under pretence of reforming the stage, would intrude themselves upon us as our superiors; being, indeed, incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and, least of all, what is poetry and good sense. I can tell them, in behalf of all my fellows, that, when they come to exercise a jurisdiction over us, they shall have the stage to themselves, as they have the laurel. As little can I grant, that the French dramatic writers excel the English: our authors as far surpass them in genius, as our soldiers excel theirs in courage: it is true, in conduct they surpass us either way; yet that proceeds not so much from their greater knowledge, as from the difference of tastes in the two nations. They content themselves with a thin design, without episodes, and managed by few persons. Our audience will not be pleased but with variety of accidents, an underplot, and many actors. They follow the ancients too servilely, in the mechanic rules; and we assume too much license to ourselves, in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them, than the French writers could come up to the sublimity of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. How-

ever it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good-manners only excepted: and I care not much, if I give this handle to our bad, illiterate poetasters, for the defence of their Scriptures, as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators; which is a name more proper for them than that of auditors; or else Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it. But these common-places I mean to treat at greater leisure; in the mean time submitting that little I have said to your Lordship's approbation or your censure, and choosing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other commendations; which, though they are your due, yet would not be equally received in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you, is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride; not denying even to enemies their just praises: and this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your Lordship. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in your nature, to be a patron and encourager of good poets; but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed, by what you are at present. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtiness which generally attends too many of the nobility; and when you converse with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king; who, amongst her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behaviour, a winning goodness, and a majestic person. The Muses and the Graces are the ornaments of your family: while the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the servants of the Muses have sometimes had the happiness to hear her, and to receive their inspirations from her.

I will not give myself the liberty of going farther; for it is so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I should never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myself from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordship my own labours in this Miscellany; at the same time not arrogating to myself the privilege of inscribing to you the works of others who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and you have done me the favour to hear me read my translations of Ovid; and you both seemed not to be displeased with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngest child, I know not; but they appear to me the best of all my endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more easy to be translated than some others whom I have lately attempted; perhaps too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader than

any of the Roman wits; though some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal to the best: but as his verse came easily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often luxuriant, both in his fancy and expressions; and, as it has lately been observed, not always natural. If wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and above all, Virgil, are his superiors. I have said so much of him already, in my preface to his Heroical Epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place. For my own part, I have endeavoured to copy his character what I could in this translation, even perhaps farther than I should have done, to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be translated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it; but I suppose it is, for fear of omitting any of his excellencies. Sure I am, that, if it be a fault, it is much more pardonable than that of those who run into the other extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confined so strictly to his author's words, that he wants elbow-room to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose, where he found him verse: and no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so much admired Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I never read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again; and see (if they understand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry, in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated: but this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse, nor loved it. They were scholars, it is true; but they were pedants. And for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English.

If I flatter not myself, or if my friends have not flattered me, I have given my author's sense, for the most part, truly: for to mistake sometimes, is incident to all men: and not to follow the Dutch commentators always, may be forgiven to a man who thinks them, in the general, heavy, gross-witted fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull poets. But I leave a farther satire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to shew how much I love and honour them. I have likewise attempted to restore Ovid to his native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and, as we call it, a run of verse, as like the original, as the English can come up to the Latin. As he seldom uses any Synalephas; so I have endeavoured to avoid them as often as I could. I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought, which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have copied them; and so may others, if they use the

same diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the Synalepha, which is cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's Homer, which lies before me, for the benefit of those who understand not the Latin Prosodia. It is in the first line of the argument to the first Iliad.

Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring, &c.

There we see he makes it not the Argive, but th' Argive, to shun the shock of the two vowels, immediately following each other; but, in his second argument, in the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

Alpha the prayer of Chryses sings;
The army's plague, the strife of kings.

In these words *the army's*, the ending with a vowel, and *army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those words. I cannot say that I have every way observed the rule of the Synalepha in my translation; but wheresoever I have not, it is a fault in the sound: the French and the Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the Latin poet. Our countrymen have not yet reformed their poetry so far, but content themselves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, though they sometimes use Synalephas, yet make no difficulty, very often, to sound one vowel upon another, as Homer does, in the very first line of Alpha. *Μῆνιν ἄειδι θεῶν Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος*. It is true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words, *μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς*, and *ἀλλὰ κ' ἔθηκεν*, the Synalepha in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of Euphony, rather "*Musas colere severiores*," with the Romans, than to give into the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tired myself, and have been summoned by the press to send away this Dedication, otherwise I had exposed some other faults, which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our language is both copious, significant, and majestic, and might be reduced into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of public encouragement, in this iron age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue, that in a few years we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship, that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this Miscellany, one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honour which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him) and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetic, and I am sure my friend has added to the

tenderness which he found in the original, and, without flattery, surpassed his author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to Homer, that he is much more capable of exciting the manly passions than those of grief and pity: To cause admiration, is indeed the proper and adequate design of an epic poem: and in that he has excelled even Virgil; yet, without presuming to arraign our master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be denied in that little parcel which I have translated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midst of her concernment, and fright for Hector, runs off her biases, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had been his bedfellow for many years together; and if he knew it, then it must be confessed, that Homer, in this long digression, has rather given her his own character, than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of Andromache, to occasion the remembrance of all the past; but others think she had enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted such a work of supererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence; for though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in his admirable judgment. He drew the passion of Dido for Æneas, in the most lively and most natural colours imaginable: Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the same subject of Hector's death: first, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the same persons again bewailed his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the translator than the poet: for Homer, as I observed before, can move rage better than he can pity: he stirs up the irascible appe-

tite, as our philosophers call it; he provokes to murder, and the destruction of God's images; he forms and equips those ungodly man-killers, whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation; and such as it is, the lovers of peace, or at least of more moderate heroism, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honour betwixt themselves; I am satisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wish Mr. Congreve had the leisure to translate him, and the world the good-nature and justice to encourage him in that noble design, of which he is more capable than any man I know. The Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two the best judges of our age, have assured me, that they could never read over the translation of Chapman, without incredible pleasure and extreme transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself; for the translator has thrown him down as low, as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrous length of verse, could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers: for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. But here, my Lord, I am forced to break off abruptly, without endeavouring at a compliment in the close. This Miscellany is, without dispute, one of the best of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At least, as Sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a modest man may praise what is not his own. My fellows have no need of any protection: but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deserves, to your patronage and acceptance, and all the rest to your forgiveness.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most

Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing :
Ye Gods, from whence these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete ;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature's birth, to Cæsar's times.
Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face ;
Rather a rude and indigested mass :
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up the world to view ;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew :
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky ;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown ;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impress'd ;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fixt,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were
driven,
And grosser air sunk from æthereal heaven.

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Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place ;
The next of kin contiguously embrace ;
And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in likeness next to fire ;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round :
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow ;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes ;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogued, are lost.
He shades the woods, the vallies he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones th' ætherial regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd :
The sun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone :
The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain,

T

THE IRON AGE.

—Hard steel succeeded then;
 And stubborn as the metal were the men.
 Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook:
 Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
 Then sails were spread to every wind that blew;
 Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new:
 Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain:
 E'er ships in triumph plow'd the watery plain.
 Then land-marks limited to each his right:
 For all before was common as the light.
 Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
 Her annual income to the crooked share;
 But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
 Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore;
 Which next to hell the prudent God had laid;
 And that alluring ill to fight display'd;
 Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
 Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:
 And double death did wretched man invade,
 By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
 Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their
 hands)
 Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
 Nor rights of hospitality remain:
 The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain:
 The son-in-law pursues the father's life:
 The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
 The step-dame poison for the son prepares,
 The son inquires into his father's years.
 Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns;
 And Justice, here oppress'd, to heaven returns.

THE GIANTS WAR.

Now were the Gods themselves more safe
 above:
 Against beleagu'ring heaven the giants move.
 Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
 To make their mad approaches to the sky.
 Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
 To avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
 Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
 And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
 Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
 With native earth their blood the monsters mix'd;
 The blood, indued with animating heat,
 Did in th' impregnate earth new sons beget:
 They, like the seed from which they sprung, ac-
 Against the Gods immortal hatred nurs'd: [curst,
 An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
 Expressing their original from blood.
 Which when the king of Gods beheld from high
 (Withal revolving in his memory,
 What he himself had found on earth of late,
 Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat)
 He sigh'd, nor longer with his pity strove;
 But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove;
 Then call'd a general council of the Gods;
 Who, summon'd, issue from their blest abodes,
 And fill th' assembly with a shining train;
 A way there is, in heaven's expanded plain,

Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
 And mortals by the name of milky know.
 The ground-work is of stars; through which the
 Lies open to the thunderer's abode. [road
 The Gods of greater nations dwell around,
 And on the right and left the palace bound;
 The commons where they can; the nobler sort,
 With winding doors wide open, front the court.
 This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
 I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.
 When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,
 And he their father had assum'd the throne,
 Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant,
 Then shook his head, that shook the firmament:
 Air, earth, and seas, obey'd th' almighty nod;
 And, with a general fear, confess'd the God.
 At length with indignation, thus he broke
 His awful silence, and the powers bespoke:

I was not more concern'd in that debate
 Of empire, when our universal state
 Was put to hazard, and the giant race
 Our captive scies were ready to embrace:
 For, though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
 Rebellion sprung from one original:
 Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,
 All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
 Let me this holy protestation make:
 By hell and hell's inviolable lake,
 I fry'd whatever in the Godhead lay,
 But gangren'd members must be lopt away,
 Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
 There dwells below a race of demi-gods,
 Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods:
 Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
 Let them at least enjoy that earth we give.
 Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
 When I myself, who no superior know,
 I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
 Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?

At this a murmur through the synod went,
 And with one voice they vote his punishment.
 Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom
 The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome,
 The nations trembled with a pious fear;
 All anxious for their earthly thunderer:
 Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteem'd
 By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was
 deem'd:
 Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain
 Their murmurs, then resum'd his speech again.
 The Gods to silence were compos'd, and fate
 With reverence due to his superior state.

Cancel your pious cares; already he
 Has paid his debt to justice, and to me.
 Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
 Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
 The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
 The cries of orphans, and th' oppressor's rage,
 Had reach'd the stars; I will descend, said I,
 In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
 Disguis'd in human shape, I travel'd round
 The world, and more than what I heard, I found.
 O'er Mænalus I took my sleepy way,
 By caverns infamous for beasts of prey:

Then cross'd Cyllene, and the piny shade,
More infamous by curst Lycaon made :
Dark night had cover'd heaven and earth, before
I enter'd his unhospitable door.

Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray, the tyrant grins ;
And, adding prophanation to his sins,
I'll try, said he, and if a God appear,
To prove his deity shall cost him dear.

'Twas late ; the graceless wretch my death prepares,
When I should soundly sleep, oppress'd with cares :

This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove :

But first he had resolv'd to taste my power :

Not long before, but in a luckless hour,

Some legates sent from the Molossian state,

Were on a peaceful errand come to treat :

Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh,

And lays the mangled morsels in a dish :

Some part he roasts, and serves it up so drest,

And bids me welcome to this human feast.

Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd ;

And with avenging flames the palace burn'd.

The tyrant in a fright, for shelter gains

The neighbouring fields, and scours along the plains.

Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,

But human voice his brutal tongue forsook.

About his lips the gather'd foam he churns, }
And, breathing slaughter, still with rage he }
But on the bleating flock his fury turns. } burns,

His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs

Cleaves to his back ; a famish'd face he bears ;

His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,

To multiply his legs for chace of prey.

He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,

And the same rage in other members reigns.

His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,

His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.

This was a single ruin, but not one

Deserves so just a punishment alone.

Mankind's a monster, and th' ungodly times,

Confederate into guilt, or sworn to crimes

All are alike involv'd in ill, and all

Must by the same relentless fury fall.

Thus ended he ; the greater Gods assent, }
By clamours urging his severe intent ; }
The less fill up the cry for punishment. }

Yet still with pity they remember man ;

And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.

They ask, when those were lost of human birth,

What he would do with all his waste of earth ?

If his dispeopled world he would resign

To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line ?

Neglected altars must no longer smoke,

If none were left to worship and invoke.

To whom the father of the Gods reply'd :

Lay that unnecessary fear aside :

Mine be the care new people to provide. }

I will from wondrous principles ordain

A race unlike the first, and try my skill again. }

Already had he toss'd the flaming brand, }

And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand ; }

Preparing to discharge on seas and land ; }

But stop'd, for fear thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch the axle-tree of heaven.

Remembering, in the Fates, a time when fire

Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,

And all his blazing worlds above should burn,

And all th' inferior globe to cinders turn.

His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent

His thoughts to some securer punishment :

Concludes to pour a watery deluge down ;

And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.

The northern breath, that freezes floods, he
binds ;

With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds :

The South he loos'd, who night and horror brings ;

And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.

From his divided beard two streams he pours ;

His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.

With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow :

And lazy mists are lowering on his brow,

Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist,

He squeez'd the clouds ; th' imprison'd clouds
resist :

The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound ;

And showers enlarg'd come pouring on the ground.

Then clad in colours of a various dye,

Junonian Iris breeds a new supply,

To feed the clouds impetuous rain descends ;

The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends :

Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain ;

And the long labours of the year are vain.

Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone

Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down :

Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,

To help him with auxiliary waves.

The watery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,

Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes ;

And with perpetual urns his palace fill :

To whom in brief he thus imparts his will :

Small exhortation needs ; your powers employ :

And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.

Let loose the reins to all your watery store :

Bear down the dams, and open every door.

The floods, by nature enemies to land,

And proudly swelling with their new command,

Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,

And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.

Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the

ground :

With inward trembling earth receiv'd the wound ;

And rising streams a ready passage found.

Th' expanded waters gather on the plain,

They float the fields, and overtop the grain ;

Then, rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,

Bear flocks, and folds, and labouring hinds away.

Nor safe their dwellings were ; for, lap'd by floods,

Their houses fell upon their household Gods.

The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,

High o'er their heads behold a watery wall.

Now seas and earth were in confusion lost ;

A world of waters, and without a coast.

One climbs a cliff ; one in his boat is borne,

And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his corn.

Others o'er the chimney tops and turrets row,

And drop their anchors on the meads below :

Or, downward driven, they bruise the tender vine;
 Or, tofs'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
 And where of late the kids had cropp'd the grafs,
 The monsters of the deep now take their place.
 Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
 And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
 On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they brouze;
 And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
 The frighted wolf now swims among the sheep;
 The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
 His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
 The stag swims faster than he ran before.
 The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
 Despair of land, and drop into the main.
 Now hills and vales no more distinction know,
 And level'd nature lies oppress'd below.
 The most of mortals perish in the flood,
 The small remainder dies for want of food.

A mountain of stupendous height there stands
 Betwixt th' Athenian and Bœotian lands.
 The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they
 were,

But then a field of waters did appear:
 Parnassus in its nature, whose forked rise [skies.
 Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty
 High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
 Deucalion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
 He with his wife were only left behind
 Of perish'd man; they two were human-kind.
 The mountain nymphs and Themis they adore,
 And from her oracles relief implore.
 The most upright of mortal men was he;
 The most sincere and holy woman she.

When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
 Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
 That, where so many millions lately liv'd,
 But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd,
 He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
 To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
 Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
 Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
 The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
 On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
 Already Triton, at his call, appears,
 Above the waves: a Tyrian robe he wears;
 And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
 The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
 And give the waves the signal to retire.
 His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
 Grows by degrees into a large extent; [sound,
 Then gives it breath; the blast, with doubling
 Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
 The sun first heard it, in his earthly East,
 And met the rattling echoes in the West.
 The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
 Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.

A thin circumference of land appears;
 And earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
 And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds:
 The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
 By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
 And earth increases as the waters fall.
 In longer time the tops of trees appear,
 Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.

At length the world was all restor'd to view,
 But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
 Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
 A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
 Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
 Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
 Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind
 The best, and only creature left behind,
 By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd;
 Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
 We two remain; a species in a pair:
 The rest the seas have swallow'd; nor have we
 Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
 The clouds are still above; and, while I speak,
 A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
 Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou re-
 main,
 Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
 How could'st thou such a wretched life sustain?
 Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea
 That bury'd her I lov'd, should bury me.
 Oh could our father his old arts inspire,
 And make me heir of his informing fire,
 That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
 And perish'd people in new souls might live!
 But Heaven is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
 That we th' examples of mankind, remain.
 He said: the careful couple join their tears,
 And then invoke the Gods with pious prayers.
 Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
 From sacred oracles they seek relief:
 And to Cephissus' brook their way pursue:
 The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
 With living waters in the fountain bred,
 They sprinkle first their garments and their
 head,
 Then took the way which to the temple led.
 The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
 The desert altars void of solemn fire.
 Before the gradual prostrate they ador'd,
 The pavement kiss'd, and thus the saint implor'd.
 O righteous Themis, if the powers above
 By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
 If human miseries can move their mind;
 If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
 Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
 Mankind, and people desolated earth.
 Then thus the gracious Goddess, nodding, said;
 Depart, and with your vestments veil your head:
 And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
 Throw each behind your backs your mighty mo-
 ther's bones.
 Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder stand,
 Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.
 Forbid it heaven, said she, that I should tear
 Those holy relics from the sepulchre.
 They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
 For some new sense; and long they sought in vain
 At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
 And said, The dark ænigma will allow
 A meaning; which if well I understand,
 From sacrilege will free the God's command;
 This earth our mighty mother is, the stones
 In her capacious body are her bones:

These we must cast behind. With hope, and fear,
 The woman did the new solution hear:
 The man diffides in his own augury,
 And doubts the Gods; yet both resolve to try.
 Descending from the mount, they first unbind
 Their vests, and veil'd they cast the stones behind:
 The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
 But long tradition makes it pass for true)
 Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
 And suppl'd into softness as they fell:
 Then swell'd, and swelling by degrees grew warm;
 And took the rudiments of human form;
 Imperfect shapes, in marble such are seen,
 When the rude chissel does the man begin;
 While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
 Without the rising muscles of the veins.
 The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
 Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use:
 Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment:
 The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
 Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
 Its former name and nature did retain.
 By help of power divine, in little space,
 What the man threw assum'd a manly face;
 And what the wife, renew'd a female race.
 Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
 Laborious life, and harden'd into care.

The rest of animals, from teeming earth
 Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
 The native moisture, in its close retreat,
 Digested by the sun's ætherial heat,
 As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
 Then swell'd, and quicken'd by the vital seed.
 And some in less, and some in longer space,
 Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.
 Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
 And seeks with ebbing tides his ancient bed,
 The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd;
 And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:
 These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants
 find:

Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind:
 Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
 One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.

For heat and moisture when in bodies join'd,
 The temper that results from either kind
 Conception makes; and, fighting till they mix,
 Their mingled atoms in each other fix.

Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
 With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.

From hence the surface of the ground with
 mud

And slime besmear'd (the fæces of the flood)
 Receiv'd the rays of heaven; and, sucking in
 The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
 Some were of several sorts produc'd before;
 But of new monsters earth created more,
 Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
 Thee, Python too, the wondering world to
 fright,

And the new nations, with so dire a sight.
 So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
 Did his vast body and long train embrace:
 Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espy'd,
 E'er now the God his arrows had not try'd,

But on the trembling deer, or mountain goat;
 At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.
 Though every shaft took place, he spent the
 store
 Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
 Th' expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.
 Then, to preserve the fame of such a deed,
 For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed,
 Where noble youths for mastership should strive,
 To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots drive.
 The prize was fame, in witness of renown,
 An oaken garland did the victor crown.
 The laurel was not yet for triumphs born;
 But every green alike for Phœbus worn,
 Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks
 adorn.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

The first and fairest of his loves was she,
 Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire decree
 Of angry Cupid, forc'd him to desire:
 Daphne her name; and Peneus was her sire.
 Swell'd with the pride that new success attends,
 He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
 And thus insults him: Thou lascivious boy,
 Are arms like these for children to employ?
 Know, such achievements are my proper claim,
 Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
 Resistless are my shafts; and Python late,
 In such a feather'd death, has found his fate.
 Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
 With that the feeble souls of lovers fry.
 To whom the son of Venus thus reply'd:
 Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside;
 But mine on Phœbus: mine the same shall be
 Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.

He said; and, soaring, swiftly wing'd his
 flight;

Nor stopt, but on Parnassus' airy height.
 Two different shafts he from his quiver draws;
 One to repel desire, and one to cause.
 One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
 To bribe the love, and make the lover bold;
 One blunt, and tipt with lead, whose base alloy
 Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
 The blunted bolt against the nymph he drest;
 But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.

Th' enamour'd Deity pursues the chase;
 The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace,
 In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs,
 And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys:
 With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare,
 And with a fillet binds her flowing hair:
 By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
 And still her vow'd virginity maintains:
 Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
 She shuns, and hates the joys she never try'd:
 On wilds and wood she fixes her desire,
 Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
 Her father chides her oft: Thou ow'st, says
 he,

A husband to thyself, a son to me.

She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed;
 She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head:
 Then, casting round his neck her tender arms,
 Soothes him with blandishments and filial charms:
 Give me, my lord, she said, to lie and die
 A spotless maid, without the marriage tie.
 'Tis but a small request: I beg no more
 Than what Diana's father gave before.
 The good old sire was soften'd to consent;
 But said, her wish would prove her punishment:
 For so much youth, and so much beauty join'd,
 Oppos'd the state which her desires design'd.

The God of light, aspiring to her bed,
 Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies
 fed,
 And is by his own oracles misled.
 And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
 Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
 Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
 That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
 So burns the God, consuming in desire,
 And feeding in his breast the fruitless fire.
 Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was
 bare)

And on her shoulders her dishevel'd hair:
 Oh, were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace
 Would every waving curl become her face!
 He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that
 shone;

He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone,
 Her taper fingers, and her panting breast.
 He praises all he sees; and, for the rest,
 Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
 Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
 Nor did for these alluring speeches stay.
 Stay, nymph, he cry'd, I follow, not a foe.
 Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;
 Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb re-
 moves,

And from pursuing falcons fearful doves.
 Thou shunn'st a God, and shunn'st a God that
 loves.

Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
 Or thou should'st fall, in flying my pursuit,
 To sharp, uneven ways thy steps decline;
 Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
 Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly:
 Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
 Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
 And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
 Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos, obey;
 These hands the Patareian sceptre sway.
 The King of Gods begot me: what shall be,
 Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.

Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
 Sweet notes and heavenly numbers I inspire.
 Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
 But, ah! more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
 Medicine is mine: what herbs and simples grow
 In fields and forests, all their powers I know;
 And am the great physician call'd below.
 Alas, that fields and forests can afford
 No remedies to heal their love-sick lord!
 To cure the pains of love, no plant avails;
 And his own physic the physician fails,

She heard not half, so furiously she flies;
 And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies.
 Fear gave her wings; and, as she fled, the wind,
 Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind,
 And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view,
 Which made the God more eager to pursue.
 The God was young, and was too hotly bent
 To lose his time in empty compliment;
 But, led by love, and fir'd by such a sight,
 Impetuously pursued his near delight.

As when th' impatient greyhound, slipt from
 far,

Bounds o'er the glebe, to course the fearful hare,
 She in her speed does all her safety lay;
 And he with double speed pursues the prey,
 O'er-runs her at the sitting turn, and licks
 His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
 She 'scapes, and for the neighbouring covert
 strives,

And, gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:
 If little things with great we may compare,
 Such was the God, and such the flying fair:
 She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move;
 But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love.
 He gathers ground upon her in the chace;
 Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
 And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.
 The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
 Spent with the labour of so long a flight;
 And now despairing, cast a mournful look
 Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
 Oh, help, she cry'd, in this extremest need,
 If Water-Gods are Deities indeed:
 Gape, earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb;
 Or change my form, whence all my sorrows
 come.

Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
 Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:
 A filmy rind about her body grows;
 Her hair to leaves; her arms extend to boughs:
 The nymph is all into a laurel gone:
 The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
 Yet Phœbus loves her still; and, casting round
 Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.
 The tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part,
 Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
 He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind:
 It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
 To whom the God: Because thou canst not be
 My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
 Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
 The deathless poet, and the poem, crown.
 Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn;
 And, after poets, be by victors worn.
 Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace,
 When poms shall in a long procession pass;
 Wreath'd on the post, before his palace wait,
 And be the sacred guardian of the gate:
 Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
 Unfading as th' immortal powers above:
 And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
 So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
 The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said,
 And shook the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO
AN HEIFER.

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows,
Which Tempe's pleasant valley does inclose:
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his course,
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Mists from the river's mighty fall arise,
And deadly damps inclose the cloudy skies;
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood,
And sounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood:
Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode:
A mansion, proper for a mourning God.
Here he gives audience; issuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent Deities.
On this occasion, hither they resort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court;
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears;
Then old Apidanus came crown'd with years;
Enipeus, turbulent; Amphrysos, tame;
And Æas last, with lagging waters, came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Condole his loss, and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the watery train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own;
For his dear Io, whether stray'd or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
He sought her through the world, but sought in
vain;

And, no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.
Her, just returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld, with a desiring look;
And, oh, fair daughter of the flood, he said,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy whoever shall those charms possess!
The King of Gods (nor is thy lover less)
Invites thee to yon cooler shades, to shun
The scorching rays of the meridian sun.
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone, without a guide; thy guide is Jove.
No puny power; but he, whose high command
Is unconfin'd, who rules the seas and land,
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
Oh, fly not (for she fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's pastures): he pursued the chace
Along the shades of the Lycæan plain:
At length the God who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then suppress'd her
flight; [delight.]
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full
Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd, that the mist should over-run
The face of day-light, and obscure the sun.
No natural cause she found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs:
Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there.
Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.

With fury she precipitates her flight,
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night,
And to the day restores his native light.
Th' almighty leacher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
Transforms his mistress in a trice: and now,
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
Ev'n Juba did unwilling pleasure take,
To see so fair a rival of her love;
And what she was, and whence, inquir'd of Jove:
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The God, half-caught, was forc'd upon a lie;
And said, she sprung from earth. She took the
word,

And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What should he do? 'twas equal shame to Jove,
Or to relinquish, or betray his love:
Yet to refuse so slight a gift, would be
But more to increase his consort's jealousy.
Thus fear and love by turns his heart assail'd;
And stronger love had sure at length prevail'd;
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious Goddess, of her gift possess'd,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove,
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love;
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair.

The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred eyes.
But two, by turns, their lids in slumber steep;
The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep.
Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, though behind.
In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the stall.
On leaves of trees, and bitter herbs, she fed:
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed:
So hardly lodg'd: and, to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams, defil'd with
mud.

Her woeful story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold:
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd:
She strove to speak: she spoke not, but she
low'd.

Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd to inquire the author of the sound.

Once on the banks where often she had play'd
(Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
Her alter'd visage, and her branching head;
And, starting from herself, she would have fled.
Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.
Ev'n Inachus himself was ignorant;
And, in his daughter, did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company:
They stroke her neck: the gentle heifer stands,
And her neck offers to their stroking hands.

Her father gave her grafs: the grafs ſhe took,
 And lick'd his palms, and caſt a piteous look;
 And, in the language of her eyes, ſhe ſpoke.
 She would have told her name, and ask'd relief;
 But, wanting words, in tears ſhe tells her grief;
 Which, with her foot, ſhe makes him underſtand,
 And prints the name of Io in the ſand.
 Ah, wretched me! her mournful father cry'd:
 She, with a ſigh, to *wretched* me reply'd.
 About her milk-white neck his arms he threw,
 And wept; and then theſe tender words enſue:
 And art thou ſhe, whom I have ſought around
 The world, and have at length ſo ſadly found?
 So found, is worſe than loſt: with mutual words
 Thou answer'ſt not; no voice thy tongue affords;
 But ſighs are deeply drawn from out thy breaſt;
 And ſpeech deny'd, by lowing is expreſs'd.
 Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed,
 With empty hopes of happy iſſue fed:
 But now the husband of a herd muſt be
 Thy mate, and bellowing ſons thy progeny.
 Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief!
 But now my God-head but extends my grief;
 Prolongs my woes, of which no end I ſee;
 And makes me curſe my immortality.
 More had he ſaid; but, fearful of her ſtay,
 The ſtarry guardian drove his charge away
 To ſome freſh paſture; on a hilly height
 He ſate himſelf, and kept her ſtill in ſight.

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO A
 PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her ſufferings bear;
 But call'd in haſte his airy meſſenger,
 The ſon of Maia, with ſevere decree
 To kill the keeper, and to ſet her free.
 With all his harneſs, ſoon the God was ſped;
 His flying hat was faſten'd on his head;
 Wings on his heels were hung; and in his hand
 He holds the virtue of the ſnaky wand:
 The liquid air his moving pinions wound;
 And, in the moment, ſhoot him on the ground.
 Before he came in ſight, the crafty God
 His wings diſmiſs'd, but ſtill retain'd his rod:
 That ſleep-procuring wand wiſe Hermes took,
 But made it ſeem to ſight a ſhepherd's hook.
 With this he did a herd of goats control;
 Which by the way he met, and ſlily ſtole.
 Clad like a country ſwain, he pip'd and ſung,
 And, playing, drove his jolly troop along.

With pleaſure Argus the muſician heeds,
 But wonders much at thoſe new vocal reeds;
 And whoſe'er thou art, my friend, ſaid he,
 Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
 This hill has brouze for them, and ſhade for
 thee.

The God, who was with eaſe induc'd to climb,
 Began diſcourſe, to paſs away the time;
 And ſtill betwixt his tuneful pipe he plies;
 And watch'd his hour, to cloſe the keeper's eyes.
 With much ado, he partly kept awake,
 Not ſuffering all his eyes reſoſe to take

And ask'd the ſtranger, who did reeds invent,
 And whence became ſo rare an inſtrument.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO
 REEDS.

Then Hermes thus: a nymph of late there
 was,
 Whoſe heavenly form her fellows did ſurpaſs:
 The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
 Belov'd by Deities, ador'd by ſwains:
 Syriſx her name, by Sylvans oft purſu'd;
 As oft ſhe did the luſtful Gods delude;
 The rural and the wood-land powers diſdain'd;
 With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd:
 Like Phœbe clad, ev'n Phœbe's ſelf ſhe ſeems,
 So tall, ſo ſtraight, ſuch well-proportioned limbs:
 The nicest eye did no diſtinction know,
 But that the Goddeſs bore a golden bow:
 Diſtinguiſh'd thus, the ſight ſhe cheated too.
 Deſcending from Lycaeus, Pan admires
 The matchleſs nymph, and burns with new de-
 ſires.

A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
 And thus began her pity to implore.
 But, ere he thus began, ſhe took her flight,
 So ſwift, ſhe was already out of ſight;
 Nor ſtay'd to hear the courtſhip of the God,
 But beat her courſe to Ladon's gentle flood:
 There by the river ſtopt, and tir'd before,
 Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.

Now while the luſtful God, with ſpeedy
 pace,
 Juſt thought to ſtrain her in a ſtrict embrace,
 He fills his arms with reeds, new riſing on the
 place:
 And while he ſighs his ill ſucceſs to find,
 The tender canes were ſhaken by the wind;
 And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
 That, much ſurpriſing Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
 Admiring this new muſic, Thou, he ſaid,
 Who canſt not be the partner of my bed,
 At leaſt ſhall be the conſort of my mind,
 And often, often, to my lips be join'd.
 He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are;
 Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
 They ſtill retain the name of his ungrateful
 fair.

While Hermes pip'd, and ſung, and told his
 tale,
 The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
 And drowſy ſlumber on the lids to creep;
 Till all the watchman was at length aſleep.
 Then ſoon the God his voice and ſong ſuppreſt,
 And with his powerful rod confirm'd his reſt;
 Without delay his crooked ſalchion drew,
 And at one fatal ſtroke the keeper flew.
 Down from the rock fell the diſſever'd head,
 Opening its eyes in death; and, falling, bled;
 And mark'd the paſſage with a crimſon trail.
 Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
 And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
 Are clos'd at once, in one perpetual night.

These Juno takes, that they no more may fail;
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head,
With furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her gadding round the world to roam:

Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,

She laid her down; and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries;
And cast her languishing regards above,
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 'twas all she could;

And with unkindness seem'd to tax the God.
Last, with an humble prayer, she begg'd repose,
Or death at least, to finish all her woes.
Jove heard her vows; and, with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.

He cast his arms about her neck, and said,
Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.
The Goddess was pleas'd; and at the word
Was lo to her former shape restor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
Though not so large; her crooked horns de-
crease;

The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease;
Her hoofs to hands return, in little space;
The five long taper fingers take their place;
And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
Beside the native whiteness of her skin.
Erected on her feet, she walks again;
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue, her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she speaks.
A Goddess now through all th' Egyptian state;
And serv'd by priests, who in white linen wait.

Her son was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The son of Jove, and as a God receiv'd:
With sacrifice ador'd, and public prayers,
He common temples with his mother shares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton
Like honour claims, and boasts his sire the sun.

His haughty looks, and his assuming air,
The son of Isis could no longer bear:
Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far, said he,
And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree:
Go, base pretender to a borrow'd name!
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger and with shame:

But shame repress'd his rage. The daunted youth
Soon seeks his mother, and inquires the truth.
Mother, said he, this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me, your son.
He spoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace:
Ev'n I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.

To hear an open slander, is a curse;
But not to find an answer, is a worse.
If I am heaven-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father }
known,

To right my honour, and redeem your own.
He said; and, saying, cast his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to resolve the doubt.

'Tis hard to judge, if Clymene were mov'd
More by his prayer, whom she so dearly lov'd;
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common fame.
She stretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes

On that fair planet that adorns the skies:
Now by those beams, said she, whose holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires;
By him who sees us both, and cheers our sight;
By him, the public minister of light,
I swear, that Sun begot thee: if I lie,
Let him his cheerful influence deny;
Let him no more this perjur'd creature see,
And shine on all the world, but only me.
If still you doubt my mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himself your parentage may know.
With joy th' ambitious youth his mother heard;
And, eager for the journey, soon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to survey,
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:
From Meroë's burning sands he bends his course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging, till he came in sight,
And saw the palace by the purple light.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection to the former Story.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was imposed on them by Minos, king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digression to the story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most inartificial connections in all the Metamorphoses: for he only says, that Theseus obtained such honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourse to him in their necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon; though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

FROM him the Caledonians sought relief,
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief:
The cause, a boar, who ravag'd far and near;
Of Cynthia's wrath, th' avenging minister:
For Oeneus, with autumnal plenty blest'd,
In gifts to heaven his gratitude express'd;
Cull'd sheaves to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;
To Pan, and Pales, offer'd sheep and kine;
And fat of olives, to Minerva's swine,
Beginning from the rural Gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:
Each Deity, in every kind, was blest'd;
Till at Diana's fane th' invidious honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches ev'n the Gods: the queen of
night,
Fir'd with disdain, and jealous of her right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
Not unreveng'd that impious act shall be.

Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
With charge on those devoted fields to prey:
No larger bulls th' Ægyptian pastures feed,
And none so large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eye-balls glare with fire, suffus'd with
blood;
His neck shoots up a thickset, thorny wood;
His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected, like a field of spears:
Froth fills his chaps; he sends a grunting sound;
And part he churns, and part befoams the
ground:
For tusks, with Indian Elephants he strove;
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he
drove.
He burns the leaves: the scorching blast in-
vades
The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades;

Or, suffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the
year.

In vain the barns expect their promis'd load;
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad:
In vain the hinds the threshing-floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.
With olives, ever green, the ground is strew'd;
And grapes, ungather'd, shed their generous
blood.

Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep
Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can
keep.

From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the town:
Till Meleagrus, and his chosen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue.
Fair Leda's twins, (in time to stars decreed)
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed;
Then issu'd forth fam'd Jason after these,
Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd the seas;
Then Theseus join'd with bold Pirithous came:
A single concord in a double name:
The Thestian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,
And Ceneus, once a woman, now a man.
Lynceus, with eagle's eyes and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
Acastus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong;
With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but young.
Laertes active, and Ancæus bold;
Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold;
And t' other seer yet by his wife unfold.
A thousand others of immortal fame;
Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods; a diamond buckle bound
Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the
ground,

And shew'd her buskin'd legs; her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a simple knot was ty'd above,
Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
Her sounding quiver on her shoulder ty'd,
One hand a dart, and one a bow supply'd.
Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
The Caledonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With heavens averse. O happy youth, he cry'd;
For whom thy fates reserve so fair a bride!
He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say:
His honour call'd his eyes another way,
And forc'd him to pursue the now neglected
prey.

There stood a forest on the mountain's brow,
Which over-look'd the shaded plains below,
No sounding ax presum'd those trees to bite;
Coeval with the world, a venerable sight.
The heroes there arriv'd, some spread around
The toils, some search the footsteps on the
ground,
Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.

Of action eager, and intent on thought,
The chiefs their honourable danger sought:
A valley flood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moist and marshy ground,
Whose edges were with bending osiers crown'd;
The knotty bulrush next in order stood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.

From hence the boar was rous'd, and sprung
again,
Like lightning sudden on the warrior train;
Beats down the trees before him, shakes the
ground,

The forest echoes to the crackling sound:
Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around.
All stood with their protended spears prepar'd,
With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons
glar'd.

The beast impetuous with his tusks aside
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
All spend their mouth aloft, but none abide.
Echion threw the first, but miss'd his mark,
And stuck his boar-spear on a maple's bark.
Then Jason; and his javelin seem'd to take,
But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his
back.

Mopsus was next; but ere he threw, address'd
To Phœbus thus: O patron, help thy priest.
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy power divine, thy present aid afford;
That I may reach the beast. The God allow'd
His prayer, and, smiling, gave him what he could:
He reach'd the savage, but no blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew.

This chaff'd the boar, his nostrils flames expire,
And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown,
Amidst the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
As flew the beast; the left wing put to flight,
The chiefs o'erborn, he rushes on the right.
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In dust, and next to death, but for their fellows aid.
Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more sustain
The bulk; the bulk unprop'd falls headlong on
the plain.

Nestor had fail'd the fall of Troy to see,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then, gathering up his feet, look'd down with
fear,

And thought his monstrous foe was still too near.
Against a stump his tusk the monster grinds,
And in the sharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, trusting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continu'd wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear:
White were their habits, white their horses were;
Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe:
Nor had they miss'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming spears, not perview to the
steed.

But Telamon rush'd in, and happ'd to meet
A rising root, that held his fasten'd feet;

So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Meantime the virgin-huntress was not slow
T' expel the shaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the fasten'd arrow stood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She blush'd for joy: But Meleagrus rais'd
His voice with loud applause, and the fair archer
prais'd.

He was the first to see, and first to show
His friends the marks of the successful blow.
Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,
He said; a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew.
They shout; the shouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts;
But, out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes frustrate the design.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flourishes his double-biting ax:
Then, forward to his fate, he took a stride
Before the rest, and to his fellows cry'd,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man;
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beast defend.
Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on tiptoe stood,
Secure to make his empty promise good.
But the more wary beast prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.

Pirithous, no small portion of the war,
Press'd on, and shook his lance: to whom from
far,

Thus Theseus cry'd: O stay, my better part,
My more than mistress; of my heart, the heart.
The strong may fight aloof: Ancæus try'd
His force too near, and by presuming dy'd:
He said, and while he spake, his javelin threw;
Hissing in air th' unerring weapon flew;
But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt
The marksman and the mark, his lance he fixt.

Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd to
wound
The boar, and flew an undeserving hound;
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to
ground.

Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent,
With equal force, but various in th' event:
The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his
blood.

Now while the tortur'd savage turns around,
And flings about his foam, impatient of the wound,
The wound's great author close at hand pro-
vokes

His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the nearest passage to his heart.

Quick and more quick he spins in giddy gires,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
This act with shouts heaven high the friendly
band

Applaud, and strain in theirs the victor's hand.

Then all approach the slain with vast surprise,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partnership
of war.

But he, the conquering chief, his foot impress'd
On the strong neck of that destructive beast;
And, gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
Accept, said he, fair Nonacrine, my prize,
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praise, with thine:
At this presents her with the tusky head
And chine, with rising bristles roughly spread.
Glad, she receiv'd the gift; and seem'd to take
With double pleasure, for the giver's sake.
The rest were seiz'd with fullen discontent,
And a deaf murmur through the squadron went:
All envy'd; but the Thestyan brethren show'd
The least respect, and thus they vent their spleen
aloud:

Lay down those honour'd spoils, nor think to share,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Trust not thy beauty; but restore the prize,
Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflam'd with spite,
From her they snatch'd the gift, from him the
giver's right.

But soon th' impatient prince his fauchion drew,
And cry'd, Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper cost,
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boast.
At this advanc'd, and sudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' bosom plung'd the sword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement flow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he
stood,

Receiv'd the steel bath'd in his brother's blood.

Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second
news,

Althæa to the temples pays their dues
For her son's conquest; when at length appear
Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the bier:
Pale, at the sudden sight, she chang'd her
cheer,

And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cause, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her soul; at last 'twas rage alone;
Which burning upwards in succession dries
The tears that stood considering in her eyes.

There lay a log unlighted on the earth:
When she was labouring in the throes of birth;
For th' unborn chief the fatal sisters came,
And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a scanty measure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the heel apace;
And turning sung, To this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe, we give an equal destiny:
So vanish'd out of view. The frightened dame
Sprung hasty from her bed, and quench'd the
flame;

The log in secret lock'd, she kept with care,
And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her heir.
This brand she now produc'd; and first she strows
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her hand, and, heav'd, she thrice
reprefs'd:

The sister and the mother long contest,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breast;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now lowering looks presage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Resolv'd, she doubts again; the tears, she dry'd
With blushing rage, are by new tears supply'd:
And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
Now with the current drives, now with the
gale,

Both opposite, and neither long prevail.
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
Th' imperious tempest, and th' impetuous seas:
So fares Althæa's mind; first she relents
With pity, of that pity then repents:
Sister and mother long the scales divide,
But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.

The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To please her brother's ghosts, her son should
bleed;

And when the funeral flames began to rise,
Receive, she said, a sister's sacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn: high in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invoc'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging sisters, come and view
A sister paying a dead brother's due:
A crime I punish, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death, is fit:
Great crimes must be with greater crimes repaid,
And second funerals on the former laid.
Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all!
Shall fate to happy Oeneus still allow
One son, while Thestius stands depriv'd of two?

Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go.
Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet admitted new
In hell you wait my duty) take your due:
A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.

Ah! whether am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live:
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.

Then shall th' unpunish'd wretch insult the
slain,

Triumphant live, not only live, but reign?
While you thin shades, the sport of winds, are tost
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coast.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;
Perish this impious, this detested son;
Perish his sire, and perish I withal;
And let the house's heir, and the hop'd kingdom
fall,

Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains which with ten months I
strove!

Ah! had'st thou dy'd, my son, in infant years,
Thy little herse had been bedew'd with tears.

Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath resign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preserv'd from fire;
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee restore.

I would, but cannot: my son's image stands
Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.

He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
But, having pay'd their injur'd ghosts their due,
My son requires my death, and mine shall his
pursue.

At this for the last time she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the
brand.

The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have
shrunk away.

Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry:
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with manly patience bore his pains:
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry.
Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cry'd,
With what becoming fate in arms he dy'd!
Then call'd his brothers, sisters, fire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
Perhaps his mother; a long sigh he drew,
And, his voice failing, took his last adieu:
For as the flames augment, and as they stay
At their full height, then languish to decay,
They rise, and sink by fits; at last they soar
In one bright blaze, and then descend no more;
Just so his inward heats, at height, impair,
Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul
in air.

Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies;
All ages, all degrees, unshuce their eyes;
And heaven and earth resound with murmurs,
groans, and cries.

Matrons and maidens beat their breasts, and tear
Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair.
The wretched father, father now no more,
With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor,
Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
And curses age, and loaths a life prolong'd with
pain.

By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious deed.
Had I an hundred tongues, a wit so large
As could their hundred offices discharge;
Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd,
In all the streams inspiring all the God;

Those tongues, that wit, those streams, that God,
in vain

Would offer to describe his sisters' pain :
They beat their breasts with many a bruising blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the snow.
The corpse they cherish, while the corpse remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless pains ;
And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away,
They kiss the bed on which the body lay :
And when those funeral flames no longer burn
(The dust compos'd within a pious urn),
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confess,
And hug it in their arms, and to their bosoms
press.

His tomb is rais'd ; then, stretch'd along the
ground,

Those living monuments his tomb surround :
Ev'n to his name, inscrib'd, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kisses wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury spent,
Not with less ruin, than a race, content :
Excepting Gorgé, perish'd all the seed,
And her whom heaven for Hercules decreed.
Sate at last, no longer she pursu'd
The weeping sisters ; but, with wings endu'd,
And horny beaks, and sent to flit in air ;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks
repair.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, painting the death of Theseus, relates how he, with his hand without, was taken
by Asphodel, the River God, to stay with him, till his waters were spent. Asphodel
then with a relation of his own love to Perseus, who was changed into a fish by Neptune,
at his request. Perseus being an Asphodel, desires the legend, and desires the power of
Gods to work that miracle. I take another companion of Theseus, to compare the story of
Asphodel, which relates metamorphosis of Theseus and Perseus into waters of which he was
purify an eye-witness.

Not far from Athens is a lake, the bottom
Of coral, and the living bottom
Here love with Theseus came, but in all
Of mortal men concealed this Delilah.
One laid aside his sword, and his
And many together these together stood ;
For Perseus as a wounded dove they found
But one of all the thousand was his friend.
At last an Asphodel found they found
A house, and that was his house
His Asphodel with love and love
found.
That was a day of love, and all the
That he found himself, and a happy day
flow still in love, though with his love
found a year, and a happy day
that was a day, and a happy day
For a day, and a happy day
With all the love, and a happy day
found, and a happy day
On that day, and a happy day

That Asphodel, and the Asphodel
With Asphodel, and Asphodel
The power of Asphodel, and Asphodel
Who Asphodel, and Asphodel
He Asphodel, and Asphodel
These Asphodel, and Asphodel
You Asphodel, and Asphodel
To Asphodel, and Asphodel
The Asphodel, and Asphodel
Against the Asphodel, and Asphodel
That Asphodel, and Asphodel
And Asphodel, and Asphodel
Heaven, Asphodel, and Asphodel
The Asphodel, and Asphodel
By Asphodel, and Asphodel
A Asphodel, and Asphodel
Stand on a Asphodel, and Asphodel
One Asphodel, and Asphodel
I Asphodel, and Asphodel
To Asphodel, and Asphodel

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, pursuing the deeds of Theseus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the River God, to stay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an island by Neptune, at his request. Pirithous, being an Atheist, derides the legend, and denies the power of the Gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theseus, to confirm the story of Achelous, relates another metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into trees: of which he was partly an eye-witness.

Thus Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and admiring fear
The powers of heaven; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none;
He shook his impious head, and thus replies,
'These legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
'To think they give us forms, and take away.

The rest, of better minds, their sense declar'd
Against this doctrine, and with horror heard.

Then Lelex rose, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with sober gravity began:
Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
The manufacture mass, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompass'd
round,

Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place and them, by Pitheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandfire's government.

Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their Deities:
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together
bound.

There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.

From lofty roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But e'er they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant-fire:
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she
blows,

Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brush-wood and with chips she strengthens
these,

And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot);
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and then with handy eare she dress'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
Before their guests; in this they bath'd their
feet,
And after with clean towels dry'd their sweat:
This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the sted,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
But coarse old garments, yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holydays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The tables set; th' invited Gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust, beneath the limping leg, a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd mint,
A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserv'd:
A garden sallad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country
fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthen ware were serv'd to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher stor'd
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.

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This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining
clean,

Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savory bit, that serv'd to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
The second course succeeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintery store,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates, were set
In cannisters, t' enlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crown'd.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please. [still;

Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and
Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd:
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
One goose they had ('twas all they could allow)
A wakeful centry, and on duty now,
Whom to the Gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and limping they pursu'd:
Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
And sav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the God. The neighbourhood, said he,
Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accurs'd; and to the mountain's
height

Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight.
They haste; and what their tardy feet deny'd,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supply'd.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains:
Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and
bulk to grow,
A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and
tiles of gold.

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Then thus the fire of Gods, with looks serene,
Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.

A while they whisper; then, to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request.
We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine;
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.

The Godheads sign their suit. They run their
race
In the same tenor all th' appointed space;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:

Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood;
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind:
Then, e'er the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu;
At once, farewell, O faithful spouse, they said;
At once th' encroaching rinds their closing lips
invade.

Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
The good, said I, are God's peculiar care,
And such as honour heaven, shall heavenly ho-
nour share.

THE FABLE OF
ITHIS AND IANTHE,

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fame of this, perhaps, through Crete had
flown ;

But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd : for near the Gnoſſian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle reſounds)
At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good ;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood ;
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.
If heaven, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer ;
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth ;
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth ;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,
(Bear witneſs, heaven, with what reluctance)
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.
He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay,
Of him who bade, and her who muſt obey.

Yet Telethufa ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind ;
T' extend his wiſhes to a larger ſcope,
And in one veſſel not confine his hope,

Lygdus continues hard : her time drew near,
And ſhe her heavy load could ſcarcely bear ;
When ſlumbering, in the latter ſhades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Iſis at their head :
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow ſheaves her ſhining temples grac'd :
A mitre, for a crown, ſhe wore on high ;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by ;
Oſiris, fought along the banks of Nile ;
The ſilent God ; the ſacred Crocodile ;
And, laſt a long proceſſion moving on,
With timbrels, that aſſiſt the labouring moon.
Her ſlumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to ſave whate'er the Gods will ſend.
Delude with art thy huſband's dire decree :
When danger calls, repoſe thy truſt on me ;
And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs
Deity.
This promiſe made, with night the Goddeſs
ſled :
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed ;
Devoutly liſts her ſpotleſs hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.

Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did disclose.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With secrecy, to shun the father's sight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And pass'd it on her husband for a boy.
The nurse was conscious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a son;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either sex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandfire was; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit shew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceness mingled female grace.

Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of settling in the world his only son. }
Lanthe was his choice; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree, [he.
And not more blest'd with Fortune's goods than
They soon espous'd; for they with ease were
join'd,

Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the same, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one school they grew.
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languish'd in despair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom she thought a man, she thought her
own.

But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her despair adds fuel to her fire;
A maid with madness does a maid desire.
And, scarce refraining tears, Alas, said she,
What issue of my love remains for me!
How wild a passion works within my breast!
With what prodigious flames am I possess'd!
Could I the care of Providence deserve,
Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve.
And that's my fate, or sure it would have sent
Some usual evil for my punishment:
Not this unkindly curse; to rage and burn,
Where Nature shews no prospect of return.
Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow mares desire:
The father of the fold supplies his ewes;
The stag through secret woods his hind pursues;
And birds for mates the males of their own
species choose,

Her females nature guards from female flame, }
And joins two sexes to preserve the game: }
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted of her store,
Till my new love produc'd one monster more.
The daughter of the sun a bull desir'd,
And yet ev'n then a male a female fir'd;
Her passion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.

To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes, she took a different shape;
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Lanthe to a boy?
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
And yet no guards against our joys conspire;
No jealous husband hinders our desire;
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss.
All things concur to prosper our design;
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis past the power of heaven to grant my
prayer.

Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own desires agree;
But Nature, stronger than the Gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love;
She sets the bar that causes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is just at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: Thus accurs'd,
In midst of water I complain of thirst.
Why com'st thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
To bless a bed defrauded of delights?
And why should Hymen lift his torch on high,
To see two brides in cold embraces lie?

Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion mourns;
With equal ardor fair Lanthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.

She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
And strives to interpose some new delay:
Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
But, having done whate'er she could devise,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next ensuing day
The fatal secret must to light betray.
Then Telethusa had recourse to prayer,
She and her daughter with dishevel'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Isis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.

Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile, }
Who sway'st the sceptre of the Pharian isle, }
And seven-fold falls of disemboing Nile;
Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,
A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, Goddess, thou wert present to my sight;
Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light:
I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
With all thy marks of awful majesty:
The glorious train that compass'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy sound,

Thy words I noted ; which I still retain ;
 Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
 That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
 From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.
 On thy protection all our hopes depend :
 Thy counsel fav'd us, let thy power defend.

Her tears pursu'd her words ; and while she
 spoke

The Goddesses nodded, and her altar shook :
 The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
 Were heard to clap ; the lunar horns that bind
 The brows of Isis cast a blaze around ;
 The trembling timbrel made a murmuring sound.

Some hopes these happy omens did impart ;
 Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
 Not much in fear, nor fully satisfy'd ;
 But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride :
 The whiteness of her skin forsook her face ;
 Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace ;

Her features and her strength together grew,
 And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
 Her sparkling eyes with manly vigour shone ;
 Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
 The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
 To shoot, and spread, and burrish into man.
 The maid becomes a youth ; no more delay
 Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
 Their gifts the parents to the temple bear :
 The votive tables this inscription wear :
 Iphis, the man, has to the Goddesses paid
 The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.

Now when the star of day had shewn his face,
 Venus and Juno with their presence grace
 The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
 Descended to complete their happy love ;
 The Gods of marriage lend their mutual aid ;
 And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

U iij

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Propætidæ, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into stone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, detested all women for their sake, and resolved never to marry. He falls in love with a statue of his own making; which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his descendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha. The daughter incestuously loves her own father; for which she is changed into a tree, which bears her name. These two stories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

PYGMALION, loathing their lascivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but most a wife :
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a consort of his bed :
Yet, fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill ;
And carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work ; but, in her own defence,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores ; and last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And, had she mov'd, a living maid had been ;
One would have thought she could have stirr'd ;
 but strove
With modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit ;
He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more :

The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the
 breast,
And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breast resists the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiss unripe :
But when retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean ;
So would believe she kiss'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er ;
And straining hard the statue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid :
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind :
With flattery now he seeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love ;
He furnishes her closet first ; and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells ;
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew ;
And all the sparkling stones of various hue :

And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And singing birds in silver cages hung;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid be-
tween :

Rich, fashionable robes her person deck,
Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her neck :
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone furrounds her slender
waste.

Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shew'd the best.
Then from the floor he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple spread :
The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandishments invites her to his side,
And as she were with vital sense possess'd,
Her head did on a plummy pillow rest.

The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay ;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred altars, bled :
Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the powers di-
vine :

Almighty Gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant ;
Make this fair statue mine, he would have said,
But chang'd his words for shame, and only
pray'd,

Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.
The golden Goddess, present at the prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,

And gave the sign of granting his desire ;
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning to his mistress, hies,
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
And looks and thinks they redder at the kiss :
He thought them warm'd before ; nor longer stays,
But next his hand on her hard bosom lays :
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent ;
He felt again, his fingers made a print, [dint,
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the
The pleasing task he fails not to renew ;
Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew :
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former mass to form, and frame to use,
He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
And tries his argument of sense again,
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein,
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and praise
To her who made the miracle, he pays :
Then lips to lips he join'd ; now freed from fear,
He found the favour of the kiss sincere :
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with sur-
prise.

The Goddess, present at the match she made,
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
That e'er ten moons had sharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born ;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd,

U iiiij

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connection of this story with the former : for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the last : the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian ; and his country far distant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither she fled. You will see the reason of this note, soon after the first lines of this fable.

Not him alone produc'd the fruitful queen ;
But Cinyras, who like his fire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a fire.
Daughters and fathers, from my song retire :
I sing of horror ; and, could I prevail,
You should not hear, or not believe, my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment :
Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore.
Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet Amomum boast,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious
tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years ;
How can the land be call'd so blest'd that
Myrrha bears ?
Not all her odorous tears can cleanse her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime ;

Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Disowns thy love, and vindicates his dart ;
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy fire, had merited a curse :
But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed :
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not choose, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd, }
And thus within her secret soul she said :
Ah Myrrha ! whither would thy wishes tend ?
Ye Gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast !
But is it sin ? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd sin ? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man !
The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride ;

What piety forbids the lusty ram,
 Or more falacious goat, to rut their dam?
 The hen is free to wed the chick she bore,
 And make a husband, whom she hatch'd before.
 All creatures else are of a happier kind,
 Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleasure bind,
 Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind. }
 But man a slave of his own making lives;
 The fool denies himself what nature gives:
 Too busy senates, with an over-care
 To make us better than our kind can bear,
 Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
 And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.
 Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
 And own no laws, but those which love ordains:
 Where happy daughters with their fires are join'd,
 And piety is doubly paid in kind.
 O that I had been born in such a clime,
 Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
 But whither would my impious fancy stray?
 Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away!
 His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
 But with the love that daughters bear to fires.
 Then, had not Cinyras my father been,
 What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
 But the perverseness of my fate is such,
 That he's not mine, because he's mine too much:
 Our kindred blood debars a better tie;
 He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
 Eyes and their objects never must unite,
 Some distance is requir'd to help the sight:
 Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
 Never to see my native country more, }
 So might I to myself myself restore;
 So might my mind these impious thoughts re-
 move,
 And, ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
 But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
 To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might:
 More, impious maid! What more canst thou }
 design,
 To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
 And break all statutes human and divine?
 Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
 Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
 Confound so many sacred names in one,
 Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
 And fear'st thou not to see th' infernal bands,
 Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd their
 hands,
 Full at thy face, th' avenging brands to bear,
 And shake the serpents from their hissing hair?
 But thou in time th' increasing ill controul,
 Nor first debauch the body by the soul;
 Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
 And keep the sanctions nature has design'd.
 Suppose I should attempt, th' attempt were vain;
 No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane:
 Observant of the right; and O, that he
 Could cure my madness, or be mad like me!
 Thus she; but Cinyras, who daily sees,
 A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
 Among so many, knew not whom to choose,
 Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.

But, having told their names, inquir'd of her,
 Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would pre-
 fer?

The blushing maid stood silent with surprise,
 And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
 And looking sigh'd: and as she sigh'd began
 Round tears to shed, and scalded as they ran.
 The tender fire, who saw her blush and cry,
 Ascrib'd it all to maiden modesty;
 And dry'd the falling drops, and, yet more kind,
 He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd:
 She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
 And found more pleasure than a daughter should;
 And, ask'd again, what lover of the crew
 She lik'd the best; she answer'd, One like you.
 Mistaking what she meant, her pious will
 He prais'd, and bade her so continue still:
 The word of pious heard, she blush'd with shame
 Of secret guilt, and could not bear the name.
 'Twas now the mid of night, when slumbers
 close

Our eyes, and sooth our cares with soft repose;
 But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
 Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind:
 Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
 And wishes all her wishes o'er again.
 Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
 Would not, and would again, she knows not why;
 Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the vow;
 Fain would begin, but understands not how;
 As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
 And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
 Labouring in pangs of death, and threatening all,
 This way and that she nods, considering where
 to fall:

So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
 Takes every bent, but cannot long abide:
 Irresolute on which she should rely,
 At last, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die;
 On that sad thought she rests; resolv'd on death,
 She rises, and prepares to choke her breath:
 Then while about the beam her zone she ties,
 Dear Cinyras, farewell, she softly cries;
 For thee I die, and only wish to be
 Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee:
 Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause;
 This said, about her neck the noose she draws;
 The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard,
 Though not in words, the murmurs overheard,
 And sighs and hollow sounds: surpris'd with
 fright,

She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light:
 Unlocks the door, and entering out of breath,
 The dying saw, and instruments of death:
 She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling
 haste,

And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
 Next (for she now had leisure for her tears)
 She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming years,
 What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care,
 To lothe her life, and languish in despair!
 The maid with down-cast eyes, and mute with
 grief,
 For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,

Stood fullen to her suit : the beldame press'd
 The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breast,
 Adjur'd her, by the kindly food she drew
 From these dry founts, her secret ill to shew.
 Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside :
 The nurse still urg'd, and would not be deny'd :
 Nor only promis'd secrecy ; but pray'd
 She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
 Good will, she said, my want of strength supplies,
 And diligence shall give what age denies.
 If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
 With charms and medicines I can cure thy love :
 If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
 More powerful verse shall free thee from the blast :
 If heaven offended sends thee this disease,
 Offended heaven with prayers we can appease.
 What then remain, that can these cares procure ?
 Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure :
 Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
 And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
 The virgin started at her father's name,
 And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame :
 Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd :
 But yet surmis'd, that love disturb'd her mind :
 Thus thinking, she pursued her point, and laid
 And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid ;
 Then softly sooth'd her thus, I guess your grief :
 You love, my child ; your love shall find relief.
 My long experienc'd age shall be your guide ;
 Rely on that, and lay distrust aside :
 No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
 Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know.
 Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
 The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
 And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
 And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head :
 There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
 To go : but she receiv'd not the command ;
 Remaining still importunate to know :
 Then Myrrha thus ; Or ask no more, or go :
 I pr'ythee go, or staying spare my shame ;
 What thou would'st hear, is impious ev'n to name.
 At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
 And, trembling both with rage and terror, stands,
 Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
 Soothes her with blandishments, and frights with
 threats,
 To tell the crime intended, or disclose
 What part of it she knew, if she no further knows :
 And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
 Confirms anew the promise of her aid.
 Now Myrrha rais'd her head ; but soon, oppress'd
 With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast ;
 Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have confess'd :
 Twice she began, and stopp'd ; again she try'd ;
 The faltering tongue its office still deny'd :
 At last her veil before her face she spread,
 And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
 O happy mother, in thy marriage bed !
 Then groan'd, and ceas'd ; the good old woman
 shook,
 Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look :

Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
 Made (to her grief) more knowing than she
 would :
 Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
 To cure the madness of th' unhappy maid :
 In vain ; for Myrrha stood convict of ill ;
 Her reason vanquish'd, but exchang'd her will :
 Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
 She stood resolv'd or to possess or die.
 At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
 Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd :
 Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
 Thy love, she said ; she durst not say thy fire.
 Live, though unhappy, live on any terms :
 Then with a second oath her faith confirms.
 The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
 When long white linen stoles the matrons wear ;
 Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
 Offering first fruits, and spikes of yellow grain :
 For nine long nights the nuprial bed they shun,
 And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.
 Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook her lord,
 And Ceres' power with secret rites ador'd
 The royal couch, now vacant for a time,
 The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
 The curst occasion took, the king she found
 Easy with wine, and deep in pleasure drown'd,
 Prepar'd for love : the beldame blew the flame,
 Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the name.
 Her form she prais'd ; the monarch ask'd her
 years,
 And she reply'd, the same that Myrrha bears.
 Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought ;
 Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
 Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies her
 home,
 And gratulates the nymph, the task was overcome.
 Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear ;
 But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was insincere :
 So various, so discordant is the mind,
 That in our will a different will we find.
 Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her lust ;
 For guilty pleasures give a double gust.
 'Twas depth of night : Arctophylax had driven
 His lazy wain half round the northern heaven,
 When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime desir'd ;
 The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd ;
 The stars amaz'd ran backward from the sight,
 And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their light.
 Icarus first withdraws his holy flame :
 The virgin sign, in heaven the second name,
 Slides down the belt, and from her station flies,
 And night with fable clouds involves the skies.
 Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent :
 She stumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event ;)
 Thrice shriek'd the funeral owl, yet on she
 went,
 Secure of shame, because secure of sight ;
 Ev'n bashful sins are impudent by night.
 Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice and the
 dame,
 Their way exploring, to the chamber came :
 The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
 Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch lay ;

Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes;
 Her faint knees knock at every step she makes.
 The nearer to her crime, the more within
 She feels remorse, and horror of her sin;
 Repents too late her criminal desire,
 And wishes, that unknown she could retire.
 Her lingering thus, the nurse (who fear'd delay
 The fatal secret might at length betray)
 Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
 And said to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
 Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
 Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
 The fire unknowing of the crime, admits
 His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets;
 He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove
 With maiden modesty, against her love;
 And fought with flattering words vain fancies
 to remove.

Perhaps he said, My daughter, cease thy fears,
 (Because the title suited with her years;
 And, Father, she might whisper him again,
 That names might not be wanting to the sin.
 Full of her fire, she left th' incestuous bed,
 And carried in her womb the crime she bred:
 Another, and another night she came;
 For frequent sin had left no sense of shame:
 Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face,
 Whose body he had held in close embrace.
 And brought a taper; the revealer, light,
 Expos'd both crime and criminal to sight:
 Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
 But from the sheath he drew th' avenging sword;
 The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
 That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight,
 Long wandering through the spacious fields, she
 bent

Her voyage to th' Arabian continent;
 Then pass'd the regions which Panchæa join'd,
 And flying left the balmy plains behind.
 Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at
 length

With travel weary, unsupply'd with strength,
 And with the burden of her womb oppress'd;
 Sabæan fields afford her needful rest;
 There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
 In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd:
 Ye powers, if any so propitious are
 T' accept my penitence, and hear my prayer;
 Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent;
 Great sins deserve as great a punishment:
 Yet since my life the living will profane,
 And since my death the happy dead will stain,
 A middle state your mercy may bestow,
 Betwixt the realms above, and those below:
 Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
 Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
 The prayers of penitents are never vain;
 At least, she did her last request obtain;

For, while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
 And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:
 Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide,
 A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
 Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
 To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood:
 Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their
 kind,
 Her tender skin is harden'd into rind.
 And now the rising tree her womb invests,
 Now, shooting upwards still, invades the breasts,
 And shades the neck; and, weary with delay,
 She sunk her head within, and met it half the
 way.

And though with outward shape she lost her sense,
 With bitter tears she wept her last offence;
 And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain:
 For still the precious drops her name retain.
 Meantime the misbegotten infant grows,
 And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes
 The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,
 To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
 The mother-tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
 Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in
 vain:

And, like a labouring woman, would have pray'd,
 But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:
 The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
 And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
 The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
 Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groan-
 ing wood:

Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to speed the throes,
 And spoke the powerful spells that babes to birth
 disclose.

The bark divides, the living load to free,
 And safe delivers the convulsive tree.
 The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
 And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill'd.
 They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him
 spread

The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his head.
 The lovely babe was born with every grace:
 Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face:
 Such was his form, as painters, when they shew
 Their utmost art, on naked Love's bestow:
 And that their arms no difference might betray,
 Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
 Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,
 The future but a length behind the past:
 So swift are years: the babe, whom just before
 His grandfire got, and whom his sister bore;
 The drop the thing which late the tree inclos'd,
 And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
 A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
 And lovelier than himself at riper years.
 Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
 And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

CEYX AND ALCYONE.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the morning star), and the king of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone daughter to Æolus god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepared a ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to inquire how the anger of the Gods might be atoned.

THESE prodigies affect the pious prince,
But more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,
He purposes to seek the Clarian God,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode ;
Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road. }
Yet could not he, from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal :
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart :
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new :
She thrice essay'd to speak ; her accents hung,
And faltering dy'd unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs : with long delay
Her voice return'd ; and found the wonted way.
Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault unknown }
Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done ?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone ?

Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life ?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love ?
Yet, if thou goest by land, though grief possess
My soul ev'n then, my fears will be the less.
But ah ! be warn'd to shun the watery way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
For late I saw a-drift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my fire in caves constrains the wind,
Can with a breath in clamorous rage appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas ;
Not so, for once, indulg'd, they sweep the main :
Deaf to the call, or hearing hear in vain ;
But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
And, not content with seas, insult the shore :

When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage :
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above :
I know them well, and mark'd their rude com-
port,

While yet a child, within my father's court :
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne :
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
But, if not fears or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to fail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share,
And present suffer what I only fear ;
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,
But still he held his purpose to depart :
For, as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife ;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But fought by arguments to sooth her pain ;
Nor these avail'd ; at length he lights on one,
With which so difficult a cause he won :
My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heaven allow me life, I will return.

This promise of so short a stay prevails ;
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to launch ; she trembling
views

This pomp of death, and parting tears renews :
Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewell,
Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell ;
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.

The queen recover'd rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies
Shaking his hand at distance on the main ;
She took the sign ; and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew
The much lov'd face ; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes ;
The galley born from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails :
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more,
Forsoaken of all sight, she left the shore.

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her weary'd eyes to close :
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.

And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row ;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales :
By this the vessel half her course had run,
And as much rested till the rising sun ;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose :

The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first denounce the watery war.

This seen, the master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the top-sail ; let the main-sheet fly,
And furl your sails : the winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet, of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiously they wrought ;
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails ; a fourth, with labour, laves
Th' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.

In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars ; the suffering seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but, in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care,
Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows ;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill ;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill :
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrouds ;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds :
At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders
roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries :
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show ;
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take :
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their dis-
ease.

Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds ;
As from a lofty summit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky :
Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
And at a distance see superior light.
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as battering-rams a fort ;
Or as a lion, bounding in his way,
With force augmented, bears against his prey,
Sidelong to seize : or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear :
So seas impell'd by winds with added power
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tower.

The planks, their pitchy coverings wash'd a-
way,

Now yield, and now a yawning breach display :
The roaring waters, with a hostile tide,
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
Mean time in sheets of rain the sky descends ;
And ocean, swell'd with waters, upwards tends,
One rising, falling one : the heavens and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way :
The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with
rain ;

Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears, to lend his friendly light :
Darkness and tempest make a double night :

But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns;
And, while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.

Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite,
And as a foldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an host alone
Still presses on, and urging gains the town;
So while th' invading billows come a-breast,
The hero, tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey;
Part, following, enter; part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows' conquering shout,
And mount on others' backs, in hope to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.

An universal cry resounds aloud;
The sailors run in heaps; a helpless crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief,
But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate;
One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
And calls those happy whom their funerals
wait.

This wretch with prayers and vows the Gods im-
plores,

And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores;
That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
His careful father, and his faithful spouse:
The covetous worldling, in his anxious mind,
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

All Ceyx his Alcyone employs;
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be near;
Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more;
He sought; but, in the dark tempestuous night,
He knew not whither to direct his sight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round; the tempest tore
Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and, with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves
below;

Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toss'd on seas: press'd with the ponderous
blow,

Down sinks the ship within th' abyfs below;
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again:
Some sew on scatter'd planks, with fruitless care,
Lay hold, and swim, but, while they swim, de-
spair.

Ev'n he who late a sceptre did command,
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand;
And, while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain:
But yet his comfort is his greater care:
Alcyone he names amidst his prayer;
Names, as a charm against the waves and wind;
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind;

Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From prayers to wishes he descends at last,
That his dead body, wafted to the sands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair;
And, ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him under-
neath.

Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night; his heavenly form obscur'd with
tears:

And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone;
Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;
Against the promis'd time provides with care;
And hastens in the woof the robes he was to
wear;

And for herself employs another loom,
New dress'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flattering her heart with joys that never were
to come.

She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the sacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All Powers implor'd; but far above the rest,
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct;
Then pray'd that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part:
This last petition heard of all her prayer;
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.

But she, the Goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held.
Then Iris thus bespoke: Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well con-
vey'd,

Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the God
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm:
This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.

Indu'd with robes of various hues, she flies;
And, flying, draws an arch (a segment of the
skies):

Then leaves her bending bow, and from the
Descends to search the silent house of sleep.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy God;
Whose gloomy mansion, nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon;
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky:
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day;

Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace;
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose, without an air of breath,
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet, next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps:
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon sled:
Black was the covering too, where lay the God,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad;
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not

more, [shore.

Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the

The virgin entering bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams a-
way.

The God, disturb'd with his new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And, sinking on his bosom, knock'd his chin;
At length shook off himself, and ask'd the dame,
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came?

To whom the Goddess thus: O sacred Rest,
Sweet, pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the

day; [way!

Care shuns thy soft approach, and fullen flies a-
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm;
And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep;
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent,

The God, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus, of all his numerous train, express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture, could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely;
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beasts, and dragons, apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes:
This daemon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall,
The Gods have nam'd, but men Phobeter call.

A third is Phantafus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams.
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes dis-
play;

The rest before th' ignoble commons play.
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd:
Which done, the lazy monarch, overwatch'd,
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.

Darkling the daemon glides, for flight prepar'd,
So soft, that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade
Through air his momentary journey made;
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forfakes his proper form, assumes the king's,
And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears,
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
The briny water dropping from his hairs:

Then staring on her, with a ghastly look
And hollow voice, he thus the queen bespoke:
Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy wife?
Or are my features perish'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!

Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The stormy south o'ertook us on the main;
And never shalt thou see thy living lord again.
Bear witness, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford;
But rise, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy pe-
rish'd lord.

Thus said the player god; and, adding art
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the

tears.
She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress'd
She sigh'd, she wept, and sleeping beat her

breast;
Then stretch'd her arms t' embrace his body

bare;
Her clasping arms inclose but empty air:
At this not yet awake, she cry'd, Oh stay;
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
That, starting sudden up, the slumber broke;
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd

cheeks;
Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.

Her nurse demands the cause. With louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies :

No more Alcyone, she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath :
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone ;
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew ;
His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face ;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and drop-
ping hair,

None but my Ceyx could appear so fair :
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace ;
But through my arms he slipt, and vanish'd from
the place.

There, ev'n just there he stood : and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was she cast her look ;
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground,
If any printed footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd, and said, This I too well fore-
knew,

And my prophetic fear presag'd too true.
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way !
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd ; ev'n not in death dis-
join'd !

So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there :
Now I die absent in the vast profound ;
And me without myself the seas have drown'd :
The storms were not so cruel ; should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive ;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains ;
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.

No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
And stopt her tongue ; but what her tongue de-
ny'd, [ply'd.
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints, sup-
'Twas morning. To the port she takes her
way,

And stands upon the margin of the sea :
That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought,
Where last he stood : and while she sadly said, }
'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd }
His parting kiss ; and there his anchors weigh'd ; }
Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions
trace,
And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,

Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries :
It seem'd a corpse adrift to distant sight ;
But at a distance who could judge aright ?
It wafted nearer yet ; and then she knew,
That what before she but surmis'd, was true :
A corpse it was, but whose it was unknown ;
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the case her own,
Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began :

Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life ;
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife !
At this she paus'd ; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side.
The more she looks, the more her fears increase,
At nearer sight ; and she's herself the less.
Now driven ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she
sees,

Her husband's corpse : at this she loudly shrieks :
'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her vest ; and, stooping to the sands,
About his neck she cast her trembling hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my life ;
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife !
She said ; and to the neighbouring mole she
strode

(Rais'd there to break th' incursions of the flood) ;
Headlong from hence to plunge herself she
springs,

But shoots along, supported on her wings.
A bird new-made, about the banks she plies,
Nor far from shore, and short excursions tries ;
Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas.
Her bill, though slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice.

Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries ;
At all her stretch her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the
dead ;

Then flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love.
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone ;
For sure a present miracle was shown.

The Gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection still is ty'd ;
And still the mournful race is multiply'd :
They bill, they tread : Alcyone compress'd
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest ;
A wintery queen : her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind ;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smoothes the seas

ÆSACUS transformed into a CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THESE some old man sees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair;
Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant
shows,
The former tale reviving others woes:
That fable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With slender legs, was once of royal blood;
His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede
(Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy),
And Priam, hapless prince! who fell with Troy:
Himself was Hector's brother, and (had fate
But given this hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's side of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
He fled the noisy town and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
And seldom to the city would resort:
Yet he no rustic clownishness profess;
Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast:
The youth had long the nymph Hesperia woo'd,
Oft through the thicket or the mead pursu'd:
Her haply on her father's bank he spy'd,
While fearless she her silver tresses dry'd:
Away she fled: not stags with half such speed,
Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
Pursu'd by hawks, so swift regain the lake:

As fast he follow'd in the hot career:
Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot:
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices
shoot.
She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pursuit.
Her lifeless body, frightened, he embrac'd;
And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy haste.
O had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accursed snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was given by
me.
Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He spoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging
side,
And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave,
The death he sought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the surest remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curs'd th' unask'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successless tries:
The downy plume a quick descent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meagred his look, and on his spirits prey'd.
Still near the sounding deep he lives: his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.
WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the end of the Eleventh Book.

Æfacus, the son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who, flying from him, was killed by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himself; but, by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æfacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here described, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllorus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

PRIAM, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son:
A cenotaph his name and title kept;
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers wept.
This pious office Paris did not share;
Absent alone, and author of the war;
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew,
T'avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue.
A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the
 sea;
Nor had their just resentments found delay,
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their
 way.

At Aulis, with united powers, they meet;
But there cross winds or calms detain'd the
 fleet.

Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore,
A boding sign the priests and people see:
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And in the leafy summit spy'd a nest,
Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds, unfledg'd: their mother
 flew,
And hover'd round her care; but still in view:
Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood;
Then seiz'd the fluttering dam, and drank her
 blood.

This dire ostent the fearful people view ;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What heaven decreed ; and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we shall conquer ; Troy is ours ;
But long delays shall first afflict our powers :
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend ;
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.

The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held :
But, as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone :
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.

Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd ;
Slack were their sails ; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town should be de-
stroy'd,

Whose building had his hands divine employ'd :
Not so the seer ; who knew, and known fore-
show'd,

The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconcil'd : the common cause
Prevail'd ; and, pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes ar-
ray'd :

All mourn her fate ; but no relief appear'd :
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd :
When that offended power who caus'd their woe,
Relenting, ceas'd her wrath, and stopp'd the
coming blow.

A mist before the ministers she cast ;
And in the virgin's room a hind she plac'd.
The oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd :
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian gallies bore.

Full in the midst of this created space,
Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a
place

Confining on all three ; with trible bound ;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd
around,

And thither bring their undulating sound.
The palace of loud Fame ; her seat of power ;
Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tower :

A thousand winding entries, long and wide ;
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide ;
A thousand crannies in the walls are made ;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.

'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news ;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play :

A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice express ;
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease ;
Cousus'd and chiding, like the hollow roar

Of tides, receding from th' insulted shore ;
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.

The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crouds, or issuing forth, or entering in :
A thoroughfare of news ; where some devise

Things never heard, some mingle truth with lies ;
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat,
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.

Error fits brooding there, with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain :
Suspicion, with sedition join'd, are near ;
And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and pa-
nic fear.

Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above, enquiring all
around.

The Goddess gives th' alarm ; and soon is
known

The Grecian fleet, descending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.

They meet in fight : by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand,
Which with expence of blood the Grecians won,
And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's
son ;

And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.

From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcases, and stain'd with
gore :

Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain ;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks : where'er he
fought,

Cygnus or Hector through the fields he sought :
Cygnus he found ; on him his force essay'd ;
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-man'd steeds, that bow'd beneath the
yoke,

He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle stroke ;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe ;
And rising shook his lance, in act to throw.
But first he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death, enobled by Pelides' spear.

The lance pursued the voice without delay ;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent,
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.

At this the seed of Neptune : Goddess-born,
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn ;
This helm and heavy buckler I can spare,
As only decorations of the war :

So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed.
Than from a daughter of the sea to spring :

Thy fire is mortal ; mine is Ocean's king.
Secure of death, I should condemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassable depart.

He said, and threw : the trembling weapon
pass'd [plac'd]

Through nine bull-hides, each under other
On his broad shield, and stuck within the last.

Achilles wrench'd it out, and sent again
The hostile gift : the hostile gift was vain.

He try'd a third, a tough, well-chosen spear :
Th' inviolable body stood sincere,

Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But scornful offer'd his unshielded side.

Not otherwise th' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull, encompass'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars : provok'd from far
By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war,

They quit their ground, his bended horns elude,
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursued.

Before to farther fight he would advance,
He stood considering, and survey'd his lance;
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear,
Without a point: he look'd; the point was
there.

This is my hand, and this my lance, he said,
By which so many thousand foes are dead:
O whither is their usual virtue fled?
I had it once; and the Lyrnessian wall,
And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall.
Thy streams, Caicus, roll'd a crimson flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain;
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain.
He said, and doubtful of his former deeds,
To some new trial of his force proceeds.
He chose Menætes from among the rest;
At him he launch'd his spear, and pierc'd his
breast.

On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay supine; and forth the spirit fled.

Then thus the hero: Neither can I blame
The hand or javelin; both are still the same.
The same I will employ against this foe,
And with but with the same success to throw.
So spoke the chief; and while he spoke he
threw:

The weapon with unerring fury flew,
At his left shoulder aim'd; nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound
Harmless return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
Wound there was none: the blood that was in
view,

The lance before from slain Menætes drew.

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in close fight on foot renews the war;
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows:
Nor shield nor armour can their force oppose:
Huge cantlets of his buckler strew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his flesh no wound or blood is seen:
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.

This vain attempt the chief no longer bears,
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the son of Neptune, stunn'd
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground:
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night:
Inverted nature swims before his sight.
Th' insulting victor presses on the more,
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before;
Nor rest nor respite gives. A stone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way.
Achilles took the advantage which he found,
O'erturn'd, and push'd him backward on the
ground.

His buckler held him under; while he press'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breast;
Unlac'd his helm; about his chin the twist
He try'd, and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the dead:
The vanquish'd body from his arms was fled.
His sea-god fire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.

A truce succeeds the labours of this day,
And arms suspended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and
ward, [guard.
The Greeks before their trenches mount the
The feast approach'd; when to the blue-ey'd
maid

His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the Gods the grateful odour flew.
Heaven had its part in sacrifice: the rest
Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.
The chief invited guests were set around;
And hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were
crown'd, [drown'd.

Which in deep draughts their cares and labours
The mellow harp did not their ears employ,
And mute was all the warlike symphony;
Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night.
The subject, deeds of arms, and valour shown,
Or on the Trojan side, or on their own;
Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev'd:
They talk'd by turns, the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but these could fierce Achilles tell;
Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?
The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,
Did most the martial audience entertain;
Wondering to find a body, free by fate
From steel, and which could even that steel re-
bate:

Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And scarce Pelides could believe it true.

Then Nestor thus: What once this age has
known

In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before,
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage and in strength excell'd,
And still his Othrys with his fame is fill'd:
But what did most his martial deeds adorn,
(Though since he chang'd his sex) a woman born.

A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His listening audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common suit:
O father, first for prudence in repute,
Tell with that eloquence so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus known.
What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him; and in what fatal strife
The youth, without a wound, could lose his life?

Neleides then: Though tardy age and time
Have shrunk my sinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my store;
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that arms achiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than aught beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my second century I survey'd
 Young Cænis, then a fair Theſſalian maid :
 Cænis the bright was born to high command ;
 A princeſs, and a native of thy land,
 Divine Achilles : every tongue proclaim'd
 Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
 Peleus, thy fire, perhaps had ſought her bed,
 Among the reſt ; but he had either led
 Thy mother then, or was by promiſe ty'd ;
 But ſhe to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.

It was her fortune once to take her way
 Along the ſandy margin of the ſea :
 The power of Ocean view'd her as ſhe paſſ'd,
 And, lov'd as ſoon as ſeen, by force embrac'd.
 So fame reports. Her virgin treasure ſeiz'd,
 And his new joys the raviſher ſo pleas'd,
 That thus, transported, to the nymph he cry'd,
 Aſk what thou wilt ; no prayer ſhall be deny'd.
 This alſo fame relates. The haughty fair,
 Who not the rape ev'n of a God could bear,
 This answer, proud, return'd : To mighty
 wrongs

A mighty recompence of right belongs.
 Give me no more to ſuffer ſuch a ſhame,
 But change the woman for a better name.
 One gift for all. She ſaid : and while ſhe ſpoke,
 A ſtern, majeſtic, manly tone ſhe took.
 A man ſhe was ; and as the Godhead ſwore,
 To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.

To this the lover adds, without requeſt :
 No force of ſteel ſhould violate his breaſt.
 Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes,
 And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal
 Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's ſon, [foes.
 The love of fair Hippodame had won.
 The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beaſt,
 Invited, came to grace the nuptial feaſt.
 In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
 Whoſe entrance trees with ſpreading boughs o'er-
 ſhade. [came,

They ſate ; and, ſummon'd by the bridegroom,
 To mix with thoſe, the Lapithæan name.
 Nor wanted I. The roofs with joy reſound ;
 And Hymen, Iô Hymen, rung around.
 Rais'd altars ſhone with holy fires. The bride,
 Lovely herſelf (and lovely by her ſide
 A bevy of bright nymphs, with ſober grace),
 Came glittering like a ſtar, and took her place.
 Her heavenly form beheld, all wiſh'd her joy ;
 And little wanted, but in vain, their wiſhes all
 employ.

For one, moſt brutal of the brutal blood,
 Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
 Or both at once, beheld with luſtful eyes
 The bride ; at once reſolv'd to make his prize.
 Down went the board ; and faſtening on her hair,
 He ſeiz'd with ſudden force the frighted fair.
 'Twas Eurytus began : his beſtial kind
 His crime purſued, and each as pleas'd his mind,
 Or her whom chance preſented took. The feaſt
 An image of a taken town expreſs'd.

The cave reſounds with female ſhrieks. We
 riſe,
 Mad with revenge, to make a ſwiſt retriſe ;

And Theſeus firſt : What frenzy has poſſeſs'd,
 O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breaſt,
 To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
 But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one ?
 To juſtify his threat, he thruſts aſide
 The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride.
 The monſter nought reply'd ; for words were
 vain ;

And deeds could only deeds unjuſt maintain ;
 But answers with his hand ; and forward preſs'd,
 With blows redoubled, on his face and breaſt.
 An ample goblet ſtood, of antique mold,
 And rough with figures of the riſing gold ;
 The hero ſnatch'd it up, and toſs'd in air,
 Full at the front of the ſoul raviſher.
 He falls ; and falling, vomits forth a flood
 Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled
 blood.

Half roaring and half neighing through the hall,
 Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call,
 To wreak their brother's death. A medley flight
 Of bowls and jars at firſt ſupply the fight ;
 Once instruments of feaſts, but now of fate.
 Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.

Bold Amycus, from the robb'd veſtry brings
 The chalices of heaven, and holy things,
 Of precious weight. A ſconce, that hung on
 high,

With tapers fill'd, to light the ſacriſty,
 Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
 He threw amid the Lapithæan band.

On Celadon the ruin fell, and left
 His face of feature and of form bereft.
 So, when ſome brawny ſacrificer knocks,
 Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
 His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground :
 His noſe diſmantled in his mouth is found,
 His jaws, cheeks, front, one undiſtinguiſh'd
 wound.

This Belates, th' avenger, could not brook ;
 But, by the foot, a maple-board he took ;
 And hurl'd at Amycus, his chin is bent
 Againſt his cheſt, and down the Centaur ſent ;
 Whom ſputtering bloody teeth, the ſecond blow
 Of his drawn ſword diſpatch'd to ſhades below.

Grineus was near ; and caſt a furious look
 On the ſide altar, cens'd with ſacred ſmoke,
 And bright with flaming fires. The Gods, he
 cry'd,

Have with their holy trade our hands ſupply'd :
 Why uſe we not their gifts ? Then from the
 floor

An altar-ſtone he heav'd, with all the load it bore :
 Altar and altar's freight together flew
 Where thickeſt throng'd the Lapithæan crew ;
 And, at once, Broteas and Oryus flew :
 Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
 Down from her ſphere to draw the labouring moon.

Exadius cry'd, Unpunish'd ſhall not go
 This fact, if arms are found againſt the foe.
 He look'd about, where on a pine were ſpread
 The votive horns of a ſtag's branching head :
 At Grineus theſe he throws ; ſo juſt they fly,
 That the ſharp antler's ſtuck in either eye :

Breathless and blind he fell, with blood besmear'd,
His eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on his
beard.

Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth, a burning brand
Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his hand
The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the
right,

On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight:
The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone
And caught the yellow hair, that shrivel'd while
it shone.

Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like seerwood;
Yet from the wound ensued no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood.
His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound,
And hiss'd, like red hot ir'n within the smithy
drown'd.

The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
He heaves the threshold-stone; but could not
throw;

The weight itself forbade the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came
down

Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his crown.
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy; but said,
So by their fellows may our foes be sped!
Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head:
The burning lever not deludes his pains;
But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.

Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursued:
First, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he flew;
Whose fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cry'd, What palm is from a beardless prey?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to say;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his breath.

At Dryas next he flew; but weary chance
No longer would the same success advance.
But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found;
And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon struck: which roaring out with
pain

He drew: nor longer durst the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd
Thaumas and Medon wounded in the breast,
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who boars encountering flew;
And Augur Astylos, whose art in vain
From fight dissuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain;
But to his fellow cry'd, be safely flow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.

Meantime strong Dryas urg'd his chance so well,
That Lycidas, Arcos, Imbreus, fell;
All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace:
For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore
Betwixt his nose and front, the blow before.

Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.
Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd:
Take thy next draught with Stygian waters mix'd,
And sleep thy fill, th' insulting victor cry'd:
Surpris'd with death unselt, the Centaur dy'd;
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
Repas'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.

I saw Petraeus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way and that, he wrench'd the fibrous
bands,

The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
And still obey'd the bent: while thus he stood,
Perithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the
wood.

Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppress'd:
Helops and Dectys added to the rest
A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.
This Dictys saw; and, seiz'd with sudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of steepy height;
And crush'd an ash beneath, that could not bear
his weight.

The shatter'd tree receives his fall, and strikes,
Within his full blown paunch, the sharpen'd
spikes.

Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone,
The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
But Theseus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd; nor seconded the stroke.
Then leapt on tall Bianor's back (who bore
No mortal burden but his own, before).
Press'd with his knees his sides; the double man,
His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated strokes.
The club hung round his ears and batter'd brows;
He falls; and lashing up his heels his rider
throws.

The same Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippasus, whose beard his breast invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades:
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to strive;
And from their dens to draw th' indignant beasts
alive.

Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight,
Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root stuck fast: the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus: Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To shun (for so he said; and we believ'd it so)
Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was cast;
Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist:
Thy father's squire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom conquer'd in the Delopeian war,
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.

Thy fire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou
wait

Thy vow'd revenge. At once he said, and threw
His ashen spear, which quiver'd as it flew,
With all his force and all his soul apply'd;
The sharp point enter'd in the Centaur's side:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the steel behind.
Stuck in his lungs it stood: enrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
His head; his other hand the lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust,
He sped the Centaur, with one single thrust.
Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his sword had slain in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas: who spread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With these he push'd; in blood already dy'd;
Him, fearless, I approach'd, and thus defy'd:
Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd
around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground:
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he
crush'd:

And to his mother earth with empty belly, rush'd.

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreshow
Thy fate (if form to monsters men allow);
Just bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders
flew.

Sprightly thy look: thy shapes in every part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art,
As far as man extended: where began
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck, and he,
O Castor, was a courser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat;
So rose his brawny chest; so swiftly mov'd his
feet.

Coal-black his colour, but like jet it shone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome possess'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving and confessing love.
For him she dress'd; for him with female care
She comb'd, and set in curls, her auburn hair.
Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegasæan fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain play,
She wash'd her face, and bath'd her twice a-day.

The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
Was ermin, or the panther's spotted pride;
Spoils of no common beast: with equal flame
They lov'd: their sylvan pleasures were the same:
All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to some shady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, side by side, they both engage in war.

Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was sent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with staggering steps, and seeks the
ground:

The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And strove his wandering spirits to recal:
And, while her hand the streaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with her's she clos'd.
Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries:
At least her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my stunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal sound.
In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare bosom the sharp point apply'd,
And wounded fell; and, falling by his side,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing
dy'd.

Ev'n still, methinks, I see Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
Six lions hides, with thongs together fast,
His upper part defended to his waist;
And where man ended, the continued vest
Spread on his back the house and trappings of
a beast.

A stump too heavy for a team to draw
(It seems a fable, though the fact I saw);
He threw at Pholon; the descending blow
Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from nose and mouth, and either ear,
Came issuing out, as through a colendar
The curdled milk: or from the press the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I slew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw.
The javelin wounded me (behold the scar).
Then was my time to seek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at least a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphanes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the Knight: nor will I stay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour, with a pointless lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopsus not alone divin'd,
Whose valour equal'd his foreseeing mind.

Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus:

Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.

Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,
In years retaining still his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interspers'd with white.

Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty boast.

And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame?
For Cænis still, not Cæneus, is thy name:
And still the native softness of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid

To change thy sex: to make thee not a maid;
And but a man in shew: go, card and spin;
And leave the business of the war to men.

While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side:
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beast and the upper man.
The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It strook; but bounded from his harden'd breast;
Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest;
Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
Than a small pebble falling on a drum.
He next his sauchion try'd, in closer fight;
But the keen sauchion had no power to bite.
He thrust, the blunted point return'd again.
Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thrusts
are vain.

I'll prove his side: in strong embraces held,
He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd:
His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers
broke.

Th' impassive knight stood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side:
At length, Now, monster, in thy turn, he cry'd,
Try thou the strength of Cæneus: at the word
He thrust; and in his shoulder plung'd the sword.
Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.

The Centaur saw, enrag'd, th' unhop'd success;
And rushing on, in crowds, together press;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began,
O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man!

A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? th' united force,
Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse:
Nor goddess born, nor of Ixion's seed,
We seem (a lover built for Juno's bed); [throw
Master'd by this half man. Whole mountains
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choke the soul within, though not to force
it out.

Heap weights, instead of wounds: he chanc'd to
see

Where southern storms had rooted up a tree;
This, rais'd from earth, against the foe he threw;
Th' example shewn, his fellow brutes pursue.
With forest-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys and Pelion soon were void of shade;
And spreading groves were naked mountains
made.

Press'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave th' intolerable weight he tries;
At length it rose above his mouth and eyes;
Yet still he heaves; and struggling with despair,
Shakes all aside, and gains a gulph of air:
A short relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits, and then respire again:
At last, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake stirs th' Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he suffocated seem'd
To most; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd.
Who said, he saw a yellow bird arise
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid skies:
I saw it too: with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld so strange a sight.
Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions rattling sound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love;
Once first of men below, now first of birds above,
Its author to the story gave belief;
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Asham'd to see a single man, pursu'd
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude:
We push'd the foe, and forc'd to shameful fight;
Part fell; and part escap'd by favour of the night.

This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father say,
That he himself was present at the fray;
And more than shar'd the glories of the day.
Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your praise? The Pylian prince
Sigh'd e'er he spoke; then made this proud de-
fence.

My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have lost; but you renew the wound:
Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The cause I have your mighty fire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky;
(Which, oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny)!
We praise not Hector; though his name, we
know,

Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.

He, your great father, level'd to the ground
Messenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylas; that a neighbouring state,
And this my own: both guiltless of their fate.

To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he flew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew,
All youths of early promise, had they liv'd;
By him they perish'd: I alone surviv'd.
The rest were easy conquest: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.

To him our common grandfire of the main
Had given to change his form, and, chang'd, re-
sume again.

Vary'd at pleasure, every shape he try'd;
And in all beasts Alcides still defy'd:
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new dissembled eagle, now endu'd
With peak and pounces, Hercules pursu'd,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe,
But, bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
The point; and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight sustain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupply'd
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other side.
He fell: the shaft, that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aslant; he spurns the
ground,

And the soul issues through the weazon's wound.

Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
What praise is due from me to Hercules?

Silence is all the vengeance I decree

For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with weariness and wine oppress'd,
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.

The fire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Mean time, laments his son, in battle slain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before):

Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespoke the God that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise the
wall

Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain,
And the defenders of our city slain?

To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himself by far
A greater plague, than all the wasteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost!

O, could I meet him! but I wish too late;
To prove my trident, is not in his fate.
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.

Apollo bows to the superior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the God confess'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd:
Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?

If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
Their aim, and, with one arrow, end the war.

He said, and shew'd from far the blazing
shield

And sword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the
standing field.

The Deity himself directs aright
Th' invenom'd shaft; and wings the fatal flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name;
And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame.

A spectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.

If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been
The lance and double ax of the fair warrior
queen.

And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd:
The God that arm'd him first, consum'd at last,
Of all the mighty man, the small remains
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And, equal to himself, himself survives.

His buckler owns its former lord, and brings
New cause of strife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
Ev'n Diomedes sat mute, with down-cast eyes;
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.

Two rivals only rose: Laertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause.

T H E

SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd the field :

To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstart'd fierce : and kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian gallies haul'd a-ground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Must then our cause before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.

So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great ;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my deeds, for these you see ;
The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch'd the silent stars and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.

That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain :
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were mine own valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good ;
My fire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd ;
And who before, with Jason, sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece :
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below ; where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy
Just Æacus the king of Gods above [stone).
Begot : thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless, Achilles, it were mix'd with thine :
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim ;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed.
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name ?
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long larking was to war betray'd :

Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
 And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear:
 Till one more cunning caught him in the snare,
 (Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into war.
 Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
 And he, who shunn'd all honours, gain the best;
 And let me stand excluded from my right,
 Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd
 in fight.

Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
 Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
 Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
 The less his counsel'd crime, which brands the
 Grecian name;

Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
 In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,
 Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
 His sufferings and our baseness he bemoans;
 And wishes (so may heaven his wish fulfill)
 The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
 Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,
 Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
 Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
 With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with
 wounds,

To find him food and cloathing, must employ
 Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.
 Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
 Because he left Ulysses' company:
 Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid
 Rather to have been left, than so to death be-
 tray'd.

The coward bore the man immortal spite,
 Who sham'd him out of madness into fight:
 Nor, daring otherwise to vent his hate;
 Accus'd him first of treason to the state;
 And then for proof produc'd the golden store
 Himself had hidden in his tent before:
 Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host,
 By exile one, and one by treason lost.
 Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
 A formidable man, but to his friends:
 Great, for what greatness is in words and sound:
 Ev'n faithful Nestor less in both is found:
 But that he might without a rival reign,
 He left his faithful Nestor on the plain;
 Forsook his friend ev'n at his utmost need,
 Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded steed,
 Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
 But cowardice has neither ears nor shame:
 Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
 And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.

That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
 Like one of his, an Ulysssean lie,
 I vouch ev'n Diomedes, who, though his friend,
 Cannot that act excuse, much less defend:
 He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
 And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.

The Gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
 He justly was forsaken, who forsook:
 Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,
 Found every fellow such another friend:
 No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
 His elocution was increas'd by fear:

I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
 Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of
 death.

Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
 And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause:
 With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
 (Ev'n the shield trembling as he lay below);
 And from impending fate the coward freed:
 Good heaven forgive me for so bad a deed!

If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
 First let him give me back his forfeit life:
 Let him return to that opprobrious field;
 Again creep under my protecting shield:
 Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
 And let his quivering heart confess his fear;
 There put him in the very jaws of fate;
 And let him plead his cause in that estate:
 And yet, when snatch'd from death, when from
 below

My lifted shield I loos'd and let him go,
 Good heavens, how light he rose, with what a
 bound

He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
 How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply;
 Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly!
 Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
 Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong:
 Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread
 Th' approach, and ev'n the sound, of Hector bred:
 Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with conquest
 crown'd,

I met, and overturn'd him to the ground.
 When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
 He challeng'd all our host to single fight,
 All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
 But for your champion I was wish'd alone:
 Your vows were heard; we fought, and neither
 yield;

Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
 With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan came,
 And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
 Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
 In that black hour that sav'd you from the sword?
 Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
 A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save?
 The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
 For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?
 Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
 These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
 Or, I with them an equal honour share;
 They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
 Will he compare my courage with his flight?
 As well he may compare the day with night.
 Night is indeed the province of his reign:
 Yet all his dark exploits no more contain,
 Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain;
 A priest made prisoner, Pallas made a prey:
 But none of all these actions done by day:
 Nor aught of these was done and Diomedes a-
 way.

If on such petty merits you confer
 So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
 Make a just dividend; and if not all,
 The greater part to Diomedes will fall.

But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
 Who naked and by night invades his foes?
 The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
 The latent robber, and prevent his game:
 Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
 Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
 Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance;
 Much less the left that ampler shield advance;
 Ponderous with precious weight, and rough with
 cost

Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
 That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
 And look as for the gold he stole the shield;
 Which should your error on the wretch bestow,
 It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
 Why asks he, what avails him not in fight,
 And would but cumber and retard his flight,
 In which his only excellence is plac'd?
 You give him death, that intercept his haste.
 Add, that his own is yet a maiden shield,
 Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,
 Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
 Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
 What farther need of words our right to scan?
 My arguments are deeds, let action speak the man.
 Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
 So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
 Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
 And let him wear who wins them in the field.

He said: a murmur from the multitude,
 Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
 Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
 Look'd down awhile, and paus'd e'er he begun;
 Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
 And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
 Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
 Action his words, and words his action grace.

If heaven, my lords, had heard our common
 prayer.

These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
 Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
 And we with great Achilles had been bless'd.
 But since hard fate, and heaven's severe decree,
 Have ravish'd him away from you and me
 (At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
 Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew);
 Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
 Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
 This only I request, that neither he
 May gain, by being what he seems to be,
 A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
 By having sense, which heaven to him denies:
 Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
 Was ever in the common cause employ'd:
 Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
 Which often has been us'd in your defence
 And in my own, this only time be brought
 To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
 Make not a crime where nature made it none;
 For every man may freely use his own.
 The deeds of long descended ancestors
 Are but by grace of imputation ours,
 Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
 From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;

From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
 And am descended in the same degree:
 My sire Laertes was Arcegius' heir,
 Arcegius was the son of Jupiter:
 No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
 In all my line: let him excuse his own.
 Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
 By both my parents to the Gods ally'd;
 But not because that on the female part
 My blood is better, dare I claim descent,
 Or that my sire from parricide is free;
 But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
 The prize be to the best: provided yet,
 That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
 And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
 To fortify by them his feeble claim:
 Be kindred and relation laid aside,
 And honour's cause by laws of honour try'd:
 For if he plead proximity of blood,
 That empty title is with ease withstood.
 Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
 And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
 Inherit first these trophies of the field;
 To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield:
 And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
 Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.

Then, since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,
 Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
 I not presume on every act to dwell,
 But take these few, in order as they fell.

Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
 To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
 And till the threatening influence were past,
 A woman's habit on the hero cast,
 All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
 And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
 Found no Pelides there: at length I came
 With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
 She, not discover'd by her mien or voice,
 Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
 And while on female toys her fellows look,
 Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook;
 Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
 O Goddess born! resist not heaven's decree,
 The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee;
 Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
 Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
 Mine then are all his actions of the war;
 Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
 And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
 Lesbos and Tenedos, their over overthrow;
 Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,
 By me Lyrnessus and strong Chrysa fell:
 And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
 To me the noble Hector's death is due:
 Those arms I put into his living hand,
 Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.

When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan
 pance,
 And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
 'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
 And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
 Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
 Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:

That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
Affection, interest, fame, his heart assail'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
No subject could sustain their sovereign's look,
Till this hard enterprize I undertook:
I only durst th' imperial power control,
And undermin'd the parent in his soul;
Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, sham'd him to consent.

'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy task was I design'd:
Reasons against her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.

Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me.
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
Glittering with steel and crowded with resort:
There in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted swords: but
stood

In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to share
With me the rough prelude of the war.

Endless it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counsel, since the siege begun:
The first encounters past, the foe repell'd,
They skulk'd within the town, we kept the field,
War seem'd asleep for nine long years; at length,
Both sides resolv'd to push, we try'd our strength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambush'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms;
Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel train,
Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common
cause pursu'd.

The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What subject durst arraign the power supreme,
Producing Jove to justify his dream?
Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain
From shameful flight, but wishes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of course his thundering tongue affords.
But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their stay?
None, none of these, but ran himself away.

I saw him run, and was asham'd to see;
Who ply'd his feet so fast to get aboard as he?
Then, speeding through the place, I made a
stand,
And loudly cry'd, O base degenerate band,
To leave a town already in your hand,
After so long expence of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual shame!
These words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forsaken camp resort;
Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows I seal'd.
Then, rising, I excite their souls to fame,
And kindle sleeping virtue into flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine who drew him back from flight.

Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts with
thee?

But Diomede desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.
As guided by a God, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes:
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host;
Unforc'd by lots, I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double-tongued, and us'd to lie;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him first to tell what treacherous Troy
design'd:

My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd,
But, not content with this, to greater praise
aspir'd;
Invaded Rhæsus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own strength, I slew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat:
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.

Nor fought I darkling kill: the sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the field:
You saw and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Cromius, Ceranos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Chersidamus; and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage try'd:
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honest, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.

At this he bar'd his breast, and show'd his scars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, said he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:

But this avails me not; our boaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet: this I confess is true
(Nor will I take from any man his due):
But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your share will fall,
He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patrocles in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat fought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;
He, but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boast th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend,
I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles march'd away:
Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
The ponderous ruins of so great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.

Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare;
That Ajax after him the heavenly gift should
wear?
For that dull soul to stare with stupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's watery field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; less and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in seas; Orion's angry star;
Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot understand?

Beside, what wise objections he prepares
Against my late accession to the wars!
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force against Achilles bent?
For if dissembling be so great a crime,
The fault is common, and the same in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is less, who sooner came away,
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her son; and me, my pious wife.
To them the blossoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with so great a man my guilt I share:
My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you:
If Palamede unjustly fell by me,
Your honour suffer'd in th' unjust decree;

I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was false; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifest; the bribe reveal'd.

That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your justice, for the fact's your own:
'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that staying
there

He might his weary limbs with rest repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.
He took th' counsel, and he lives at least;
Th' event declares I counsel'd for the best:
Though faith is all, in ministers of state;
For who can promise to be fortunate?
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak address, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus shall run backward; Ida stand
A leafless mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counsels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
Against thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curse my devoted head, above the rest,
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast:
Yet I the dangerous task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same success, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
Surpris'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heaven's dark decrees and answers to display, [lay:
And how to take the town, and where the secret
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our
friend,

Yet while she was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd?
A noisy nothing, and an empty wind.
If he be what he promises in show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boasting champion thought the task not light
To pass the guards, commit himself to night:
Not only through a hostile town to pass,
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;
With wandering steps to search the citadel,
And from the priests their patroness to steal:
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monstrous bulk, his sevenfold shield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
When Troy was liable to conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy share
In all my toil and praise; but when thy might
Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well assur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,

And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend
 Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend :
 As good at least Eurypylus may claim,
 And the more moderate Ajax of the name :
 The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
 And Menelaus bold with sword and spear :
 All these had been my rivals in the shield,
 And yet all these to my pretensions yield.
 Thy boisterous hands are then of use, when I
 With this directing head those hands apply.
 Brawn without brain is thine : my prudent care
 Foresees, provides, administers the war :
 Thy province is to fight, but when shall be
 The time to fight, the king consults with me :
 No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd ;
 Thy body is of profit, and my mind.

By how much more the ship of safety owes
 To him who steers, than him that only rows ;
 By how much more the captain merits praise
 Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys ;
 By so much greater is my worth than thine,
 Who canst but execute what I design.

What gain'st thou, brutal man, if I confess
 Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less ?
 Mind is the man : I claim my whole desert
 From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.

But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
 Be grateful to your watchman of the war :
 For all my labours in so long a space,
 Sure I may plead a title to your grace :
 Enter the town ; I then unbarr'd the gates,
 When I remov'd their tutelary fates.

By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
 Which I have now reduc'd to certainty ;
 By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
 And by their taken Gods, which now are ours ;
 Or if there yet a farther task remains,
 To be perform'd by prudence or by pains ;

If yet some desperate action rests behind,
 That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind ;
 If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
 Which none but I can manage and o'ercome ;
 Award those arms I ask, by your decree :
 Or give to this what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd : and ceasing with respect he bow'd,
 And with his hand at once the fatal statue show'd.
 Heaven, air, and ocean rung, with loud applause,
 And by the general vote he gain'd his cause.
 Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
 And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX.

HE who could often, and alone, withstand
 The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
 Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
 But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain ;
 Then snatching out his fauchion, Thou, said he,
 Art mine ; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
 O often try'd, and ever trusty sword,
 Now do thy last kind office to thy lord :
 'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
 None but himself, himself could overthrow.
 He said, and with so good a will to die
 Did to his breast the fatal point apply,
 It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
 Where never weapon enter'd but his own :
 No hands could force it thence, so fixt it stood,
 Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting
 blood.

The fruitful blood produc'd a flower, which
 grew
 On a green stem ; and of a purple hue :
 Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew :
 Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
 But those express the grief, and these the name.

THE STORY OF
ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, and GALATEA.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Acis, the lovely youth, whose loss I mourn,
From Faunus and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents' pleasure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen,
And doubtful down began to shade his chin;
When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Ask not which passion in my soul was higher,
My last aversion, or my first desire;
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
Both were alike, for both were in excess.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Immense thy power, and boundless is thy sway.
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' ætherial throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own.
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests, are,
Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody feasts
On mangled members of his butcher'd guests,
Yet felt the force of love and fierce desire,
And burnt for me with unrelenting fire;

Forgot his caverns and his woolly care,
Assum'd the softness of a lover's air,
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged
hair:

Now with a crooked scythe his beard he fleeks,
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks;
Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
His simagres, and rows his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost,
And ships securely sail along the coast.

The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of every bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
The giant, with a scornful grin, reply'd,
Vain augur, thou hast falsly prophesy'd;
Already Love his flaming brand has tost;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost.
Thus warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps, and, weary, sought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.

A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas:
On either side, below, the water flows.
This airy walk the giant lover chose.
Here on the midst he sate: his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so fast,
That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide;
But laid it by, his whistle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth;
Which, when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below:
On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd,
And still preserve the poem in my mind.

O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows and rising lilies are;
More flowery than the meads; as crystal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height;
More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin
Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen;
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing as winter suns or summer shade;
More grateful to the sight than goodly plains,
And softer to the touch than down of swans,
Or curds new turn'd, and sweeter to the taste
Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste;
More clear than ice, or running streams, that
stray [they.

Through garden plots, but ah! more swift than
Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke;
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak:
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
Like them, fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fix'd in thy disdain;
Rough as these rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent than is the rising flood,
And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud;
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
And more outrageous than a mother-bear;
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make,
And more revengeful than a trodden snake;
In swiftness fleetier than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wish'd embraces run;
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay,
And much repent of your unwise delay.

My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a spacious, pleasing shade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold in-
vade.

My garden, fill'd with fruits, you may behold,
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
And these and those are all reserv'd for you.

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Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand:
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide;
And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their glossy
side:

Not those of common kinds; but such alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chefnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood.
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.

The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding vallies hide,
And those that folded in the caves abide.

Ask not the numbers of my growing store:
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle: trust not me;
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree.
Behold their swelling dugs, the sweepy weight
Of ewes that sink beneath the milky freight:
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie,
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk, in nut-brown bowls, is duly serv'd,
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these household dainties all my store:
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar.
All sorts of venison, and of birds the best;
A pair of turtles taken from the nest:
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left them on the naked ground;
So like, that no distinction could be seen;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
And so they shall: I took them both away,
And keep, to be companions of your play.

Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face a-
bove

The waves; nor scorn my presents and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering stature, and my size:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the
skies,

Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread;
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face, and dangling down,
As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd: what fouler sight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
Poul is the steed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers and their train,
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family.
I make you his, in making you my own:
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:

Y

Jove, with his faded thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.
But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that's the thing I most ab-
hor.

The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
These giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
His living bowels, from his belly torn,
And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate shall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love; and thy disdain
Augments at once my passion and my pain.
Translated *Ætna* flames within my heart;
And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart.

Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk,
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk:
Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.

Thus far unseen I saw; when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
Acis and I were to his sight betray'd;
Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast:
I see, I see; but this shall be your last.
A roar so loud made *Ætna* to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.

Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my
head.

Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cry'd,
Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.
The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore.
Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis: 'twas too late to save;
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage should return;
And roll, among the river Gods, his urn.
Straight issued from the stone a stream of blood,
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd;
The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
The stone was cleft; and through the yawning
chink

New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclos'd
A sound like water in its course oppos'd:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,
Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood:
Horns from his temples rise; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might pass;
And Acis chang'd into a stream he was:
But mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE
PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digression to the moral and natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the *Metamorphoses*.

A KING is sought, to guide the growing state,
One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had fate.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cause:
Urg'd by this care, his country he forsook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he first inquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony: and whence he came.
Then thus a senior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)
'Tis said, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows;
He sought himself some hospitable house:
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest;
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest,

The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place;
And here, he said, in Time's revolving race,
A rising town shall take its name from thee;
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myscelos, the justest man on earth,
Alemo's son, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'ershadow'd in a dream, and thus bespoke;
Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
Where Ælaris rolls down his rapid flood;
He said; and sleep forsook him, and the God.
Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart;
His country laws forbid him to depart:
What should he do? 'Twas death to go away;
And the God menac'd if he dar'd to stay:
All day he doubted; and when night came on,
Sleep, and the same forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the God stood threatening o'er his
With added curses if he disobey'd. [head;
Twice warn'd, he study'd flight; but would convey,
At once, his person and his wealth away:

Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard;
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his offence,
Against himself the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd:

O Power, who hast deserv'd in heaven a throne
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.

A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains;
White stones and black within an urn are cast,
The first absolve, but fate is in the last:
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the fable signs of death:
The box receives all black; but pour'd from
thence [cence.

The stones came candid forth, the hue of inno-
Thus Alimonides his safety won,
Preserv'd from death by Alcmena's son:
Then to his kinsman God his vows he pays,
And cuts with prosperous gales th' Ionian seas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Æfarris, and promis'd ground:
Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
The place predict'd; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The sure tradition of th' Italian town.

Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear:
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could
move,

With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Those upper depths, which nature hid from sight:
And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.

The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's com-
mand;
While he discours'd of heaven's mysterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cause;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
What shook the stedfast earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above:
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his
speech.

He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellows blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:

While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While earth not only can your needs supply,
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please. [fill,
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browz, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tygers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heaven endued with principles of blood,
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.

O impious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
The stores of all she shews, and all she hides,
If men with fleshly morsels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread;
What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, our life sustain;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.

Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove:
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch, (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd first our food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justify'd by Nature's laws,
And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power;
But not th' extended licence, to devour.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that she dy'd.
The goat came next in order, to be try'd:
The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.

Here was at least, some shadow of offence:
 The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
 But meek and unresisting innocence.
 A patient, useful creature, born to bear [derer,
 The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her mur-
 And daily to give down the milk she bred,
 A tribute for the grafs on which she fed.
 Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
 And is of least advantage when she dies.

How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
 A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
 O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
 The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
 When thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who
 till'd,

And plow'd, with pains, thy else ungrateful field?
 From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
 That neck with which the surly clods he broke;
 And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
 Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!
 Nor this alone! but heaven itself to bribe,
 We to the Gods our impious acts ascribe:
 First recompense with death their creature's toil,
 Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil:
 The fairest victim must the powers appease:
 (So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
 A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
 With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
 He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
 But understands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
 Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast
 (The fruit and product of his labours past);
 And in the water views perhaps the knife
 Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
 The broken up alive, his entrails sees
 Torn out, for priests to inspect th' Gods decrees.

From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
 Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
 Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
 Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
 And, when you eat the well-deserving beast,
 Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
 Be that, whate'er inspiring Power, obey'd.
 For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
 Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
 Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
 Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
 Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
 To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
 Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight;
 To look from upper light, and thence survey
 Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,
 And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
 Of future things, and trembling at their fate!

Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
 To think of death, as but an idle thing.
 Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
 A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
 Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
 And fables of a world, that never was!
 What feels the body when the soul expires,
 By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?
 Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
 In other forms, and only changes seats.

Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
 Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
 My name and lineage I remember well,
 And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
 In Argive Juno's fate I late beheld
 My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former
 shield.

Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
 In some new figure, and a vary'd vest:
 Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
 And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
 By time, or force, or sickness dispossest,
 And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast;
 Or hunts without, 'till ready limbs it find,
 And actuates those according to their kind;
 From tenement to tenement is toss'd;
 The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
 And as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
 This face assumes, and that impression leaves;
 Now call'd by one, now by another name;
 The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the
 same:

So death, so call'd, can but the form deface,
 Th' immortal soul flies out in empty space;
 To seek her fortune in some other place.

Then let not piety be put to flight,
 To please the taste of glutton appetite;
 But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
 Lest from their seats your parents you expel;
 With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
 Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

And since, like Tiphys, parting from the shore,
 In ample seas I sail, and depths untry'd before,
 This let me further add, that nature knows
 No steadfast station; but, or ebbs, or flows:
 Ever in motion; she destroys her old,
 And casts new figures in another mold.
 Ev'n times are in perpetual flux; and run,
 Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
 For time, no more than streams, is at a stay:
 The flying hour is ever on her way;
 And as the fountain still supplies her store,
 The wave behind impels the wave before;
 Thus in successive course the minutes run,
 And urge their predecessor minutes on,
 Still moving, ever new: for former things
 Are set aside, like abdicated kings:
 And every moment alters what is done,
 And innovates some act till then unknown.
 Darkness we see emerges into light,
 And shining suns descend to sable night;
 Ev'n heaven itself receives another die,
 When weary'd animals in slumbers lie
 Of midnight ease; another, when the gray
 Of morn preludes the splendor of the day.
 The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
 Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
 And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
 His ball is with the same suffusion red;
 But mounted high in his meridian race
 All bright he shines, and with a better face:
 For there, pure particles of æther flow,
 Far from th' infection of the world below.

Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
 Or in her waxing, or her waning horns.

For every day she wanes, her face is less,
But, gathering into globe, she fattens at increase.

Perceiv'st not thou the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in every shape they wear?

Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
'Then laughs the childish year with flowrets crown'd,

And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
But no substantial nourishment receives,
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in men, is most repleat
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.

Last, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.

Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was their's before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were;
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began,
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man;
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
His stifled breath, and draw the living air;
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
On four feet imitates his brother beast:
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
'Then walks alone; a horseman now become,
He rides a stick, and travels round the room:
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
Strong bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of years,

He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his strength, and spares his age.
Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
And though 'tis down hill all, but creeps along the race.

Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
Contemplating his former feet and hands;

And, Milo-like, his flaken'd sinews sees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,

Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.
So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wondering what charms her ravishers could spy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!
Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingering meals, the morsels eat.

Nor those, which elements we call, abide.
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd;
For this eternal world is said of old
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
Then air, because unclog'd in empty space,
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth subsides.

All things are mixt with these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more
The subtil dew in air begins to soar:
Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates still, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mixt with gross air, and air descends to dew;
And dew, condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.

Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new shew employ'd.

Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead some other bodies make:
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But death on deathless substance has no force.

That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to silver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at last.

The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is solid earth, that once was sea:
Seas in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn,
By falling floods from high, to vallies turn,
And crumbling still descend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands;

And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown;
 Wondering to drink of waters not her own.
 Here nature living fountains opes; and there
 Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
 Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and
 Diverted streams to feed a distant spring. [bring
 So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
 But far from thence knocks out another door.
 Thus Erasinus dives; and blind in earth
 Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth,
 Starts up in Argos meads, and shakes his locks
 Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
 So Mytus by another way is led,
 And, grown a river, now disdains his head:
 Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
 And the proud title of Caicus takes.
 Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
 Runs rapid often, and as often stands;
 And here he threatens the drunken fields to drown,
 And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.

Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford,
 But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
 Since hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
 The Centaur in his current wash'd their wounds.
 The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
 But brackish lose their taste they had before.
 Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,
 Once isles, but now increase the continent;
 While the Leucadian coast, main-land before,
 By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.
 So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
 And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride;
 Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
 And in disdain pour'd in the conquering sea.

Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
 Buris and Helice, no more are found,
 But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and
 drown'd;

And boatmen through the crystal water shew,
 To wondering passengers, the walls below.

Near Træzen stands a hill, expos'd in air
 To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:
 This once was level ground: but (strange to tell)
 Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
 Labouring with colic pangs, and close confin'd,
 In vain fought issue from the rumbling wind:
 Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still
 Inlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill;
 As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
 Of goats are blown t' inclose the hoarded wines:
 The mountain still retains a mountain's face,
 And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.

Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
 Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
 What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd
 Endued at seasons, and at seasons lost?
 Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
 Cold at high noon, and at morn and even warm:
 Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
 On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
 The Thracians have a stream, if any try
 The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify;
 Whate'er it touches it converts to stones,
 And makes a marble pavement where it runs.

Grathis, and Sibaris her sister flood,
 That slide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
 With gold and amber dye the shining hair,
 And thither youth resort; (for who would not
 be fair?)

But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
 Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
 Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
 Whose waters into women soften men?
 Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
 To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain?
 Clytorean streams the love of wine expel,
 (Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well.)
 Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
 Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God;
 Or that Melampus (so have some assur'd)
 When the mad Proetides with charms he cur'd,
 And powerful herbs, both charms and simples
 cast

Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.

Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce;
 Who drinks his waters, though with moderate use,
 Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight:
 His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
 Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
 (Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
 By day is wholesome beverage; but is thought
 By night infected, and a deadly draught.

Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,
 Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
 Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
 When first Ortygia floated on the sea;
 Such were Cyanean isles when Typhis steer'd
 Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd;
 They swam where now they sit; and firmly join'd
 Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
 Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
 Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire
 (The veins exhausted of the liquid store);
 Time was she cast no flames; in time will cast
 no more.

For whether earth's an animal, and air
 Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
 And what she sucks remits; she still requires
 Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;
 When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,
 That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she
 makes:

Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
 And subtil spirits find that way oppos'd,
 They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
 The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
 Kindling the sulphur, till the fuel spent
 The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
 Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on,
 Its unctuous parts till all the matter gone
 The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
 The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
 That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire
 Famish'd for want of fuel must expire.

A race of men there are, as fame has told,
 Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
 Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
 Soft feathers to defend their naked sides they take.

'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the field, and bring
Their honey harvest home, and hope another
spring.

The warlike steed is multiply'd, we find,
To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide
And shoot his sting, his tail in circles toss'd
Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filthy
loom,

Crawl from their bags and butterflies become.
Ev'n slime begets the frog's loquacious race:
Short of their feet at first, in little space
With arms and legs endued, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
And waves repel; for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.

The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
The mother licks them into shape, and gives
As much of form as she herself receives.

The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs, till time at leisure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The strong pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove:
And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
(But that from fight, the surest sense, he knows)
'They from th' included yolk, not ambient white
arose?

There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pitch corrupted, will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.

All these receive their birth from other things;
But from himself the phoenix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same:
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence Amomum drains;
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of Cassia, Cynamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his funeral bed is
Funeral and bridal both; and all around [rear'd:
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd:

On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
First catches, then consumes, the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies:
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.

An infant phoenix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms re-
news:

When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

A wonder more amazing would we find?

The Hyæna shews it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.

The thinameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.

India, when conquer'd, on the conquering God
For planted vines the sharp-ey'd lynx bestow'd,
Whose urine, shed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.

All changing species should my song recite;
Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardenes to war a soft, unwarlike train.

Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood:
Now for thick streets it shews an empty space,
Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd
race,

Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.
Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vanish'd out of substance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise,
On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now she meditates imperial sway:
Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle strives
To fill her infant horns; an hour shall come
When the round world shall be contain'd in
Rome.

For this old saws foretel, and Helenus
Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O Goddess-born, with thy hard fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive,
Thy passage thou shalt free through fire and sword,
And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
In happier fields a rising town I see,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be:
And heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd
from thee.

Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn :
But from Iulus he must draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to
reign,

And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er since in other mold
My soul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
My country's walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd
anew,
Rais'd by the fall; decreed by loss to gain;
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to
reign.

'Tis time my hard mouth'd coursers to control,
Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal :
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in earth, or fills the skies,
All suffer change; and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our fires, or grandfires shall forsake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of these, yet there's a man within :
O spare to make a Thyestean meal,
T' inclose his body, and his soul expel.

Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice :
What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin ?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life :

Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he stop, who feeds with household
bread,

Then eats the poultry which before he fed ?
Let plough thy steers; that when they lose their
breath, [death.

To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter cold thy sides defend;
But neither springes, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.

Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight :
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave them twinkling up in air.

Take not away the life you cannot give :
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
This only just prerogative we have :
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.

These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own :
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, sent by heaven to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain :
Himself a saint, a Goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

TRANSLATIONS FROM *OVID'S EPISTLES.*

PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the translation of his *Metamorphoses*, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandy's undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession, for this of poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cause of his banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the lasciviousness of his *Elegies*, and his *Art of Love*. It is true, they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a certain Epigram, which is ascribed to

him, relating to the first civil war betwixt himself and Marc Anthony the triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified by arbitrary power, when words are questioned in a Poet. There is another guess of the grammarians, as far from truth as the first from reason: they will have him banished for some favours, which, they say, he received from Julia the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his *Elegies*: but he who will observe the verses, which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our Poet make his petition to Isis, for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage; which, for aught he knew, might be by her own husband? Or, indeed, how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would sure have been more discreet,

than to have published an accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion, is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her: which, if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned; and, besides, an immediate punishment must have followed. He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses:

“Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci?” &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to somewhat, which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the incest of the emperor with his own daughter; for Augustus was of a nature too vindictive to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment; but would certainly have secured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have historians given us any sight into such action of this emperor; nor would he (the greatest politician of the time), in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath: for the words

“Sine veste Dianam”

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chastity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted of incontinency. The first verses, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his banishment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it; nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedness; and in the same paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after ages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court, of Augustus, and was well received in it, is most undoubted: all his Poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *Cavalierement*: add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noblemen and ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were

his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the business of a Poet, I know no other author, who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers: for, all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of these passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit; so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age; for why else should he complain, that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that Poem, or of the rest; but many things ought to have been retrenched; which, I suppose, would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him:

“Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere;”

He never knew when to give over, when he had done well; but, continually varying the same sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy his readers instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though at the same time he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing, which he does, becomes him; and, if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his Elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that those poets seldom designed before they writ; and though the language of

Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

“Purpureus latè qui splendèat unus & alter
“Assuitur pannus,”

as Horace says: though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our Poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is *Epistolæ Heroidum*, The letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, *Epistles*; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word *Heroidum*, because it is used by Ovid in his *Art of Love*:

“Jupiter ad verteres supplex Heroidasibat.”

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of *Heroines*, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's Letters,

“*(Quam celere è toto rediit mens orbe Sabinus)*”

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this subject; save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars; first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were the heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in Oenone and Hero, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life; though perhaps he has Romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak,

sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being written from ladies who were forsaken by their lovers: which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers letters: but of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I should say somewhat of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion (with submission to better judgments) which way of version seems to be the most proper.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads.

First, that of *Metaphrase*, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace's *Art of Poetry* translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of *Paraphrase*, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's translation of Virgil's fourth *Æneid*. The third way is that of *imitation*, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and, taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:

“Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
“Interpres”——

Nor word for word too faithfully translate,

as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too-faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanshawe, on his version of the *Pastor Fido*:

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too:
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

It is almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time: for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which the barbarity, or the narrowness, of modern tongues cannot supply in

more. It is frequent also that the conceit is couched in some expression, which will be lost in English.

"Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent."

What poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit, or almost sense, out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is incumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his author and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language: and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can shun a fall, by using caution; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected: and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

"Brevis esse labore, obscurus fio:"

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's *Odyssey*, which he has contracted into two:

"Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora

"Trojæ,

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes."

Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of
Troy,

So many towns, such change of manners saw.

ROSCOMMON.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted:

[Ὅς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη.]

The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different; though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an endeavour of a later poet to write like one who has written before him on the same subject; that is, not to translate his words, or to be confined to his sense,

but only to set him as a pattern, and to write as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say, that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches: for, in the Pindaric Odes, the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar; because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion (I mean as to our understanding), to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a poet cannot be translated literally: his genius is too strong to bear a chain; and, Samson-like, he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English; and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular, intelligible authors, be thus used, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original; but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design; though Virgil must be still excepted, when that *perhaps* takes place. Yet he who is inquisitive to know an author's thoughts, will be disappointed in his expectation: and it is not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To state it fairly: imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to shew himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who advised more liberty than he took himself) gives his reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the second *Æneid*. "Poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum." I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal version are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided; and therefore, when I have proposed the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating poetry, who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language and of his own: nor must we understand the language only of the

poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate, him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author, that they should be changed: but since every language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense, in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words. It is enough, if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means, the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost: and thus it is plain, that the reason alleged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expression; for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen, as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native lustre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expression: neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is

his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better; perhaps the face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were altered; but it is his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial or dishonest: but the same answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

“ ——— Et quæ

“ Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquis.”

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject, against the authority of two great men; but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true reason, why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense; but because there are so few who have all the talents which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerable a part of learning.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPISTLE XI.

The Argument.

Macareus and Canace, son and daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, loved each other incestuously. Canace was delivered of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly conveyed away. The infant, crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus; who, enraged at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be exposed to wild beasts on the mountains; and withal, sent a sword to Canace, with this message, That her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself: but before she died, she writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

If streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain:
One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this posture thou behold'st me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he present, that his eyes and hands
Might see and urge the death which he commands:
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would see.
Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
His people's temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blast,
Are underneath his wide dominion cast:
Those he can rule: but his tempestuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfined.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove?
What help will all my heavenly friends afford,
When to my breast I list the pointed sword?
That hour which join'd us came before its
time:
In death we had been one without a crime,

Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than sister's love?
For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,
A secret pleasure in thy kisses found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boast;
My food grew leathsome, and my strength I lost:
Still, ere I spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue;
Short were my slumbers, and my nights were
long.
I knew not from my love these griefs did grow;
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurse by long experience found,
And first discover'd to my soul its wound.
'Tis love, said she; and then my down-cast eyes,
And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprise.
Forc'd at the last, my shameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
"When, half denying, more than half content,
"Embraces warm'd me to a full consent.
"Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat;
"And guilt, that made them anxious, made them
"great."
But now my swelling womb heav'd up my breast,
And rising weight my sinking limbs oppress,

What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce,

To make abortion by their powerful juice?

What medicines try'd we not, to thee unknown?

Our first crime common; this was mine alone.

But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,

With Nature's vigour did our arts repel.

And now the pale-fac'd empress of the night

Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:

Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain

Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain:

My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,

Which with her hand the conscious nurse suppress'd.

To that unhappy fortune was I come:

Pain urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.

With inward struggling I restrain'd my cries,

And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.

Death was in sight; Lucina gave no aid;

And ev'n my dying had my guilt betray'd.

Thou cam'st, and in thy countenance fate despair;

Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:

Yet, feigning comfort, which thou couldst not give,

(Press'd in thy arms, and whispering me to live):

For both our sakes, (saidst thou) preserve thy life;

Live, my dear sister, and my dearer wife.

Rais'd by that name, with my last pangs I strove;

Such power have words, when spoke by those we love.

The babe, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,

With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.

What helps it to have weather'd out one storm?

Fear of our father does another form.

High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of state,

The king, with his tempestuous council, sate.

Through this large room our only passage lay,

By which we could the new-born babe convey.

Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurse bore him out,

With olive-branches cover'd round about;

And muttering prayers, as holy rites she meant,

Through the divided crowd unquestion'd went.

Just at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd;

The grandfire heard him, and the theft he spy'd.

Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies,

And deafs his stormy subjects with his cries.

With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:

Expos'd the self-discover'd infant lay.

The noise reach'd me; and my presaging mind

Too soon its own approaching woes divin'd.

Not ships at sea with winds are shaken more,

Nor seas themselves, when angry tempests roar,

Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:

The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.

He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my stain:

Scarcely from my murder could his hands refrain.

I only answer'd him with silent tears:

They flow'd: my tongue was frozen up with fears.

His little grand-child he commands away,

To mountain wolves and every bird of prey.

The babe cry'd out, as if he understood;

And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.

By what expressions can my grief be shown?

(Yet you may guess my anguish by your own:)

To see my bowels, and, what yet was worse,

Your bowels too, condemn'd to such a curse!

Out went the king: my voice its freedom found,

My breasts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.

And now appear'd the messenger of death;

Sad were his looks, and scarce he drew his breath,

To say, "Your father sends you"—(with that word,

His trembling hands presented me a sword):

"Your father sends you this; and lets you know,

"That your own crimes the use of it will show."

Too well I know the sense those words impart.

His present shall be treasur'd in my heart.

Are these the nuptial gifts a bride receives?

And this the fatal dower a father gives?

Thou God of Marriage, shun thy own disgrace,

And take thy torch from this detested place:

Instead of that, let furies light their brands,

And fire my pile with their infernal hands.

With happier fortune may my sisters wed,

Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.

For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pretend?

How could thy infant innocence offend?

A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!

Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine.

Thy mother's grief and crime! but just enjoy'd,

Shewn to my sight, and born to be destroy'd!

Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!

Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!

Thy unoffending life I could not save;

Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave;

Nor on thy tomb could offer my thorn hair;

Nor shew the grief which tender mothers bear.

Yet long thou shalt not from my arms be lost;

For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.

But thou, my love, and now my love's despair,

Perform his funerals with paternal care,

His scatter'd limbs with my dead body burn,

And once more join us in the pious urn.

If on my wounded breast thou dropp'st a tear,

Think for whose sake my breast that wound did bear;

And faithfully my last desires fulfil,

As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPISTLE XVII.

The Argument.

Helen, having received an epistle from Paris, returns the following answer : wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue ; then owns herself to be sensible of the passion, which he had expressed for her, though she much suspected his constancy ; and at last discovers her inclination to be favourable to him : the whole letter shewing the extreme artifice of womankind.

WHEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents, who silently denies:
How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
Marriage and hospitable rights prophane ?
Was it for this, your fleet did shelter find
From swelling seas, and every faithless wind ?
(For though a distant country brought you forth,
Your usage here was equal to your worth).
Does this deserve to be rewarded so ?
Did you come here a stranger or a foe ?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my just disdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see.
What hope had you to gain a queen like me ?
Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey ?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame ;
But sure my part was nothing but the shame.
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear :
I scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain ;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go :
Were he like you, we had not parted so.
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends ;
And modest usage made me some amends.

'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed ?
Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs,
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I'll not complain ; for who's displeas'd with love,
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove ?
But that I fear ; not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face :
But all your sex is subject to deceive ;
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield ; and love o'ercomes the best :
But why should I not shine above the rest ?
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers felt a rape.
If I should yield, what reason could I use ?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse ?
Her fault was in her powerful lover lost ;
But of what Jupiter have I to boast ?
Though you to heroes and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need ;
And great alliances but useless prove
To one that comes herself from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race ;
Which I would shew I valued, if I durst :
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confess ;
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, or women pleasant, call,

Gives expectation such an ample field,
As would move Goddesses themselves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause:
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that so fair a present I despise:
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you
take

Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine;
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would
shine.

Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardor press my hand;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass;
When oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And blushing fate for things which you have
done;

Then murmur'd to myself, He'll for my sake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft I have read within this pleasing grove,
Under my name, those charming words, *I love*.
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this:
For oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
'That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May some blest maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should
move:

O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, so others are not blind.
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin-love when thousand rivals fought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice;
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice:
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is master of my fate.
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill;
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, since, naked to your
eyes,

Three Goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour; t' other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause, who smiling promis'd me.
But first I am not of belief so light,
To think such nymphs would shew you such a
fight:

Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.

With partial eyes I should myself regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praise;
A Goddess's applause would envy raise.
But be it as you say; for, 'tis confess'd,
The men who flatter highest, please us best:
That I suspect it, ought not to displease;
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
Juno and Pallas, you condemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O you Powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy those nymphs whom use has perfect
made!

I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
Ev'n while I write, my fearful, conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise:
For now the rumor spreads among the crowd,
At court in whispers, but in town aloud.
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear them say.
To leave off loving were your better way:
Yet if you will dissemble it, you may.
Love secretly: the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay,
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend.
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence;
But let not this secure your confidence.
Absent he is; yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long
hands."

My fame's my burden; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd.
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:
Great beauty, through great danger, is possess'd.
To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life;
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good, easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One house contains us, and weak walls divide;
And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force
employ:

A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy.

Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said? For both of us 'twere best,
Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change;
And, like themselves, their wandering passions
range.

Hypsipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both, by trusting of their guests, betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Oenone leave?
But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind,
Should you prevail; while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight.
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan court,
To view the Trojan wealth, and Priam's court:
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In Asia what reception shall I find?
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect;
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I from your rage a strumpet's name shall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me first be laid!
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command.
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?

Medea was by Jason's flattery won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain, honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat;
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan
land.

To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid:
For they who lost their cause, revenge will
take;

And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue.
A wrong so great my husband's rage would
rouze;

And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight;

Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy:
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex.

But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire;
And I perhaps may yield to your desire.
You last demand a private conference:
These are your words; but I can guess your
sense.

Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

Z ij.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPISTLE VII.

The Argument.

Æneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the destruction of Troy, saved his Gods, his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire, put to sea with twenty sail of ships; and, having been long tost with tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Libya, where Queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell passionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the last favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promised him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows :

So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your lost affection to regain:
But, having lost whate'er was worth my care,
Why should I fear to lose a dying prayer?
'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with loosen'd sails and vows, prepare
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care.
Nor can my rising towers your flight restrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek: that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
'To vote succession from a native prince?
Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your towers the height of Carthage
know?
Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?
If such a town and subjects you could see,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me:

For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright;
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still.
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill!
Myself I cannot to myself restore:
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be:
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At least thou art from some fierce tigress come;
Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempest born:
Like that which now thy trembling sailors fear;
Like that whose rage should still detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juster side.
To winter weather and a stormy sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deserv'st from heaven's avenging
laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cause,

To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
 'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate.
 Stay but a little, till the tempest cease,
 And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
 May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant prove!
 And so it will, if there be power in love.
 Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain?
 So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the
 main?

Which, were it smooth, were every wave asleep,
 Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.
 In that abyfs the Gods their vengeance store,
 For broken vows of those who falsely swore.
 Their winged storms on sea-born Venus wait,
 To vindicate the justice of her state.

Thus I to thee the means of safety show;
 And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.
 False as thou art, I not thy death design:
 O rather live, to be the cause of mine!
 Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,
 (But heaven forbid my words should omen bear)
 Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly,
 And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye.
 With threatening looks think thou behold'st me
 stare,

Gasping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
 Then, should fork'd lightning and red thunder
 fall,

What could'st thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em all?
 Left this should happen, make not haste away;
 To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.

Have pity on thy son, if not on me:
 My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
 What has his youth, what have thy Gods de-
 serv'd,

To sink in seas, who were from fires preserv'd?
 But neither Gods nor parent didst thou bear;
 Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear,
 False as the tale of thy romantic life.
 Nor yet am I thy first-deluded wife:
 Left to pursuing foes Creusa stay'd,
 By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
 This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender
 heart,

That such requital follow'd such desert.
 Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like these,
 Seven winters kept thee wandering on the seas.
 Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
 Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.
 To harbour strangers, succour the distressed,
 Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the rest!
 Curs'd be the cave which first my ruin brought,
 Where, from the storm, we common shelter
 sought!

A dreadful howling echo'd round the place:
 The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials
 grace.

I thought so then; but now too late I know
 The furies yell'd my funerals from below.
 O chastity and violated fame,
 Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!
 By death redeem my reputation lost,
 And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
 Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
 Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;

There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue
 stands,

The pious monument of artful hands.
 Last night, methought, he call'd me from the
 dome;

And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
 She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
 But come more slowly, clogg'd with conscious
 fears.

Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
 Strong were his charms, who my weak faith mis-
 led.

His Goddess's mother, and his aged sire
 Born on his back, did to my fall conspire.
 Oh! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
 Without a blush I might his love pursue.
 But cruel stars my birth-day did attend;
 And as my fortune open'd, it must end.
 My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
 Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's
 gain.

Friendless, and follow'd by the murderer's hate,
 To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
 And here, a suppliant, from the natives hands
 I bought the ground on which my city stands,
 With all the coast that stretches to the sea,
 Ev'n to the friendly port that shelter'd thee;
 Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the
 air,

At once my neighbours wonder, and their fear:
 For now they arm; and round me leagues are
 made,

My scarce-establish'd empire to invade.
 To man my new-built walls I must prepare;
 An helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
 Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend,
 And for my person would my crown defend;
 Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
 That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
 To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey,
 (For that must follow, if thou goest away);
 Or to my husband's murderer leave my life,
 That to the husband he may add the wife.
 Go then, since no complaints can move thy
 mind;

Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
 Touch not those Gods, by whom thou art for-
 sworn,

Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
 Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
 And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
 Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
 And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
 The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
 And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.
 Some God, thou say'st, thy voyage does com-
 mand: [land!

Would the same God had barr'd thee from my
 The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,
 Who kept thee out at sea so many years;
 While thy long labours were a price so great,
 As thou to purchase Troy would'st not repeat.
 But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be at best,
 When there arriv'd, a poor, precarious guest.

Yet it deludes thy search; perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.
A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring;
And, without conquering, here thou art a king:
Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy
Troy;

Here young Ascanius may his arms employ,
And, while we live secure in soft repose,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, stay,
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live still, and with no future fortune strive;
So may thy youthful son old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou hast pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of
thee.

I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents against Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By some inferior name admit my love.
To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from tempests passengers may go;
But now with northern blasts the billows roar,
And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.

Leave to my care the time to sail away;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary men would be with ease content:
Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'st my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo,
And give me time to struggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not suffer long;
My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say,
While crosses my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their
flood,
And drinks my sorrows that must drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my bosom I display:
The sword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast:
I lost that title when my fame I lost.
This short inscription only let it bear:
"Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here."
"The cause of death, and sword by which she
dy'd,
"Æneas gave; the rest her arm supply'd."

TRANSLATIONS FROM
OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

IN Cupid's school whoc'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments by reading me.
Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot, art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
But I am master in Love's mighty school.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn God; but yet the God's a child,
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage.
That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The silver strings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair Goddess does my soul inspire,
To teach her softer arts; to soothe the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of human-kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with scorn
And rage were fill'd, and both were goddess-
born.
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws;
The horse receives the bit within his jaws;
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
Though struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his
darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.

The more he burns my soul, or wounds my
fight,
The more he teaches to revenge the spite.
I boast no aid the Delphian God affords,
Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio, nor her sisters, have I seen,
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth so try'd
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, ye vestals, be, who bind your
hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
I sing the brothels loose and unconfin'd,
Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind,
Which all alike, for love or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your
name,
First seek an object worthy of your flame;
Then strive with art your lady's mind to gain;
And last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all my work shall move:
These are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is oppress'd,
Make choice of one who suits your humour
best:
And such a damsel drops not from the sky:
She must be sought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
Th' assembly where his quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
As all the world can hardly shew thee more.
The face of heaven with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.

Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight);
Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
In common prudence, will not balk the sport.

In summer heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise:
Or to that other portico, where stands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of rest, [breast:
To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms
Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.
Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove,
On sabbaths, rest from every thing but love:
Nor Isis' temple; for that sacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove she was before.
And if the hall itself be not bely'd,
Ev'n there the cause of love is often try'd;
Near it at least, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noisy combatants are heard.
The crafty counsellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cause, but lose their own.
There eloquence is nonplust in the suit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
To see them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the play-house is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
Soon may'st thou find a mistress in the rout,
For length of time, or for a single bout. }
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng;
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice:
There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice:
To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

From Romulus the rise of plays began,
To his new subjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply:

Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His play-house not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
The stage with rushes or with leaves they strew'd:
No scenes in prospect, no machining God.
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree,
There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste;
But, e'er the dances and the song were past,
The monarch gave the signal from his throne;
And, rising, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like soldiers ready prest,
Just at the word (the word too was, The Best)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair;
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb }
despair.

Her absent mother one invokes in vain;
One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain; }
The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and blushing, to the genial bed.
She who too long resisted, or deny'd }
The lusty lover made by force a bride; [his side.
And with superior strength, compell'd her to }
Then sooth'd her thus:—My soul's far better part,
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass.

Thus Romulus became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did first improve;
And theatres are still the scenes of love:
Nor shun the chariot's and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouching sit:
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Enquire, whose chariot this, and whose that horse?
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind; [begin;
Like what she likes; from thence your court
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.
But when the statutes of the Deities, }
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
Brush both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
And still to touch her lap make some pretence.

Touch any thing of her's; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
Who knows but you may see her naked thighs!
Observe, who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his inroaching knee should press the fair.
Light service takes light minds; for some can tell
Of favours won, by laying cushions well;
By fanning faces some their fortune meet;
And some by laying footstools for their feet.
These overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives:
For there the son of Venus fights his prize;
And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the spectacle is made a part.

Cæsar would represent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
From either sea the youths and maiden's come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining east to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman soldiers, in your urn;
Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return;
And the slain Crassus shall no longer mourn.
A youth is sent those trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen;
In childhood all of Cæsar's race are men.
Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press,
And in his cradle did his fire confess.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight,
And thus shall vanquish in your father's right.
These rudiments to you your lineage owe;
Born to increase your titles, as you grow,
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent and your own,
Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
Your enemies assert an impious cause;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cause they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæsar join,
To give a prosperous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one shall be divine.
I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:
My verse shall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I sing the Parthians overthrow;
Their shot averse sent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heaven design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,

Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight;
O glorious object, O surprising sight,
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
On such a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see:
If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
Answer to all thou know'st; and, if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the swift Tigris, with his sea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably: no matter for the truth.

In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound;
More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian Goddess there her ambush lays;
And love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays;
Desires increase at every swelling draught;
Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits
flow;

Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
Bold truths it speaks; and spoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old simplicity again.
Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But sober, and by day, thy suit advance,
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the fairest did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid or lessen'd in her dark disguise.
The sun's fair light each error will confess,
In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.

Why name I every place where youths abound?
'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride,
And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains
glide;

Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are less healthful than they thought.
Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies,
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden Goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found.
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend:
And all you vulgar of my school attend.

First then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.

The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
 In summer season, or the birds in spring;
 Than women can resist your flattering skill:
 Ev'n she will yield, who swears she never will.
 To secret pleasure both the sexes move;
 But women most, who most dissemble love.
 'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,
 Avow their passion, and submit to prayer.
 The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
 The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.
 Man is more temperate in his lust than they,
 And, more than women, can his passion sway.
 Biblis, we know, did first her love declare,
 And had recourse to death in her despair.
 Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought,
 And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
 Now from a tree she stills her odorous tears,
 Which yet the name of her who shed them bears.

In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd,
 White as the snow, the fairest of the herd;
 A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
 Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
 The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
 The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
 And envy'd every leap he gave the herd.
 A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast,
 And hated every heifer he caress'd.
 A story known, and known for true, I tell;
 Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
 She cut him grass (so much can love command);
 She strok'd, she fed him with her royal hand:
 Was pleas'd in pastures with the herd to roam:
 And Minos by the bull was overcome.

Cease, Queen, with gems to adorn thy beautiful brows;

The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
 Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes:
 Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
 Yet trust thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
 Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
 Soon wouldst thou quit thy royal diadem
 To thy fair rivals, to be horned like them.
 If Minos please, no lover seek to find:
 If not, at least seek one of human kind.

The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes;
 In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
 She curses every beautiful cow she sees;
 Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please!
 And think'st, ungrateful creature as thou art,
 With frisking awkwardly, to gain his heart!
 She said, and straight commands, with frowning look,

To put her, undeserving, to the yoke;
 Or feigns some holy rites of sacrifice,
 And sees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
 Then, when the bloody priest has done his part,
 Pleas'd in her hand she holds the beating heart;
 Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain;
 Go, fool, and try to please my love again.
 Now she would be Europa, lo now
 (One bore a bull, and one was made a cow).
 Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,
 And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd;
 Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire;
 Till by his form the son betray'd the fire.

If Atreus' wife to incest had not run,
 (But, ah! how hard it is to love but one!)
 His courters Phœbus had not driven away,
 To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
 Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple hair,
 And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
 At sea and land Atrides sav'd his life,
 Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.
 Who knows not what revenge Medea sought,
 When the slain offspring bore the father's fault?
 Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
 And thus Hippolytus by Phœdra fell.
 These crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
 Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
 Doubt not from them an easy victory:
 Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny.
 All women are content that men should woo:
 She who complains, and she who will not do.
 Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
 Not to be hated for declaring love.
 And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind
 Is frail and vain, and still to change inclin'd?
 Old husbands and stale gallants they despise;
 And more another's, than their own, they prize.
 A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
 More milk his kind from swelling udders yield.

First gain the maid: by her thou shalt be sure
 A free access and easy to procure:
 Who knows what to her office does belong,
 Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
 Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and prayers:
 For her good word goes far in love affairs.
 The time and fit occasion leave to her,
 When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
 The time for maid's to fire their lady's blood,
 Is, when they find her in a merry mood:
 When all things at her wish can pleasure move:
 Her heart is open then, and free to love.
 Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
 And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
 Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anxious
 care:

One merry fit concluded all the war.

If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
 Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
 Instruct the damsel while she combs her hair,
 To raise the choler of that injur'd fair;
 And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
 She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
 Than, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer;
 And swear thou languishest and dy'st for her.
 Then let her lose no time, but push at all:
 For women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.
 Give their first fury leisure to relent,
 They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.

T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit advance!
 'Tis a hard question, and a doubtful chance.
 One maid, corrupted, bards the better for 't;
 Another for herself would keep the sport.
 Thy business may be further'd or delay'd:
 But by my counsel, let alone the maid:
 Ev'n though she should consent to do the feat;
 The profit's little, and the danger great.
 I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
 But where the way lies open, safe, and broad,

Yet, if thou find'st her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend :
Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.

But this I will advise, and mark my words;
For 'tis the best advice my skill affords :
If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin,
Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win :
For then the secret better will be kept;
And she can tell no tales when once she's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's interest to beware,
The bird entangled should not 'scape the snare.
The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And spoils the sport of all the neighbouring
brook.

But, if the wench be thine, she makes thy way,
And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say.
Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy :
So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.

All things the seasons of their seasons keep;
And certain times there are to sow and reap.
Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the sea :
So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design :
But think, another hour she may be thine.

And when she celebrates her birth at home,
Or when she views the public shows of Rome,
Know, all thy visits then are troublesome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
For that's a boding and a stormy day.
Else take thy time, and, when thou canst, begin :
To break a Jewish sabbath, think no sin :
Nor ev'n superstitious days abstain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia slain.
Ill omens in her frowns are understood;
When she's in humour, every day is good.

But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse;
When bribes and presents must be sent of
course;

And that's a bloody day, that costs thy purse.
Be stanch; yet parsimony will be vain :
The craving sex will still the lover drain.
No skill can shift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who shall before thy face his wares display.
To choose for her she craves thy kind advice;
'Then begs again, to bargain for the price :
But when she has her purchase in her eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'worth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at sight;
Now curse the time when thou wert taught to
write.

She keeps her birth-day; you must send the cheer;
And she'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies she dribs the into cost;
That ear-ring dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.

Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied e'er I told a part.

By letters, not by words, they love begin;
And ford the dangerous passage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch;
For ev'n the poor in promise may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her still believe
'Twill come, and that 's the cheapest way to
give.

Ev'n barren lands fair promises afford;
But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love :
But get it gratis; and she'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before.
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.

Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herself into a marriage-vow
(And every cheat in love the Gods allow).
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome :
Sweet words the people and the senate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to simple women preach :
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar style your thoughts convey,
And write such things as present you would say;
Such words as from the heart may seem to move :
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
In time the steer will to the yoke submit;
In time the restiff horse will bear the bit.
Ev'n the hard plough-share use will wear away;
And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
Water is soft, and marble hard; and yet
We see soft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd :
For she, who reads, in time will answer too;
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain,
And sharply bids you not to write again :
What she requires, she fears you should accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.

Meantime, if she be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not seem to know she's there.
Speak softly to delude the standers-by;
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
If sauntering in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too; for that's a time for talk;

And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide :
 But, when the crowd permits, go side by side.
 Nor in the play-house let her sit alone :
 For she's the play-house and the play in one.
 There thou may'st ogle, or by signs advance
 Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance.
 Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
 And pity in the play the lover's pains ;
 For her sweet sake the loss of time despise ;
 Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
 But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
 Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
 Leave those effeminate and useless toys
 To eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.
 Neglect becomes a man : this Theseus found :
 Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes crown'd.
 The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care :
 And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
 Be not too finical ; but yet be clean :
 And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other men.
 Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul ;
 Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
 Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware ;
 And let a skilful barber cut your hair.
 Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd ;
 Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard.
 Cure your unsavory breath, gargle your throat ;
 And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
 Dress not, in short, too little or too much ;
 And be not wholly French, not wholly Dutch.

Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites.
 Who would not follow, when a God invites ?
 He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
 Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
 Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
 Forfaken now ; and Theseus lov'd no more :
 Loose was her gown, dishevel'd was her hair ;
 Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare :
 Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood ;
 Her briny tears augment the briny flood ;
 She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face :
 No posture could that heavenly form disgrace.
 She beat her breast : The traitor's gone, said she ;
 What shall become of poor forsaken me ?
 What shall become—she had not time for more,
 The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore.
 She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground ;
 No vital heat was in her body found.
 The Mimiæonian dames about her stood ;
 And scudding Satyrs ran before their God.
 Silenus on his ass did next appear,
 And held upon the mane (the God was clear) ;
 The drunken fire pursues, the dames retire ;
 Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken fire.

At last he topples over on the plain ;
 The Satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again.
 And now the God of wine came driving on,
 High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn.
 Her colour, voice, and sense, forsook the fair ;
 Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
 And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
 She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests blow,
 Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.

To whom the God : Compose thy fearful mind ;
 In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
 With heaven I will endow thee, and thy star
 Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
 And guide on seas the doubtful mariner,
 He said, and, from his chariot leaping light,
 Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
 His brawny arms around her waist he threw
 (For Gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do) :
 And swiftly bore her thence, th' attending throng
 Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
 Now in full bowls her sorrows she may steep :
 The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep.

But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
 And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side ;
 Invoke the God, and all the mighty Powers,
 That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
 Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer,
 Which she may know were all address to her.
 In liquid purple letters write her name,
 Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
 Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires
 (For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires).
 Whene'er she drinks, the first to take the cup ;
 And, where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
 When she to carving does her hand advance,
 Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
 Thy service ev'n her husband must attend
 (A husband is a most convenient friend).
 Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place :
 And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
 Whether below or equal in degree,
 Let him be lord of all the company,
 And what he says, be seconded by thee.
 'Tis common to deceive through friendship's
 name :

But, common though it be, 'tis still to blame :
 Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
 And to themselves their masters' gains convey.
 Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er ;
 Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
 Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware ;
 Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
 Eurytion justly fell, by wine oppress'd,
 For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.
 Sing, if you have a voice ; and shew your parts
 In dancing, if indued with dancing arts.
 Do any thing within your power to please ;
 Nay, ev'n affect a seeming drunkenness ;
 Clip every word ; and if by chance you speak
 Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
 In your excuse the company will join,
 And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
 True drunkenness is subject to offend ;
 But when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a lover's friend.
 Then safely may you praise her beauteous face,
 And call him happy, who is in her grace.
 Her husband thinks himself the man design'd ;
 But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.
 When all are risen, and prepare to go,
 Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.
 This is the proper time to make thy court ;
 For now she's in the vein, and fit for sport.
 Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by ;
 To manly confidence thy thoughts apply,

On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now speak and speed; for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and trust the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover; let thy speech abound
In dying words, that represent thy wound:
Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
And, after, feels the torment he profess.
For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet:
Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
Such praises ev'n the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.

Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train:
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call every God to hear.
Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile.
He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forsworn, he dares not an example make,
Or punish falsehood for his own dear sake.
'Tis for our interest that the Gods should be;
Let us believe them: I believe, they see,
And both reward and punish equally.
Not that they live above, like lazy drones,
Or kings below, supine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as present in their sight;
Be just in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
But 'tis a venial sin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conscience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.

'Tis said, that Egypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heaven did rain supply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture
bring.

The king reply'd: On thee the lot shall fall;
Be thou, my guest, the sacrifice for all.
Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him season first the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
'Tis, the artificers of death should die.
Thus justly women suffer by deceit;
Their practice authorises us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'point the lids and seem at least to cry.
Kiss, if you can: resistance if she make,
And will not give you kisses, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man! are words of course;
She struggles but to be subdued by force.

Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.
If once she kiss, her meaning is express;
There wants but little pushing for the rest:
Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or art,
The name of clown then suits with thy desert;
'Tis downright dulness, and a shameful part.
Perhaps, she calls it force; but, if she scape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.
The sex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd ev'n to their own desires.
They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast sight;
But in their souls confess you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curse you with
their heart.

Fair Phœbe and her sister did prefer
To their dull mates the noble ravisher.

What Deidamio did in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What! means Æacides to spin and sew?
With spear and sword in field thy valour shew;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
Which is more worthy to sustain the shield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The same the Fates for Hector's thread assign?
Brandish thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
Which can alone thy ponderous lance command.
In the same room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd,
Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtship he began;
But, to her cost she found it was a man.
'Tis thought she struggled; but withal 'tis
thought,

Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.
For when, disclos'd, and hastening to the field,
He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part:
And now 'tis nature what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
This is the sex; they will not first begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin.
Is there, who thinks that women first should woo?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind;
They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
Ask, that thou may'st enjoy; she waits for this;
And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.

Ev'n Jove himself was forc'd to sue for love;
 None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove.
 But if you find your prayers increase her pride,
 Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.
 They fly when we pursue; but make delay,
 And, when they see you slacken, they will stay.
 Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
 Name not yourself her lover, but her friend.
 How many skittish girls have thus been caught!
 He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
 Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy made;
 A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade.
 'Tis a disgrace for ploughmen to be fair;
 Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
 Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown,
 Is sun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
 But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
 Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
 That colour from the fair compassion draws:
 She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.
 Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
 His paleness did the nymphs to pity move;
 His ghastly visage argued hidden love.
 Nor fail a night-cap in full health, to wear;
 Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.
 All things are decent, that in love avail:
 Read long by night, and study to be pale:
 Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest;
 Be miserable, that you may be blest.

Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most?
 Faith, truth, and friendship, in the world are
 lost;
 A little and an empty name they boast:
 Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise;
 If he believe, thou may'st a rival raise,
 'Tis true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
 Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
 Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
 Ev'n Phædra to Pirithous still was chaste.

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But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
 Those rare examples of a faithful mind.
 The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow;
 Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
 We sin with guile, we love by fraud to gain;
 And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
 From rival foes you may the fair defend;
 But, would you ward the blow, beware your
 friend:

Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
 But from your bosom-friend your cares begin.

Here I had ended, but experience finds,
 That sundry women are of sundry minds;
 With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please:
 They therefore must be caught by various ways.
 All things are not produc'd in any soil;
 This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
 So 'tis in men, but more in womankind:
 Different in face, in manners, and in mind:
 But wise men shift their sails with every wind:
 As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his shape,
 And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape;
 A running stream, a standing tree became,
 A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
 Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are
 struck,
 Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook:
 So turn thyself; and, imitating them,
 Try several tricks, and change thy stratagem.
 One rule will not for different ages hold,
 The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
 Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid;
 Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
 Nor to an ignorant girl of learning speak;
 She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
 And hence 'tis often seen, the simple shun
 The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
 Part of my task is done, and part to do:
 But here 'tis time to rest myself and you.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS.

The Argument.

Chryses, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter Chryseis, who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whose captive and mistress the young lady was, refuses to deliver, threatens the venerable old man, and dismisses him with contumely. The priest craves vengeance of his God; who sends a plague among the Greeks: which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason, why the Gods were so much incensed against them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refusing the presents offered for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath of Phœbus; but, at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her suit. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband for his grant; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of Nectar, and sends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, O Muse, resound;
Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
Betwixt Atreides' great, and Thetis' godlike son.
What Power provok'd, and for what cause
relate,
Sow'd, in their breasts, the seeds of stern debate:
Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
In vengeance of his violated priest,
Against the king of men; who, swoln with pride,
Refus'd his presents, and his prayers deny'd.

For this the God a swift contagion spread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
For venerable Chryses came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood;
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his sceptre of
command.
His suit was common; but above the rest,
To both the brother princes thus address'd:
Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
So may the Gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;

So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conquest back to your sweet native home;
As you receive the ransom which I bring
(Respecting Jove and the far-shooting king),
And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire;
And glad with her return her grieving fire.

With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
And, haughty, these opprobrious words return'd:
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my fight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight:

Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
Lest not that idle sceptre in thy hand, [stand.
Nor thy God's crown, my vow'd revenge with- }
Hence, on thy life: the captive maid is mine;

Whom not for price or prayers I will resign:
Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her prime.

Till then my royal bed she shall attend;
And, having first adorn'd it, late ascend:
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom, }
And homely household-task, shall be her doom, }
Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her sweet na- }
tive home.

He said: the helpless priest reply'd no more.
But sped his steps along the hoarse resounding
shore:

Silent he fled; secure at length he stood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his God:

O source of sacred light, attend my prayer,
God with the silver bow and golden hair;
Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whose broad eye their happy soil surveys;
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy shrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid.

Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts attest
How much thy power is injur'd in thy priest.

He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw; [flew.
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they
Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and sum-
pters sent:

Th' essay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The God nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heavens awful sceptre in her hand,
A council summon'd: for the Goddess griev'd
Her favour'd host should perish unreliev'd.

The kings assembled, soon their chief inclose;
Then from his seat the Goddess born arose,
And thus undaunted spoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watery plains,
And, wandering homeward, seek our safety hence,
In flight at least, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompass us about,
The plague within the camp, the sword without.

Consult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
And whence these ills, and what the Gods intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from
Jove are sent.

What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incense,
To deal his deadly shafts? What may remove
His settled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils; [spoils.
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our
Thus to the king of men the hero spoke,
Then Calchas the desir'd occasion took:
Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past; and things to come
foreknew.

Supreme of augurs, who by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's destruction brought.
Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
The reverend priest in graceful act arose:
And thus bespoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all th' immortal Powers above;
Wouldst thou the seeds deep-sown of mischief
know,

And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those ills, that may ensue.
For I shall tell ungrateful truths, to those
Whose boundless powers of life and death dispose.
And sovereigns, ever jealous of their state,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n though th' offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breast,
Bursts forth in flames; whose unresisted power
Will seize th' unwary wretch, and soon devour.
Such, and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of things; and whom my tongue of
force offends.

Secure me then from his foreseen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may
prevent.

To this the stern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To speak what Phœbus has inspir'd thy soul
For common good; and speak without control.
His Godhead I invoke, by him I swear,
That while my nostrils draw this vital air,
None shall presume to violate those bands;
Or touch thy person with unhallow'd hands:
Ev'n not the king of men that all commands.

At this, resuming heart, the prophet said:
Nor hetacomb unslain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,
Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd priest:
He keeps the damsels captive in his chain, [vain.
And presents are refus'd, and prayers prefer'd in
For this th' avenging Power employs his darts;
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus will persist, relentless in his ire,
Till the fair slave be render'd to her fire:
And ransom-free restor'd to his abode,
With sacrifice to reconcile the God:
Then he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may cease
His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the peace.

Thus having said, he sate : thus answer'd then,
Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breast with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire ;
Which rolling round, he shot in sparkles on the fire :
Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found
Without a priestly curse, or boding sound ;
For not one bless'd event foretold to me
Pass'd through that month, or pass'd unwillingly.
And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy flandering trade.
Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befall ;
And sputtering under specious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause :
Since I detain a slave, my sovereign prize ;
And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
I love her well : and well her merits claim,
'To stand preferr'd before my Grecian dame :
Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better ply'd the various loom :
Mine is the maid ; and brought in happy hour,
With every household grace adorn'd, to bless my
nuptial bower.

Yet shall she be restor'd ; since public good
For private interest ought not to be withstood,
To save th' effusion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I resign my own,
I should not suffer for your sakes alone ;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
The slave without a ransom shall be sent :
It rests for you to make th' equivalent.

To this the fierce Thessalian prince reply'd :
O first in power, but passing all in pride,
Gripping, and still tenacious of thy hold, [soul'd,
Wouldst thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loss thy sacrilege restore ?
Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot :
Which to resume, were both unjust and base ;
Not to be borne but by a servile race.
But this we can : if Saturn's son bestows
The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes ;
Then shall the conquering Greeks thy loss restore,
And with large interest make th' advantage more.

To this Atrides answer'd : Though thy boast
Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Control'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'st Briseis in thy bands,
By priestly glossing on the God's commands ?
Resolve on this, (a short alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give ;
Else I, assure thy soul, by sovereign right
Will seize thy captive in thy own despight.
Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
What other prize my fancy shall prefer :
Then softly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place ;
To things of greater moment let us pass,

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A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare ;
Proud in her trim : and put on board the fair,
With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of
prayer.
The crew well chosen, the command shall be
In Ajax ; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I please in thee :
Most fit thyself to see perform'd th' intent
For which my prisoner from my sight is sent ;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may
relent.

At this Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king askant ; and thus replies :
O, impudent, regardless of thy own,
Whose thoughts are center'd on thyself alone,
Advanc'd to sovereign sway, for better ends
Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand ?
Not I : nor such enforc'd respect I owe ;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote could I sustain,
To leave my fruitful soil and happy reign,
And plough the furges of the stormy main ?
Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar ;
Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph ; ours the toil alone :
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on
the throne.

For thee we fall in fight ; for thee redress
Thy baffled brother ; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'st with unjust decree,
To punish thy affronting heaven, on me.
To seize the prize which I so dearly bought ;
By common suffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine : for still above the rest
Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best.
Though mine are first in fight, to force the prey ;
And last sustain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give ;
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wouldst engross
The whole, insatiate, envy'st as thy loss.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return :
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here sustain the public scorn.

The king, whose brows with shining gold were
bound,
Who saw his throne with scepter'd slaves encom-
pass'd round,
Thus answer'd stern : Go, at thy pleasure, go :
We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight :
Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art least at my command, and most my foe.
Debates, dissensions, uproars, are thy joy ;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone ;
At least 'tis lent from heaven ; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.
But mark this menace ; since I must resign
My black-ey'd maid, to please the Powers divine :

A a

(A well rigg'd vessel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode, [God.
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-shouting
This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the care,
My fame and injur'd honour to repair :
From thy own tent, proud man, in thy despight,
This hand shall ravish thy pretended right.
Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see,
What odds of awful power I have on thee :
That others at thy cost may learn the difference
of degree.

At this th' impatient hero sourly smil'd :
His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd.
And, justled by two tides of equal sway,
Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.
Betwixt his reason, and his rage untam'd ;
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd :
That only counsel'd to the safer side ;
This to the sword, his ready hand apply'd.
Unpunish'd to support th' affront was hard :
Nor easy was th' attempt to force the guard.
But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his blood :
Half shone his faulchion, and half sheath'd it stood.

In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commission'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Descended swift (the white arm'd Queen was loath
The fight should follow; for she favour'd both) :
Just as in act he stood, in clouds enshrin'd,
Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind ;
Then backward by his yellow curls she drew ;
To him, and him alone, confess'd in view.
Tam'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with surprise :
But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke :

Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs ?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs
Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus rejoind :
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reason will resume her sovereign sway,
And, sent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect :
Then give thy guardian Gods their due respect ;
And cease contention ; be thy words severe,
Sharp as he merits : but the sword forbear.
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront shall dearly pay :
When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain,
'To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailing word,
Compose thy swelling soul, and sheath the sword.

The youth thus answer'd mild ; Auspicious
Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The Gods are just, and when, subduing sense,
We serve their Powers, provide the recompence.
He said ; with surly faith believ'd her word,
And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword.
Her message done, she mounts the bless'd abodes,
And mix'd among the senate of the Gods.

At her departure his disdain return'd,
The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd ;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent :
Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent :

Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight ;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled prease,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace ?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul ;
'Tis death to fight ; but kingly to control.
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents ; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this sceptre, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch
shall bear,

Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to those
Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift shall bribe it, and no prayer persuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide to wield
His conquering arms, with corps to strow the field,
Then shalt thou mourn thy pride ; and late confess
My wrong repented, when 'tis past redress.

He said : and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden sceptre threw ;
Then fate : with boiling rage Atreides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.

But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
With reasoning mild, their madness to compose :
Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd ;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd ;
And now began the third ; unbroken yet :
Once fam'd for courage, still in council great.

What worse, he said, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than these distemper'd heats ? If both the lights
Of Greece their private interest disunite !
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let these youthful passions be repress'd :
I flourish'd long before your birth ; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men
Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold again. }
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide ; their fame to share.
Nor idle stood with unassisting hands, [bands,
When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage
Their virtuous toil subdu'd : yet those I sway'd,
With powerful speech : I spoke, and they obey'd.
If such as those my counsels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name.
Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sovereign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey :
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whose throne, ev'n kings their lower'd
sceptres bend.

The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchless thy force ; but mightier his command :
Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway ;
Power, self-restrain'd, the people best obey.

Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
 Command thyself, whom no commands can force.
 The son of Thetis, rampire of our host, [lost.
 Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my prayers be

Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
 His silence next; but ponder'd e'er he spoke.
 Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,
 But this proud man affects imperial sway.
 Controlling kings, and trampling on our state,
 His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
 The Gods have given him strength: but whence
 the stile

Of lawless power assum'd, or licence to revile?

Achilles cut him short; and thus reply'd:
 My worth, allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.
 For who but a poltron, possess'd with fear,
 Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?
 Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul disdains
 A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.
 Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
 (Though mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:
 But she excepted, as unworthy strife,
 Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
 Touch aught of mine beside, by lot my due,
 But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
 This fauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
 These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.

He said; and rose the first: the council broke;
 And all their grave consults dissolv'd in smoke.

The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
 Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.

Meantime, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
 Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars:
 And next, to reconcile the shooter God,
 Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd:
 Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand
 Ulysses took, intrusted with command:
 They plow the liquid seas, and leave the lessening
 land.

Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
 Bade purify the sun-polluted host.
 With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd;
 Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
 Black bulls and bearded goats on altars lie;
 And clouds of savory stench involve the sky.
 These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
 For shew; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
 Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
 At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
 Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
 Herald of arms, and ministers of trust,
 He call'd, and thus bespoke: Haste hence your
 way:

And from the Goddess-born demand his prey.
 If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
 The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride:
 And with arm'd multitudes in person come,
 To vindicate his power, and justify his doom.

This hard command unwilling they obey,
 And o'er the barren shore pursue their way,
 Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thef-
 salians lay.

Their sovereign seated on his chair, they find;
 His pensive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
 And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.

With gloomy looks he saw them entering in
 Without salute: nor durst they first begin,
 Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.
 He soon, the cause divining, clear'd his brow;
 And thus did liberty of speech allow.

Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
 Awful your character, and uncontrol'd,
 Howe'er unpleasing be the news you bring,
 I blame not you, but your imperious king.
 You come, I know, my captive to demand;
 Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
 But you, authentic witnesses I bring,
 Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king,
 Of this my manifest: that never more
 This hand shall combat on the crooked shore:
 No, let the Grecian powers, oppress'd in fight,
 Unpity'd perish in their tyrant's fight.
 Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
 He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
 Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
 And his insulted camp from foes defend.
 He said; and soon obeying his intent,
 Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
 Then to th' intrusted messengers resign'd:
 She wept, and often cast her eyes behind: [thence,
 Forc'd from the man she lov'd: they led her
 Along the shore, a prisoner to their prince.

Sole on the barren sands the suffering chief
 Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
 Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
 And his upbraided mother thus bespoke:

Unhappy parent of a short-liv'd son,
 Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
 To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
 Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
 Suffering his king of men to force my slave,
 Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave.
 Set by old Ocean's side the Goddess heard;
 Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd:
 Rose like a morning-mist; and thus begun
 To sooth the sorrows of her plaintive son.
 Why cries my Care, and why conceals his smart?
 Let thy afflicted parent share her part.

Then, sighing from the bottom of his breast,
 To the Sea-Goddess thus the Goddess-born ad-
 dress'd:

Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recalls:
 By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;
 The ransack'd city, taken by our toils,
 We left, and hither brought the golden spoils;
 Equal we shar'd them; but before the rest,
 The proud Prerogative had seiz'd the best.
 Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
 Chryseis rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
 Her sire, Apollo's priest, arriv'd to buy,
 With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughters liberty,
 Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood,
 Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his God:
 Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
 Held forth his laurel crown, and one, his sceptre
 of command.

His suit was common, but above the rest
 To both the brother princes was address'd.
 With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
 To take the gifts, to set the prisoner free.

Not so the tyrant, who with scorn the priest
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words dismiss'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
The Godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held so dear;
In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped;
And heaps on heaps of slaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length
arose

A seer who well divin'd; and durst disclose
The source of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the sacred slave to be restor'd,
The God appeas'd: the swelling monarch storm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he since perform'd:
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal priest his daughter sent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And seiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common suffrage given; but, thou, be won.
If in thy power, t' avenge thy injur'd son:
Ascend the skies; and supplicating move
Thy just complaints, to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed hast wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often hast thou said
Thy power was once not useless in his aid,
When he, who high above the highest reigns,
Surpris'd by traitor Gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the seas conspir'd,
Thou freed'st the sovereign of unworthy hands,
Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heaven, but mortal men below
By his terrestrial name Ægeon know:
Twice stronger than his sire, who sat above
Assessor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
The Gods, dismay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd crime pursue.
That action to his grateful mind recal;
Embrace his knees, and at his footstool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp enclose:
Ours beaten to the shore, the siege forsake;
And what their king deserves, with him partake.
That the proud tyrant, at his proper cost,
May learn the value of the man he lost.

To whom the Mother-goddes thus reply'd,
Sigh'd e'er she spoke, and while she spoke she
cry'd:

Ah, wretched me! by Fates averse, decreed,
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heaven not otherwise ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ships thou shouldst remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.
But now thy planet sheds his poisonous rays
And short, and full of sorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heaven I will ascend,
And at the Thunderer's throne thy suit commend.
Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy spight.
For yesterday the court of heaven with Jove
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the Gods their solemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the deep.

Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and suppliant to the fire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy desire.

She said: and parting left him on the place,
Swoln with disdain, resenting his disgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.
Meantime with prosperous gales Ulysses brought
The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught,
To Chrysa's port; where, entering with the tide,
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd;
Furl'd every sail, and drawing down the mast,
His vessel moor'd, and made with haulsers fast.
Descending on the plain, ashore they bring
The hecatomb, to please the shooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulysses led, and thus bespoke her fire:

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd;
The king of men thy daughter has restor'd,
And sent by me with presents and with prayer;
He recommends him to thy pious care,
That Phœbus at thy suit his wrath may cease,
And give the penitent offenders peace.

He said, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile bands.
This done, in order they, with sober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place;
Then wash'd, and took the cakes; while Chryses
stood

With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God:

God of the silver bow, whose eyes survey
The sacred Cilla, thou whose awful sway
Chrysa the bless'd, and Tenedos, obey,
Now hear, as thou before my prayer hast heard,
Against the Grecians and their prince prefer'd:
Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again
Thy priest; nor let his second vows be vain;
But from th' afflicted host, and humbled prince,
Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his disdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece respir'd again.

Now when the solemn rites of prayer were
past,

Their salted cakes on crackling flames they cast:
Then turning back, the sacrifice they sped,
The fatted oxen slew, and flea'd the dead;
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next pre-
par'd

T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with skewers
prick'd

About the sides, imbibing what they deck'd.
The priest with holy hands was seen to tinge
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire; and as it burn'd,
On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they
turn'd.

These morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest
They cut in legs and fillets for the feast;
Which drawn and serv'd, their hunger they ap-
pease

With savory meat, and set their minds at ease.

Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.

The first libations to the Gods they pour;
 And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
 Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring,
 With hymns and pæans to the bowyer king.
 At sun-set to their ship they make return,
 And snore secure on decks till rosy morn.
 The skies with dawning day were purpled o'er.
 Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the shore.
 The Power appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the sail;
 The bellying canvas strutted with the gale:
 The waves indignant roar with furly pride,
 And press against the fides, and beaten off, divide.
 They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
 Superior, till the Trojan port they held;
 Then hauling on the strand, their galley moor,
 And pitch their tents along the crooked shore.
 Meantime the Goddess-born in secret pin'd,
 Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd;
 But keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
 With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head,
 And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
 And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the
 dying sounds.

Now when twelve days complete had run their
 race,

The Gods bethought them of the cares belonging
 to their place.

Jove at their head ascending from the sea:
 A shoal of puny Powers attend his way.
 Then Theris, not unmindful of her son,
 Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
 Pursued their track; and waken'd from his rest,
 Before the sovereign stood a morning guest.
 Him in the circle, but apart, she found:
 The rest at awful distance stood around.
 She bow'd; and ere she durst her suit begin,
 One hand embrac'd his knees, one prop'd his
 chin.

Then thus: If I, celestial fire, in ought
 Have serv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,
 One glimpse of glory to my issue give,
 Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
 Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands:
 His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.
 But thou, O father, in my son's defence,
 Assume thy power, assert thy providence.
 Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
 With doubled honours, and redeem'd his aid.

She ceas'd; but the considering God was mute;
 Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her suit,
 Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply;
 Or grant me my petition, or deny:
 Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face,
 That I, of all the Gods, am least in grace.
 This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd;
 And sighing first, this answer he return'd:

Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my
 reign,

What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain?
 In council she gives licence to her tongue,
 Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong:
 And now she will my partial power upbraid,
 If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
 But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight:
 The care be mine, to do Pelides right.

Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely;
 When, nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.
 This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
 The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come:
 The stamp of heaven, and seal of fate. He said,
 And shook the sacred honours of his head.
 With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill;
 And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.
 The Goddess goes exulting from his sight,
 And seeks the seas profound, and leaves the realms
 of light.

He moves into his hall: the Powers resort,
 Each from his house, to fill the sovereign's court;
 Nor waiting summons, nor expecting flood;
 But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
 He mounts the throne; and Juno took her
 place;

But sullen discontent fate lowering on her face.
 With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
 Whispering with Jove, the silver-footed Queen;
 Then, impotent of tongue (her silence broke)
 Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke.

Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
 Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
 Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
 For some old service done, some new reward?
 Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care,
 The concert never must the council share.
 One gracious word is for a wife too much:
 Such is a marriage-vow; and Jove's own faith is
 such.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
 What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
 Ev'n Goddesses are women; and no wife
 Has power to regulate her husband's life:
 Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear
 The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
 What I transact with others, or alone,
 Beware to learn, nor press too near the throne.
 To whom the Goddess with the charming eyes:
 What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies!
 When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
 Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in
 vain?

But well thou do'st, to hide from common sight
 Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
 Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed dame,
 Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
 To grace her issue, at the Grecians' cost,
 And for one peevish man destroy an host.

To whom the Thunderer made this stern re-
 ply:
 My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
 Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye!
 Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
 Jove will be master still, and Juno fail.
 Should thy suspicious thoughts divine aright,
 Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight,
 For this attempt: uneasy life to me,
 Still watch'd and importun'd, but worse for thee.
 Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
 The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
 Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
 To lift a hand against Omnipotence.

A a iij

This heard, th' imperious Queen fate mute
with fear,
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke;
Nor could the Gods, abash'd, sustain their sove-
reign's look.

The limping Smith observ'd the sudden feast,
And hopping here and there, (himself a jest)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heaven will be of civil war,
If Gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?
Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast;
One grain of bad embitters all the best.
Mother, though wise yourself, my counsel weigh;
'Tis much unsafe my fire to disobey.
Not only you provoke him to your cost,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good cheer is lost.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power
To throw you headlong, from his heavenly tower,
But one submissive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good humour with us all.

He said no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand, and thus pursu'd,
This curst quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still;
Though griev'd, yet subject to her husband's will.

I would not see you beaten, yet, afraid.
Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless hour
When I and all the Gods employ'd our power
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw.
All day I fell: my slight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting sun:
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd skull, the Sinthians heal'd
my wound.

At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smil'd,
And smiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which empty'd, the rude skinker still restor'd.
Loud fits of laughter seiz'd the guests, to see
The limping God so deft at his new ministry.
The feast continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then
'twas night.

Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muses sung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
Each to his house; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thundering God
Ev'n withdrew to rest, and had his load.
His swimming head to needful sleep apply'd,
And Juno lay unheeded by his side,

THE LAST PARTING OF
HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE
SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The Argument.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand in hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

Thus having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son,
To climb the steep tower of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.

But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession, to Minerva's fane?
The servant's answer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort,

Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;
But, more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the tower was gone,
There to survey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurse went lagging after with the child.

This heard, the noble Hector made no stay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He pass'd through every street, by which he
came,

And at the gate he met the mournful dame.

His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dower Celicia's crown,
And, in herself, a greater dower alone:

Action's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild;
The nurse came lagging after with the child.

The royal babe upon her breast was laid;
Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Aftyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.

Hector beheld him with a silent smile:
His tender wife stood weeping by the while:
Press'd in her own, his warlike hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke:
Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might:
Better it were for miserable me

To die, before the fate which I foresee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?

Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father flew;
He flew Action, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Enclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.

My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark mansions took their mournful
way;

Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep.
My mother, who the royal sceptre sway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld; for soon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chace transfix'd her heart.

But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty plain;
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost:
This is a husband's and a father's post.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marshal all thy soldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often seen,
And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with these
Fierce Diomedes and bold Meriones:

Uncertain if by augury or chance,
But by this easy rise they all advance;
Guard well that pass, secure of all beside.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
That and the rest are in my daily care;
But should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains.
And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains.
The Grecian swords and lances I can bear:
But loss of honour is my only fear.

Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belie his courage, and forsake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And still have been the foremost in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,
That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall;
And universal ruin cover all.

Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whose valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.

I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy shame.
This when they say, thy sorrows will increase
With anxious thoughts of former happiness;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress.
But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.

He said—

Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father shunning with affright,
And looking back on so uncouth a sight;
Daunted to see a face with steel o'erspread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His sire and mother smil'd with silent joy;
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy;
Dismiss'd his burnish'd helm, and shone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illustrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he
spoke:

Parent of Gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you bright synod of the Powers above;
On this my son your gracious gifts bestow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To shield the people, and assert the crown:

That, when hereafter he from war shall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me.
May say, the son in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name :
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice.

Thus having said,
He first with suppliant hands the Gods ador'd :
Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd ;
With tears and smiles she took her son, and press'd
Th' illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her sorrows with this last relief.

My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
Nor give so bad an omen to the day ;

Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of destiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and most of all to me.

At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back in silence mourn'd :
Home when she came, her secret woe she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments ;
Those loud laments her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

TRANSLATIONS FROM
THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIVS, AND
HORACE.

PREFACE, CONCERNING MR. DRYDEN'S
TRANSLATIONS.

FOR this last half year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of translations: the cold prose fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in the history of the League; the hot, which succeeded them, in verse miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting but the humour would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil, and immediately fixed upon some parts of them which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible. It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse; which made me uneasy, till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice: For many a fair precept in poetry is, like a seeming demonstration in the mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions: I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a va-

nity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discovered some beauty yet undiscovered by those pedants, which none but a poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English: and where I have enlarged them, I desire the false critics would not always think, that those thoughts are wholly mine; but that either they are secretly in the poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his; and that, if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and

a bad. It is one thing to draw the out-lines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Ogilby's have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcase would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versifica-

tion, of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that, if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely), that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like: and this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines; and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil; though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it, frequently makes use of Synalæpha's, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness: he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him; for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where

they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself; for where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous, of any translation of the *Æneid*; yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line, is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet; and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not; he is confined by the sense of the inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: so that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they who have called him the torture of grammarians, might also have called him the plague of translators; for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that Episode too literally; that, giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that version, which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has lost of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself, is only, that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. By considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other Poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty: nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words,

and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his (I must once again say) is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the hastiness of my performance, would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense: but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be, I understand him better: at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse: they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this:

“When Lausus died, I was already slain.”

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

“Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
“As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine,”

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies: for the method of the *Georgics* is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine *Æneid*. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has most laboured; and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron

Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him; and using a magisterial authority while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmesbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt; of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this too with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his system of nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves before-hand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death, is a burthen insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate. So that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, and there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them:

powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the Prosopopeia of nature, who is brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

I have not here design'd to rob the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed is more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translations are very different. He follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he used my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him; and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be dispatched, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the

natural expression of them in words so becoming a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes. He shews his art and learning, by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is between Tasso's Aminta and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and Plato, and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid: he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country ruffet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate, because the severity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spenser has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it succeed in English: for which reason I have forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Siciliaus, who spoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand, nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be considered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satyrist, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for, let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his philosophy is Epicurean; and he made use of Gods and Providence only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms, which are the most instructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming, are no part of my present undertaking, I confine myself wholly to his Odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are panegyric, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject, with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or stanza, in every Ode. That which will distinguish his style from all other Poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to speak English) in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's; but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in

Petronius is called, "*Curiosa Felicitas*," and which I suppose he had from the "*Felicitate audere*" of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be his briskness, his jollity, and his good humour: and those I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confess, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleased me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindaric verse; it is that which is inscribed to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my master-piece in English; for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread: but it has not been considered enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom (to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of the English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's Paradise Lost is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats against his elevations, when it is evident he creeps along sometimes for above an hundred yards together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry. Since Pindar was the Prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verse can never be complete: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows, without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done

like the shadowing of a picture, which falls by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explained myself as to be understood; but if I have not, "quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantum" must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a nobler sort of Poetry so happily restored by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise in another age, and bring it to perfection. In the mean time.

" — Fungar vice cotis, acutum

" Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa se-
" candi."

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This, I grant, is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urged, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case), why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? This objection is unanswerable; but, in part of recompence, let me assure the reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment, in these incorrect Essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS.

AMARYLLIS:

OR,

THE THIRD IDYLIUM OF THEOCRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

To Amaryllis Love compels my way,
My browsing goats upon the mountains stray :
O Tityrus, tend them well, and see them fed }
In pastures fresh, and to their watering led ;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head. }
Ah, beauteous nymph ! can you forget your love,
The conscious grøtts, and the shady grove ;
Where stretch'd at ease your tender limbs were
laid,
Your nameless beauties nakedly display'd ?
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
With kisses such as set my soul on fire :
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same ;
My heart maintains for both a double flame ;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn :
So faithful I, and you so much forsworn !
I die, and death will finish all my pain ;
Yet, e'er I die, behold me once again :
And I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late ?
What partial judges are our love and hate !
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear ;
How ruddy, like your lips, their streaks appear !
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmost branch (the tree was high) :
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reserv'd.
Look on me kindly, and some pity shew,
Or give me leave at least to look on you.

Some God transform me by his heavenly power
Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy chaplet to invade,
And folded fern that your fare forehead shade.
Now to my cost the force of Love I find ;
The heavy hand it bears on human-kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taste of blood ; }
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the }
wood.
Ah, nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the sufferings of your slaves your sport !
Unheeded ruin ! treacherous delight !
O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight !
Whose radiant eyes your ebony brows adorn,
Like midnight those, and these like break of morn !
Smile once again, revive me with your charms ;
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not ask to live another day,
Might I but sweetly kiss my soul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd ?
For kisses are but empty when compar'd.
I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
The garland, which I wove for you to wear,
Of parsley, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a rosy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard !
Since I must die, why is my fate deferr'd !

I strip my body of my shepherd's frock :
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
Where yon old fisher views the waves from high !
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shore,
But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, seeking my success in love to know,
I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay :
I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow ;
Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow :
And which was worse, if any worse could prove,
The withering leaf foreshew'd your withering
love.

Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares !)
My last recourse I had to sieve and sheers ;
And told the witch Agreo my disease :
Agreo, that in harvest us'd to lease :
But harvest done, to chare-work did aspire ;
Meat, drink, and two-pence, was her daily hire.
To work she went, her charms she mutter'd o'er,
And yet the resty sieve wagg'd ne'er the more ;
I wept for woe, the testy beldame swore,
And, foaming with her God, foretold my fate ;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide ;
Two milk-white kids ran frisking by her side,
For which the nut-brown lass, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a savoury kiss.
Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price :
What madman would o'erstand his market
twice !

My right eye itches, some good luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear ;
I'll set up such a note as she shall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would move ?
She must be flint, if she refuse my love.

VOL. VI.

Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife
To win his lady, or to lose his life,
(What shift some men will make to get a wife !)
Threw down a golden apple in her way ;
For all her haste she could not choose but stay :
Renown said, Run ; the glittering bribe cry'd,
Hold ;
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed)
That stopt the fatal fury of her speed :
She saw, she sigh'd ; her nimble feet refuse
Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.
A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,
(No matter which, so neither of them lie)
From steepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd ; and for his pains enjoy'd his love :
If such another wager should be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and on celestial minds ;
Venus the shepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd something else besides the crook ;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How blest was fair Endymion with his Moon,
Who sleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon !
What Jason from Medea's love possess'd,
You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.
My aching head can scarce support the pain ;
This curst love will surely turn my brain :
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity ;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy sweat does o'er my temples creep ;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron sleep :
I lay me down to gasp my latest breath,
The wolves will get a breakfast by my death ;
Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
For Love has made me carrion e'er I die.

B b

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF
HELEN AND MENE LAUS.

FROM THE
EIGHTEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
'There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted
flowers bespread.

Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must be,
And Jove himself was less a God than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the
ground.

This was their song: Why, happy bridegroom,
why,

Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,
Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed?
Has Somnus brush'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play,
At sports more harmless till the break of day:

Give us this evening; thou hast morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.

O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd,
Of rival princes, Cupid sneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen sent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore.
Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee son:
Betwixt two sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her must be divine.

Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelvescore viragoes of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurota's banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,
When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
So, when the night and winter disappear,
The purple morning, rising with the year,
Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the skies:
So beauteous Helen shines among the rest,
Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Thessalian steeds the race adorn;

So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beside.
Like her no nymph can willing others bend
In basket-works, which painted streaks com-
mend :
With Pallas in the loom she may contend.
But none, ah ! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire ;
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream :
None can record their heavenly praise so well
As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand Cupids
dwell,

O fair, O graceful ! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's sun a matron shall behold
Yet ere to-morrow's sun shall shew his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all shall weep and wish for thy return,
As bleating lambs their absent mother mourn.
Our noblest maids shall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauty's due,
High on a plane-tree shall be hung to view :

On the smooth rind the passenger shall see
Thy name engrav'd, and worship Helen's tree :
Balm, from a silver box distill'd around, [ground.
Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the sacred
The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law to Jove !
With fruitful joys Latona bless your love ;
Let Venus furnish you with full desires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires :
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy store,
Give much to you, and to his grandsons more.
From generous loins a generous race will spring,
Each girl, like her, a queen ; each boy, like you,
a king.

Now sleep, if sleep you can ; but while you rest,
Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to breast :
Rise in the morn ; but oh ! before you rise,
Forget not to perform your morning sacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd
flock.

Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in battle won.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

FROM THE

TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

With inauspicious love, a wretched swain
Pursued the fairest nymph of all the plain ;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair :
Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his gifts despis'd ;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts ;
But either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping boy ;
No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
But, as a hunted panther casts about [scout,
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her listening ears to
So she, to shun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to
frown,
Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown :

Her fallow cheeks her envious mind did shew,
And every feature spoke aloud the curtness of a
shrew,
Yet could not he his obvious fate escape :
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape ;
And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain :
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief :
With tears so tender as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood :
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look ;
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke :
Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race !
Thy tigress heart belies thy angel face :

Too well thou shew'dst thy pedigree from stone :
 Thy grandame's was the first by Pyrrha thrown :
 Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd ;
 But so my love, and so my fate requir'd.
 I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live ;
 But take this gift, the last that I can give.
 This friendly cord shall soon decide the strife
 Betwixt my lingering love and loathsome life :
 This moment puts an end to all my pain ;
 I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
 Farewell, ungrateful and unkind ! I go
 Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
 I go th' extremest remedy to prove,
 To drink oblivion, and to drench my love :
 There happily to lose my long desires :
 But ah ! what draught so deep to quench my fires ?
 Farewell, ye never opening gates, ye stones,
 And threshold guilty of my midnight moans.
 What I have suffer'd here, ye know too well ;
 What I shall do, the Gods and I can tell.
 The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time ;
 The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;
 White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
 And whiter snow in minutes melts away :
 Such is your blooming youth, and withering so :
 The time will come, it will, when you shall
 know

The rage of love ; your haughty heart shall burn
 In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
 Obdurate as you are, oh ! hear at least
 My dying prayers, and grant my last request.
 When first you ope your doors, and passing by
 The sad ill omen'd object meets your eye,
 Think it not lost, a moment if you stay ;
 The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey :
 Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
 To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
 I wish (but oh ! my wish is vain, I fear)
 The kind oblation of a falling tear :
 Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
 And spread your mantle o'er my grisly face ;

Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss :
 O envy not the dead ; they feel not bliss !
 Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath ;
 Ev'n you are not more pitiless than death.
 Then for my corpse a homely grave provide,
 Which love and me from public scorn may hide.
 Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your
 breast,

And hail me thrice to everlasting rest :

Last, let my tomb this sad inscription bear :

A wretch, whom love has kill'd, lies buried }
 O passengers, Aminta's eyes beware. [here :

Thus having said, and furious with his love,
 He heav'd with more than human force to move
 A weighty stone (the labour of a team),
 And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbour-
 ing beam :

Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
 And fitted to his neck the fatal noose ;
 Then spurning backward, took a swing, till death
 Crept up, and stopt the passage of his breath.
 The bounce burst ope the door : the scornful fair
 Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quivering
 feet in air ;

Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
 Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by :
 And, as she pass'd, her chance or fate was such,
 Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the
 touch :

Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move ;
 The bath was sacred to the God of Love ;
 Whose injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
 Stood threatening from a pedestal on high :
 Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
 He fell, and falling, crush'd th' ungrateful nymph
 below :

Her gushing blood the pavement all besmear'd :

And this her last expiring voice was herad :

Lovers, farewell ; revenge has reach'd my
 scorn : [turn.

Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love re-

TRANSLATIONS FROM LUCRETII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETII.

DELIGHT of human kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whose vital power, air, earth, and sea, supplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling
skies:

For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, Goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:

For thee the land in fragrant flowers is drest;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her
wavy breast;

And heaven itself with more serene and purer
light is blest.

For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd;
When teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year,
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess:
Then savage beasts bound o'er their flighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging
flood.

All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea;
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
The leafy forest, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundless reign:
Through all the living regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly seeds
of love.

Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful or lovesome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire:
While all thy province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heaven and earth, and every where thy
wondrous power display;

To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost
adorn.

The rather then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing verses worthy him and thee. [cease,
Meantime on land and sea let barbarous discord
And lull the listening world in universal peace.

To thee mankind their soft repose must owe,
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;

Because the brutal business of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful servant's care;

Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleasing pains of thy eternal love;

And, panting on thy breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his fa-
mish'd eyes,

Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath, [death.
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing

There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,

When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auspicious moment try,

With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world restore.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETII.

'Tis pleasant, safely to behold from shore
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war:
But much more sweet thy labouring steps to
guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind;

To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For wit and power; their last endeavours bend
T' outshine each other, waste their time and
health

In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span, and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires with more than nature needs!
For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight;
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears, ob-
tain;

A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires,
So bounded are our natural desires,
That, wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.
If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
To light the costly suppers and the balls;
If the proud palace shines not with the state
Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
By the cool stream, our careless limbs are laid;
With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm spring with gaudy flowers is
drest.

Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state:
But the poor patient will as soon be found
On the hard mattrafs, or the mother ground.
Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind;
Unless we could suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their sound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death
away.

But since the supposition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince,

Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to purple or to gold;
Why should not we these pageantries despise,
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
For life is all in wandering errors led;
And just as children are surpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper years,
Ev'n in broad day-light, are possess'd with fears,
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain
As those which in the breasts of children reign.
These bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But nature and right reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the darksome soul
to day.

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF LU-
CRETIUS.

"Tum porrò puer, &c."

Thus, like a sailor by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world;
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room,
Too true presages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor purse to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blasts they fear;
Nor change their habits with the changing year;
Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare;
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
Unlabour'd earth her bounteous treasure grants;
And nature's lavish hand supplies their common
wants.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Inscribed to the Earl of Roscommon, on his intended Voyage to Ireland.

So may th' auspicious queen of love,
And the twin stars, the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore,
And save the better part of me
From perishing with him at sea.
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side;
Or his at least, in hollow wood,
Who tempted first the briny flood,
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore,
Nor Hyades portending rain,
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with stedfast sight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep!
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships, and men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable main,
Th' eternal fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship, can restrain
Ambitious man, inur'd to pain:
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from heaven the seeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing track pursue:

Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms th' offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground;
And limping death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dædalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay scarce the Gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

I.
BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the labouring woods below:
And streams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

II.
With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit and love inspires:
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.
Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the world below;
At his command the storms invade;
The winds by his commission blow;
Till with a nod he bids them cease,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.
To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of fortune's power:

Nor love, nor love's delights disdain;
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day, is gain.

v.

Secure those golden earthly joys,
That youth unfour'd with sorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taste destroys,
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in season best.

vi.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the Gods for youth ordain.

THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Paraphras'd in Pindaric Verse, and inscribed to
the Right Honourable Laurence Earl of Ro-
chester.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
The rosy wreath is ready made:
And artful hands prepare [hair.

ii.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries come away;
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care:
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.

iii.

Leave for a while thy costly country seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great:
Make haste and come:
Come, and forsake thy cloying store;
Thy turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome;
And all the busy pageantry
The wise men scorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the plea-
sures of the poor.

iv.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
A savory dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

v.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high,
The Syrian star,
Barks from afar,

And with his sultry breath infects the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heavens a-
bove us fry.

The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvens to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades and
streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the
raging fire.

vi.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has, wisely, hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state:
When mortals search too soon, and fear to late.

vii.

Enjoy the present smiling hour;
And put it out of fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd
honours mourn.

viii.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine,
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my
hour.

ix.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless:
Still various and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the winds, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away: [sign'd:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly re-
Content with poverty, my foul I am;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

x.

What is 't to me,
 Who never fail in her unfaithful sea,
 If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
 If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
 Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain;
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,
 While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
 For me, secure from fortune's blows,
 Secure of what I cannot lose,
 In my small pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blustering roar;
 And, running with a merry gale,
 With friendly stars my safety seek
 Within some little winding creek:
 And see the storm ashore.

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

How happy in his low degree,
 How rich in humble poverty, is he,
 Who leads a quiet country life;
 Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
 And from the griping scrivener free!
 Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
 Liv'd men in better ages born,
 Who plow'd with oxen of their own
 Their small paternal field of corn.
 Nor trumpets summon him to war,
 Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
 Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
 Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
 The clamours of contentious law,
 And court, and state, he wisely shuns,
 Nor, brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
 To servile salutations runs;
 But either to the clasping vine
 Does the supporting poplar wed,
 Or with his pruning-hook disjoin
 Unbearing branches from their head,
 And grafts more happy in their stead;
 Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
 He views his herds in vales afar,
 Or shears his overburden'd sheep,
 Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
 Of virgin honey in the jars.
 Or in the now declining year,
 When bounteous autumn rears his head,
 He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
 And clustering grapes with purple spread.
 The fairest of his fruit he serves,
 Priapos, thy rewards;
 Sylvanus too his part deserves,
 Whose care the fences guards,
 Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
 Or on the matted grass, he lies;
 No God of sleep he need invoke:

The stream that o'er the pebbles flies
 With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
 The wind that whistles through the sprays
 Maintains the concert of the song;
 And hidden birds with native lays
 The golden sleep prolong.
 But, when the blasts of winter blows,
 And hoary frost inverts the year,
 Into the naked woods he goes,
 And seeks the trusty boar to rear,
 With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed spear!
 Or spreads his subtle nets from sight
 With twinkling glasses, to betray
 The larks that in the meadows light,
 Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
 Amidst his harmless easy joys
 No anxious care invades his health,
 Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
 But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
 To ease the business of his life,
 Divides with him his household care,
 Such as the Sabine matrons were,
 Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
 Sun-burnt and swarthy though she be,
 Will fire for winter nights provide,
 And without noise will oversee
 His children and his family;
 And order all things till he come,
 Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
 If she in pens his flocks will fold,
 And then produce her dairy store,
 With wine to drive away the cold,
 And unbought dainties of the poor;
 Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
 My sober appetite would wish,
 Nor turbot, or the foreign fish
 That rolling tempests overtake,
 And hither waft the costly dish.
 Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
 Which Phasis or Ionia yields,
 More pleasing morsels would afford
 Than the fat olives of my fields;
 Than shards or mallows for the pot,
 That keep the loosen'd body sound,
 Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
 To the just guardian of my ground.
 Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
 The jolly shepherd smiles to see
 His flock returning from the plains;
 The farmer is as pleas'd as he
 To view his oxen sweating smoke,
 Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke:
 To look upon his menial crew,
 That sit around his cheerful hearth,
 And bodies spent in toil renew
 With wholesome food and country mirth.
 This Morecraft said within himself,
 Resolv'd to leave the wicked town:
 And live retir'd upon his own,
 He call'd his money in;
 But the prevailing love of pelf,
 Soon split him on the former shelf,
 He put it out again.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN EARL OF ROCHESTER,

Containing his
SELECT POEMS.

To which is prefixed
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all sort of self-denial.
Which way so'er desire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
And if exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a pleasure I beget,
No matter though the censuring critics fret.

EPISTLE TO LORD MULGRAVE.

I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
And some few more, whom I omit to name.
Approve my sense: I count their censure fame.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN EARL OF ROCHESTER

Containing his

SELECT POEMS

WITH A

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

I am sure of those who think themselves happy
 Not with the vain hope to be admired;
 The more I love I have (upon long night)
 I would with care all sort of self-denial
 Which may for or desire and fancy lead
 (Conscious of some) that path I holdly tread
 And I repeat when I like for wit
 To my dear friend a pleasure I bring
 The matter though the country office here

EDMUND SPENSER

I love the riddle, as though for me
 In Solity, Shewell, Spenser, Wycherley,
 Godefrid, Butler, Rochester, Buckingham
 And some few more, whom I once to name
 Approve my taste: I count them various names

IMPRESSION OF BOOKS

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE

1791

THE LIFE OF ROCHESTER.

JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester, was born at Ditchley, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, on the 10th of April 1647. His father, Henry Earl of Rochester (better known by the title of Lord Wilmot), engaged with great zeal in the service of Charles I. during the civil wars; and was much in favour with Charles II. who intrusted his person to him after the battle of Worcester, and owed his escape into France chiefly to his care, application and vigilance. He died in 1660, immediately before the Restoration, leaving his son his titles, and the merit of his services, as the principal part of his inheritance.

His mother was of the ancient family of the St Johns, in Wiltshire; and was no less celebrated for her beauty, than for her economy, by which she supplied the deficiency of fortune, in giving her son an education suitable to his birth.

He was instructed in classical learning at the free-school of Burford, where he gave early proofs of the vigour of his understanding, and the vivacity of his imagination; and acquired the Latin in such perfection, that he retained a relish for the best writers in that language during the remainder of his life.

In 1659, when only twelve years old, he was entered a nobleman into Wadham college, Oxford, under the tuition of Dr. Blandford, afterwards bishop of Worcester; and, in 1661, was, with some other persons of high rank, made master of arts by Lord Clarendon, then chancellor of the university, in person.

He travelled afterwards into France and Italy, under the care of Dr. Balfour, a man of probity and learning; whose fine address reclaimed him from the intemperance to which he was very early addicted, and reconciled him to his studies, which he had, through youthful levity, forsaken; and of which he was never afterwards wholly negligent, except in his paroxysms of ebriety.

He returned from his travels in the eighteenth year of his age, with the advantages of a graceful person, and the most refined breeding; and devoted himself to the court, which then abounded with men of wit and pleasure, countenanced by a merry king, who relished nothing so much as brilliant conversation and licentious gaiety. The elegance of his manners, and the vivacity of his colloquial wit, made his company eagerly coveted by King Charles, who first made him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, and then comptroller of Woodstock park.

In 1665, he went to sea with the earl of Sandwich; and was in the ship commanded by Sir Thomas Tiddeman, when the attack was made on the Dutch East India fleet, in the port of Bergen, in which he distinguished himself by uncommon intrepidity; and the next summer he served on board Sir Edward Spragge, who, in the heat of the great sea-fight of that year, having a message of re-

proof to send to one of his captains, could find no man ready to carry it, but Rochester; who, in an open boat, went and returned amidst the storm of shot.

He appeared at court with great advantage after his naval expeditions. But his reputation for courage was not lasting; for, in many street quarrels, he discovered a timid, pusillanimous spirit: and the Earl of Mulgrave has left a story of his refusal to fight him, when he came to the place appointed; urging, that he was so weak with a certain distemper, that he found himself unfit to fight.

His reputation for wit, however, still kept him from totally sinking in the opinion of the world; till he unhappily abandoned himself to the dissoluteness and debauchery which were the scandalous characteristics of the court; by which his principles were corrupted, and his manners depraved, to such an excess of gross sensuality, that, as he confessed to Dr. Burnet, he was for five years together continually drunk, or so much inflamed by frequent ebriety, as in no interval to be master of himself.

In this state, he often pursued low amours, in mean disguises; and played many wild pranks and extravagant frolics, with an avowed contempt of decency and order, and a total disregard to every moral and religious obligation.

He once erected a stage on Tower-hill, and harangued the populace as a mountebank; and, having made physic part of his study, acted the character which he assumed with great exactness and dexterity. The speech which he made upon the occasion soon became the subject of general conversation; by which his vanity was at once flattered and his turn for invective rendered more keen by the success it met with.

Licentious in his satire, as in every thing else, he spared neither friends nor foes, but let it loose on all without discrimination. Even majesty itself was not secure from it; for he often amused himself with writing libels against the king, in which he had so peculiar a talent of mixing his wit with his malice, that his compositions were easily known.

Thus he lived worthless and useless, in a course of drunken gaiety and gross sensuality, with intervals of study perhaps yet more criminal, till at the age of thirty-one, he had entirely worn out an excellent constitution, and reduced himself to a state of weakness and decay.

At this time he was visited by Dr. Burnet, to whom he laid open the tenor of his opinions and the course of his life, and from whom he received such conviction of the reasonableness of moral duty, and the truth of Christianity, as produced a total change of his manners and opinions. The account of his conversion and dying moments, is given by Dr. Burnet in a book entitled, "Some Remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of John Earl of Rochester," "which," Dr. Johnson says, "the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

He died July 26. 1680, before he had completed his thirty-fourth year, and was so worn away by a long illness that life went out without a struggle.

He left behind him a son named Charles, who died on the 12th November following, and three daughters: The male line ceasing, the title was conferred on a younger son of Lord Clarendon.

The first edition of his poems was published in the year of his death, professing in the title page to be printed at *Antwerp*. It is not known by whom the original collection was made, or by what authority its genuineness was ascertained. Of some of the pieces, however, there is no doubt. The imitation of Horace's satire, the verses on Lord Mulgrave, the satire against Man, and the verses upon Nothing, are genuine, and perhaps most of those which are received into this collection. Much has probably been imputed to him which he did not write; and the blaze of reputation which his character diffused on what he did write, if it be not extinguished, is fast wearing away; for impartial criticism warrants no distinction beyond that which genius bestows.

His songs are sprightly and easy; but have little nature and little sentiment. In his imitation of Horace on Lucilius, the parallelism between ancient and modern times is happily preserved; but the versification is careless; though it is sometimes vigorous. The poem upon Nothing displays an admirable fertility of invention on a barren topic. This little poem, and his tragedy of *Valentinian*,

altered from Beaumont and Fletcher, and acted in 1685, shew that he was not incapable of more serious productions. Another of his most vigorous pieces is his lampoon on Sir Car Scroop; to which he made in reply an epigram ending with these lines:

“Thou canst hurt no man’s fame with thy ill word;

“Thy pen is full as harmless as thy sword.”

Of the satire against Man, a considerable part is taken from Boileau; who was his favourite author in French, as Cowley was in English.

“In all his works,” says Dr. Johnson, “there is sprightliness and vigour, and every where may be found tokens of a mind which study might have carried to excellence. What more can be expected from a life spent in ostentatious contempt of regularity, and ended before the abilities of many other men began to be displayed.”

James Henry Robertson and Fletcher, and acted in 1825. From that he was not separated from his friends. Another of his most vigorous labors is his labors on the subject of which his name is truly an epitome ending with this last.

"Then came that year, June with the word;
"The pen is still as hammer in thy hand."

The latter again, a considerable part is taken from Robertson, who was the favorite of the people, as Cowley was in England. In all his works, "The Life of Robertson," there is a freshness and vigor, and every where may be found traces of a mind which truly might have been called to perfection. When there can be expected from a life in a narrative, and every one who reads the life of Robertson must expect to be satisfied.

SELECT POEMS.

DIALOGUE.

STREPHON.

Pr'y thee now, fond fool, give o'er;
Since my heart is gone before,
To what purpose should I stay?
Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd swain, I knew the time
When dissembling was your crime,
In pity now employ that art,
Which first betray'd, to ease my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleasure feign:
Men dissemble still with pain.
What advantage will it prove,
If I lye, who cannot love?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reason, why
Love from hearts in love does fly?
Why the bird will build a nest,
Where she ne'er intends to rest?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
Cries for hearts, as they for toys:
Which when gain'd, in childish play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees;
Bosely flying when most priz'd,
Meanly fawning when despis'd.
Flattering or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his woes severe extremes.

STREPHON.

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh;
Love, like us, must fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.

VOL. VI.

See the heavens in lightnings break,
Next in storms of thunder speak;
'Till a kind rain from above
Makes a calm—so 'tis in love.
Flames begin our first address,
Like meeting thunder we embrace;
Then, you know, the showers that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How should I the showers forget?
'Twas so pleasant to be wet!
They kill'd love, I knew it well.
I dy'd all the while they fell.
Say at least what nymph it is,
Robs my breast of so much blifs?
If she's fair, I shall be eas'd,
Through my ruin you'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was so fair,
Strephon, scarcely, so sincere.
Gentle, innocent, and free,
Ever pleas'd with only me.
Many charms my heart enthrall,
But there's one above them all:
With aversion, she does fly
Tedious, trading, constancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel shepherd! I submit,
Do what love and you think fit:
Change is fate, and not design,
Say you would have still been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot: 'tis too true,
Change has greater charms than you.
Be, by my example, wise;
Faith to pleasure sacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly swain, I'll have you know,
'Twas my practice long ago:

C c

Whilst you vainly thought me true,
I was false, in scorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's disguise,
I thy love and thee despise.
Womankind more joy discovers,
Making fools, than keeping lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

Written at the Bath in the year 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE sighs not on the plain
So lost a swain as I;
Scorch'd up with love, froze with disdain,
Of killing sweetness I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
Since first my dazzled eyes were thrown
On that bewitching face,
Like ruin'd birds robb'd of their young,
Lamenting, frightened, and undone,
I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by some cruel powers above,
So nice she is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove
Since all, who are not blind, must love;
Who are not vain, despair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no sooner give a grace,
But, fond of their own art,
Severely jealous, ever place,
To guard the glories of a face,
A dragon in the heart.
Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
Who, peevish to mankind,
For their own honour's sake, with care
Make a sweet form divinely fair:
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since she's insensible of love,
By honour taught to hate;
If we, forc'd by decrees above,
Must sensible to beauty prove,
How tyrannous is Fate!
I to the nymph have never nam'd
The cause of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such bashfulness may well be blam'd;
For, since to serve we're not ashamed,
Why should she blush to reign?

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart despise
My humble proffer'd one,
The just compassion she denies,
I may obtain from others' eyes;
Her's are not fair alone.
Devouring flames require new food;

My heart's consum'd almost:
New fires must kindle in her blood,
Or mine go out, and that's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'st live when love is lost?
Be dead before thy passion dies;
For if thou should'st survive,
What anguish would thy heart surprise,
To see her flames begin to rise,
And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather what pleasure should I meet
In my triumphant scorn,
To see my tyrant at my feet;
While, taught by her, unmov'd I sit
A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle shepherd! cease, for shame,
Which way can you pretend
To merit so divine a flame,
Who to dull life make a mean claim,
When love is at an end?
As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
Love to my soul doth cling:
When torn by the herd's greedy taste,
The injur'd plants feel they're defac'd,
They wither in the spring.
My rifled love would soon retire,
Dissolving into air,
Should I that nymph cease to admire,
Bless'd in whose arms I will expire,
Or at her feet despair.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things submit themselves to your command,
Fair Cælia, when it does not love withstand:
The power it borrows from your eyes alone;
All but the god must yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, such are the charms you have,
He'd quit his godhead to become your slave:
Be proud to act a mortal hero's part,
And throw himself for fame on his own dart.
But fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,
In different bands subjected slaves and kings:
Fetter'd in forms of royal state are they,
While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
That fate, like you, resistless does ordain
To love, that over Beauty he shall reign.
By harmony the universe does move,
And what is harmony but mutual love?
Who would resist an empire so divine,
Which universal nature does enjoin?
See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged banks on either side;
While in their crystal streams at once they shew,
And with them feed the flowers which they be-
stow:
Though rudely throng'd by a too near embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace.

To the lov'd sea; for streams have their desires;
Cool as they are, they feel love's powerful fires,
And with such passion, that if any force,
Stop or molest them in their amorous course,
They swell, break down with rage, and ravage
o'er

The banks they kiss'd, and flowers they fed before.
Submit, then, Cælia, ere you be reduc'd,
For rebels, vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty's no more but the dead soil, which Love
Manures, and does by wise commerce improve:
Sailing by sighs, through seas of tears, he sends
Courtships from foreign hearts, for your own ends:
Cherish the trade, for as with Indians we
Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
So to each other, for their useless toys,
Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
But, if you're fond of baubles, be, and starve,
Your gewgaw reputation still preserve:
Live upon modesty and empty fame,
Foregoing sense for a fantastic name.

THE DISCOVERY.

CÆLIA, that faithful servant you disown,
Would in obedience keep his love his own:
But bright ideas, such as you inspire,
We can no more conceal, than not admire.
My heart at home in my own breast did dwell,
Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell:
Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.
Now Love with a tumultuous train invades
The sacred quiet of those hallow'd shades:
His fatal flames shine out to every eye,
Like blazing comets in a winter sky.
How can my passion merit your offence,
That challenges so little recompence?
For I am one born only to admire,
Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire.
A thing, whose bliss depends upon your will,
Who would be proud you'd deign to use him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
My fruitless sighs, and my unpity'd pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' example of your power and cruelty.
Since so much scorn does in your breast reside,
Be more indulgent to its mother Pride:
Kill all you strike, and trample on their graves;
But own the fates of your neglected slaves:
When in the crowd yours undistinguish'd lies,
You give away the triumph of your eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find
More mercy than your anger has design'd:
But Love has carefully design'd for me
The last perfection of misery;
For to my state the hopes of common peace,
Which every wretch enjoys in death, must cease.

My worst of fates attend me in my grave,
Since, dying, I must be no more your slave.

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

A SONG.

I.
Love bid me hope, and I obey'd:
Phyllis continued still unkind:
Then you may e'en despair, he said;
In vain I strive to change her mind.

II.
Honour's got in, and keeps her heart;
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I'd take your part,
And shew myself a mightier god.

III.
This huffing Honour domineers
In breasts, where he alone has place:
But if true generous Love appears,
The Hector dares not shew his face.

IV.
Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd:
I have some pleasure in my pain;
She can have none with all her pride.

V.
I fall a sacrifice to Love:
She lives a wretch for Honour's sake;
Whose tyrant does most cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

VI.
Consider real Honour then;
You'll find hers cannot be the same:
'Tis noble confidence in men,
In women mean mistrustful shame.

GRECIAN KINDNESS..

A SONG.

I.
THE utmost grace the Greeks could shew,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their arms to let them go,
And leave their lingering wives behind.
They beat the men, and burnt the town;
Then all the baggage was their own.

II.
There the kind deity of wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton god of love;
This clapp'd his wings, that press'd his vine;
And their best powers united move;
While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A SONG.

I.

AN age, in her embraces past,
Would seem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haste,
Are torn and snatch'd away.

II.

But, oh! how slowly minutes roll,
When absent from her eyes;
That fed my love, which is my soul;
It languishes and dies.

III.

For then, no more a soul, but shade,
It mournfully does move,
And haunts my breast, by absence made
The living tomb of love.

IV.

You wiser men despise me not,
Whose love-sick fancy raves
On shades of souls, and heaven knows what:
Short ages live in graves.

V.

Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full
Of sweetness, you did see,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

VI.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best-belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve;
You think we disagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis sacred Jealousy,
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantastic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe;
Taking false pleasure for true love;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind, jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when past,
Prove our heart's treasure fix'd and dear,
And make us blest'd at last.

A SONG.

I.

ABSENT from thee, I languish still;
Then ask me not, When I return?
The straying fool 't will plainly kill,
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

III.

When wearied with a world of woe,
To thy safe bosom I retire;
Where love, and peace, and truth, does flow:
May I contented there expire!

IV.

Left, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

A SONG.

I.

PHILLIS, be gentler, I advise,
Make up for time mis-spent;
When beauty on its death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

II.

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old so soon;
Your pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose stars contrive in spite,
The morning of her love should be
Her fading beauty's night.

IV.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You'll peevishly be coy,
Die with the scandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

TO CORINNA.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmless frown;
When not one charm her face forsakes,
Love cannot lose his own.

II.

So sweet a face, so soft a heart,
Such eyes so very kind.
Betray, alas! the silly art
Virtue had ill design'd.

III.

Poor feeble tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Against kind Nature to maintain
Affected rules of honour.

IV.

The scorn she bears so helpless proves,
When I plead passion to her,
That much she fears (but more she loves)
Her vassal should undo her.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A SONG.

I.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

II.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that, as fast as it is go',
Phillis, is only thine.

III.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

A SONG.

I.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing.
In raptures of a blest amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin:
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

II.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But, whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

A SONG.

I.

To this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
Great Love, at first sight of Olinda's bright charms:
Made proud and secure by such forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as soon as you please.

II.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire;
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing hope by base fear be destroy'd?

III.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me?
And wit has to pleasure been ever a friend; [end?
Then what room for despair, since delight is Love's

IV.

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good nature and truth.
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleasure complain;
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprise,
But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her eyes:
I beheld, with the loss of my freedom before;
But, hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

VI.

Too bright is my goddess, her temple too weak:
Retire, divine image! I feel my heart break.
Help, Love; I dissolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of those joys I should meet in her
arms.

UPON HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

I.

'Tis not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone:
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine:
You, whom some kinder power did fashion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at least of a whole nation?

II.

Let meaner spirits of your sex,
With humble aims their thoughts perplex:
And boast, if, by their arts, they can
Contrive to make one happy man.
While, mov'd by an impartial sense,
Favours, like Nature, you dispense,
With universal influence.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL.

I.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

II.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of those that took Mæstrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations:
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

VI.

Cupid and Bacchus my fairs are,
May drink and love still reign!
With wine I wash away my cares,
And then to love again.

A SONG.

I.

As Chloris full of harmless thoughts
Beneath a willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful shepherd brought,
To pass the time away.

II.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the amorous swain;
But, as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

III.

A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
In spite of her disdain;
She found a pulse in every part,
And love in every vein.

IV.

Ah, youth! (said she) what charms are these,
That conquer and surprise?
Ah! let me—for, unless you please,
I have no power to rise.

V.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply;
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
And give her tongue the lie.

VI.

Thus she, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to the swain.

A SONG.

I.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my heart a day;
But alas! against my will,
I must be your captive still.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindness has resistless charms,
All besides but weakly move,
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slaves grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

I.

NOTHING adds to your fond fire
More than scorn, and cold disdain;
I, to cherish your desire,
Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.

II.

You insisted on your slave,
Humble love you soon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have
Which ingloriously you us'd.

III.

Think not, Thyrsis, I will e'er
By my love my empire lose;
You grow constant through despair,
Love return'd you would abuse.

IV.

Though you still possess my heart,
Scorn and rigour I must feign:
Ah! forgive that only art
Love has left your love to gain.

V.

You could my heart subdue,
To new conquests ne'er pretend:
Let th' example make me true,
And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I should complain
Of your empire, or my chain,
Summon all the powerful charms,
And kill the rebel in your arms.

CONSTANCY.

A SONG.

I.

I CANNOT change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since the poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
The tears that vainly fall;

That welcome hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A SONG.

I.

My dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

A SONG.

In imitation of Sir JOHN EATON.

I.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love ye.

II.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

A LETTER

FROM ARTEMISA IN THE TOWN, TO CLOE IN
THE COUNTRY.

CLOE, by your command in verse I write;
Shortly you'll bid me ride astride and fight:
Such talents better with our sex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous poetry.
Among the men, I mean the men of wit,
(At least they pass'd for such before they writ)
How many bold adventurers for the bays,
Proudly designing large returns of praise;

Who durst that stormy pathless world explore,
Where soon dash'd back, and wreck'd on the
dull shore,
Broke of that little stock they had before!
How would a woman's tottering bark be tost
Where stoutest ships (the men of wit) are lost!
When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,
And my own self I gravely thus advise:

Dear Artemisa! poetry's a snare;
Bedlam has many mansions, have a care;
Your Muse diverts you, makes the reader sad;
You think yourself inspir'd, he thinks you mad.
Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,
To make yourself the fiddle of the town.
To find th' ill-humour'd pleasure at their need:
Curs'd when you fail, and scorn'd when you suc-
ceed.

Thus, like an arrant woman as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd writing's a shame,
That whore is scarce a more reproachful name
Than Poetess—

Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
Because 'tis the very worst thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the contradiction and the sin,
Methinks I stand on thorns till I begin,
Y' expect to hear, at least, what love has past
In this lewd town, since you and I saw last;
What change has happen'd of intrigues, and whe-
ther

The old ones last, and who and who's together.
But how, my dearest Cloe, should I set
My pen to write what I would fain forget!
Or name that lost thing love, without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?
Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find;
The safe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth;
That cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down;
On which one only blessing God might raise,
In lands of Atheists, subsidies of praise;
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and bless'd his power, in love:
This only joy, for which poor we are made,
Is grown, like play, to be an arrant trade:
The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
As many little cheats and tricks as that;
But, what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own sex;
Our silly sex, who born, like monarchs, free,
Turn Gipsies for a meaner liberty,
And hate restraint, though but from infamy:
That call whatever is not common nice,
And, deaf to Nature's rule, or Love's advice,
For sake the pleasure to pursue the vice.
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action Love, the passion is forgot.
'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
And ev'n without approving, they desire:
Their private wish obeys the public voice,
'Twixt good and bad whimsy desides not choice:
Fashions grow up for taste, at forms they strike.
They know what they would have, not what they
like.

Bovy's a beauty, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that degree
 Affected are, that with their ears they see.
 Where I was visiting the other night,
 Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
 Who had prevail'd with her, through her own
 skill,
 At his request, though much against his will,
 'To come to London——
 As the coach stoppt, I herd her voice, more loud
 Than a great belly'd woman's in a crowd;
 Telling the knight, that her affairs require
 He for some hours, obsequiously retire.
 I think she was ashamed he should be seen:
 Hard fate of husbands! the gallant had been.
 Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd fool, brought in.
 Dispatch, says she, the business you pretend,
 Your beastly visit to your drunken friend,
 A bottle ever makes you look so fine:
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of wine.
 Your country drinking breath 's enough to kill;
 Sour ale corrected with a lemon-peel.
 Pr'ythee, farewell; we'll meet again anon:
 The necessary thing bows, and is gone.
 She flies up stairs, and all the haste does shew
 That fifty antic postures will allow;
 And then bursts out—Dear madam, am not I
 The strangest, alter'd, creature; let me die,
 I find myself ridiculously grown,
 Embarrass'd with my being out of town:
 Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
 My country nakedness is plainly seen.
 How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the state;
 And pray who are the men most worn of late?
 When I was marry'd, fools were a-la-mode,
 The men of wit were then held incommode:
 Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,
 Who, ere they 'll be persuaded, must inquire,
 As if they came to spy, and not t' admire:
 With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,
 They still find out why what may should not
 please;
 Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
 Make them think better of us than we are;
 And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
 Call us deceitful jilts and hypocrites;
 They little guess, who at our arts are griev'd,
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd;
 Inquisitive as jealous cuckolds grow;
 Rather than not be knowing, they wit know
 What, being known, creates their certain woe.
 Women should these, of all mankind avoid,
 For wonder, by clear knowledge, is destroy'd.
 Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
 Bold in the dusk, before a fool's dull sight
 Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring
 light.
 But the kind easy fool, apt to admire
 Himself, trusts us; his follies all conspire
 To flatter his, and favour our desire:
 Vain of his proper merit, he with ease
 Believes we love him best, and best can please;
 On him our gross, dull, common flatteries pass,
 Ever most happy when most made an ass;

Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
 Perceive us false, the fop himself is blind;
 Who, doating on himself——
 Thinks every one that sees him of his mind.
 These are true women's men—Here, forc'd to
 cease
 Through want of breath, not will, to hold her
 peace,
 She to the window runs, where she had spy'd
 Her much esteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd;
 With forty smiles, as many antic bows,
 As if 't had been the lady of the house,
 The dirty chattering monster she embrac'd,
 And made it this fine tender speech at last:
 Kifs me, thou curious miniature of man;
 How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan!
 Oh! I could live and die with thee: then on,
 For half an hour, in compliments she ran:
 I took this time to think what Nature meant,
 When this mixt thing into the world she sent,
 So very wise, yet so impertinent:
 One that knows every thing that God thought fit,
 Should be an ass through choice, not want of wit
 Whose foppery, without the help of sense,
 Could ne'er have rose to such an excellence:
 Nature 's as lame in making a true fop,
 As a philosopher; the very top
 And dignity of folly we attain
 By studious search and labour of the brain,
 By observation, counsel, and deep thought:
 God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
 We owe that name to industry and arts:
 An eminent fool must be a fool of parts,
 And such a one was she, who had turn'd o'er
 As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,
 Had a discerning wit; to her was known
 Every one's fault or merit, but her own.
 All the good qualities that ever blest
 A woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
 Except discretion only, she possess'd,
 But now, *mon cher*, dear Pug, she cries, adieu;
 And the discourse broke off, does thus renew:
 You smile to see me, who the world perchance
 Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance
 The interest of fools, that I approve
 Their merit more than men of wit in love;
 But in our sex too many proofs there are
 Of such whom wits undo, and fools repair.
 This, in my time, was so observ'd a rule,
 Hardly a wench in town but had her fool;
 The meanest common flut, who long was grown
 The jest and scorn of every pit buffoon,
 Had yet left charms enough to have subdued
 Some fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
 Foster could make an Irish Lord a Nokes,
 And Betty Morris had her city Cokes.
 A woman's ne'er so ruin'd, but she can
 Be still reveng'd on her undoer, man:
 How lost so'er, she'll find some lover more
 A lewd abandon'd fool than she a whore.
 That wretched thing, Corinna, who has run
 Through all the several ways of being undone:
 Cozen'd at first by love, and living then
 By turning the too dear bought cheat on men:

Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
 When first the town her early beauties knew;
 Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with presents fed,
 Youth in her looks, and pleasure in her bed;
 Till fate, or her ill angel, thought it fit
 To make her doat upon a man of wit;
 Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,
 Made his ill-natur'd jest, and went away.
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,
 She's a *memento mori* to the rest:
 Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a crown
 Must mortgage her long scarf and mantua gown;
 Poor creature, who, unheard-of, as a fly
 In some dark hole must all the winter lie,
 And want and dirt endure a whole half-year,
 That for one month she tawdry may appear.
 In Easter-term she gets her a new gown;
 When my young master's worship comes to town,
 From pedagogue and mother just set free,
 The heir and hopes of a great family;
 Who with strong beer and beef the country rules,
 And ever since the Conquest have been fools;
 And now, with careful prospect to maintain
 This character, lest crossing of the strain
 Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
 A cousin of his own to be his bride:
 And thus set out——
 With an estate, no wit, and a young wife,
 The solid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
 Dunghill and pease forsook, he comes to town,
 Turns spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone;
 Nothing suits worse with vice than want of sense,
 Fools are still wicked at their own expence.
 This o'ergrown school-boy lost Corinna wins;
 At the first dash to make an ass begins:
 Pretends to like a man that has not known
 The vanities or vices of the town;
 Fresh is the youth, and faithful is his love,
 Eager of joys which he does seldom prove;
 Healthful and strong, he does no pains endure
 But what the fair one he adores can cure;
 Grateful for favours, does the sex esteem,
 And libels none for being kind to him;
 Then of the lewdness of the town complains,
 Rails at the wits and atheists, and maintains
 'Tis better than good sense, than power or wealth,
 To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
 The unbred puppy, who had never seen
 A creature look so gay, or talk so fine,
 Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt;
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient seat,
 To buy his mistress a new house for life,
 To give her plate and jewels, robs his wife;
 And when to th' height of fondness he is grown,
 'Tis time to poison him, and all's her own:
 Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
 He leaves her bastard heir to his estate;
 And, as the race of such an owl deserves,
 His own dull lawful progeny he starves.
 Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
 But does each insect to some end ordain)
 Wisely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
 To patch up vices men of wit wear out.

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of sense
 Still mixt with follies of impertinence.
 But now 'tis time I should some pity shew
 To Cloe, since I cannot choose but now,
 Readers must reap what dullest writers sow.
 By the next post I will such stories tell,
 As, join'd to these, shall to a volume swell;
 As true as heaven, more infamous than hell.
 But you are tir'd, and so am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

FROM

Lord ROCHESTER to Lord MULGRAVE,

UPON

THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does so abound
 In saucy censures, that faults are found
 With what of late we, in poetic rage
 Bestowing, threw away on the dull age.
 But howsoe'er envy their spleen may raise,
 To rob my brows of the deserved bays)
 Their thanks, at least, I merit; since through me
 They are partakers of your poetry.
 And this is all I'll say in my defence,
 T' obtain one line of your well worded sense,
 I'll be content t' have it writ the "British
 "Prince."
 I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
 Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
 But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
 T' avoid with care all sort of self-denial.
 Which way soe'er desire and fancy lead,
 (Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
 And if exposing what I take for wit,
 To my dear self a pleasure I beget,
 No matter though the censuring critics fret.
 These whom my Muse displeases are at strife,
 With equal spleen, against my course of life;
 The least delight of which I'll not forego,
 For all the flattering praise man can bestow.
 If I design'd to please, the way were then
 To mend my manners rather than my pen:
 The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;
 And for the second I despair of it,
 Since grace is not so hard to get as wit:
 Perhaps ill verses ought to be confin'd,
 In mere good breeding, like unsavoury wind.
 Were reading forc'd, I should be apt to think,
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink.
 I'll own that you write better than I do,
 But I have as much need to write as you.
 In all I write, should sense, and wit, and rhyme,
 Fail me at once, yet something so sublime
 Shall stamp my poem, that the world may see,
 It could have been produc'd by none but me.

And that's my end; for man can wish no more
 Than so to write, as none e'er writ before;
 Yet why am I no poet of the times?
 I have allusions, similies, and rhymes,
 And wit; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
 Of the whole race of mankind, should have none.
 Unequally the partial hand of heaven
 Has all but this one only blessing given.
 The world appears like a great family,
 Whose lord, oppress'd with pride and poverty,
 (That to a few great bounty he may shew)
 Is fain to starve the numerous train below.
 Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
 Keeping more creatures than it can maintain:
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
 And for one prince, it makes ten thousand slaves.
 In wit alone 't has been magnificent,
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,
 That the most avaricious are content.
 For none e'er thought (the due division such)
 His own too little, or his friend's too much.
 Yet most men shew, or find, great want of wit,
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
 But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,
 Look on mankind as envious and dull.
 Born to myself, I like myself alone,
 And must conclude my judgment good, or none;
 For could my sense be naught, how should I know
 Whether another man's were good or no?
 Thus I resolve of my own poetry,
 That 'tis the best; and there's a fame for me.
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
 Whether to merit due, or arrogance?
 Oh, but the world will take offence hereby!
 Why then the world shall suffer for it, not I.
 Did e'er the saucy world and I agree,
 To let it have its beastly will on me?
 Why should my prostituted sense be drawn,
 To every rule their musty customs spawn?
 But men may censure you; 'tis two to one,
 Whene'er they censure, they 'll be in the wrong.
 There's not a thing on earth, that I can name,
 So foolish, and so false, as common fame.
 It calls the courtier knave, the plain man rude,
 Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
 Impertinent the brisk, morose the sad,
 Mean the familiar, the reserv'd one mad.
 Poor helpless woman is not favour'd more,
 She's a fly hypocrite, or public whore.
 Then who the devil would give this—to be free
 From th' innocent reproach of infamy?
 These things consider'd, make me (in despite
 Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A TRIAL OF THE POETS FOR THE BAYS.

IN IMITATION OF A SATIRE IN BOILEAU.

SINCE the sons of the Muses grew numerous and
 loud,
 For th' appeasing so factious and clamorous a
 crowd,

Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a cause,
 T' establish a government, leader, and laws.
 The hopes of the bays, at the summoning call,
 Had drawn them together, the devil and all;
 All thronging and listening, they gap'd for the
 blessing:
 No presbyter sermon had more crowding and
 pressing:
 In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
 That ancient grave wit so long lov'd and fear'd,
 But Apollo had heard a story in town,
 Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black gown;
 And so gave him leave now his poetry's done,
 To let him turn priest since R—— is turn'd nun.
 This reverend author was no sooner set by,
 But Apollo had got gentle George* in his eye,
 And frankly confess'd, of all men that writ,
 There's none had more fancy, sense, judgment,
 and wit:
 But in th' crying sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
 That his long seven years silence was not to be
 pardon'd.
 —W——y† was the next man shew'd his face.
 But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the
 place;
 No gentleman writer that office should bear,
 But a trader in wit the laurel should wear,
 As none but a Cit—e'er makes a Lord Mayor.
 Next in the crowd, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
 And swears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
 That 'tis he alone best pleases the age,
 Himself and his wife have supported the stage:
 Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a lad,
 T' oblige him, he told him, he should be huge
 glad,
 Had he half so much wit, as he fancy'd he had.
 Nat Lee stepp'd in next, in hopes of a prize,
 Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
 By the rubies in's face, he could not deny,
 But he had as much wit as wine could supply;
 Confess'd that indeed he had a musical note,
 But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattled in
 throat;
 Yet owning he had sense, t' encourage him for 't,
 He made him his Ovid in Augustus's court.
 Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
 He brought him an Ibrahim with the preface torn
 out,
 And humbly desir'd he might give no offence;
 D——n him, cries Shadwell, he cannot write sense:
 And Bancks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull rogue;
 Apollo, considering he was not in vogue,
 Would not trust his dear bays with so modest a
 fool,
 And bid the great boy be sent back to school.
 Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
 And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any:
 Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
 That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were
 all kill'd;
 Anababaluthu put in for a share,
 And little Tom Effence's author was there:

* Sir George Etherege.

† Mr. Wycherley.

But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
 And prudently did not think fit to engage [age.
 The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an
 In the numerous crowd that encompass'd him
 round, [found,
 Little starch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he
 His cravat string new iron'd, he gently did stretch
 His lily white hand out, the laurel to reach.
 Alleging that he had most right to the bays,
 For writing romances, and sh-ting of plays:
 Apollo rose up, and gravely confess'd,
 Of all men that writ, his talent was best;
 For since pain and dishonour man's life only
 damn,
 The greatest felicity mankind can claim, [shame;
 Is to want sense of smart, and be past sense of
 And to perfect his blifs in poetical rapture,
 He bid him be dull to the end of the chapter.
 The poetess Asra next shew'd her sweet face,
 And swore by her poetry, and her black ace,
 The laurel by a double right was her own,
 For the plays she had writ, and the conquests she
 had won.
 Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
 Yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,
 He told her, were conquests and charms her pre-
 tence,
 She ought to have pleaded a dozen years since.
 Nor could D'Ursey forbear for the laurel to
 stickle,
 Protesting that he had the honour to tickle
 Th' ears of the town, with his dear madam
 Fickle.
 With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse,
 But that they're too long to stand in my verse:
 Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious harangue,
 At last found Tom Betterton's face in the gang,
 For, since poets without the kind players may
 hang,
 By his one sacred light he solemnly swore,
 That in search of a laureat he'd look out no more,
 A general murmur ran quite through the hall,
 To think that the bays to an actor should fall;
 Tom told them, to put his desert to the test,
 That he had MAID plays as well as the best,
 And was the great'st wonder the age ever bore,
 Of all the play scribblers that e'er writ before,
 His wit had most worth, and modesty in't,
 For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print.

A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND.

WERE I, who to my cost already am
 One of those strange prodigious creatures man,
 A spirit free, to choose for my own share,
 What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
 I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
 Or any thing, but that vain animal,
 Who is so proud of being rational.
 The senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
 A sixth, to contradict the other five;

And, before certain instinct, will prefer
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
 Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
 Which leaves the light of nature, sense, behind:
 Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
 Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
 Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
 Mountains of whimsies, heapt in his own brain:
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong
 down
 Into Doubt's boundless sea, where like to drown
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try
 To swim with bladders of philosophy;
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light,
 The vapour dances in his dazzled sight,
 Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
 Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
 Lead him to death, and make him understand,
 After a search so painful and so long,
 That all his life he has been in the wrong.
 Huddled in dirt, this reasoning engine lies,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:
 Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to be made a wretch:
 His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know the world he should enjoy:
 And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
 Of pleasing others at his own expence;
 For wits are treated just like common whores,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors:
 The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,
 That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.
 Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring fools.
 Pleasure allures; and when the fops escape,
 'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate;
 And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
 But now, methinks, some formal band and beard
 Takes me to task: come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.
 Then, by your favour, any thing that's writ,
 Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
 Like me abundantly; but you'll take care,
 Upon this point, not to be too severe:
 Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part;
 For, I profess, I can be very smart
 On wit, which I abhor with all my heart:
 I long to lash it in some sharp essay,
 But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
 And turns my tide of ink another way.
 What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
 To make you rail at reason and mankind?
 Blest glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
 An everlasting soul hath freely given;
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from himself he did the image take,
 And this fair frame in shining reason drest,
 To dignify his nature above beast:
 Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
 We take a flight beyond material sense,
 Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce
 The flaming limits of the universe,
 Search heaven and hell, find out what's acted there,
 And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.
 Hold, mighty man, I cry; all this we know
 From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,

From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
 And 'tis this very reason I despise
 This supernatural gift, that makes a mite
 Think he's the image of the Infinite;
 Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
 To the Eternal and the Ever-blest:
 This busy puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
 That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,
 Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
 The reverend bedlams, colleges and schools,
 Borne on those wings, each heavy sot can pierce
 The limits of the boundless universe.
 So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
 And bear a crippled carcase through the sky.
 'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies
 In nonsense and impossibilities:
 This made a whimsical philosopher,
 Before the spacious world his tub prefer;
 And we have many modern coxcombs, who
 Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
 But thoughts were given for actions' government,
 Where action ceases, thought's impertinent.
 Our sphere of action is life's happiness,
 And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
 Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
 I own right reason, which I would obey;
 That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
 And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
 That bounds desires with a reforming will,
 To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
 Your reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
 Renewing appetites, yours would destroy.
 My reason is my friend, yours is a cheat:
 Hunger calls out, my reason bids me eat:
 Perversely yours your appetite does mock:
 This asks for food; that answers, what's a clock?

This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures:
 'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.
 Thus I think reason righted: but for man,
 I'll ne'er recant; defend him, if you can.
 For all his pride and his philosophy,
 'Tis evident beasts are, in their degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than he.
 Those creatures are the wisest, who attain,
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
 If therefore Jowler finds and kills his hare,
 Better than Meres supplies committee-chair:
 Though one's a statesman, th' other but a hound,
 Jowler in justice will be wiser found.
 You see how far man's wisdom here extends:
 Look next if human nature makes amends;
 Whose principles are most generous and just;
 And to whose morals you would sooner trust:
 Be judge yourself; I'll bring it to the test,
 Which is the basest creature, man or beast:
 Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey,
 But savage man alone does man betray.
 Prest by necessity, they kill for food;
 Man undoes man, to do himself no good:
 With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
 Nature's allowance, to supply their want;
 But man, with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,
 Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays,
 With voluntary pains works his distress,
 Not through necessity, but wantonness.

For hunger or for love, they bite or tear;
 Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear:
 For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid;
 From fear to fear successively betray'd:
 Base fear, the source whence his base passions came,
 His boasted honour, and his dear-bought fame:
 The lust of power, to which he's such a slave,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave;
 To which his various projects are design'd,
 Which makes him generous, affable, and kind;
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise;
 Leads a most tedious life, in misery,
 Under laborious, mean hypocrisy.
 Look to the bottom of his vast design,
 Wherein man's wisdom, power, and glory, join:
 The good he acts, the ill he does endure;
 'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure.
 Merely for safety, after fame they thirst;
 For all men would be cowards if they durst:
 And honesty's against all common sense;
 Men must be knaves; 'tis in their own defence,
 Mankind's dishonest: if you think it fair,
 Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,
 You'll be undone——
 Nor can weak truth your reputation save;
 The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a villain than the rest.
 Thus here you see what human nature craves,
 Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.
 The difference lies, as far as I can see,
 Not in the thing itself, but the degree;
 And all the subject matter of debate,
 Is only who's a knave of the first rate.

POSTSCRIPT.

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd
 At the pretending part of the proud world,
 Who, swoln with selfish vanity, devise
 False freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lies,
 Over their fellow-slaves to tyrannize.

But if in court so just a man there be,
 (In court a just man, yet unknown to me)
 Who does his needful flattery direct,
 Not to oppress and ruin, but protect;
 Since flattery, which way soever laid,
 Is still a tax on that unhappy trade:
 If so upright a statesman you can find,
 Whose passions bend to his unbiass'd mind;
 Who does his arts and policies apply,
 To raise his country, not his family.

Is there a mortal who on God relies?
 Whose life his faith and doctrine justifies?
 Not one blown up with vain, aspiring pride,
 Who, for reproof of sins, does man deride;
 Whose envious heart, with saucy eloquence,
 Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of sense;
 Who in his talking vents more peevish lies,
 More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,
 Than at a gossiping are thrown about,
 When the good wives drink free, and then fall
 out.

None of the sensual tribe, whose talents lie
In avarice, pride, in sloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives;
Whose lust exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And, ere a score of years completed be,
Can from the lofty stage of honour see
Half a large parish their own progeny.

Nor doating — who would be ador'd,
For domineering at the council-board;
A greater fop, in business at fourscore,
Fonder of serious toys, affected more,
Than the gay, glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdry cloaths, and loves.

But a meek, humble man, of modest sense,
Who, preaching peace, does practise continence;
Whose pious life's a proof he does believe
Mysterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon earth there dwell such godlike men,
I'll here recant my paradox to them,
Adore those shrines of virtue, homage pay,
And, with the thinking world, their laws obey.
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from man, than man from beast.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

I.
As some brave admiral, in former war
Depriv'd of force, but prest with courage still,
Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill;

II.
From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he
views
The wise and daring conduct of the fight;
And each bold action to his mind renews
His present glory and his past delight.

III.
From his fierce eyes flashes of rage he throws,
As from black clouds when lightning breaks a-
way,
Transported thinks himself amidst his foes,
And absent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

IV.
So when my days of impotence approach,
And I'm by wine, and love's unlucky chance,
Driven from the pleasing billows of debauch,
On the dull shore of lazy temperance,

V.
My pains at last some respite shall afford,
While I behold the battles you maintain,
When fleets of glasses sail around the board,
From whose broadsides volleys of wit shall rain.

VI.
Nor shall the sight of honourable scars,
Which my too-forward valour did procure,
Frighten new-listed soldiers from the wars;
Past joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.
Should some brave youth (worth being drunk)
prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly shrink,
'Twould please the ghost of my departed vice,
If, at my council, he repent and drink.

VIII.
Or should some cold-complexion'd sot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's brisk alarms,
I'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was strong, and able to bear arms.

IX.
I'll tell of whores attack'd their lords at home,
Bawds quarters beaten up, and fortrefs won;
Windows demolish'd, watches overcome,
And handsome ills by my contrivance done.

X.
With tales like these I will such heat inspire,
As to important mischief shall incline;
I'll make him long some ancient church to fire,
And fear no lewdness they're call'd to by wine.

XI.
Thus, statesman-like, I'll saucily impose,
And, safe from danger, valiantly advise;
Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing else, be wise.

UPON NOTHING.

I.
NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.
Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were
not, [got,
When primitive Nothing Something straight be-
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

III.
Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.
Yet Something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V.
Matter, the wicked't offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace;
And rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky face.

VI.
With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.
But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves
again.

VIII.

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies;

IX.

Yet this of thee the wife may freely say,
Thou from the virtuous Nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wife
Inquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise? [phies.
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philoso-

XI.

Is, or is not, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest, [best.
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That sacred monarchs should at council sit, [fit?
With persons highly thought at best for nothing

XIV.

While weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers, and from statesmen's brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like
thee look wise.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility, [thee.
Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend.
Kings' promises, whores' vows, towards thee they
bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

TRANSLATION OF SOME LINES IN LUCRETII.

THE Gods, by right of nature, must possess
An everlasting age of perfect peace;
Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
Neither approach'd by dangers or by cares;
Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add;
Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

THE LATTER END OF THE CHORUS OF THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S TROAS, TRANSLATED.

AFTER Death nothing is, and nothing Death,
The utmost limits of a gasp of breath.

Let the ambitious zealot lay aside
His hope of heaven (whose faith is but his pride);
Let slavish souls lay by their fear,
Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
After this life they shall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the lumber of the world;
And to that mass of matter shall be swept,
Where things destroy'd with things unborn are
Devouring Time swallows us whole; [kept:
Impartial Death confounds body and soul:
For hell, and the foul fiend that rules
The everlasting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim grisly dog that keeps the door,
Are senseless stories, idle tales,
Dreams, whimsies, and no more.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,

On his RESTORATION in the Year 1660.

VIRTUE's triumphant shrine! who dost engage
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage;
Which in extatic duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their home;
Whilst England grows one camp, and London is
Itself the nation, not metropolis;
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men:
Forgive this distant homage, which does meet
Your blest approach on sedentary feet;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In steel before you; yet, great Sir, approve
My manly wishes, and more vigorous love;
In whom a cold respect were treason to
A father's ashes, greater than to you;
Whose one ambition 'tis for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's son.

Wadh. Coll.

ROCHESTER

TO HER SACRED MAJESTY THE QUEEN-MOTHER,

On the DEATH of MARY, Princess of Orange.

RESPIRE, great queen, your just and hasty fears:
There's no infection lodges in our tears.
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet sighs have an untainted guiltless breath.
Oh! stay a while, and teach your equal skill
To understand, and to support our ill.
You that in mighty wrongs an age have spent,
And seem to have out-liv'd ev'n banishment;
Whom traiterous mischief fought its earliest prey,
When to most sacred blood it made its way,
And did thereby its black design impart,
To take his head, that wounded first his heart:

You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin stood,
 When three great nations sunk beneath the load;
 Then a young daughter lost, yet balsam found
 To stanch that new and freshly-bleeding wound;
 And, after this, with fixt and steady eyes,
 Beheld your noble Gloucester's obsequies;
 And then sustain'd the royal princess' fall:
 You only can lament her funeral.
 But you will hence remove, and leave behind
 Our sad complaints, lost in the empty wind;
 Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly roar
 Destruction, and drive back to the firm shore;
 Shipwreck to safety, and the envy fly
 Of sharing in this scene of tragedy;
 While sickness, from whose rage you post away,
 Relents, and only now contrives your stay;
 The lately fatal and infectious ill
 Courts the fair princess, and forgets to kill:
 In vain on fevers curses we dispense,
 And vent our passion's angry eloquence;
 In vain we blast the ministers of Fate,
 And the forlorn physicians imprecate:
 Say they to death new poisons add and fire,
 Murder securely for reward and hire;
 Arts basilisks, that kill whome'er they see,
 And truly write bills of mortality;
 Who, lest the bleeding corpse should them betray,
 First drain those vital speaking streams away.
 And will you, by your flight, take part with these?
 Become yourself a third and new disease?
 If they have caus'd our loss, then so have you,
 Who take yourself and the fair princess too:
 For we, depriv'd, an equal damage have,
 When France doth ravish hence, as when the
 grave:
 But that your choice th' unkindness doth improve,
 And dereliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER, of Wadham College.

AN EPILOGUE.

SOME few, from wit, have this true maxim got,
 "That 'tis still better to be pleas'd than not;"
 And therefore never their own torment plot:
 While the malicious critics still agree
 To loath each play they come and pay to see.
 The first know 'tis a meaner part of sense
 To find a fault, than taste an excellence:
 Therefore they praise, and strive to like; while
 Are dully vain of being hard to please. [these
 Poets and women have an equal right
 To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight,
 Feel pain alone, and have no joy but spight.
 'Twas impotence did first this vice begin:
 Fools censure wit, as old men rail at sin;
 Who envy pleasure which they cannot taste,
 And, good for nothing, would be wise at last.
 Since therefore to the women it appears,
 That all the enemies of wit are theirs,
 Our poet the dull herd no longer fears.
 Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride
 To stand or fall with beauty on his side.

AN ALLUSION

TO THE

Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace.

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted; I said Dryden's rhymes
 Were stolen, unequal, nay dull many times;
 What foolish patron is there found of his,
 So blindly partial to deny me this?
 But that his plays, embroider'd up and down
 With learning, justly pleas'd the town,
 In the same paper I as freely own.
 Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy mass
 That stuffs up his loose volumes, must not pass;
 For by that rule I might as well admit
 Crown's tedious scenes for poetry and wit.
 'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense
 Hits the false judgment of an audience
 Of clapping fools assembling, a vast crowd,
 Till the throng'd playhouse crack'd with the dull
 load;

Though ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,
 That can divert the rabble and the court,
 Which blundering Settle never could obtain,
 And puzzling Otway labours at in vain:
 But within due proportion circumscribe
 Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide
 The style may rise, yet in its rise forbear
 With useless words t' oppress the weary'd ear.
 Here be your language lofty, there more light,
 Your rhetoric with your poetry unite.
 For elegance' sake, sometimes allay the force
 Of epithets; 'twill soften the discourse.
 A jest in scorn points out and hits the thing
 More home, than the remotest satire's sting.
 Shakespeare and Jonson did in this excel,
 And might herein be imitated well;
 Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
 But is himself a sheer original.
 Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,
 Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
 And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose reins.
 When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
 And Hannibal a whining, amorous slave,
 I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd fustian fool
 In Busby's hands, to be well lash'd at school.
 Of all our modern wits, none seem to me
 Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
 But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley.
 Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart
 Great proofs of force of nature, none of art;
 With just, bold strokes he dashes here and there,
 Shewing great mastery with little care,
 Scorning to varnish his good touches o'er,
 To make the fools and women praise them more.
 But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains;
 He wants no judgment, and he spares no pains:
 He frequently excels, and, at the least,
 Makes fewer faults than any of the rest.
 Waller, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
 With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
 In panegyric does excel mankind.
 He best can turn, enforce, and soften things.
 To praise great conquerors, and flatter kings.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choofe,
 The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Mufe.
 For songs and verses mannerly obscene,
 That can stir Nature up by springs unseen,
 And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen;
 Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
 That can with a resistless power impart
 The loosest wishes to the chastest heart,
 Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
 Betwixt declining virtue and desire,
 Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
 In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.
 Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit;
 For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit
 To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob;
 And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.
 But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
 His excellencies more than faults abound:
 Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear
 The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not Dryden find even Jonson dull?
 Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
 Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakespeare's
 style

Stiff and affected? To his own the while
 Allowing all the justice that his pride
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
 And may not I have leave impartially
 To search and censure Dryden's works, and try
 If those gross faults his choice pen doth commit
 Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit?
 Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse
 Spirit and grace to his loose flattern Mufe?
 Five hundred verses every morning writ,
 Prove him no more a poet than a wit:
 Such scribbling authors have been seen before;
 Mustapha, the Island Princess, forty more,
 Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.
 To write what may securely stand the test
 Of being well read over thrice at least;
 Compare each phrase, examine every line,
 Weigh every word, and every thought refine;
 Scorn all applause the vile rout can bestow,
 And be content to please those few who know.
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
 To wish thy works might make a play-house ring
 With the unthinking laughter and poor praise
 Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays?
 Then send a cunning friend to learn thy doom
 From the shrewd judges in the drawing-room.
 I've no ambition on that idle score,
 But say with Betty Morice heretofore,
 When a court lady call'd her Buckhurst's
 whore;

I please one man of wit, am proud on 't too,
 Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.
 Should I be troubled when the Purblind Knight,
 Who squints more in his judgment than his
 sight,

Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?
 Or when the poor fed poets of the town
 For scabs and coach-room cry my verses down?

* The same probably who is celebrated by Lord Buckhurst (or Dorset) in his Poems. See Gent. Mag. 1780. p. 218.

I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
 If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
 Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
 And some few more, whom I omit to name,
 Approve my sense: I count their censure fame.

SIR CAR SCROPE, who thought himself reflected on at the latter end of the preceding Poem, published a Poem "In Defence of Satire," which occasioned the following Reply.

TO SIR CAR SCROPE.

To rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
 In Satire's praise, to a low untun'd strain,
 In thee was most impertinent and vain.
 When in thy person we more clearly see
 That Satire's of divine authority,
 For God made one on man when he made
 thee;
 To shew there were some men, as there are apes,
 Fram'd for mere sport, who differ but in shapes:
 In thee are all these contradictions join'd,
 That make an ass prodigious and refin'd.
 A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
 Begot in Love's despight and Nature's scorn;
 And art grown up the most ungrateful wight,
 Harsh to the ear, and hideous to the sight;
 Yet Love's thy business, Beauty thy delight.
 Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
 Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
 To paint thy grisly face, to dance, to dress,
 And all those awkward follies that express
 Thy loathsome love, and filthy daintiness.
 Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,
 Spit at, and shunn'd by every girl in town;
 Where dreadfully Love's scare-crow thou art plac'd,
 To fright the tender flock that long to taste:
 While every coming maid, when you appear,
 Starts back for shame, and straight turns chaste
 for fear;
 For none so poor or prostitute have prov'd,
 Where you made love, t' endure to be lov'd.
 'Twere labour lost, or else I would advise;
 But thy half wit will ne'er let thee be wise,
 Half witty, and half mad, and scarce half brave,
 Half honest (which is very much a knave)
 Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass
 For any thing entirely, but an ass.

EPILOGUE.

As charms are nonsense, nonsense seems a charm,
 Which hearers of all judgment does disarm;
 For songs and scenes a double audience bring,
 And doggrel takes, which smiths in satin sing.

Now to machines and a dull mask you run;
We find that wit's the monster you would
shun,
And by my troth 'tis most discreetly done.
For since with vice and folly wit is fed,
Through mercy 'tis most of you are not dead.
Players turn puppets now at your desire,
In their mouth's nonsense, in their tail's a wire;
They fly through crowds of clouts and showers
of fire.

A kind of losing Loadum is their game,
Where the worst writer has the greatest fame.
To get vile plays like theirs shall be our care;
But of such awkward actors we despair.
False taught at first——
Like bowls ill bias'd, still the more they run,
They're further off than when they first begun;
In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,
There's one is such a dear familiar spark,
He yawns as if he were but half awake,
And fribbling for free speaking does mistake;
False accent, and neglectful action too:
They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,
That both together, like an ape's mock face,
By near resembling man, do man disgrace.
Thorough-pac'd ill actors may, perhaps, be
cur'd;

Half players, like half-wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet these are they, who durst expose the age
Of the great * wonder of the English stage;
Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him speak, as she bid Shakespeare
write.

Those blades indeed are cripples in their art,
Mimic his foot, but not his speaking part.
Let them the Traitor or Volpone try,
Could they——

Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,
They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies,
As monsters' heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd, we appear;
But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th' old poets dress'd your mistress Wit before;
These draw you on with an old painted whore,
And sell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maids
twice o'er.

Yet they may scorn our house and actors too,
Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.
They cry, Pox o' these Covent-garden men;
Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
Were they once gone, we for those thundering
blades

Should have an audience of substantial trades,
Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew
Æolus.

O how the merry citizen's in love
With——

Psyche, the goddess of each field and grove.
He cries, I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough;
But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd stuff!
So to their house the graver fops repair;
While men of wit find one another here.

* Major Mohun.

Vol. VI.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE
COURT AT WHITEHALL,
BEFORE
KING CHARLES II.

By the Lady Elizabeth Howard.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly, or at the best, severe;
And poets share the fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to please you all.
'Tis hard your scorn should against such prevail,
Whose ends are to divert you, though they fail.
You men would think it an ill-natur'd jest,
Should we laugh at you when you do your best.
Then rail not here, though you see reason
for't;

If wit can find itself no better sport,
Wit is a very foolish thing at court.
Wit's business is to please, and not to fright;
'Tis no wit to be always in the right;
You'll find it none, who dare be so to-night.
Few so ill-bred will venture to a play,
To spy out faults in what we women say.
For us, no matter what we speak, but how:
How kindly can we say—I hate you now!
And for the men, if you'll laugh at them, do;
They mind themselves so much, they'll ne'er mind
you.

But why do I descend to lose a prayer
On those small saints in wit? the god sits there!

To the KING.

To you (Great SIR) my message hither tends,
From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends;
See my credentials written in my face;
They challenge your protection in this place;
And hither come with such a force of charms,
As may give check ev'n to your prosperous
arms.

Millions of Cupid's hovering in the rear,
Like eagles following fatal troops, appear:
All waiting for the slaughter which draws nigh,
Of those bold gazers who this night must die.
Nor can you 'scape our soft captivity,
From which old age alone must set you free.
Then tremble at the fatal consequence,
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great
Prince,

'Gainst us you still have made a weak defence.
Be generous and wise, and take our part;
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart;
Else you may find, too late, that we are things
Born to kill vassals, and to conquer kings.
But oh to what vain conquest I pretend!
While Love is our commander, and your friend.
Our victory your empire more assures;
For Love will ever make the triumph yours.

D d

ELEGY ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

By Mrs. Wharton.

DEEP waters silent roll; so grief like mine
Tears never can relieve, nor words define.
Stop then, stop your vain source, weak springs of
grief;
Let tears flow from their eyes whom tears relieve.
They from their heads shew the light trouble
there; [clare:
Could my heart weep, its sorrows 'twould de-
When drops of blood, my heart, thou'lt lost; thy
pride,
The cause of all thy hopes and fears, thy guide!
He would have led thee right in Wisdom's way;
And 'twas thy fault when'er thou went'st astray:
And since thou stray'd'st when guided and led on,
Thou wilt be surely lost, now left alone.
It is thy Elegy I write, not his:
He lives immortal and in highest bliss;

But thou art dead, alas! my heart, thou'rt
dead:
He lives, that lovely soul for ever fled;
But thou 'mongst crowds on earth art buried.
Great was thy loss, which thou can'st ne'er ex-
press;
Nor was th' insensible dull nation's loss:
He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,
Made fools grow wise; such artful magic hung
Upon his useful, kind, instructing tongue.
His lively wit was of himself a part;
Not, as in other men, the work of art:
For, though his learning like his wit was great,
Yet sure all learning came below his wit;
As God's immediate gifts are better far
Than those we borrow from our likeness here,
He was—but I want words, and ne'er can tell;
Yet this I know, he did mankind excel.
He was what no man ever was before,
Nor can indulgent Nature give us more,
For, to make him, she exhausted all her store.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WENTWORTH EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Containing his

MISCELLANIES,
PROLOGUES,

||

TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom :
The Muses' empire is restor'd agen
In Charles's reign, and by Roscommon's pen,
Roscommon ! first in fields of honour known,
First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown,
Who both Minervas justly makes his own.

}
DRYDEN.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes even rules a noble poetry ;
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers shew
The best of critics, and of poets too.

ADDISON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1793.

THE FINAL WORKS

WINTWORTH EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

TRANSLATED BY
J. G. W. W.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

Who born Minerva's gifts makes his own,
Tells in the peasant's language of the gown,
In Charles's reign, and by Roscommon's pen,
The Muse's temple is refresh'd again
Aspir'd to in the British room,
To see what secret the gravity of Rome

The best of men, and of the best of men,
Rites whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
That makes even tales a noble poem,
Like most Roscommon's was neglected by

PRINTED BY W. B. B. AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,
EDINBURGH.

1795.

THE LIFE OF ROSCOMMON.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, was born in Ireland in 1633, during the lieutenancy of the Earl of Strafford, who, being both his uncle and his godfather, gave him his own surname. His father, James Dillon, the third Earl of Roscommon, had been converted by Archbishop Usher to the Protestant religion; and when the Popish rebellion broke out, Strafford, thinking he would be exposed to great danger, and unable to protect his family, sent for his godson, and placed him at his own seat in Yorkshire, where he was instructed in Latin, which he learned to write with classical elegance and propriety, though he was never able to retain the common rules of grammar. When Lord Strafford was prosecuted by the parliament, he was sent, by the advice of Usher, to prosecute his studies at the Protestant university of Caen, in Normandy, under the famous Bochart.

At Caen he is said by Aubrey to have had some preternatural intelligence of his father's death; but the name of Aubrey cannot recommend any account of that kind to credit in the present age.

Upon his leaving Caen, he travelled into Italy, and took up his residence at Rome; where he grew familiar with the most valuable remains of classical antiquity, applying himself particularly to the study of medals, in which he acquired uncommon skill.

He returned to England, with the other friends of monarchy, at the Restoration, and was made Captain of the Band of Pensioners; an employment, which, in the gaieties of that age, tempted him to some extravagancies; particularly a violent passion for gaming, by which he frequently hazarded his life in duels, and exceeded the bounds of a moderate fortune.

This was the fate of many other men, whose genius was of no other advantage to them, than that it recommended them to employments, by which the temptations to vice were multiplied, and their parts became of no other use than that of enabling them to succeed in debauchery.

After some time, a dispute about part of his estate obliging him to return to Ireland, he resigned his employment; and, upon his arrival at Dublin, was made Captain of the Guards by the Duke of Ormond.

Fenton relates a story of his prevailing upon the Duke, that he might resign his commission to a poor disbanded officer, who had accidentally rescued him from three ruffians, who were employed to assassinate him; which, for about three years, the gentleman enjoyed; and upon his death, the Duke returned to his generous benefactor.

Having finished his business in Ireland, he returned to London, was made Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York, and married the Lady Frances, eldest daughter of the Earl of Burlington, and widow of Colonel Courtenay. He married, as his second wife, Isabella, daughter of Matthew Boynton, Esq. of Yorkshire.

About this time, in imitation of those learned and polite assemblies with which he had been acquainted abroad, he began to form a society for refining and fixing the standard of the English language. In this design he is said to have been assisted by his friend Dryden. But all hopes of new literary institutions were frustrated by the contentious turbulence of King James's reign.

The same excellent design was revived by Swift, under the ministry of the Earl of Oxford, and was again defeated by a conflict of parties, and the necessity of attending only to political disquisitions, for defending the conduct of the administration, and forming parties in the parliament.

"That our language," says Dr. Johnson, "is in perpetual danger of corruption, cannot be denied; but what prevention can be found? The present manners of the nation would deride authority; and therefore nothing is left, but that every writer should criticise himself."

Under an apprehension, that some violent concussion of the state was at hand, he resolved to retire to Rome; but his departure was delayed by the gout, of which he was so impatient, that he admitted of an application from a French empiric, which repelled the disease into his bowels.

At the moment in which he expired, he repeated, with the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of the Hymn on the Day of Judgment:

" My God! my Father, and my Friend!
Do not forsake me at my end."

He died in 1684, and was buried, with great pomp, in Westminster-Abbey. His poems were published, together with those of Duke, in an octavo volume, in 1717, and afterwards in a volume of the Minor Poets.

His poetical character is given by Fenton, in his notes upon Waller.

"In his writings," says Fenton, "we view the image of a mind which was naturally serious and solid, richly furnished and adorned with all the ornaments of art and science; and these ornaments unaffectedly disposed in the most regular and elegant order. His imagination might have probably been fruitful and sprightly, if his judgment had been less clear; but that severity (delivered in a masculine, clear, and succinct style) contributed to make him so eminent in the didactical manner, that no man can, with justice, affirm he was ever equalled by any of our nation, without confessing at the same time, that he was inferior to none. In some other kinds of writing, his genius seems to have wanted fire to attain the point of perfection; but who can attain it?"

This character is too general to be critically just; but thus it is that characters are commonly given. Though the grand requisites of a poet, elevation, fire, and invention, were not given him, yet he is perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison. Nor is this his highest praise; for Pope has celebrated him as the only moral writer in Charles's reign.

" ——— in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays."

His great work is his Essay on Translated Verse, which, though generally excellent, is not without a great number of cold uninspired lines.

Pope, in his Essay on Criticism, alluding to this performance, which it was the fashion to commend, ranks him with the most eminent restorers of critical learning.

" Such was Roscommon, not more learned than good,
Of manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own."

His next work is the Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, which of all his pieces, is the most frigid and unpoetical.

Among his smaller pieces, the Eclogue of Virgil, the Hymn on the Day of Judgment, and the Scene from Guarini's Pastor Fido, are well translated. His Translations of the two Odes of Horace are made with great liberty; but with little elegance or vigour. The Ghost of the old House of Commons to the new one, and Ross's Ghost, are not inferior to the political verses that were popular at that time.

"Of Roscommon's works," says Dr. Johnson, "the judgment of the public seems to be right. He is elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquisite beauties, and he seldom falls into gross faults. His versification is smooth, but rarely vigorous; and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taste, if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors of English literature."

P O E M S.

AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whose correct † essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way ;
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age,
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just :
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd
more
To search the treasures of the Roman store,
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore ?
The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle
With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires
And Nature seconds all his soft desires :
Theocritus does now to us belong ;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
Who has not heard how Italy was blest,
Above the Medes, above the wealthy East ?
Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view !
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis'
hearse,
Who does not weep, that reads the moving verse ?
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
Sicilian Muses through these happy plains
Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo
reigns ! [broils !]
When France had breath'd, after intestine
And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
There (cultivated by a royal hand) [land ;
Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the
The choicest books that Rome or Greece have
known,
Her excellent translators made her own ;

† John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire.

And Europe still considerably gains,
Both by their good example and their pains.
From hence our generous emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
But now, we shew the world a nobler way,
And in translated verse do more than they.
Serene and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
With sweetness not to be express'd in prose :
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shews the stuff, but not the workman's
skill :

I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my master as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their
cares ;

The fault is more their language's than theirs :
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords :
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy ?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole
pages shine.

I speak my private, but impartial sense,
With freedom, and (I hope) without offence ;
For I'll recant, when France can shew me wit
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
'Tis true, composing is the nobler part ;
But good translation is no easy art :
For though materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound ;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Pierian feeds
Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds,
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
At the rude rumbling Barablipton makes :
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beside their learning) were well bred.

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)

Is, that yourself may to yourself be true :
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve ;
Dissect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground :
And (if my Muse can through past ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he ;
Exploded, when, with universal scorn,
The mountains labour'd, and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise !
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.

Each poet with a different talent writes ;
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind ;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond :
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls
agree ;

No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd !
How nice the reputation of the maid !
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear ;
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts ;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence ;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate top would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may
choose ?

Variety of such is to be found :
Take then a subject proper to expound ;
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice ;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice :
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street,
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring fots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good :
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.

These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise :
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill :
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd ?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods,
Makes some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down :
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise ;
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts ;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass :
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame ;
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing
came :

But few, oh few souls, preordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd
height.

No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb :
The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call !

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast :
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ !
How few are they who understand him yet !
Approach his altars with religious fear :
No vulgar deity inhabits there.
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's impetual nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan God.
Hail, mighty Maro ! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse ;
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the
Muse !

What I have instanc'd only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore ;
There sweat, there strain ; tug the laborious oar ;
Search every comment that your care can find ;
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind :
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng :
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd.
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe ?
Such secrets are not easily found out ;
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast ;
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth still is one ; truth is divinely bright ;
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light ;

While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
 You may confound, but never can translate.
 Your style will this through all disguises shew;
 For none explain more clearly than they know.
 He only proves he understands a text,
 Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
 They who too faithfully on names insist,
 Rather create than dissipate the mist;
 And grow unjust by being over nice,
 (For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)
 Let Crassius's * ghost and Labienus tell
 How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
 Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
 That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,
 Will hardly in another be excus'd.
 And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
 May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
 The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
 Shews a translator both discreet and bold.

Excursions are inexpiably bad;
 And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
 Abstruse and mystic thought you must express
 With painful care, but seeming easiness;
 For truth shines brightest through the plainest
 dress.

Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
 Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait.
 Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
 As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
 Your author always will the best advise,
 Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.
 Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
 That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.
 Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
 On even syllables (and still the last)
 Though gross innumerable faults abound,
 In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
 But this is meant of even verse alone,
 As being most harmonious and most known:
 For if you will unequal numbers try,
 There accents on odd syllables must lie.
 Whatever sister of the learned Nine
 Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
 Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
 She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
 But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
 And turn your veering heart with every gale,
 You lose the fruit of all your former care,
 For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
 Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
 As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
 The labouring wife invokes his furer aid.
 Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
 Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
 And largely, what she wants in words, supplies,
 With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.
 But what a thoughtless animal is man!
 (How very active in his own trapan!)
 For, greedy of physicians frequent fees,
 From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
 Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
 From saving women falls to killing men.

* Hor. 3 Od. vi.

Another such had left the nation thin,
 In spite of all the children he brought in.
 His pills as thick as hand granadoes flew;
 And where they fell, as certainly they flew;
 His name struck every where as great a damp,
 As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
 With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
 For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
 But now repentance came too late for grace;
 And meagre famine star'd him in the face:
 Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
 But found no husband left to own a child.
 The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd too:
 In this sad case, what could our vermin do?
 Worry'd with debts and past all hope of bail,
 Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
 And there with basket-aims, scarce kept alive,
 Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
 Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
 But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
 For rich ill poets are without excuse,
 'Tis very dangerous, tampering with the Muse,
 The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
 For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
 Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
 No poet any passion can excite, [write,
 But what they feel transport them when they
 Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
 And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
 I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
 And panting, Lo! the God, the God, she cries;
 With words not her's, and more than human sound
 She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling
 through the ground.

But, though we must obey when heaven com-
 mands.

And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
 Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
 For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.
 Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
 And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
 As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
 Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
 Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
 So when a Muse propitiously invites,
 Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
 But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
 Leave off, and for another summons wait.
 Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
 Adulterate measures to the sterling stamp,
 Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
 Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
 These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
 There cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.
 Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide,
 With foaming waves the passive Soane divide;
 Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous
 way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,
Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
Which scorns to take it —
Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
And sacred laws with insolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days,
Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I mistake, or far the greatest part
Of what some call neglect, was study'd art.
When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your fight,
'To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
I lose my patience, when with saucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
Reverse of nature! shall such copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!
And the rude notions of pedantic schools
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules!

The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from heaven, Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two generals lost a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire and poesy together rise.

True poets are the guardians of a state,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses' fire;
Heaven joins the blessings: No declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.

I grant that from some mossy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearned times,
As Bards began, so Monks rung on the chimes.

But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine,
With all their beams on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rites restore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

"† Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous
" prose
" Led our exalted souls through heavenly camps,
" And mark'd the ground where proud apostate
" thrones
" Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt host and host,

† An Essay on Blank Verse, out of Paradise Lost, B. VI.

" (A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
" Portentous sight! before the cloudy van
" Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
" Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
" There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
" Dispers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
" By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd;
" Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
" Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, wa-
" ters, woods)
" From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops
" They bore like shields before them through the
" air,
" Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes
" All was confusion, heaven's foundation shook,
" Threatening no less than universal wreck,
" For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
" And overprest whole legions weak with sin:
" Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,
" Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
" And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious
" (Effulgence of paternal Deity) [Son
" Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
" Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
" And sent them flaming to the vast abyfs."

O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

By Dr. CHETWOOD, 1684.

As when by labouring stars new kingdoms rise,
The mighty mass in rude confusion lies,
A court unform'd, disorder at the bar,
And ev'n in peace the rugged mien of war,
Till some wise statesman into method draws
The parts, and animates the frame with laws;
Such was the case when Chaucer's early toil
Founded the Muses' empire in our soil.
Spenser improv'd it with his painful hand,
But lost a noble Muse in Fairy-land,
Shakspeare said all that Nature could impart,
And Johnson added Industry and Art.
Cowley and Denham gain'd immortal praise;
And some, who merit as they wear the bays,
Search'd all the treasures of Greece and Rome,
And brought the precious spoils in triumph home.
But still our language had some ancient rust;
Our flights were often high, but seldom just.
There wanted one, who license could restrain,
Make civil laws o'er barbarous usage reign:

One worthy in Apollo's chair to sit,
To hold the scales, and give the stamp of wit;
In whom ripe judgment and young fancy meet,
And force poetic rage to be discreet;
Who grows not nauseous while he strives to please,
But marks the shelves in the poetic seas.
Who knows, and teaches what our clime can bear,
And makes the barren ground obey the labourer's
care.

Few could conceive, none the great work could
'Tis a fresh province, and reserv'd for you. [do.
Those talents all are your's, of which but one
Were a fair fortune for a Muse's son.
Wit, reading, judgment, conversation, art,
A head well-balanc'd, and a generous heart.
While insect rhymes cloud the polluted sky,
Created to molest the world, and die.
Your file does polish, and your fancy cast;
Works are long forming which must always last.
Rough iron sense, and stubborn to the mold,
Touch'd by your chemic hand, is turn'd to gold,
A secret grace fashions the flowing lines,
And inspiration through the labour shines,
Writers, in spite of all their paint and art,
Betray the darling passion of the heart.
No fame you wound, give no chaste ears offence,
Still true to friendship, modesty, and sense.
So Saints, from Heaven for our example sent,
Live to their rules, have nothing to repent.
Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,
Would give no laws, but only your's translate.

Hoist sail, bold writers, search, discover far,
You have a compass for a Polar-star.
Tune Orpheus' harp, and with enchanting rhymes
Soften the savage humour of the times.
Tell all those untouch'd wonders which appear'd
When Fate itself for our great Monarch fear'd:
Securely through the dangerous forest led
By guards of Angels, when his own were fled.
Heaven kindly exercis'd his youth with cares,
To crown with unmix'd joys his riper years.
Make warlike James's peaceful virtues known,
The second hope and genius of the throne.
Heaven in compassion brought him on our stage,
To tame the fury of a monstrous age.
But what blest voice shall your Maria sing?
Or a fit offering to her altars bring?
In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be great.
True Roman majesty adorns her face;
And every gesture's form'd by every Grace.
Her beauties are too heavenly and refin'd
For the gross senses of a vulgar mind.
It is your part (you Poets can divine)
To prophesy how she by Heaven's design
Shall give an heir to the great British line,
Who over all the Western isles shall reign,
Both awe the continent, and rule the main.
It is your place to wait upon her name
Through the vast regions of eternal fame.
True Poets souls to Princes are ally'd,
And the world's Empire with the Kings divide.
Heaven trusts the present time to Monarch's
care.

Eternity is the good Writer's share,

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

Occasioned by his Lordship's

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

FROM THE

LATIN OF MR. CHARLES DRYDEN.

By Mr. NEEDLER.

THAT happy Britain boasts her tuneful race,
And laurel wreaths her peaceful temples grace,
The honour and the praise is justly due
To you alone, illustrious Earl! to you.
For soon as Horace, with his artful page,
By thee explain'd, had taught the listening age:
Of brightest Bards arose a skilful train,
Who sweetly sung in their immortal strain.
No more content great Maro's steps to trace,
New paths we search, and trade unbeaten ways.
Ye Briton's, then, triumphantly rejoice;
And with loud peals, and one consenting voice,
Applaud the man who does unrival'd fit,
"The sovereign judge and arbiter of wit!"

For, led by thee, an endless train shall rise
Of Poets, who shall climb superior skies;
Heroes and Gods in worthy verse shall sing,
And tune to Homer's lay the lofty string.

Thy works too, sovereign Bard *! if right I see
They shall translate with equal majesty;
While with new joy and happy shade shall rove
Through the blest mazes of th' Elysian grove,
And, wondering, in Britannia's rougher tongue
To find thy heroes and thy shepherds sung.
Shall break forth in these words: "Thy favour'd
name,

Great heir and guardian of the Mantuan fame!
How shall my willing gratitude pursue
With praises large as to thy worth are due?
Though tasteless Bards, by Nature never taught,
In wretched rhymes disguise my genuine thought,
Though Homer now the wars of godlike Kings
In Ovid's soft enervate numbers sings:
Tuneful Silenus, and the matchless verse
That does the birth of infant worlds rehearse,
Atones for all, by that my rescued fame
Shall vie in age with Nature's deathless frame;
By thee the learned song shall nobly live,
And praise from every British tongue receive.

Give to thy daring genius then the rein,
And freely launch into a bolder strain;
Nor with these words my happy spirit grieve:
"The last good office of thy friend receive †."

On the firm base of thy immortal lays,
A noble pile to thy lov'd Maro raise;
My glory by thy skill shall brighter shine.
With native charms and energy divine!
Britain with just applause the work shall read,
And crown with fadeless bays thy sacred head.

* Virgil.

† "Capē dona ex rema tuorum;" The motto to Lord Roscommon's essay.

Nor shall thy Muse the graver's pencil need,
 'To draw the hero on his prancing steed;
 'Thy living verse shall paint th' embattled host
 In bolder figures than his art can boast.
 While the low tribe of vulgar writers strive,
 By mean false arts to make their versions live;
 Forsake the text, and blend each sterling line
 With comments foreign to my true design;
 My latent sense thy happier thought explores,
 And injur'd Maro to himself restores."

A PARAPHRASE
 ON
 PSALM CXLVIII.

O AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!
 The world's transparent canopy,
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know
 With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the God of war,
 Who conquer whoso'er you are,
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray
 Rules the bright empire of the day,
 O praise his name, without whose purer light
 Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense,
 By God's command, your influence;
 Recline to him, as your Creator due,
 That veneration which men pay to you.

Fairest, as well as first, of things,
 From whom all joy, all beauty springs;
 O praise th' almighty Ruler of the globe,
 Who useth thee for his empyrean robe.

Praise him ye loud harmonious spheres,
 Whose sacred stamp all nature bears,
 Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
 And whose command is th' universal law:

Ye watery mountains of the sky,
 And you so far above our eye,
 Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
 Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
 Peoples the dark retreats of death,
 Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,
 And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
 That in the seas vast bosoms sleep;
 At whose command the foaming billows rear,
 Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.
 Ye mists and vapours, hail, and snow,
 And you who through the concave blow,

Swift executors of his holy word, [Lord.
 Whirlwinds and tempests praise th' Almighty

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
 Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
 Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
 All heaven was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him sweet offspring of the ground,
 With heavenly nectar yearly crown'd;
 And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,
 That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
 Whose only care 's to love and sing, [throat
 Fly through the world, and let your trembling
 Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious beast,
 That on his stores do daily feast:
 And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,
 Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
 Whose power hath here no periods,
 May all attempts against your crowns be vain!
 But still remember by whose power you reign.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
 Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
 And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
 Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
 Praise him from whom your power derives;
 Be true and just like him, and fear his word,
 As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time;
 O praise him in your youthful prime;
 Praise him, fair idols of your greedy sense;
 Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
 When heaven, and earth, and all is past:
 Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
 But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
 The God of gods, the God of grace;
 Who will above the stars your empire raise,
 And with his glory recompense your praise.

A PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN TO

His Royal Highness the DUKE OF YORK,
 At Edinburgh.

Folly and vice are easy to describe,
 The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;

But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,
Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
Let England, Flanders, let all Europe speak,
Let France acknowledge that her shaken throne
Was once supported, Sir, by you alone;
Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,
Yet trusted then with her last desperate stake:
When wealthy neighbours strove with us for
power,

Let the sea tell, how in their fatal hour,
Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
His name struck fear, his conduct won the day,
He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling prey,
And while the heavens were fire and th' ocean
blood,

Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.

O happy islands, if you knew your bliss!
Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his!
Express your gratitude the only way,
And humbly own a debt too vast to pay:
Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,
None e'er commanded, none obey'd so well;
While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
So loyal, so submissively resign'd,
Proclaim that such a hero never springs
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings,

S O N G.

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO SANG FINELY,
AND WAS AFRAID OF A COLD.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
Till fatal tempests swell the sea.
In vain let sinking pilots pray;
Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing frost, and lasting snow,
Through woods and fields destruction sow!

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser ills create,
These we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
And thou, blest Genius of our isle,
From Winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the listening Gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day
With extasy transport our souls,
Whilst all our passions it controuls,
And kindly drives our cares away;
Let no ungentle cold destroy,
All taste we have of heavenly joy!

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE,

S I L E N U S.

The Argument.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus,
having been often promised a song by Silenus,

chance to catch him asleep in this Eclogue;
where they bind him hand and foot, and then
claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would
be put off no longer, begins his song, in which
he describes the formation of the universe, and
the original of animals, according to the Epi-
curian philosophy; and then runs through the
most surprising transformations which have
happened in Nature since her birth. This
Eclogue was designed as a compliment to Syro
the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus
in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus
acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two
pupils.

I FIRST of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains,
When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse:
A shepherd, Tityrus, his flocks should feed,
And choose a subject suited to his reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars)
My pastoral tribute in low numbers pay,
And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
Thee only, Varus, our glad swains shall sing,
And every grove and every echo ring.
Phœbus delights in Varus' favourite name,
And none who under that protection came
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.

Proceed my Muse.

Young Chromis and Mnasyllus chanc'd to stray
Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein;
His trusty flaggon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitless hope of his instructive song:
But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Ægle, the fairest Nais of the flood,
With a vermilion dye his temples stain'd.
Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd verse no longer I'll delay
(She shall be satisfy'd another way).

With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
The knotty oaks their listening branches bow'd,
And savage beasts and Sylvan Gods did crowd;
For lo! he sung the world's stupendous birth,
How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,
And purer fire, through universal night
And empty space, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular successive order springs.

By what degrees this earth's compacted sphere
Was harden'd, woods and rocks and towns to
bear;

How sinking waters (the firm land to drain)
 Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
 While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
 A new-born sun surpris'd the dazzled sight;
 How vapours turn'd to clouds obscure the sky,
 And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply;
 How the first forest rais'd its shady head,
 Till when, few wandering beasts on unknown
 mountains fed.

Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,
 Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
 And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire
 Rival'd the sun with his own heavenly fire)
 Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endless prey,
 Severely pays for animating clay. [tell?]
 He nam'd the nymph (for who but Gods could
 Into whose arms the lovely Hylas fell;
 Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
 Hylas in vain resounds through all the coast.

He with compassion told Pasiphaë's fault,
 Ah! wretched queen! whence came that guilty
 thought?

The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries
 And imitated lowings fill the skies,
 (Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
 Did never burn with such unnatural heat. [stray,
 Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains
 He on soft flowers his snowy side does lay;
 Or seeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
 Surround, my nymphs, she cries, surround the
 grove;

Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay,
 Will to my love direct your wandering way;
 Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam,
 My happier rivals have entic'd him home.

He sung how Atalanta was betray'd
 By those Hesperian baits her lover laid,
 And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,
 While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
 All he describ'd was present to their eyes, [rise.
 And as he rais'd his verse, the poplars seem'd to

He taught which Muse did by Apollo's will
 Guide wandering Gallus to th' Aonian hill:
 (Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)
 With deep respect the learned senate rose,
 And Linus thus (deputed by the rest)
 The hero's welcome, and their thanks, express'd:
 'This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,
 To this, the Muses' gift, join thy harmonious song:
 Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the
 ground,

Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound.
 Thus consecrated, thy Grynæan grove
 Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.

Why should I speak of the Megarian maid,
 For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
 And her, who round with barking monsters arm'd,
 The wandering Greeks (ah frightened men!)
 alarm'd;

Whose only hope on shatter'd ships depends,
 While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd shape,
 And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
 Who to those woods directs her mournful course,
 Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,

While, loath to leave the palace too well known,
 Progné flies, hovering round, and thinks it still
 her own?

Whatever near Eurota's happy stream
 With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
 Silenus sings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
 And send his mystic numbers through the sky;
 Till night began to spread her gloomy veil,
 And call'd the counted sheep from every dale;
 The weaker light unwillingly declin'd, [resign'd.
 And to prevailing shades the murmuring world

ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

I.

HAIL, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
 I view the world's tempestuous sea,
 And with wise pride despise
 All those senseless vanities:
 With pity mov'd for others, cast away
 On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd
 On rocks of folly, and of vice, I see them lost:
 Some the prevailing malice of the great,
 Unhappy men or adverse Fate,
 Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted state.
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
 Whilst Virtue courts them, but alas in vain,
 Fly from her kind embracing arms,
 Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest
 charms,
 And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease, [please.
 They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate

II.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,
 It is by thee I truly live,
 Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give:
 Dost each unruly appetite control:
 Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast,
 With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
 Presuming love does ne'er invade
 This private solitary shade:
 And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,
 The joy has no allay of jealousy, hope, and fear,
 The solid comforts of this happy sphere:
 Yet I exalted Love admire,
 Friendship, abhorring sordid gain,
 And purify'd from Lust's dishonest stain:
 Nor is it for my solitude unfit,
 For I am with my friend alone,
 As if we were but one;
 'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
 But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

III.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
 All blessings man can hope to know;
 Here in a deep recess of thought we find
 Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the
 mind;
 Pleasures which do from friendship and from know-
 ledge rise,
 Which make us happy, as they make us wise:
 Here may I always on this downy grass,
 Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass:

Till with a gentle force victorious death
My solitude invade,
And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a better shade.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,
The surest guard is innocence:
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poison'd arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Through Libyan sands and Scythian snows,
Or where Hydaspes' wealthy side
Pays tribute to the Persian pride.

For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careless in Sabine woods I stray'd,
A grisly foaming wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No beast of more portentous size
In the Hercinian forest lies;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.
Set me in the remotest place,
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace;
Where angry Jove did never spare
One breath of kind and temperate air.

Set me where on some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching country run.

The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Cælia's smiles:
All cold but in her breast I will despise,
And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes.

THE SAME IMITATED.

I.

VIRTUE (dear friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence:
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honest mind safely alone
May travel through the burning zone;
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

III.

While, rul'd by a resistless fire,
Our great * Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

* Mrs. Kathrine Phillips.

IV.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

VI.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in verse.

Part of the Fifth Scene of the Second Act in

GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

AN happy grove! dark and secure retreat
Of sacred silence, rest's eternal seat;
How well your cool and unfrequented shade
Suits with the chaste retirements of a maid;
Oh! if kind heaven had been so much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend;
All my ambition I would hear confine,
And only this Elysium should be mine:
Fond men, by passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those idols which their fancy made;
Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;
And, having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Opprest with blessings which we fear to use.
Fame is at best but an inconstant good,
Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies;
In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more;
How happy is the harmless country maid,
Who, rich by nature, scorns superfluous aid!
Whose modest cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
But like her soul preserves the native white;
Whose little store her well taught mind does please,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton
ease, [fall,
Who, free from storms, which on the great ones
Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;
No care but love can discompose her breast,
Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best:
While on sweet grass her bleating charge does lie,
Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or men impose,
But one whom love has for this lover chose,
Under some favourite myrtle's shady boughs,
They speak their passions in repeated vows,
And whilst a blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns;

Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And while they live, their flames can never die.

THE DREAM.

To the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle sleep compare,
Who, though his victories as numerous are,
Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take,
But woeful cares that load men while they wake.
When his soft charms had eas'd my weary fight
Of all the baleful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, divested of the scorn
Which the unequal'd maid so long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had Love's great God essay'd
To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid!
Yet, spite of all that pride that swells her mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
A rising blush increas'd the native store
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more present the vision to my view,
The sweet illusion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I!
Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me die.

THE GHOST OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS,

TO THE NEW ONE, APPOINTED TO MEET AT
OXFORD.

From deepest dungeons of eternal night,
The seats of horror, sorrow, pains, and spite,
I have been sent to tell you, tender youth,
A seasonable and important truth.
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no disease
Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease:
And of all others, the most tempting things
Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
None ever was superlatively ill,
But by degrees, with industry and skill:
And some whose meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
My time is past, and yours will soon begin,
Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin;
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
Preserve yourselves, and bring serener days.
The busy, subtle serpents of the law,
Did first my mind from true obedience draw:
While I did limits to the king prescribe,
And took for oracles that canting tribe,
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
And grew seditious for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd;

The robe was summon'd, Maynard in the head,
In legal murder none so deeply read;
I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
With his accumulative hackney tongue;
Prisoners and witnesses were waiting by,
These had been taught to swear, and those to die,
And to expect their arbitrary fates,
Some for ill faces, some for good estates.
To fright the people, and alarm the town,
Bedloe and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
The king's three crowns were their rebellious
aim:

I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the guards,
And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards:
Anti-monarchic Heretics of state,
Immortal Atheists, rich and reprobate:
But above all I got a little guide,
Who every ford of villainy had try'd:
None knew so well the old pernicious way,
To ruin subjects, and make kings obey;
And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,
Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight.
This the king knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his patience for his fear.
All that this happy island could afford,
Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board,
In his whole paradise, one only tree
He had excepted by a strict decree;
A sacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear;
Beware, my child! divinity is there.
This so undid all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more;
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,
Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of death;
And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
To th' utter darkness of the lower world:
A dreadful place! which you too soon will see,
If you believe seducers more than me.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.

Thou, happy creature, art secure
From all the torments we endure;
Despair, ambition, jealousy,
Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee;
A fullen prudence drew thee hence
From noise, fraud, and impertinence.
Though life essay'd the surest wile,
Gilding itself with Laura's smile;
How didst thou scorn life's meaner charms,
Thou who could'st break from Laura's arms!
Poor Cynic! still methinks I hear
Thy awful murmurs in my ear;
As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless crowd away.
How fondly human passions turn!
What we then envy'd, now we mourn!

EPILOGUE

TO

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

When acted at the Theatre in Dublin.

You've seen to-night the glory of the East,
The man, who all the then known world possess'd,
That kings in chains did son of Ammon call,
And kingdoms, thought divine, by treason fall.
Him Fortune only favour'd for her sport;
And when his conduct wanted her support,
His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.
Great Charles, whose birth has promis'd milder

sway,
Whose awful nod all nations must obey,
Secur'd by higher powers, exalted stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands:
Those miracles that guard his crowns, declare
That heaven has form'd a monarch worth their
care;

Born to advance the loyal, and depose
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
And stopt our prince in his triumphant way,
Fled like a mist before this radiant day.

So when in heaven the mighty rebels rose,
Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,
Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd;
God kept the conquest for his best lov'd:
At sight of such omnipotence they fly,
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
All who before him did ascend the throne,
Labour'd to draw three restive nations on.

He boldly drives them forward without pain:
They hear his voice, and straight obey the rein.
Such terror speaks him destin'd to command;
We worship Jove with thunder in his hand:
But when his mercy without power appears,
We flight his altars, and neglect our prayers.
How weak in arms did civil discord shew!
Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe,
When an immortal hand did ward the blow.

Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,
Like sons of earth, all fell as soon as born:
Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride, [dy'd,
When with their blood our neighbour lands were
Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sybils say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

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III.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known;
And all with shame confess their own.

VII.

O then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my ransom cost;
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

X.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: Accept my tears.

XIII.

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy prayer;
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVI.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death:
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find!

E e

PROLOGUE

TO

POMPEY, A TRAGEDY,

Translated by Mrs Cath. Philips,

From the French of Monsieur CORNEILLE,

And acted at the Theatre in Dublin.

THE mighty rivals, whose destructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Cæsar from none but you will have his doom:
He hates th' obsequious flatteries of Rome:
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd;
And he hath rul'd in all the world beside.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had stain'd with blood; Peace flourish'd in this
isle;

And you alone may boast you never saw
Cæsar till now, and now can give him law.

Great Pompey too comes as a suppliant here,
But says he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal justice, and (to tell
A Roman truth) he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's side;
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he died.
His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then of what doubt can Pompey's cause admit,
Since here so many Cato's judging sit.

But you, bright nymphs, give Cæsar leave to
woo,

The greatest wonder of the world, but you:
And hear a Muse, who has that hero taught
To speak as generously as e'er he fought;
Whose eloquence from such a theme deters
All tongues but English, and all pens but hers.
By the just Fates your sex is doubly blest:
You conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best.

And you (§ illustrious Sir) receive as due,
A present destiny preserv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England, join their forces here,
To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then; and on that Pompey's brow,
Who gave so many crowns, bestow one now.

ROSS'S GHOST.

SHAME of my life, disturber of my tomb,
Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;
Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
To knaves a fool, to credulous fools a knave,
The king's betrayer, and the people's slave.
Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.

To the Lord Lieutenant.

I love in vain th' infected blood to cure:
Streams will run muddy, where the spring's im-
In all your meritorious life, we see [pure-
Old Tass's invincible sobriety.
Places of Master of the Horse, and Spy,
You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply.
From Sydney's blood your loyalty did spring:
You shew us all your parents, but the king;
From whose too tender and too bounteous arms
(Unhappy he who such a viper warms!
As dutiful a subject as a son!)
To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell:
Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell.
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The first and fairest of the sons of light:
But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

THE SIXTH ODE

OF THE

THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples which the Gods provoke,
And statues sully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke.
Propitious heaven, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect;
All empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command
they end.
Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell;
And, with insulting pride,
Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.
The Scythian and Ægyptian scum
Had almost ruin'd Rome;
While our seditions took their part,
Fill each Ægyptian sail, and wing'd each Scy-
thian dart.

First, those flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed;
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crowding sins began, [ran.
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade;
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice;

What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay;
And with an early hand they form the temper'd
clay.

Marry'd, their lessons she improves
By practice of adulterous loves;
And scorns the common, mean design,
To take advantage of her husband's wine;
Or snatch, in some dark place,
A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when lovers call;
Hither a merchant from the straits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
Or city cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs;
Convenient brutes, whose tributary flame
Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the flighted
shame.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides;
Made the proud Asian monarch feel
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,
Forc'd even dire Hannibal to yield,
And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal
field.

But soldiers of a rustic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes did
found:

And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the
day.

Time sensibly all things impairs;
Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough
to be.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

FOLLOWING VERSE FROM LUCAN.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni.

THE Gods were pleas'd to choose the conquering
side;
But Cato thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY §.

"Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium
& fons."

I HAVE seldom known a trick succeed, and will
put none upon the reader; but tell him plainly,
that I think it could never be more seasonable
than now to lay down such rules, as, if they be
observed, will make men write more correctly,
and judge more discreetly: but Horace must be
read seriously, or not at all; for else the reader
won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost
my labour. I have kept as close as I could, both
to the meaning and the words of the author, and
done nothing but what I believe he would forgive
if he were alive; and I have often asked myself
that question. I know this is a field,

"Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit
Alumnus."

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben
Jonson, to which no man pays more veneration
than I, it cannot be denied, that the constraint of
rhyme, and a literal translation (to which Horace
in this book declares himself an enemy), has made
him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly;
and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a
line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics: but, if I
durst, I would beg them to remember, that Ho-
race owed his favour and his fortune to the cha-
racter given of him by Virgil and Varius; that
Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Ho-
race says of them; and that, in their golden age,
there was a good understanding among the inge-
nious, and those who were the most esteemed
were the best natured.

If in a picture (Piso) you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts of the most different kinds
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter
mad!

Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and poets have been still allow'd
Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
This privilege we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies,
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.

§ Printed from Dr. Rawlinson's copy, corrected by the
Earl of Roscommon's own hand.

Some, that at first have promis'd mighty things,
 Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines
 Shine through th' insipid dulness of the rest.
 Here they describe a temple, or a wood,
 Or streams that through delightful meadows run;
 And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine:
 But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
 And are as much to seek in other things,
 As he that only can design a tree,
 Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm.
 When you begin with so much pomp and show,
 Why is the end so little and so low?
 Be what you will, so you be still the same.

Most poets fall into the grossest faults,
 Deluded by a seeming excellence:
 By striving to be short, they grow obscure;
 And when they would write smoothly, they want
 strength,

Their spirits sink; while others, that affect
 A lofty style, swell to a tympany.
 Some timorous wretches start at every blast,
 And, fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore;
 Others, in love with wild variety,
 Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood:
 Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
 Is a most certain way of erring still.

The meanest workman in th' Æmilian square,
 May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
 But cannot finish what he hath begun:
 What can be more ridiculous than he?
 For one or two good features in a face,
 Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
 Make it but more remarkably deform'd,

Let poets match their subject to their strength,
 And often try what weight they can support,
 And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.
 After a serious and judicious choice,
 Method and eloquence will never fail.

As well the force as ornament of verse
 Consists in choosing a fit time for things,
 And knowing when a Muse may be indulg'd
 In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill:
 You gain your point, when, by the noble art
 Of good connexion, an unusual word
 Is made at first familiar to our ear:
 But if you write of things abstruse or new,
 Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
 So it be seldom and discreetly done:
 But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
 Must so derive them from the Grecian spring,
 As they may seem to flow without constraint.
 Can an impartial reader discommend
 In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
 In Plautus or Cæcilius? Why should I
 Be envy'd for the little I invent,
 When Ennius and Cato's copious style
 Have so enrich'd and so adorn'd our tongue?
 Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
 To coin new words well suited to the age.
 Words are like leaves; some wither every year;
 And every year a younger race succeeds.
 Death is a tribute all things owe to fate.
 The Lucrine mole (Cæsar's stupendous work)
 Protects our navies from the raging north;

And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
 We plow and reap where former ages row'd.
 See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves
 So often overflow'd the neighbouring fields)
 Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
 Confin'd by our great Emperor's command.
 Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot.
 Why then should words challenge eternity,
 When greatest men and greatest actions die?
 Use may revive the obsoletest words,
 And banish those that now are most in vogue:
 Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.

Homer first taught the world in epic verse
 To write of great commanders and of kings.

Elegies were at first design'd for grief,
 Though now we use them to express our joy;
 But to whose Muse we owe that sort of Verse,
 Is undecided by the men of skill.

Rage with Iambics arm'd Archilochus,
 Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
 And favourites of the Dramatic Muse.
 Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound
 Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit,
 And whose peculiar province is the stage.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
 Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
 Are proper subjects for the Lyric song.

Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,
 Who neither knows nor would observe a rule;
 And chooses to be ignorant and proud,
 Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?
 Let every thing have its due place and time.

A comic subject loves an humble verse:
 Thyeftes scorns a low and comic style:
 Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her voice,
 And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail:
 Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve;
 Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
 Forget their swelling and gigantic words.
 He that would have spectators share his grief,
 Must write not only well, but movingly,
 And raise men's passions to what height he will.
 We weep and laugh, as we see others do:
 He only makes me sad who shews the way,
 And first is sad himself; then, Telephus,
 I feel the weight of your calamities,
 And fancy all your miseries my own:
 But if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh:
 Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe;
 For nature forms, and softens us within,
 And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
 And grief dejects and wrings the tortur'd soul;
 And these are all interpreted by speech:
 But he whose words and fortunes disagree,
 Abjur'd, unpity'd, grows a public jest.
 Observe the characters of those that speak,
 Whether an honest servant, or a cheat,
 Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins;
 Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,
 Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,
 Argives or Thebans, Asians or Greeks.

Follow report, or feign coherent things;
 Describe Achilles, as Achilles was,

Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
Medea must be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io must wander, and Orestes mourn.

If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better choose a well-known theme
Than trust to an invention of your own:
For what originally others writ,
May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
That with some justice it may pass for yours;
But then you must not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
Nor (as some servile imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,
As you must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old poetaster did,
"Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I sing."
In what will all this ostentation end? [mouse:
The labouring mountain scarce brings forth a
How far is this from the Mæonian stile? [Troy,
"Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of
"So many towns, such change of manners saw."
One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,
The other out of smoke brings glorious light.
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with daring miracles,
The bloody Lestrygons, Charybdis' gulph,
And frighted Greeks, who near the Ætna shore,
Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.
He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
When he begins to write the Trojan war;
Nor, writing the return of Diomed,
Go back as far as Meleager's death:
Nothing is idle, each judicious line
Insensibly acquaints us with the plot;
He chooses only what he can improve,
And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd
That all seems uniform, and of a piece.

Now hear what every auditor expects;
If you intend that he should stay to hear
The epilogue, and see the curtain fall;
Mind how our tempers alter in our years,
And by that rule form all your characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes every hour his wavering mind.
A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke,
Loves horses, hounds, and sports, and exercise,
Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
And make us slaves to interest and power.
Old men are only walking hospitals,
Where all defects and all diseases crowd
With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use;
Illnatur'd censors of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past.
Thus all the treasure of our flowing years,

Our ebb of life for ever takes away.

Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.

Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves less than what we see;
Spectators only have their eyes to trust,
But auditors must trust their ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
Medea must not draw her murdering knife,
And spill her children's blood upon the stage,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.
Cadmus and Progné's metamorphosis,
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.

Five acts are the just measure of a play.
Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a business worthy of a God;
And in one scene no more than three should speak.

A chorus should supply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part;
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
And strict observance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, security, and peace, [wheel,
And begs the Gods who guide blind fortune's
To raise the wretched, and pull down the proud.
But nothing must be sung between the acts,
But what some way conduces to the plot.

First the shrill sound of a small rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience
Of our well meaning, frugal ancestors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by prosperity)
Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,
The verse, the music, and the scene's improv'd;
For how should ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of sense applaud the jest of fools?
Then came rich clothes and graceful action in,
Then instruments were taught more moving notes,
And eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold us useful and sententious truths,
As those deliver'd by the Delphic God.

The first tragedians found that serious style
Too grave for their uncultivated age,
And so brought wild and naked satyrs in,
Whose motion, words, and shape, were all a farce,
(As oft as decency would give them leave)
Because the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd such variety and antic tricks.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
(Stript of his golden crown and purple robe)
Descend to a mechanic dialect,
Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high
With empty sound and airy notions fly;
For tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls:
You must not think that a satiric style
Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
Or the confounding of your characters.

Begin with Truth, then give Invention scope,
 And if your style be natural and smooth,
 All men will try, and hope to write as well;
 And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
 So much good method and connexion may
 Improve the common and the plainest things.
 A satyr that comes staring from the woods,
 Must not at first speak like an orator:
 But, though his language should not be refin'd,
 It must not be obscene and impudent;
 The better sort abhors scurrility,
 And often censures what the rabble likes.
 Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
 And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
 But then to write at a loose rambling rate,
 In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
 Is such a rash ill-grounded confidence,
 As men may pardon, but will never praise.
 Be perfect in the Greek originals,
 Read them by day, and think of them by night.

But Plautus was admir'd in former time
 With too much patience (not to call it worse):
 His harsh, unequal verse was music then,
 And rudeness had the privilege of wit.

When Thespis first expos'd the Tragic Muse,
 Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,
 Where ghastly faces stain'd with lees of wine
 Frighted the children, and amus'd the crowd;
 This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,
 And built a stage, found out a decent dress,
 Brought vizards in (a civiler disguise),
 And taught men how to speak and how to act.
 Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,
 Till her licentious and abusive tongue
 Waken'd the magistrates coercive power,
 And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.

Our writers have attempted every way;
 And they deserve our praise, whose daring Muse
 Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
 And found fit subjects for her verse at home.
 Nor should we be less famous for our wit,
 Than for the force of our victorious arms;
 But that the time and care that are requir'd
 To overlook, and file, and polish well,
 Fright poets from that necessary toil.

Democritus was so in love with wit,
 And some men's natural impulse to write,
 That he despis'd the help of art and rules,
 And thought none poets till their brains were crackt;

And this hath so intoxicated some,
 That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
 They cleanliness and company renounce
 For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
 With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
 Pass current for Apollo's livery.
 O my unhappy stars! if in the Spring
 Some physic had not cur'd me of the spleen,
 None would have writ with more success than I;
 But I must rest contented as I am,
 And only serve to whet that wit in you,
 To which I willingly resign my claim.
 Yet without writing I may teach to write,
 Tell what the duty of a poet is;
 Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,

And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
 What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
 And when Philosophy directs your choice
 To proper subjects rightly understood,
 Words from your pen will naturally flow;
 He only gives the proper characters,
 Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,
 And what we owe our country, parents, friends,
 How judges and how senators should act,
 And what becomes a general to do;
 Those are the likest copies, which are drawn
 By the original of human life.
 Sometimes in rough and undigested plays
 We meet with such a lucky character,
 As, being humour'd right, and well pursued,
 Succeeds much better than the shallow verse
 And chiming trifles of more studious pens.

Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
 For her ambition and her end was fame.
 Our Roman youth is diligently taught
 The deep mysterious art of growing rich,
 And the first words that children learn to speak
 Are of the value of the names of coin;
 Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk
 Hath suck'd the basest dregs of usury,
 Pretend to generous and heroic thoughts?
 Can rust and avarice write lasting lines?
 But you, brave youth, wise Numa's worthy heir,
 Remember of what weight your judgment is,
 And never venture to commend a book,
 That has not pass'd all judges and all tests.

A poet should instruct, or please, or both:
 Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
 That ready wits may comprehend them soon,
 And faithful memories retain them long;
 All superfluities are soon forgot.
 Never be so conceited of your parts,
 To think you may persuade us what you please,
 Or venture to bring in a child alive,
 That cannibals have murder'd and devour'd.
 Old age explodes all but morality;
 Austerity offends aspiring youths;
 But he that joins instruction with delight,
 Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes:
 These are the volumes that enrich the shops,
 These pass with admiration through the world,
 And bring their author to eternal fame.

Be not too rigidly censorious,
 A string may jar in the best master's hand,
 And the most skilful archer miss his aim;
 But in a poem elegantly writ,
 I would not quarrel with a slight mistake,
 Such as our nature's frailty may excuse;
 But he that hath been often told his fault,
 And still persists, is as impertinent
 As a musician that will alway play,
 And yet is always out at the same note:
 When such a positive abandon'd fop
 (Among his numerous absurdities)
 Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
 I fret to see them in such company,
 And wonder by what magic they came there.
 But in long works sleep will sometimes surprise;
 Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.

Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
 Some better at a distance, others near,
 Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,
 And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;
 Some please for once, some will for ever please.
 But, Piso, (though your knowledge of the world,
 Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)
 Remember this as an important truth:
 Some things admit of mediocrity,
 A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
 May want Messala's powerful eloquence,
 Or be less read than deep Cascellius;
 Yet this indifferent lawyer is esteem'd;
 But no authority of gods nor men
 Allow of any mean in poetry.
 As an ill concert, and a coarse perfume,
 Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
 And might with more discretion have been spar'd;
 So poetry, whose end is to delight,
 Admits of no degrees, but must be still
 Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
 In other things men have some reason left,
 And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
 Despairing of success, forbears to try;
 But all (without consideration) write;
 Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth
 Can turn them into poets when they please.
 But, Piso, you are of too quick a sight
 Not to discern which way your talent lies,
 Or vainly with your genius to contend;
 Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
 Let your productions pass the strictest hands,
 Mine and your father's, and not see the light
 Till time and care have ripen'd every line.
 What you keep by you, you may change and
 mend;

But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human power,
 Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,
 But men as lawless and as wild as they,
 And first dissuaded them from rage and blood.
 Thus, when Amphion built the Theban wall,
 They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute:
 Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
 Brought all things to their proper, native use;
 Some they appropriated to the Gods,
 And some to public, some to private ends:
 Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
 Cities were built, and useful laws were made:
 So great was the divinity of verse,
 And such observance to a poet paid.
 Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muse
 Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
 To verse we owe the sacred oracles,
 And our best precepts of morality:
 Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,
 (Who, with the Muses, ease their weary'd minds)
 Then blush not, noble Piso, to protect
 What Gods inspire, and kings delight to hear.
 Some think that poets may be form'd by art;
 Others maintain that Nature makes them so:
 I neither see what art without a vein,
 Nor wit without the help of art can do;
 But mutually they crave each other's aid.
 He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize,

Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold;
 Take leave of wine and the soft joys of love;
 And no musician dares pretend to skill,
 Without a great expence of time and pains:
 But every little busy scribbler now
 Swells with the praises which he gives himself,
 And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
 Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.
 A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
 A flattering audience, than poor tradesmen do
 To persuade customers to buy their goods.
 'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
 That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
 Never delude yourself, nor read your book
 Before a brib'd and fawning auditor;
 For he'll commend and feign an extasy,
 Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please.
 True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit;
 As men that truly grieve at funerals,
 Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.
 Wise were the kings who never chose a friend,
 Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
 And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.
 You cannot arm yourself with too much care
 Against the smiles of a designing knave.

Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
 Would freely tell you what you should correct,
 Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
 And with more care supply the vacancy;
 But if he found you fond and obstinate
 (And apter to defend than mend your faults),
 With silence leave you to admire yourself,
 And without rival hug your darling book.
 The prudent care of an impartial friend
 Will give you notice of each idle line,
 Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants orna-
 ment,

Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
 Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
 And with a strict inquiry mark your faults;
 Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love.
 Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
 Will be of a most serious consequence,
 When they have made you once ridiculous.

A poetaster, in his raging fit,
 (Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
 Is dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense:
 They make a lane for the polluted thing,
 And fly as from th' infection of the plague,
 Or from a man whom, for a just revenge,
 Fanatic phrenzy sent by heaven pursues.
 If (in the raving of a frantic Muse)
 And minding more his verses than his way,
 Any of these should drop into a well,
 Though he might burst his lungs to call for help,
 No creature would assist or pity him,
 But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
 Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
 Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
 In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.
 Give poets leave to make themselves away;
 Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
 Than to keep men alive against their will?
 Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice;
 For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,

He would be at his frolic once again,
 And his pretensions to divinity.
 'Tis hard to say, whether for sacrilege,
 Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,
 The rhyming fiend is sent into these men:
 But they are all most visibly possess'd,
 And, like a baited bear when he breaks loose,
 Without distinction seize on all they meet:
 None ever 'scap'd that came within their reach,
 Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood;
 Without remorse insatiably they read,
 And never leave till they have read men dead.

ON MR. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

Be gone, you slaves, you idle vermin go;
 Fly from the scourges, and your master know.
 Let free, impartial men from Dryden learn
 Mysterious secrets, of a high concern,
 And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
 Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
 What can you (Reverend Levi) here take ill?
 Men still had faults, and men will have them still:
 He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
 Must be an angel; but what's that to you?
 While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,
 And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,
 Our sects a more tyrannic pow'r assume,
 And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome;
 That church detain'd the legacy divine;
 Fanatics cast the pearls of heav'n to swine:
 What then have thinking, honest men to do,
 But choose a mean between th' usurping two?
 Nor can th' Egyptian patriarch blame thy
 Muse,
 Which for his firmness does his heat excuse:

Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
 The preface sure was his own act and deed.
 Our church will have that preface read, you'll
 say.
 'Tis true: but so she will th' Apocrypha:
 And such as can believe them, freely may.
 But did that God (so little understood)
 Whose darling attribute is being good,
 From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
 Such various creatures, and make man their
 king;
 Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefest care,
 More wretched than the vilest insects are?
 O! how much happier and more safe are they!
 If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey
 To yelling furies, and for ever burn
 In that sad place from whence is no return,
 For unbelief in one they never knew,
 Or for not doing what they could not do!
 The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
 And so do all their followers that rebel:
 If then a blind, well-meaning Indian stray,
 Shall the great gulf be shew'd him for the way?
 For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
 Or the fall'n angels' room will be but ill sup-
 ply'd.
 That Christ, who at the great deciding day
 (For he declares what he resolves to say)
 Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults;
 And save the sheep for actions, not for thoughts,
 Hath too much mercy to send men to hell,
 For humble charity, and hoping well.
 To what stupidity are zealots grown,
 Whose inhumanity, profusely shown
 In damning crowds of souls, may damn their
 own.
 I'll err at least on the securer side,
 A convert free from malice and from pride,

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS OTWAY,

Containing his

MISCELLANIES,
PROLOGUES,

||
Uc. Uc. Uc.

TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

But wherefore need I wander wide
By old Ilissus' verdant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And echo, 'midst thy native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.
There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was shewn,
And, while he sung, the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

COLLIN'S ODE TO PITY.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

THOMAS OTWAY.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The wit and humour, which
The old British authors did
Delight in, and which
Went down to the heart of the
And which, with the native
From the heart of the
There is the source of the
On which the great
To him the call was given
And while he sang the
With some of the most
The reader may find

Geoffrey's One to Five

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY WINDLE AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1795.

THE LIFE OF OTWAY.

THOMAS OTWAY, one of the most distinguished names in the English drama, was the son of Mr. Humphrey Otway, Rector of Woolbeding, in Suffex; and was born at Trotton in that county, March 3. 1651.

He received his education at Westminster school, and was entered a commoner in Christ-Church college, Oxford, in 1669; but left the university without a degree.

It seems likely that he was eager to mingle with the world, and desirous of being conspicuous; for he went to London, and commenced player; but found himself unable to gain any reputation on the stage.

The part which he attempted to perform, and failed in, was the character of the King, in Mrs. Behn's *Forced Marriage*; or, *The Jealous Bridegroom*, which was exhibited 1672.

It is not to be supposed, that Otway was deficient in judgment; but a poet may be supposed to want the flexibility of countenance and variety of expression which belong to a good player; and which were actually wanting in Shakspeare and Jonson, his great predecessors in dramatic excellence.

Though Otway could not gain much notice as an actor, the sprightliness of his conversation, and the acuteness of his wit, gained him the favour of the Earl of Plymouth, one of the natural sons of Charles II., who procured him a cornet's commission in the troops which then served in Flanders.

All who have written of Otway observe, that he soon returned to London, in extreme indigence, but give no account how that reverse of fortune happened.

He was probably averse to the military profession; and it is therefore not extraordinary, all things considered, that he left his commission behind him; and exchanged the chance of reaping laurels in the field of victory, for the equally uncertain and more barren laurels of poetry.

As he felt in himself such powers as might qualify for a dramatic author, he had recourse to writing for the stage; and now it was that he found out the only employment that nature seems to have fitted him for.

In 1675, his twenty-fifth year, he produced *Alcibiades*, a Tragedy, his first performance; and the year following, *Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*, a Tragedy, written in heroic verse; which met with very great applause. It is asserted to have been played thirty nights together; but this report it is reasonable to doubt, as so long a continuance of one play upon the stage is a wide deviation from the practice of that time. Rochester, in his *Session of the Poets*, has maliciously recorded the success of this play, and the deplorable circumstances of Otway.

" Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any:
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd;

But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The scum of a playhouse, for the prop of an age." }

In 1677, he produced *Titus and Berenice*, translated from Racine; with the *Cheats of Scapin*, from Moliere; and, in 1678, *Friendship in Fashion*, a Comedy, which met with success; but, upon its revival in 1740, was hissed off the stage for immorality and obscenity.

The *Orphan* was exhibited in 1680, and has ever since kept possession of the stage, through all the vicissitudes of dramatic fashion. It is not without blemishes, but its power upon the affections is irresistible; and where the heart is interested, comprehension of thought or elegance of expression may be wanting, yet not be missed.

The same year, he produced *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, in which the characters of young Marius and Lavinia are borrowed from the Romeo and Juliet of Shakspeare.

In 1681, was exhibited, *The Soldier's Fortune*, a Comedy, which may have been popular when it was written, for licentiousness then polluted the court, the nation, and the stage, but is now entirely laid aside; and, in 1682, his great dramatic work, *Venice Preserved*, a Tragedy, which still continues to be one of the favourites of the public, though there is not a virtuous character in it but that of Belvidera, and the action is absurdly diversified by scenes of low comedy. So amazing, however, is the force of his skill in drawing the characters originally from nature, and in blending public and private calamities, that the distress of Belvidera melts every heart, and the ruffian on the wheel is as much an object of pity as if he had been brought to that unhappy fate by some honourable action. By comparing it with his *Orphan*, it will appear that the images are stronger, the characters more forcibly drawn, and the language more energetic; but equally deformed with coarse and indelicate allusions.

In 1684 was exhibited, *The Atheist*; or, *The Second Part of the Soldier's Fortune*, a Comedy, which was his last dramatic performance, and is now deservedly neglected, like the other, for its licentiousness.

Otway is said to have been a favourite companion of many of the dissolute wits who frequented the debauched court of Charles II.; but their fondness appears to have been without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship; for he received no favour from them, but to share their riots and debauchery, from which he was dismissed to his own narrow circumstances.

Thus he languished in poverty; and having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, he retired to a public house on Tower-hill, to avoid the pressure of his creditors, where he died on the 14th April 1685, in the 34th year of his age. Some have said that downright hunger compelling him to fall too eagerly upon a piece of bread, which he had been some time in want, and which charity supplied, the first mouthful choked him, and put a period to his days. Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates in Spence's Memorials, that he died of a fever, caught by violent pursuit of a thief, who had robbed one of his friends.

Whatever may have been the immediate cause of his death, it is certain, that indigence, and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, and sunk him to the grave.

His melancholy fate has been wept by many succeeding poets, with the genuine tears of sensibility; and lately by Mr. Preston, in *An Epistle to a Young Gentleman*, dissuading him from the study of poetry, by a pathetic enumeration of the martyrs of the lyre.

" The stings of want when famish'd Otway bore,
Oh, think what pangs the gentle spirit tore!
Awake to mourn, and exquisite to feel,
How sorrow rives him with her hand of steel!
Thou brightest fancy, softest, kindest soul,
There sway'd the tragic Muse with high controul;
And Venus kiss'd thy lips, and bath'd thy strain
In purest nectar; but she bath'd in vain,

Child of the graces, nurfling of the loves,
 In houfelefs beggary poor Otway roves.
 Lo, fome kind hand the tardy boon fupplies,
 A lickly luftre fills his hollow eyes ;
 With trembling hafte he grasps the precious meal,
 The damps of death his weary eye-lids feal !"

No one, indeed, can reflect on the fate of Otway, without regretting, that he, who could make the bofom bleed with falutary sorrow, fhould be fo wretched, as to excite the fame compaffion for himfelf which he raifed for imaginary heroes.

From his example, fucceeding poets fhould learn to be attentive to decency, and zealous for virtue, to hold flattery, even to kings, a fhame, to ftuggle nobly for independence, by the means of induftry, and to place no confidence in the patronage of the Great, who exact homage from men of genius, yet fuffer them to live miferably, and die neglected.

Befides his Plays, he published *The History of the Triumvirate*, a tranflation from the French ; and the Poems in the prefent Collection ; which, like the fmall pieces of Shakspeare and Rowe, add nothing to his reputation. His power upon the paffions was limited to dramatic dialogue ; for his verfes have neither warmth nor tenderness. He had not much cultivated verfification, nor much replenifhed his mind with general knowledge. Of the Poems, the longeft is, *The Poet's Complaint of his Mufe*, written with the metrical licence and metaphyfical obfcurity of the Pindaric Ode. The language is often grofs, and the verfification inharmonious. In his *Windfor Caftle*, his loyalty is pretty conspicuous ; but the poetry is feldom commendable. The *Epiftle to Duke* has fome fprightlinefs, but little elegance. His other Pieces merit no particular notice.

His Tragedies are the foundation of his fame ; on which it is unneceffary to enlarge, as the pathetic paffages are in every mouth, and every representation draws tears from the faireft eyes in the nation.

THE WORKS OF OTWAY.
428
Yet when we think we learn to stand,
Some in our hearts a forgiving hand,
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

P O E M S.

WINDSOR CASTLE,
IN A MONUMENT TO OUR LATE SOVEREIGN KING CHARLES II.
OF EVER BLESSED MEMORY.

" Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
" Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
" Semper Honos, Noménque tuum, Laudésque manebunt.
" Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ."

VIRG.

To the immortal fame of our late dread Sovereign King Charles II. of ever blessed Memory; and to the sacred Majesty of the most august and mighty Prince James II. now by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. this following Poem is in all humility dedicated by his ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THOUGH poets immortality may give,
And Troy does still in Homer's numbers live:
How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious frame,
Which must be deathless as thy raiser's name:
But that I wanting fame am sure of thine,
To eternize this humble song of mine?
At least the memory of that more than man,
From whose vast mind thy glories first began,
Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,
For wonders always did his name attend.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

Great were the toils attending the command
Of an ungrateful and stiff-necked land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-
blest,
Would never give its nursing father rest;
But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
By rods and axes had been kept in awe;
But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,
In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd;
Who saw those engines which unthring'd us move,
Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,
Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
And watch'd what haste we did to ruin make;

Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand,
Lent to our succour a forgiving hand.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels
thence arise.

Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven,
For Gods have power to keep the balance even,
Which if kings loose, how can they govern well?
Mercy should pardon, but the sword compel:
Compassion's else a kingdom's greatest harm,
Its warmth engenders rebels till they swarm;
And round the throne themselves in tumults spread,
To heave the crown from a long sufferer's head.
By example this that godlike king once knew,
And after, by experience, found too true.
Under Philistian lords we long had mourn'd,
When he, our great Deliverer, return'd;
But thence the deluge of our tears did cease,
The royal dove shew'd us such marks of peace:
And when this land in blood he might have laid,
Brought balm for the wounds ourselves had
made.

Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

Then matrons blest'd him as he pass'd along,
And triumph's echo'd through th' enfranchis'd
throng:

On his each hand his royal brothers shone,
Like two supporters of Great Britain's throne:
The first, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;
Of nature generous, and of steadfast mind,
To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
Reserv'd in pleasures, but in dangers bold,
Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,
True to his friend, and watchful o'er his foes,
And a just value upon each bestows;
Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,
The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's
friend.

Now justly seated on th' imperial throne,
In which high sphere no brighter star e'er shone:
Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,
Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,
Till all his foes their just confusion meet,
And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!

The second, for debates in council fit,
Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit:
To all the noblest heights of learning bred,
Both men and books with curious search had
read:

Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
And having form'd from all one curious piece,
Learnt thence what springs best move and guide
a state,

And could with ease direct the heavy weight.
But our then angry fate great Glo'ster seiz'd,
And never since seem'd perfectly pleas'd:
For, oh! what pity, people blest'd as we
With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,
Should so much of our old disease retain,
To make us surfeit into slaves again!
Slaves to those tyrant lords whose yoke we bore,
And serv'd so base a bondage to before;

Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,
Or we had appetites too coarse to taste.
Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse, [choose.
And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murmuring
Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising
breast,

Though much the lion in his bosom prest:
But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,
That his own passions knew him, and obey'd:
Master of them, he soften'd his command,
The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand:
Stern majesty upon his brow might sit,
But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet:
So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford.
One least perfection more each had been ador'd.
Merciful, just, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,
Witty, and pleasure's friend, yet not her slave:
The paths of life by noblest methods trod;
Of mortal mold, but in his mind a god.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

In this great mind long he his cares revolv'd,
And long it was ere the great mind resolv'd:
Till weariness at last his thoughts compos'd;
Peace was the choice, and their debates were clos'd.
But oh!

Through all this isle, where it seems most design'd,
Nothing so hard as wish'd-for peace to find.
The elements due order here maintain,
And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain:
Cool shades and streams, rich fertile lands abound,
And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.
But we, a wretched race of men; thus blest,
Of so much happiness (if known, possess)
Mistaking every noblest use of life,
Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife,
For the unwholesome, brawling harlot, Strife. }
The man in power, by wild ambition led,
Envy'd all honours on another's head;
And, to supplant some rival, by his pride
Embroid'd that state his wisdom ought to guide.
The priests, who humble temperance should possess,
Sought silken robes and fat voluptuous ease;
So, with small labours in the vineyard shewn,
Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.
That dark enigma (yet unriddled) Law,
Instead of doing right and giving awe,
Kept open lists, and at the noisy bar,
Four times a-year proclaim'd a civil war,
Where daily kinsman, father, son, and brother,
Might damn their souls to ruin one another.
Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Caesar's
cause,

From false religions and corrupted laws;
Till so at last rebellion's base was laid,
And God or king no longer were obey'd.

But that good angel whose surmounting power
Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,
Against whose care hell vainly did decree,
Nor faster could design than that foresee,
Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow
From all its blackest arts, was with him now,
Assur'd him peace must be for him design'd,
For he was born to give it all mankind,

By patience, mercies large, and many toils,
In his own realms to calm intestine broils,
Thence every root of discord to remove,
And plant us new with unity and love.
Then stretch his healing hands to neighbour-
ing stores,
Where slaughter rages, and wild repine roars;
To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,
Who, so their madness and their rage might cease,
Grow all (embracing what such friendship brings)
Like us the people, and like him their kings.
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels
from it rise.

For this assurance pious thanks he paid;
Then in his mind the beauteous model laid
Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care
A-while forgot, he might for ease repair:
A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,
Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow
On the vain, busy, swarming world below.
E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains,
Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,
Once in a happy hour was thither led.
Curious to see what fame so far had spread.
There tell, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind. [find,
'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,
On which that man of miracles was born,
At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,
Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
Did strange escapes from dreadful fate declare,
Nor shin'd, but for one greater king before.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
The voice of triumph on the hills was heard;
Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echo's round,
And cheerful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd.
But, above all, within those lofty towers,
Where glorious Charles then spent his happy hours,
Joy wore a solemn, though a smiling face;
'Twas gay, but yet majestic, as the place;
Tell then, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Within a gate of strength, whose ancient frame
His outworn Time, and the records of Fame,
A reverend * dome there stands, where twice
each day

Assembling prophets their devotions pay,
In prayers and hymns to heaven's eternal King,
The cornet, flute, and shawme, assisting as they
Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount, [sing.
From the first tables of the holy mount,
To the blest gospel of that glorious Lord,
Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.
Here speak, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind. [find

Within this dome a shining † chapel's rais'd,
Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,

* St. George's Church.

† St. George's Chapel.

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When one approach'd, who bore much sober grace,
Order and ceremony in his face;
A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,
A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys;
His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,
Ready to open all to all that pay.
This courteous squire, observing how amaz'd
My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
Thus gently spoke: "Those banners † rais'd on
"Betoken noble vows of chivalry; [high
"Which here their heroes with religion make,
"When they the ensigns of this order take."
Then in due method made me understand
What honour fam'd St. George had done our land;
What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters
strove;

Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and love,
Hang here their trophies, while their generous
arms

Keep wrong suppress, and innocence from harms.
At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
For I had been told all virtue was but shew;
That oft bold villainy had best success,
As if its use were more, nor merit less.
But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd.
Tell on, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
find.

Worthy thy song, and Charles's mighty mind. }
I turn'd around my eyes and, lo, a § cell,
Where melancholy ruin seem'd to dwell;
The door unhing'd, without or bolt or ward,
Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard.
Like some old den, scarce visited by day,
Where dark oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for
prey.

Here, in a heap of confus'd waste, I found
Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;
The spoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
Which equally on all mankind does wait.
The hero, level'd in his humble grave,
With other men, was now nor great nor brave;
While here his trophies, like their master, lay,
To darkness, worms, and rottenness, a prey.
Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,
Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet,
Fell in his prince's and his country's cause;
But what his recompence? A short applause,
Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,
Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.

And happy that man's chance who falls in time,
Ere yet his virtue be become his crime,
Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his pride,
Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.
But truly blest is he, whose soul can bear
The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his
care;

Whose mind no disappointment here can shake;
Who a true estimate of life does make,
Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
So to that prospect still his thoughts does bend;
Who, though his right a stronger power invade,
Though fate oppress, and no man give him aid,

† Of the Knights of the Garter.

§ An old isle in the church, where the banner of a dead
knight is carried, when another succeeds him.

R f

Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find
Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind,
Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave,
For who's a prince or beggar in the grave?

But if immortal any thing remain,
Rejoice, my Muse, and strive that end to gain.
Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,
And ease of every bitter weight I bear,
Keep from my soul repining, while I sing
The praise and honour of this glorious king;
And farther tell what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Beyond the dome a * lofty tower appears,
Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past years,
Old as his noble stem, who there bears sway,
And, like his loyalty, without decay.

This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood
The mother pile, and all the rest her brood;
So careful watch seems piously to keep,
While underneath her wings the mighty sleep;
And they may rest, since † Norfolk there com-
mands,

Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.

But now appears the ¶ beauteous seat of Peace,
Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease;
Where noble order strikes the greedy sight
With wonder, as it fills it with delight:
The massy walls seem as the womb of earth,
Shrunk when such mighty quarries thence had
birth;

Or by the Theban founder they'd been rais'd,
And in his powerful numbers should be prais'd:
Such strength without does every where abound,
Within such glory and such splendor's found,
As man's united skill had there combin'd
I' express what one great genius had design'd.

Thus, when the happy world Augustus sway'd,
Knowledge was cherish'd, and improvement made;
Learning and arts his empire did adorn,
Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;
But, at his call, from farthest nations came,
While the immortal Muses gave him fame.
'Though when her far-stretch'd empire flourish'd
most,

Rome never yet a work like this could boast:
No Cæsar e'er like Charles his pomp express'd,
Nor ever were his nations half so blest;
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

Here, as all Nature's wealth to court him prest,
Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.
Through all the lofty roofs § describ'd we find
The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind:
A theme that might the noblest fancy warm,
And only fit for || his who did perform.
The walls adorn'd with richest woven gold,
Equal to what in temples shin'd of old,
Grac'd well the lustre of his royal ease, [seas;
Whose empire reach'd throughout the wealthy

* The castle.

† The Duke of Norfolk, Constable of Windsor castle.

¶ The house.

§ The paintings done by || The Sieur Verrio, his Ma-
jesty's chief painter.

Ease which he wisely chose, when raging arms
Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms;
For when wars troubled her soft fountains there,
She swell'd her streams, and flow'd in faster here:
With her came Plenty, till our isle seem'd blest
As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest.
Therefore, when cruel spoilers, who have hurl'd
Waste and confusion through the wretched world,
To after-times leave a great hated name,
The praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame;
His country's father, through whose tender care,
Like a lull'd babe she slept, and knew no fear;
Who, when sh' offended oft would hide his eyes,
Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastise.
But if submission brought her to his feet,
With what true joy the penitent he'd meet!
How would his love still with his justice strive!
How parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive!
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

Since after all those toils through which he
By every art of most endearing love, [strove
For his reward he had his Britain found,
The awe and envy of the nations round.
Muse, then speak more what wonders thou didst
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind; [find
Tell now what emulation may inspire,
And warm each British heart with warlike fire;
Call all thy sisters of the sacred hill,
And by the painter's pencil guide my quill;
Describe that lofty monumental § hall,
Where England's triumphs grace the shining }
wall, [Gaul
When she led captive kings from conquer'd
Here when the sons of Fame their leader meet,
And at their feasts in pompous order sit,
When the glad sparkling bowl inspires the board,
And high-raisd thoughts great tales of war afford,
Here as a lesson may their eyes behold
What their victorious fathers did of old,
When their proud neighbours of the Gallic shore
Trembled to hear the English lion roar.
Here may they see how good old ¶ Edward sat,
And did his §§ glorious son's arrival wait,
When from the fields of vanquish'd France he
came,

Follow'd by spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.
In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
Oh, for such laurels on another head!
Unfoil'd with sloth, nor yet o'erclay'd with peace,
We had not then learn'd the loose arts of ease.
In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,
And with no foreign education curs'd.
Their northern metal was preserv'd with care,
Nor sent for softening into hotter air.
Nor did they as now from fruitless travels come
With follies, vices, and diseases home;
But in full purity of health and mind
Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.
Had not false senates to those ills dispos'd
Which long had England's happiness oppos'd

§ Where St. George's feast is kept.

¶ Edward III.

§§ The Black Prince.

With stubborn faction and rebellious pride,
All means to such a noble end deny'd,
To Britain Charles this glory had restor'd,
And those revolted nations own'd their lord.
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

And now survey what's open to our view,
Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due;
The temple by this hero built behold,
Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold;
Whose radiant roof such glory does display,
We think we see the heaven to which we pray;
So well the artist's hand has there delin'd
The merciful redemption of mankind;
The bright ascension of the Son of God, [rode,
When back through yielding skies to heaven he
With lightning round his head, and thunder
where he trod.

Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given
Wisdom, the greatest gift of bounteous heaven:
A house like his he built, and temple rais'd,
Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd:
With riches too and honours was he crown'd;
Nor, whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found.
Therefore what once to Israel's lord was said,
When Sheba's queen his glorious court survey'd,
To Charles's fame for ever shall remain,
Who did as wondrous things, who did as greatly
reign.

"Happy were they who could before him stand,
"And saw the wisdom of his dread command;"
For heaven resolv'd, that much above the rest
Of other nations Britain should be blest;
Found him when banish'd from his sacred right,
Try'd his great soul, and in it took delight;
Then to his throne in triumph him did bring,
Where never rul'd a wiser, juster king.
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muse,
Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse.
Two kindred arts they are; so near ally'd,
They oft have by each other been supply'd.
Therefore, great man! when next thy thoughts
incline

The works of Fame, let this be the design:
As thou couldst best great Charles's glory shew,
Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large scene, may give beholders awe,
The meeting of a numerous senate draw!
Over their heads a black distemper'd sky,
And through the air let grinning Furies fly,
Charg'd with commissions of infernal date,
To raise fell Discord and intestine Hate;
From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear
The ugliest snakes, and best-lov'd favourites
there;

Then whirl them (spouting venom as they fall)
'Mongst the assembled numbers of the hall;
There into murmuring bosoms let them go,
Till their infection to confusion grow;

† The chapel at the end of the hall.

Till such bold tumults and disorders rise,
As when the impious sons of earth assail'd the
threaten'd skies.

But then let mighty Charles at distance stand,
His crown upon his head, and sceptre in his hand;
To send abroad his word, or with a frown
Repel, and dash th' aspiring rebels down:
Unable to behold his dreaded ray,
Let them grow blind, disperse, and reel away;
Let the dark fiends the troubled air forsake,
And all new peaceful order seem to take.

But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long
An hour like this, and mingled in the throng,
Rous'd with those furies from her seat below,
T' have watch'd her only time to give the blow:
When cruel cares, by faithless subjects bred,
Too closely press'd his sacred peaceful head;
With them t' have pointed her destroying dart,
And through the brain found passage to the heart.
Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven bestow
On those curs'd heads to whom this loss we owe!
On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
And sent him to the sorrows of the grave!

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
The saddest scenes that weeping eyes e'er saw;
How on his royal bed that woeful day
The much-lamented mighty monarch lay;
Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king,
No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.
Through many steady and well-manag'd years
He'd arm'd his mind 'gainst all those little fears
Which common mortals want the power to hide,
When their mean souls and valued clay divide.
He'd study'd well the worth of life, and knew
Its troubles many, and its blessings few;
Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches see,
And grew familiar with his destiny;
Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate,
Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,
Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,
While he for his great journey did provide.

Oh couldst thou express the yearnings of his
mind
To his poor mourning people left behind!
But that I fear will ev'n thy skill deceive;
None but a soul like his such goodness could con-
ceive:

For though a stubborn race deserving ill,
Yet would he shew himself a father still.
Therefore he chose for that peculiar care,
His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir,
Great James, who to his throne does now succeed,
And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed;
To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
And keep the foxes and the wolves away.

Here, painter, if thou canst, thy art improve,
And shew the wonders of fraternal love;
How mourning James by fading Charles did stand,
The dying grasping the surviving hand;
How round each other's necks their arms they
cast, [brac'd;
Moan'd with endearing murmurings, and em-
And of their parting pangs such marks did give,
'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live.

F f ij

Both their sad tongues quite lost the power to
 speak, [break.

And their kind hearts seem'd both prepar'd to
 Here let thy curious pencil next display,
 How round his bed a beauteous offspring lay,
 With their great father's blessing to be crown'd,
 Like young fierce lions stretch'd upon the
 ground,
 And in majestic silent sorrow drown'd.

This done, suppose the ghastly minute nigh,
 And paint the griefs of the sad standers-by;
 Th' unwearied reverend father's pious care,
 Offering (as oft as tears could stop) a prayer.
 Of kindred nobles draw a sorrowing train,
 Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd
 his pain;

How from each groan of his, deriving smart,
 Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.
 Mingled with these, his faithful servants place,
 With different lines of woe in every face;
 With downcast heads, swoln breasts, and stream-
 ing eyes,

And sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting skies.

But yet there still remains a task behind,
 In which thy readiest art may labour find.
 At distance let the mourning queen appear,
 (But where sad news too soon may reach her ear);
 Describe her prostrate to the throne above,
 Pleading with prayer the tender cause of love:
 Shew troops of angels hovering from the sky,
 (For they, when'er she call'd, were always
 nigh);

Let them attend her cries, and hear her moan,
 With looks of beauteous sadness like her own,
 Because they know her lord's great doom is seal'd,
 And cannot (though she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done;
 So any farther sad description shun.
 Shew him not pale and breathless on his bed;
 'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead;
 And thou thyself to such a scene of woe
 Add a new piece, and thy own statue grow.

Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
 To draw a prospect now of clearer air.
 Paint in an eastern sky new dawning day;
 And there the embryos of time display;
 The forms of many smiling years to come,
 Just ripe for birth, and labouring from their
 womb;
 Each struggling which shall eldership obtain,
 To be first grac'd with mighty James's reign.
 Let the dread monarch on his throne appear;
 Place too the charming partner of it there.
 O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread.
 And soft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head;
 In his, paint smiling, yet majestic grace,
 But all the wealth of beauty in her face.
 Then from the different corners of the earth
 Describe applauding nations coming forth,

Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
 And own auspicious omens from his reign.
 Set at long distance his contracted foes,
 Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose;
 Draw shame or mean despair in all their eyes,
 And terror, lest th' avenging hand should rise.
 But where his smiles extend, draw beauteous
 peace,

The poor man's cheerful toils, the rich man's ease;
 Here shepherds piping to their feeding sheep,
 Or stretch'd at length in their warm huts asleep;
 There jolly hinds spread through the sultry
 fields,

Reaping such harvests as their tillage yields,
 Or shelter'd from the scorplings of the sun,
 Their labours ended, and repast begun,
 Rang'd on green banks, which they themselves
 did raise,

Singing their own content, and ruler's praise.
 Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and
 bowers,

Where Contemplation best may pass her hours:
 Fill'd with chaste lovers plighting constant hearts,
 Rejoicing Muses, and encourag'd Arts.
 Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,
 Best suiting with thy theme, great James's fame.
 Known for the man who from his youthful years,
 By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears;
 Whose conquering arm far-envy'd wonders
 wrought,

When an ungrateful people's cause he fought,
 When for their rights he his brave sword em-
 ploy'd,

Who in return would have his rights destroy'd:
 But heaven such injur'd merit did regard
 (As heaven in time true virtue will reward):

So to a throne by Providence he rose; [foes.
 And all who e'er were his, were Providence's.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I.

I did but look and love a-while,
 'Twas but for one half hour;
 Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no power.

II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease;
 Sighs, which do heat impart,
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O! would your pity give my heart
 One corner of your breast,
 'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
 And quickly steal the rest.

THE
POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE:

OR,
A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

"Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia, vivam."

To the Right Honourable
THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY,
BARON OF MOOR PARK, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER
OF THE GARTER, &c.

My Lord,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature than I have now; yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your Lordship's goodness must be my best refuge; and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and myself for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection; for to the best of my heart I have here published in some measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too (a practice never more out of countenance than now): yet truth and honour are things which your Lordship must needs be kind to, because they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your Lordship; for

it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your Lordship I hope to add a second part, and do all those great and good men justice, that have in his calamities stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your Lordships patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

My Lord,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

O D E.

To a high hill, where never yet stood tree,
 Where only heath, coarse fern, and furzes grow,
 Where (nipt by piercing air)
 The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,
 Led by uncouth thoughts and care,
 Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,
 A wandering bard, whose Muse was crazy
 grown, [town,
 Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing
 Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him
 down.
 'Twas far from any path, but where the earth
 Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,
 When by the word it first was made,
 Ere God had said,
 Let grass, and herbs, and every green thing grow,
 With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was so.
 The whistling winds blew fiercely round his
 head,
 Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
 Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,
 Where we are told Peace only's found at last:
 And as he did its hopeless distance see,
 Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his moan:
 The distance of his future joy
 Had been enough to give him pain alone;
 But who can undergo [woe?
 Despair of ease to come, with weight of present
 Down his afflicted face
 The trickling tears had stream'd so fast apace, }
 As left a path worn by their briny race.
 Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well-
 Proportion'd limbs as useless fell,
 Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain
 Itself) lay rackt, and shaking with its pain.
 I heard his groans as I was walking by,
 And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see
 What the sad cause could be [high.
 Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints so
 On me he fix'd his eyes. I crav'd,
 Why so forlorn? he vainly rav'd.
 Peace to his mind I did commend:
 But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
 When I perceiv'd it was my friend,
 My much lov'd friend, so down I sat,
 And begg'd that I might share his fate:
 I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale
 Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his
 tale:

III.

I am a wretch of honest race:
 My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were:
 They left me heir to no disgrace.
 My father was (a thing now rare)
 Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair:
 The pledge of marriage-vows was only I;
 Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd, fondled boy:
 They gave me generous education; high
 They strove to raise my mind; and with it grew
 their joy.
 The sages that instructed me in arts
 And knowledge, oft would praise my parts, }
 And cheer my parents' longing hearts.
 When I was call'd to a dispute,
 My fellow-pupils oft stood mute:
 Yet never Envy did disjoin
 Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine.
 Thus my first years in happiness I pass, }
 Nor any bitter cup did taste:
 But, oh! a deadly portion came at last.
 As I lay loosely on my bed, }
 A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my
 head, }
 And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,
 A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
 Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)
 Pierc'd through my ears; Arise, thy good Se-
 nander's dead.
 It shook my brain, and from their feast my fright-
 ed senses fled.

IV.

From thence sad discontent, uneasy fears,
 And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
 Grew with succeeding years.
 The world was wide, but whither should I go?
 I, whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,
 Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
 To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,
 Where Fortune's general game is play'd;
 Where honesty and wit are often prais'd,
 But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;
 My forward spirit prompted me to find
 A converse equal to my mind:
 But by raw judgment easily misled,
 (As giddy callow boys
 Are very fond of toys)
 I mis'd the brave and wise, and in their stead
 On every sort of vanity I fed. [fools,
 Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating
 Bullies of o'ergrown bulks and little souls,

Gamesters, half-wits, and spendthrifts (such as think

Mischievous midnight frolics, bred by drink
Are gallantry and wit,

Because to their lewd understandings fit)

Where those wherewith two years at least I spent,

To all their fulsome follies most incorrigibly bent;

Till at the last, myself more to abuse,

I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

v.

No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms,

T' ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart;

Or, when she had him in her arms,

Secur'd his love with greater art.

I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)

No beauty with my Muse's might compare.

Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air,

Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair.

Upon her head a crown she bore.

Of laurel, which she told me should be mine:

And round her ivory neck she wore

A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine

With jewels and with gold,

Numberless to be told;

Which in imagination as I did behold,

And lov'd and wonder'd more and more,

Said she, these riches all, my darling, shall be thine,

Riches which never poet had before.

She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,

By royal favour, and by endless fame;

But never told

How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.

Thus by the arts of this most fly

Deluder was I caught,

To her bewitching bondage brought.

Eternal constancy we swore,

A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er:

And as we did in our entrancements lie,

I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so

No pair so happy as my Muse and I. [high,

vi.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond

When first his pusilage he lost,

Or could of half my pleasure boast.

We never met but we enjoy'd,

Still transported, never cloy'd.

Chambers, closets, fields, and groves,

Bore witness of our daily loves;

And on the bark of every tree

You might the marks of our endearments see.

Distichs, posies, and the pointed bits

Of satire (written when a poet meets

His Muse's caterwauling fits)

You might on every rhind behold, and swear

I and my Clio had been at it there.

Nay, by my Muse too, I was blest

With offsprings of the choicest kinds,

Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,

And been approv'd by judgments of the best.

But in this most transporting height,

Whence I look'd down, and laugh'd at fate,

All of a sudden I was alter'd grown;

I round me look'd, and found myself alone;

My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse, was

gone;

2

I try'd if I a verse could frame:

Oft I in vain invok'd my Clio's name.

The more I strove, the more I fail'd,

I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curst my dull skull,
and rail'd,

Resolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at
the last prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one,

No travelling matron in her child-birth pains,

Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son,

Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape

Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,

Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.

I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,

And swore I'd never write again,

Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.

But when my reckoning I began to make,

I found too long I'd slept, and was too late
awake;

I found m' ungrateful Muse, for whose false

I did myself undo,

Had robb'd me of my dearest store,

My precious time, my friends, and reputation too;

And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and
poor.

vii.

Reason, which in base bonds my folly had en-

I straight to council call'd; [thrall'd,

Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago

I had cashier'd, to please my flattering fair.

To me with readiness he did repair,

Express'd much tender cheerfulness, to find

Experience had restor'd him to my mind;

And loyally did to me shew,

How much himself he did abuse,

Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, trea-
cherous Muse.

I ask'd the causes why. He said,

'Twas never known a Muse e'er staid

When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a bawd

To all the Nine that on Parnassus dwell,

Where those so fam'd delightful fountains swell

Of poetry, which there does ever flow;

And where wit's lusty, shining god

Keeps his choice seraglio.

So whilst our fortune smiles, our thoughts aspire,

Pleasure and fame's our business, and desire,

Then, too, if we find

A promptness in the mind,

The Muse is always ready, always kind.

But if th' old harlot, Fortune, once denies

Her favour, all our pleasure and rich fancy dies.

And then th' young, slippery jilt, the Muse too

from us flies.

viii.

To the whole tale I gave attention due;

And as right search into myself I made,

I found all he had said

Was very honest, very true.

O how I hugg'd my welcome friend?

And much my Muse I could not discommend!

For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,

She always turn'd her back, and fled from me
apace,

And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.

Then, to confirm me more,

F f iij

He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes:
See here, my son, (said he) the valued prize:
Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be
wife.

I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry quean,
With a more horrid train
Than ever yet to satire lent a tale,
Or haunted Chloris in the mall.

The first was he who stunk of that rank verse
In which he wrote his Sodom Farce;

A wretch whom old diseases did so bite,
That he writ bawdry sure in spite,
To ruin and disgrace it quite.

Philosophers of old did so express
Their art, and shew'd it in their nastiness.

Next him appear'd that blundering sot,
Who a late Session of the Poets wrote.

Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;

By 's flat broad face you'll know the owl.

The other birds have hooted him from light;
Much buffeting has made him love the night,

And only in the dark he strays;

Still wretch enough to live; with worse fools
spends his days,

And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull
plays.

The next there followed, to make up the
throng,

Lord Lampoon and Monsieur Song,

Who sought her love, and promis'd for't,

To make her famous at the court.

The city poet too was there,

In a black fatten cap and his own hair, [nour

And begg'd that he might have the ho-

To beget a pageant on her

For the city's next lord mayor.

Her favours she to none deny'd:

They took her all by turns aside.

Till at the last up in the rear there came

The Poets' scandal, and the Muses' shame,

A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was
his name.

But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell

How he was born, how bred and where, and

where he now does dwell.

ix.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.

Down in an obscure vale, [rise,

'Midst fogs and fens, where mists and vapours

Where never sun was seen by eyes,

Under a desert wood, [bred,

Which no man own, but all wild beasts were

And kept their horrid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,

An ill pil'd cottage stood,

Built of men's bones slaughter'd in civil war,

By magic art brought thither from afar,

There liv'd a widow'd witch,

That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,

Like one whom wants and care had worn;

Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,

Yet mischiefs study'd, discords did devise.

Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride:

Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctify'd.

Still when she spoke she meant another way;

And when she curs'd, she seem'd to pray

Her hellish charms had all a holy dress,
And bore the name of godliness,
All her familiars seem'd the sons of Peace.
Honest habits they all wore,

In outward shew most lamb-like and divine:
But inward of all vices they had store,

Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.

Like her, the sacred scriptures they had all by
heart,

Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,

Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,

And, for their turn, interpret backward too.

Idolatry with her was held impure,

Because, besides herself, no idol she 'd endure.

Though not to paint, she 'd arts to change
the face,

And alter it in heavenly fashion.

Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,

And making ugly faces was mortification.

Her late dead pander was of well known fame,

Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name:

She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,

So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us!) the
good old cause.

x.

A time there was (a sad one too)

When all things wore the face of woe,

When many horrors rag'd in this our land,

And a destroying angel was sent down,

To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.

He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his con-
quering hand:

Till in th' untrodden streets unwholesome grass

Grew of great stalk, its colour gross,

And melancholic poisonous green;

Like those coarse sickly weeds on an old dunghill
seen,

Where some murrain-murder'd hog,

Poison'd cat, or strangled dog,

In rottenness had long unbury'd laid,

And the cold soil productive made.

Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,

And by their cries bade us for graves prepare;

And, as our destiny they seem'd t' unfold,

Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.

That dire commission ended, down there came

Another angel with a sword of flame:

Desolation soon he made,

And our new Sodom low in ashes laid.

Distractions and distrusts then did amongst us rise,

When, in her pious old disguise,

This witch, with all her mischief-making train

Began to shew herself again. [all;

The sons of Old Rebellion straight she summon'd

Straight they were ready at her call:

Once more th' old bait before their eyes she
cast,

That and her love they long'd to taste;

And to her lust she drew them all at last.

So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)

Was led astray, and had pollutions with his fa-
ther's whore.

xi.

The better to conceal her lewd intent

In safety from observing eyes,

Th' old strumpet did herself disguise
In comely weeds, and to the city went,
Affected truth, much modesty and grace,
And (like a worn out suburb trull) past there for
a new face.

Thither all her lovers flock'd,
And there for her support she found
A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does
found,

With all ingredients for his business stock'd,
Not unlike him whose story has a place
In th' annals of Sir Hudibras.

Of all her business he took care,
And every knave or fowl that to her did repair,
Had by him admittance there.

By his contrivance to her did resort
All who had been disgusted at the court.

Those whose ambition had been crost,
Or by ill manners had preferments lost,
Were those on whom she practis'd most her
charms,

Lay nearest to her heart, and ofteneft in her arms.
Interest in every faction, every sect, she sought;
And to her lure, flattering their hopes, she
brought

All those who use religion for a fashion.

All such as practise forms, and take great pains

To make their godliness their gains,

And thrive by the distractions of a nation,

She by her art insnar'd, and fetter'd in her chains.
Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase to-
leration,

The rebel power the beggar'd spendthrift lands,
Out of the king's or bishop's hands.

Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong multitude:

Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress

Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances:

Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,

With May-day routs, November squibs, and burn-
ing pasteboard popes.

XII.

With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,
Till at the last she pregnant grew,

And from her womb, in little time, brought
forth

This monstrous, and detested birth.

Of children born with teeth we've heard,

And some like comets with a beard;

Which seem'd to be forerunners of dire change:

But never hitherto was seen,

Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch quean,

A form like this, so hideous and so strange.

To help whose mother in her pains, there came
Many a well-known dame.

The bawd Hypocrisy was there,

And madam Impudence the fair:

Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,

That loves to set good neighbours at debate,

And raise commotions in a jealous state,

Was there, and Malice, queen of far spread lies,

With all their train of frauds and forgeries.

But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab,

That's always talking, always loud,

Was she that first took up the babe,

And of the office most was proud.

Behold its head of horrid form appears:

To spite the pillory, it had no ears.

When straight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely
To the blest family of Pryn. [kin

But Scandal offer'd to depose her word,

Or oath, the father was a lord.

The nose was ugly, long, and big,

Broad, and snouty, like a pig; [dig; }

Which shew'd he would in dunghills love to
Lov'd to cast stinking satires up in ill-pil'd rhymes,
And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,

And a hopeful youth to make him.

To nurse he straight was sent

To a sister-witch, though of another sort,

One who profess'd no good, nor any meant:

All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly
slept,

Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,

A little smoaky mansion of her own,

Where her familiars to her did resort,

A cell she kept.

Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god;

And many an ugly loathsome toad

Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.

Under her roof all dismal, black, and smok'd,

Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,

Sprawling nests of little cats;

All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,
To make her spells succeed and good.

Still at her shrivel'd beasts they hung, when'er
mankind she curst, [nurs.

And with these foster-brethren was our monster

In little time the hell-bred brat

Grew plump and fat,

Without his leading strings could walk,

And (as the sorcerers taught him) talk.

At seven years old he went to school,

Where first he grew a foe to rule.

Never would he learn as taught,

But still new ways affected, and new methods

Not that he wanted parts [sought.

T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts;

But, as negligent as fly,

Of all perverseness brutishly was full,

(By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,

And was obstinately dull.

Till, spite of Nature, through great pains, the sot

(And th' influence of th' ill genius of our land)

At last in part began to understand.

Some insight in the Latin tongue he got;

Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain
hand.

For which his guardians all think fit,

In compliment to his most hopeful wit,

He should be sent to learn the laws,

And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new
cause.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,

As by Nature he was bent [find,

To search in hidden paths, and things long bury'd

A wretch's converse much he did frequent:

One who this world, as that did him, disown'd,
And in an unfrequented corner, where
Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,
He led his hated life.
Needy, and ev'n of necessities bare,
No servant had he, children, friend, or wife :
But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and
believ'd no God)

Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
With which of beggars scraps he bought.
Then from a neighbouring fountain water
got,

Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.
He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.
The cell in which he (though but seldom)
slept,

Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept :
And there those jewels which he lov'd he
kept ;

Old worn out statutes, and records
Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.
But bound up by themselves with care were laid
All the acts, resolves, and orders, made
By the old long Rump-parliament,
Through all the changes of its government :
From which with readiness he could debate
Concerning matters of the state,
All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-
eight.

xv.

His friendship much our monster fought
By instinct, and by inclination too :
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was
he taught.

He learn'd of him all goodness to detest ;
To be ashamed of no disgrace ;
In all things but obedience to be beast ;
To hide a coward's heart, and shew a hardy face.
He taught him to call government a clog,
But to bear beatings like a dog :
T' have no religion, honesty, or sense,
But to profess them all for a pretence.

Fraught with these morals, he began
To complete him more for man :
Distinguish'd to him in an hour
'Twixt legislative and judicial power ;
How to frame a commonwealth,
And democracy, by stealth ;
To palliate it at first, and cry,
'Twas but a well mixt monarchy,
And treason *salus populi* ;

Into rebellion to divide the nation,
By fair committees of association ;
How by a lawful means to bring
In arms against himself the king,
With a distinguishing old trick,
'Twixt persons natural and politic ;
How to make faithful servants traitors,
Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,
And at last troopers adjutators.
Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough
Of such like wordy, canting stuff,

Our blade set forth, and quickly grew
A leader in a factious crew.
Where'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
And swell'd with every word he spoke,
By which becoming saucy grace,
He gain'd authority and place :
By many for preferments was thought fit,
For talking treason without fear or wit ;
For opening failings in the state ;
For loving noisy and unsound debate,
And wearing of a mystical green ribband in
his hat.

xvi.

Thus, like Alcides in his Lion's skin,
He very dreadful grew,
But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,
And th' hero to his distaff drew,
His foes that found him saw he was but man :
So when my faithless Clio by her snare
Had brought him to her arms, and I surpris'd
him there,

At once to hate and scorn him I began ;
To see how foolishly she 'd dress'd,
And for diversion trick'd the beast.
He was poetry all o'er,
On every side, behind, before :
About him nothing could I see
But party-colour'd poetry.
Painter's advices, litanies,
Ballads, and all the spurious excess
Of ills that malice could devise,
Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,
Hung round about him like a spell :
And in his own hand too was writ,
That worthy piece of modern wit,
The country's late appeal.

But from such ills when will our wretched state
Be freed? and who shall crush this serpent's head?
'Tis said we may in ancient legends read
Of a huge dragon sent by fate
To lay a sinful kingdom waste :
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
And each day with a virgin broke his fast :
Till wretched matrons curst their womb,
So hardly was their loss endur'd :
The lovers all despair'd, and sought their
tombs [cur'd,
In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were
Till, like our monster too, and with the same
Curst ends, to the metropolis he came :
His cruelties renew'd again,
And every day a maid was slain.
The curse through every family had past,
When to the sacrifice at last
Th' unhappy monarch's only child must bow :
A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal
brother now.

xvii.

On him this dragon Libel needs will prey ;
On him has cast
His sordid venom, and profan'd
With spurious verse his spotless fame,
Which shall for ever stand
Unblemish'd, and to ages last,
When all his foes lie buried in their shame.

Else tell me why (some prophet that is wise)
 Heaven took such care
 To make him every thing that's rare,
 Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes.
 Why do all good men bless him as he goes?
 Why at his presence shrink his foes?
 Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend?
 Why through the world is he distinguish'd most
 By titles, which but few can boast,
 A most just master, and a faithful friend?
 One who never yet did wrong
 To high or low, to old or young?
 Of him what orphan can complain?
 Of him what widow make her moan?
 But such as wish him here again,
 And miss his goodness now he's gone.
 If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true;
 Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,
 Why lives he in the world's esteem,
 Not one man's foe? and then why are not all
 men friends with him?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was set at stake
 For his ungrateful country's sake,
 What dangers or what labours did they ever shun?
 Or what wonders has not done?
 Watchful all night, and busy all the day,
 (Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's
 shore)
 Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play.
 Then did the English lion roar,
 Whilst the Belgian couchant lay.
 Big with the thoughts of conquest and renown,
 Of Britain's honour, and his own,
 To them he like a threatening comet shin'd,
 Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind;
 But constant as the stars that never move,
 Or as women would have love.
 The trembling genius of their state
 Look'd out, and straight shrunk back his
 head,
 To see our daring banners spread:
 Whilst in their harbours they
 Like batten'd monsters weltering lay;
 The winds, when our's th' ad kiss'd scorn'd with
 their flags to play;
 But drooping like their captains' hearts,
 Each pendant, every streamer hung:
 The seamen seem'd t' have lost their arts:
 Their ships at anchor now, of which w' had heard
 them boast,
 With ill furl'd sails and rattling loose, by every
 billow tost,
 Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung;
 Till at the last, provok'd with shame,
 Forth from their dens the baited foxes came;
 Foxes in council, and in fight too grave;
 Seldom true, and now not brave:
 They bluster'd out the day with shew of fight,
 And ran away in the good-natur'd night.

XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,
 And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he
 brought,
 With spoils of victory and glory fraught.

To him then every heart was open, down
 From the great man to the clown:
 In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd;
 And as his health round the glad board did pass,
 Each honest fellow cry'd, Fill full my glass;
 And shew'd the fulness of his mind.
 No discontented vermin of ill times
 Durst then affront him but in shew;
 Nor Libel dash him with his dirty rhymes;
 Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
 And whose heart would not wish so too,
 That had but seen
 When his tumultuous mislead foes
 Against him rose,
 With what heroic grace

He chose the weight of wrong to undergo!
 No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
 True witness of the innocence within.
 But, when the messengers did mandates bring
 For his retreat to foreign land,
 Since sent from the relenting hand
 Of the most loving brother, kindest king;
 If in his heart regret did rise,
 It never escap'd his tongue or eyes;
 With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,
 And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
 Sad as the business, sullen too
 As proud men, when in vain they woo,
 Or soldiers cheated of their pay.
 The Court, where pleasures us'd to flow,
 Became the scene of mourning and of woe:
 Desolate was every room,
 Where men for news and business us'd to come:
 With folded arms and downcast eyes men walk'd
 In corners, and with caution talk'd.
 All things prepar'd, the hour drew near
 When he must part: his last short time was spent
 In leaving blessings on his children dear:
 To them with eager haste and love he went;
 The eldest first embrac'd,
 As new-born day in beauty bright,
 But sad in mind as deepest night: [past,
 What tenderest hearts could say, betwixt them
 Till grief too close upon them crept;
 So fighting he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
 Much of the father in his breast did rise,
 When on the next he fix'd his eyes,
 A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
 Full of kind play, and pretty charms:
 And as to give the farewell kiss he near it drew,
 About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
 Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
 And look'd kind things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.
 Th' appointed time was almost past,
 Th' impatient tides knock'd at the shore, and bid
 him haste
 To seek a foreign home;
 The summons he resolv'd t'obey,
 Disdaining of his sufferings to complain,
 Though every step seem'd trod with pain;
 So forth he came, attended on his way

By a sad lamenting throng,
That blest him, and about him hung.
A weight his generous heart could hardly bear;
But for the comfort that was near,
His beauteous Mate, the fountain of his joys,
That fed his soul with love;
The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
To which all worldly blessings else are toys.
I saw them ready for departure stand;
Just when approach'd the Monarch of our }
land, [hand :
And took the charming Mourner by the }
T' express all noblest offices he strove,
Of royal goodness, and a brother's love.
Then down to the shore side,
Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,
With solemn pace they pass'd,
And there so tenderly embrac'd.
All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
And their kind pains touch'd each by-stander's
heart.
Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
Turn'd round to face their fate;
She ev'n amidst afflictions fair,
He, though oppress'd, still great.
Into th' expecting boat with haste they went,
Where, as the troubled Fair-one to the shore some
wishes sent
For that dear pledge sh'ad left behind,
And as her passion grew too mighty for her mind,
She of some tears her eyes beguill'd,
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,
The happy hero kiss'd away,
And, as she wept, blush'd with disdain, and smil'd.
Strait forth they launch into the high-swoln
Thames;
The well-struck oars lave up the yielding streams.
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wishing stood,
Till they were got into the wider flood;
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more,
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated shore.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

The Argument.

Theseus, the son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; so together with her sister Phædra they went on board and sailed to Chios, where being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra, who afterwards, in Theseus her husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had vow'd celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

If thou'rt unkind I ne'er shall health enjoy,
Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy:

Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move;
By letters foes converse, and learn to love.
Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my faltering tongue abortive dy'd;
Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd
quite,

But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.
'Tis dangerous to resist the power of Love,
The gods obey him, and he's king above;
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my wedlock vows I'll lose no care,
Search back through all my fame, thou'lt find it
fair.

But Love long breeding to worst pain does turn;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the young bull or courser yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridled first, are pinch'd and
maim'd;
So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind:
When young, Love's pangs by arts we may
remove,

But in our riper years with rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone. [rose,
Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing
Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows?
But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run;
'Tis not a sin, but when 'tis coarsely done.
And now should Juno leave her Jove to me,
I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
Believe me too, with strange desires I change,
Amongst wild beasts I long with thee to range.
To thy delights and Delia I incline,
Make her my goddess too, because she's thine:
I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,
Shaking my dart; then, the chase ended, lie [by?
Stretch'd on the grass; and would'st not thou be
Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride,
And love myself the furious steeds to guide.
Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,
Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they }
When under Ida's hills they offerings pay :
Ev'n mad as those the deities of night
And water, Fauns and Dryads, do affright.
But still each little interval I gain,
Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
And Venus will have tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame:
She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,
And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain.
The faithless Theseus by my sister's aid
The monster slew, and a safe conquest made:
Now, in that family my right to save,
I am at last on the same terms a slave:

'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,
 She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee.
 Let monuments of triumph then be shown
 For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
 When first our vows were to Eleusis paid,
 Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid;
 'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain,
 Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in every vein:
 White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
 A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread:
 That face, which may be terrible in arms,
 But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms:
 I love the man whose fashion's least his care,
 And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair;
 For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,
 Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.
 If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart,
 I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art:
 To see thee poise the javelin moves delight,
 And all thou dost is lovely in my sight:
 But to the woods thy cruelty resign,
 Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine.
 Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,
 Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none?
 That pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
 Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
 For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow,
 Else to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
 Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
 And by him many a boar and pard was slain,
 Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
 Who wisely left old age for youth like thine.
 Under the spreading shades her amorous boy,
 The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy;
 Atalanta's love too Meleager sought,
 And to her tribute paid of all he caught:
 Be thou and I the next blest sylvan pair;
 Where love's a stranger, woods but deserts are.
 With thee, through dangerous ways unknown
 before,
 I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.
 Between two seas a little isthmus lies,
 Where on each side the beating billows rise,
 There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
 More blest and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
 As we could wish, old Theseus is away
 At Theffaly, where always let him stay
 With his Perithoüs, whom well I see
 Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
 Nor has he only thus express'd his hate;
 We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
 My brother first he cruelly did slay,
 Then from my sister falsely ran away,
 And left expos'd to every beast a prey:
 A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
 A mother worthy of a son so brave,
 From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,
 Nor, though she gave him thee, could make him
 kind.
 Unwedded too he murder'd her in spight,
 To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right:
 And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,
 Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault:
 Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains,
 I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains.

How canst thou reverence then thy father's bed,
 From which himself so abjectly is fled?
 The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
 Mother and son are notions, very names
 Of worn-out piety, in fashion then
 When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;
 But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,
 And with his sister did himself begin.
 Nearness of blood and kindred best we prove,
 When we express it in the closest love.
 Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd;
 'Twill under near relation be conceal'd, [crown
 And all who hear our loves, with praise shall
 A mother's kindness to a grateful son.
 No need at midnight in the dark to stray,
 T' unlock the gates, and cry, My love, this way! }
 No busy spies our pleasures to betray.
 But in one house, as heretofore, we'll live;
 In public, kisses take; in public, give:
 Though in my bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain applause
 From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause:
 Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd;
 So may my tyrant Love to thee be kind,
 For this I am a humble suppliant grown;
 Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone?
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
 Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right;
 Now on my own I crawl to clasp thy knees;
 What's decent no true lover cares or sees:
 Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,
 But beauty's blushes still are in my face.
 Forgive this fond confession which I make,
 And then some pity on my sufferings take.
 What though 'midst seas my father's empire lies;
 Though my great grandfire thunder from the skies;
 What though my father's fire in beams dress'd gay
 Drives round the burning chariot of the day;
 Their honour all in me to Love's a slave,
 Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour save.
 Jove's famous island, Crete, in dower I'll bring,
 And there shall my Hippolytus be king:
 For Venus' sake then hear and grant my prayer,
 So may't thou never love a scornful fair;
 In fields so may Diana grace thee still,
 And every wood afford thee game to kill;
 So may the Mountain Gods and Satyrs all
 Be kind, so may the boar before thee fall;
 So may the Water-nymphs in heat of day,
 Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay.
 Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,
 Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of }
 thine, [mine.
 Think that thou see'st the streams that flow from

EPISTLE TO MR. DUKE *.

My much lov'd friend, when thou art from my
 eyes,
 How do I loathe the day, and light despise!
 Night, kinder night's the much more welcome
 guest,
 For though it bring small ease, it hides at least;

* See the Answer, in "Duke's Poems."

Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree, [thee.
 'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of
 Last night methought (heaven make the next as
 kind!
 Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd
 As our first parents in their Eden were,
 Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
 We two together wander'd through a grove,
 'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,
 Mild as our friendship, springing as our love;
 Hundreds of cheerful birds fill'd every tree,
 And sung their joyful songs of liberty;
 While through the glad some choir well pleas'd we
 walk'd,
 And of our present valued state thus talk'd:
 How happy are we in this sweet retreat?
 Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?
 Who for preferments at a court would wait,
 Where every gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
 What fish of sense would on that shallow lie,
 Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,
 That throng and crowd each other for a taste
 Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste;
 When the wide river he behind him sees,
 Where he may launch to liberty and ease?
 No cares or business here disturb our hours,
 While, underneath these shady peaceful bowers,
 In cool delight and innocence we stray,
 And midst a thousand pleasures waste the day;
 Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
 Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly,
 Just as the sun, declining with his beams,
 Kisses and gently warms the gliding streams;
 Amidst whose current rising fishes play,
 And roll in wanton liberty away.
 Perhaps hard by there grows a little bush,
 On which the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,
 Nightly their solemn orgies meeting keep,
 And sing their vespers e'er they go to sleep:
 There we two lie, between us may be's spread
 Some books, few understand, though many read.
 Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,
 Still wondering, and still finding cause for more.
 How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
 Then how he had revenge upon her sex
 In Dido's state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
 He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
 And scorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
 Next Nisus and Euryalus we admire,
 Their gentle friendship, and their martial fire;
 We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,
 And love their friendship, so much like our own.
 But when to give our minds a feast indeed,
 Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our transports, or our longings tell,
 To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
 With thoughts of love and wine by him we're fir'd,
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd:
 A generous bottle and a lovesome she,
 Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that only can) to add delight,
 When to our little cottage we repair,
 We find a friend or two, we'd wish for there,

Dear Beverly, kind as parting lovers tears,
 Adderly, honest as the sword he wears,
 Wilson, professing friendship yet a friend,
 Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend;
 Finch, full of kindness, generous as his blood,
 Watchful to do, to modest merit, good;
 Who have forsook the vile tumultuous town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down;
 With eager arms, how closely we embrace!
 What joys in every heart, and every face!
 The moderate table's quickly cover'd o'er,
 With choicest meats at least, though not with store:
 Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train,
 Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:
 Each waited on by a bright virgin glass,
 Clean, sound, and shining like its drinker's las.
 Then down we sit, while every genius tries
 T' improve, till he deserves his sacrifice:
 No saucy hour presumes to stint delight, [night.
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we'll part,
 Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,
 And leads her willing to his silent bed,
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
 But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;
 Till in full joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep
 With twining limbs, that still love's posture keep;
 At dawn of morning to renew delight,
 So quiet craving Love, till the next night:
 Then we the drowsy cells of sleep forsake,
 And to our books our earliest visit make;
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call;
 And there, methinks, Fancy sits queen of all;
 While the poor under-faculties resort,
 And to her fickle majesty make court;
 The understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully; no entrance to be had.
 Next comes the will, that bully of the mind,
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
 He meets reception from the antic queen,
 Who thinks her majesty's most honour'd, when }
 Attended by those fine-drest gentlemen.
 Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows,
 And into court with resolute virtue goes;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
 Then how the flattering follies sneak away!
 This image, when it came, too fiercely shook
 My brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook;
 When waking as I cast my eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd vanities I found;
 No grove, no freedom, and, what's worse to me,
 No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
 Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care
 Were seiz'd; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer:
 Gods! life's your gift, then season't with such
 fate,
 That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
 Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the world;
 But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
 By day what's needful, and at night soft ease;
 The friend I trust in, and the she I love,
 Then fix me; and if e'er I wish remove,
 Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
 Set me in power, the woeful'st state of man;

To be by fools misled, to knaves a prey,
But make life what I ask, or tak't away.

TO MR. CREECH,

UPON HIS

TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

SIR, when your book the first time came abroad,
I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to some good-nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.
Lucretius English'd! 'twas a work might shake
The power of English verse to undertake.
This all men thought; but you are born, we find,
T'outdo the expectations of mankind;
Since you've so well the noble task perform'd,
Envy's appeas'd, and prejudice disarm'd:
For when the rich original we peruse,
And by it try the metal you produce,
Though there indeed the purest ore we find,
Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:
Thus when the great Lucretius gives a loose,
And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse;
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full stretch upon him all the race;
But when in rugged way we find him rein
His verse, and not so smooth a stroke maintain;
There the advantage he receives is found,
By you taught temper, and to choose his ground.
Next, his philosophy you've so express'd
In genuine terms, so plain, yet neatly dress'd,
Those murderers that now mingle it all day
In schools, may learn from you the easy way
To let us know what they would mean and say:
If Aristotle's friends will shew the grace
To wave for once that statute in their case.
Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire,
And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher:
Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong
He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long
In Holbourn rhyme, and, lest the book should
fail,
Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale:
So tapsters set out signs, for muddy ale.
You're only able to retrieve his doom,
And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome:
For sure, when Julius first this isle subdued,
Your ancestors then mixt with Roman blood;
Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,
Virgil and Horace, those three sons of Fame;
Since to their memory it is so true,
And shews their poetry so much in you,
Go on in pity to this wretched isle,
Which ignorant poetasters do defile
With lousy madrigals for lyric verse;
Instead of comedy with nasty farce.
Would Plautus, Terence e'er, have been so lewd
T'have dress'd Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd?
Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
To shew a whining fool in love betray'd
By some false friend or slippery chambermaid,
Then, e'er he hangs himself, bemoans his fall
In a dull speech, and that fine language call?

No, since we live in such a fulsome age, [stage;
When nonsense loads the press, and chokes the
When blockheads will claim wit in nature's spight,
And every dunce, that starves, presumes to write,
Exert yourself, defend the Muse's cause,
Proclaim their right, and to maintain their laws
Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue;
That so each chattering daw, who aims at song,
In his own mother tongue may humbly read
What engines yet are wanting in his head }
To make him equal to the mighty dead,
For of all Nature's works we most should scorn
The thing who thinks himself a poet born,
Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,
And senselessly, as squirrels jangle bells.
Such things, Sir, here abound; may therefore you
Be ever to your friends, the Muses, true!
May our defects be by your powers supply'd,
Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride;
Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph borne,
The majesty of poetry return!

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN UPON

His Royal Highness the DUKE OF YORK,

Coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682.

WHEN too much plenty, luxury, and ease,
Had surfeited this isle to a disease;
When noisome blains did its best parts o'erspread,
And on the rest their dire infection shed;
Our great Physician, who the nature knew
Of the distemper, and from whence it grew, }
Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on you:
He cast his searching eyes o'er all the frame,
And finding whence before one sickness came,
How once before our mischiefs foster'd were,
Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there:
Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,
You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.
When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred, }
New-form'd rebellion durst rear up its head,
Answer me all: Who struck the monster dead?
See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,
Think on the martyr from whose loins he came;
Think on the blood was shed for you before,
And curse the parricides that thirst for more.
His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware:
Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,
Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
He wears a sword will justify your love.
With blood still ready for your good t' expend,
And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.
His duteous loyalty before you lay,
And learn of him, unmurmuring to obey.
Think what he 'as borne, your quiet to restore;
Repent your madness, and rebel no more.
No more let Bouteuseus hope to lead petitions,
Scriveners to be treasurers; pedlars, politicians;
Nor every fool, whose wife has tript at court,
Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel for't.

In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,
What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
They're mal-contents that every where go arm'd:
And when the horned herd's together got,
Nothing portends a commonwealth like that.

Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,
Ere yet Philistines fatten with your blood:
Renounce your priests of Baal with amen faces,
Your Wapping feasts, and your Mile-end high places.

Nail all your medals on the gallows post,
In recompence th' original was lost:
At these, illustrious repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble offerings lay:
Let royal pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord:
He only brings a medicine fit t' assuage
A people's folly, and rous'd monarch's rage.
An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,
Fated with wondrous happiness to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty blessings home:
Send all your wishes with him, let the air
With gentle breezes waft it safely there,
The seas, like what they'll carry, calm and fair:
Let the illustrious mother touch our land
Mildly, as hereafter may her son command;
While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore,
With kind assurance she shall part no more.

Be the majestic babe then smiling born,
And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,
So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand
Of Cæsar's love to an obedient land.

SPOKEN TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

ON HER

RETURN FROM SCOTLAND,

IN THE YEAR 1682.

ALL you, who this day's jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muse's loyal friend,
That come to treat your longing wishes here,
Turn your desiring eyes, and feast them there.
Thus falling on your knees with me implore,
May this poor land ne'er lose that presence more!
But if there any in this circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see,
From the vain fool that would be great too soon,
To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon!
Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,
Hang their vile blasted heads, and die with shame.
Our mighty blessing is at last return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:
From whom our present peace we expect increas'd,
And all our future generations blest.
Time, have a care: bring safe the hour of joy,
When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy:

And when 'tis born, let nature's hand be strong;
Bless him with days of strength, and make them
long;

Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand,
Three kingdoms banners waiting his command,
His father's conquering sword within his hand:
Then th' English lions in the air advance,
And with them roaring music to the dance,
Carry a Quo Warranto into France.

PROLOGUE

TO

MRS. BEHN'S CITY HEIRESS, 1682.

How vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,
In striving to reclaim a vicious age!
Poets may write, the mischief to impeach;
You care as little what the poets teach,
As you regard at church what parsons preach.
But where such follies and such vices reign,
What honest pen has patience to refrain?
At church, in pews, ye most devoutly snore,
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there,
And come to meet more lewd convenienc here:
With equal zeal ye honour either place,
And run so very evenly your race,
Y' improve in wit just as ye do in grace.
It must be so; some dæmon has possess'd
Our land, and we have never since been blest.
Y' have seen it all, and heard of its renown,
In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,
Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.
Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,
'Twould play the apostolic function o'er:
But heaven have mercy on us when it swore!
Whene'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,
Out of his mouth at random halters flew
Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown,
Though still the cunning devil sav'd its own:
For when th' enchantment could no longer last,
The subtle Pug, most dextrously uncast,
Left awful form for one more seeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to defy us;
From silken doctor, home-spun Ananias:
Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,
And fills the heads of fools with politics.
This dæmon lately drew in many a guest,
To part with zealous guinea for—no feast.
Who, but the most incorrigible fops,
For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,
To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
Would lay sweet money out in sham thanksgivings?
Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
But who e'er paid for a sham treat before?
Had you not better sent your offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequestrators' Hall?
I being your steward, justice had been done ye;
I could have entertain'd you worth your money.

THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

IN storms when clouds the moon do hide,
 And no kind stars the pilot guide,
 Shew me at sea the boldest there,
 Who does not wish for quiet here.
 For quiet, friend, the soldier fights,
 Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
 Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
 Since wealth and power too weak we find,
 To quell the tumults of the mind;
 Or from the monarch's roofs of state
 Drive thence the cares that round him wait:
 Happy the man with little blest,
 Of what his father left possess;
 No base desires corrupt his head,
 No fears disturb him in his bed.
 What then in life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend?
 From shore to shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun?
 For baneful care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under sail,
 'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
 Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
 If then thy soul rejoice to-day,
 Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
 In laughter let them all be drown'd:
 No perfect good is to be found.
 One mortal feels Fate's sudden blow,
 Another's lingering death comes slow;
 And what of life they take from thee,
 The gods may give to punish me.
 Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
 A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
 Horses and chariots for thy ease,
 Rich robes to deck and make thee please.
 For me, a little cell I choose,
 Fit for my mind, fit for my Muse,
 Which soft content does best adorn,
 Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

THE COMPLAINT:

A SONG.

To a Scotch Tune.

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet's in my mind,
 Though ne'er could be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind.
 For when, as long her chains I've worn,
 I ask relief from smart,
 She only gives me looks of scorn;
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
 May offer heaps of gold,

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But surely I a heaven adore,
 Too precious to be sold;
 Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize,
 For wealth, and not desert;
 And my poor sighs and tears despise?
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

When, like some panting, hovering dove,
 I for my blest contend,
 And plead the cause of eager love,
 She coldly calls me friend.
 Alas! Sylvia! thus vain you strive
 To act a healer's part,
 'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
 Alas! and break my heart.

When, on my lonely, pensive bed
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hope to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast,
 Her cruelty all ease denies:
 With some sad dream I start,
 All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
 And breaking feel my heart.

Then rising, through the path I rove,
 That leads me where she dwells,
 Where to the senseless waves my love
 Its mournful story tells:
 With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
 Till morning bids depart;
 Then vent ten thousand sighs and more:
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
 And I am dead and cold,
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told;
 For every lovely generous maid
 Will take my injur'd part,
 And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor heart.

P R O L O G U E

T O

N. LEE'S CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

WHAT think ye meant wise Providence, when
 first

Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,
 That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,
 That when its spirit o'er the waters stirr'd,
 When it saw all, and said that all was good,
 The creature poet was not understood:
 For, were it worth the pains of six long days,
 To mould retailers of dull third day plays,
 That starve out threescore years in hopes of
 bays?

'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first creation,
 But came by mere equivocal generation?
 Like rats in ships, without coition bred,
 As hated too as they are, and unfed.

G g

Nature their species sure must needs disown,
 Scarce knowing poets, less by poets known.
 Yet this poor thing, so scorn'd and set at nought,
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
 Disabled wasting whore-masters are not
 Prouder to own the brats they never got,
 Than fumbling, itching rhymers of the town
 T' adopt some base-born song that's not their
 own.

Spite of his state, my Lord sometimes descends,
 To please the importunity of friends.
 The dullest he, thought most for business fit,
 Will venture his bought place to aim at wit;
 And though he sinks with his employs of state,
 Till common sense forsake him, he'll translate.
 The Poet and the Whore alike complains,
 Of trading quality, that spoil their gains;
 The lords will write, and ladies will have
 fwains!

Therefore all you who have male-issure born
 Under the starving sign of Capricorn,
 Prevent the malice of their stars in time,
 And warn them early from the sin of rhyme:
 Tell them how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley
 mourn'd,

How Butler's faith and service was return'd;
 And if such warning they refuse to take,
 This last experiment, O parents make!
 With hands behind them see th' offender ty'd,
 The parish whip and beadle by his side;
 Then lead him to some stall that does expose
 The authors he loves most; there rub his nose,
 Till, like a spaniel lash'd to know command,
 He by the due correction understand,
 To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land;
 Till he against his nature learn to strive,
 And get the knack of dulness how to thrive.

THE BEGINNING OF A PASTORAL
 ON THE
 DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WHAT horror's this that dwells upon the plain,
 And thus disturbs the shepherd's peaceful reign?
 A dismal sound breaks through the yielding air,
 Forewarning us some dreadful storm is near.
 The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray,
 The early larks forsake their wandering way,
 And cease to welcome in the new-born day.
 Each nymph possess'd with a distracted fear,
 Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevel'd hair.
 Diseases with her strong convulsions reign,
 And deities, not known before to pain,
 Are now with apoplectic seizures slain.
 Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears
 Each humble plant does drop her silver tears.
 Ye tender lambs, stray not so fast away,
 To weep and mourn let us together stay;
 O'er all the universe let it be spread,
 That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.
 The royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep,
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's
 eternal sleep!

Begin, Damela, let thy numbers fly
 Aloft where the soft milky way does lie;
 Mopsus, who Daphnis to the stars did sing,
 Shall join with you, and thither waft our king.
 Play gently on your reeds a mournful strain,
 And tell in notes, through all th' Arcadian plain,
 The royal Pan, the shepherd of the sheep,
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's
 eternal sleep!

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN POMFRET.

Containing his

CHOICE,
PROSPECT OF DEATH,
REASON,

||
LAST EPIPHANY,
DIVINE ATTRIBUTES,
CRUELTY AND LUST.
W. C. C.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.—
If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.—
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave:
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

THE CHOICE.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1793.

POLITICAL WORKS

JOHN POMFREY.

Containing his

LAST WILL AND
TESTAMENT,
DIVINE AFFECTIONS,
GENTILITY AND LOVE.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I'll be content to live in this low state;
Help'd by all, not vainly popular.
While I am able, I had power to bring
To light my country, or to leave my king.
When I am dead, I'll be as dead as I;
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword—
If Heaven's a place of many years would give,
Thus I'd be patient, calm, and pious live—
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, drop'd into my grave;
Then would my call to judgment be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

THE CHURCH.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY NEWBELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

THE LIFE OF POMFRET.

JOHN POMFRET was the son of the Reverend Mr. Pomfret, Rector of Luton, in Bedfordshire, where he was born in 1677.

He was instructed in grammatical learning at an eminent school in the country; from whence he was sent to Queen's College, Cambridge; where, as appears by the university register, he took his Bachelor's degree in 1684, and his Master's degree in 1698.

On his leaving the university, he entered into orders, and was preferred to the living of Malden, in Bedfordshire.

About this time, he appears to have been reproached with fanaticism; an aspersion from which he is fully cleared by a nameless friend, in a narrative prefixed to his poems, in 1724.

About 1703, he applied to Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, for institution to a living of considerable value, to which he had been presented; but was retarded for some time by a malicious interpretation of a passage in his *Choice*.

And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
While I did for a better state prepare."

Though these verses imply no more than his preference of a single life to marriage, it was inferred from the parenthesis, that he considered happiness as more likely to be found in the company of a mistress than of a wife.

The reproach was easily obliterated; for he was then married: but the malice of his enemies had a very fatal consequence; for the delay occasioned by the obstruction he met with, constrained his attendance in London; where he caught the small-pox, and died in 1703, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

This is all that is known of Pomfret; a man not destitute either of erudition or genius, and who seems to have spent his life in innocence, ease, and tranquillity; but his situation being obscure, and his life short and inactive, there are few incidents recorded concerning him.

The first edition of his poems was printed in 1699; to which he prefixed a very modest and sensible preface. His *Remains*, consisting of *Reason*, a *Satire*, and *Dies Novissima*, a *Pindaric Ode*, were inserted in the edition 1724; the first from a copy printed in 1700, and the other from a manuscript in the possession of a friend. The subsequent editions have been numerous.

The poems of Pomfret have always been held in very great esteem by the common readers of poetry; by whom the merit of every poetical production must ultimately be decided.

When tried by a standard that reconciles criticism with common sense, Pomfret has something to fear; but the decision, however unfavourable it may be, will not diminish his reputation; for, though he has little vigour of thought, or energy of expression, the subjects he writes upon are eminently popular, and his versification sufficiently smooth and musical for that numerous class of readers, who, without vanity or criticism, seek only their own amusement.

There is perhaps no composition in our language that has been oftener perused than his *Choice*, as it exhibits a system of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations; such a state as affords plenty and tranquillity, without exclusion of intellectual pleasures.

"In his other poems," says Dr. Johnson, "there is an easy volubility; the pleasure of smooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppressed with ponderous, or entangled with intricate sentiment. He pleases many; and he who pleases many must have some species of merit."

P R E F A C E.

It will be to little purpose, the Author presumes, to offer any reasons, why the following poems appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable custom of prefaces, that it was through the irresistible importunity of friends, or some excuse of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the press; but he thought it much better to leave every man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself; for, let what will be pretended, people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that, unless it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a sham and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the ensuing poems deserve to stand in that class, the world must have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the Gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good humour will easily pardon; but those which the peevishness and ill-nature of the Critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used: Though, methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure, to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at, and ridicule them.

Some persons, perhaps, may wonder how things of this nature dare come into the world without the protection of some great name, as they call

it, and a fulsome Epistle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: for, if a Poem struts out under my Lord's patronage, the Author imagines it is no less than *scandalum magnatum* to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the world, that this same Lord is a person of wonderful wit and understanding, a notable judge of poetry, and a very considerable poet himself. But if a poem have no intrinsic excellencies, and real beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas; for, indeed, there lies the strength of a great name, and the greatest protection an author can receive from it.

To please every one, would be a new thing; and to write so as to please nobody, would be as new: for even Quarles and Withers have their admirers. The Author is not so fond of fame, to desire it from the injudicious Many; nor of so mortified a temper, not to wish it from the discerning Few. It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which establishes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the majority be to the contrary.

London, 1699.

P O E M S.

THE CHOICE.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great;
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare;

For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce.
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason gave,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule's too
much;

For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:

Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose behaviour, or formality :
 Airy and prudent ; merry, but not light ;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right :
 Secret they should be, faithful to their trust ;
 In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just ;
 Obliging, open, without huffing, brave ;
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave :
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious ; try'd
 By solid reason, and let that decide :
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate ;
 Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state :
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite ;
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight ;
 Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar ; true
 As dying Martyrs, to their Maker too.
 In their society I could not miss
 A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd
 choose

(For who would so much satisfaction lose,
 As witty nymphs, in conversation, give)
 Near some obliging modest fair to live :
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find ;
 That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
 Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passion sway :
 Easy in company, in private gay :
 Coy to a sop, to the deserving free ;
 Still constant to herself, and just to me.
 A soul she should have for great actions fit ;
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit :
 Courage to look bold danger in the face ;
 No fear, but only to be proud, or base ;
 Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
 To give good counsel, or to take the best.
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much :
 That shews a want of judgment, and of sense ;
 More than enough is but impertinence.
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd ;
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind :
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride ;
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd :
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
 No censure might upon her actions fall :
 Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire ;
 Her conversation would new joys inspire ;
 Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
 Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
 But so divine, so noble a repast
 I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste :
 For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
 By a too frequent and too bold a use ;
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
 Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar ;
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
 Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
 T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,

Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
 My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
 Law suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,
 As I would dens where hungry lions are ;
 And rather put up injuries, than be
 A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
 I value quiet at a price too great,
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate :
 For what do we by all our bustle gain,
 But counterfeit delight for real pain ?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
 And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
 Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
 Should take upon him all my worldly care,
 Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
 Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd ;
 But by a silent and a peaceful death,
 Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
 And when committed to the dust, I'd have
 Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave,
 'Then would my exit so propitious be,
 All men would wish to live and die like me.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

THOUGH gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious
 breast

All the long night, and drove away my rest ;
 Just as the dawning day began to rise,
 A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes ;
 But active fancy to strange regions flew,
 And brought surprising objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
 The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love.
 Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,
 And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd ;
 Nor knew which most delighted : all was fine :
 The noble product of some Power Divine.
 But as I travers'd the obliging shade,
 Which myrtle, jessamine, and roses, made,
 I saw a person whose celestial face
 At first declar'd her goddess of the place :
 But I discover'd, when approaching near,
 An aspect full of beauty, but severe.
 Bold and majestic ; every awful look
 Into my soul a secret horror struck.
 Advancing farther on, she made a stand,
 And beckon'd me ; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand :
 Then thus began—Bright Deity ! (for so
 You are, no mortals such perfections know)
 I may intrude ; but how I was convey'd
 To this strange place, or by what powerful aid,
 I'm wholly ignorant ; nor know I more,
 Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
 Instruct me then, that I no longer may
 In darkness serve the goddess I obey.

Youth ! she reply'd, this place belongs to one,
 By whom you'll be, and thousands are undone.
 These pleasant walks, and all these shady bowers,
 Are in the government of dangerous powers.

Love's the capricious master of this coast;
 This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.
 I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,
 Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings;
 But have an empire of a nobler kind:
 My regal seat's in the celestial mind;
 Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
 I rule, and make those happy I command.
 For, while I govern, all within's at rest;
 No stormy passion revels in my breast:
 But when my power is despicable grown,
 And rebel appetites usurp the throne,
 The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys;
 But all is tumult, and eternal noise.
 Know, youth! I'm Reason, which you've oft de-
 spis'd;
 I am that Reason, which you never priz'd:
 And though my argument successless prove,
 (For Reason seems impertinence in love)
 Yet I'll not see my charge (for all mankind
 Are to my guardianship by Heaven assign'd)
 Into the grasp of any ruin run,
 That I can warn them of, and they may shun.
 Fly, youth, these guilty shades; retreat in time,
 Ere your mistake's converted to a crime:
 For ignorance no longer can atone,
 When once the error and the fault is known.
 You thought perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
 Imprudently to value all that shines,
 In these retirements freely to possess
 True joy, and strong substantial happiness:
 But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
 In crowds, her tributary Fops appear;
 Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,
 Consume them all in her fallacious ways.
 Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules
 In this capacious realm of idle fools;
 Who, by false hearts, and popular deceits,
 The careless, fond, unthinking, mortal cheats.
 'Tis easy to descend into the snare,
 By the pernicious conduct of the fair;
 But safely to return from this abode,
 Requires the wit, the prudence of a god:
 Though you, who have not tasted that delight,
 Which only at a distance charms your sight,
 May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart:
 Which lost is subject to eternal smart.
 Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,
 Is truly great; nor would I make it less:
 That were to wrong her, where she merits most;
 But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast.
 And who would run, that's moderately wise,
 A certain danger, for a doubtful prize?
 If you miscarry, you are lost so far
 (For there's no erring twice in love and war)
 You'll ne'er recover, but must always wear
 Those chains you'll find it difficult to bear.
 Delia has charms, I own; such charms would move
 Old age, and frozen impotence to love:
 But do not venture, where such danger lies;
 Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,
 Whose poisonous rays do to the soul impart
 Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.
 You draw, insensibly, destruction near;
 And love the danger, which you ought to fear.

If the light pains you labour under now,
 Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow;
 You'll find them much more grievous to be borne,
 When heavier made by an imperious scorn:
 Nor can you hope, she will your passion hear
 With softer notions, or a kinder ear,
 Than those of other swains; who always found,
 She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
 But grant, she should indulge your flame, and
 give
 Whate'er you'd ask, nay, all you can receive;
 The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,
 Bring such a weak, and such a feeble joy,
 You'd have but small encouragement to boast
 The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.
 Consider, Strephon, soberly of things,
 What strange inquietudes Love always brings!
 The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies,
 Which still attend upon this fond disease:
 How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine;
 Call every feature, every look, divine:
 Command each sentence with an humble smile;
 Though nonsense, swear it is a heavenly style:
 Servilely rail at all she disapproves;
 And as ignobly flatter all she loves:
 Renounce your very sense, and silent sit,
 While she puts off impertinence for wit:
 Like setting-dog, now whipp'd for springing game,
 You must be made, by due correction, tame.
 But if you can endure the nauseous rule
 Of woman, do; love on, and be a fool.
 You know the danger, your own methods use;
 The good or evil's in your power to choose:
 But who'd expect a short and dubious bliss
 On the declining of a precipice;
 Where if he slips, not Fate itself can save
 The falling wretch from an untimely grave?
 Thou great directress of our minds, said I,
 We safely on your dictates may rely;
 And that which you have now so kindly prest,
 Is true, and, without contradiction, best:
 But with a steady sentence to control
 The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,
 While gay temptations hover in our sight,
 And daily bring new objects of delight,
 Which on us with surprising beauty smile,
 Is difficult; but is a noble toil.
 The best may slip, and the most cautious fall;
 He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
 And though fair Delia has my soul possess'd,
 I'll chace her bright idea from my breast:
 At least, I'll make one essay. If I fail,
 And Delia's charms o'er Reason do prevail,
 I may be, sure, from rigid censures free,
 Love was my foe; and Love's a deity.
 Then she rejoind; may you successful prove,
 In your attempt to curb impetuous Love:
 Then will proud passion on her rightful lord,
 You to yourself, I to my throne restor'd:
 But to confirm your courage, and inspire
 Your resolution with a bolder fire,
 Follow me, youth! I'll shew you that shall move
 Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love.
 Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade,
 Which melancholy yew and cypress made;

Where I beheld an antiquated pile
 Of rugged building in a narrow isle;
 The water round it gave a nauseous smell,
 Like vapours steaming from a sulphurous cell.
 The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,
 O'ergrown with hemlock, on supporters stood;
 As did the roof, ungrateful to the view:
 'Twas both an hospital, and bedlam too.
 Before the entrance, mouldering bones were spread,
 Some skeletons entire, some lately dead;
 A little rubbish loosely scatter'd o'er
 Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.
 No funeral rites to any here were paid,
 But dead like dogs into the dust convey'd.
 From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought,
 Through various turnings to a spacious vault,
 Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful sight,
 Vast crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
 But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had;
 Which made the prospect more amazing sad.
 Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad:
 Some swearing loud, and others laughing: Some
 Were always talking; others always dumb.
 Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,
 And quenches with his blood his amorous fires:
 There hangs a second; and, not far remov'd,
 A third lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.
 All sorts of madness, every kind of death,
 By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,
 Were here expos'd before my wandering eyes,
 The sad effects of female treacheries;
 Others I saw, who were not quite bereft
 Of sense, though very small remains were left,
 Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,
 For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.
 These on the left.—Upon the right a view
 Of equal horror, equal misery too;
 Amazing! all employ'd my troubled thought,
 And, with new wonder, new aversion brought.
 There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng
 Of pale, lean mortals; some lay stretch'd along
 On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor;
 Others extended naked on the floor;
 Exil'd from human pity, here they lie,
 And know no end of misery till they die,
 But death, which comes in gay and prosperous
 days,

Too soon, in time of misery delays.

These dreadful spectacles had so much power,
 I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more:
 For sure that flame is kindled from below,
 Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

Then we descended, by some few degrees,
 From this stupendous scene of miseries;
 Bold Reason brought me to another cave,
 Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave.
 Here, youth, she cry'd, in the acutest pain,
 Those villains lie, who have their fathers slain,
 Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to
 please

Ambitious, proud, revengful mistresses;
 Who, after all their services, preferr'd
 Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
 Before those wretches; who, despairing, dwell
 In agonies no human tongue can tell.

Darkness prevents the too amazing sight;
 And you may bless the happy want of light.
 But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,
 Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
 So very sad I could endure no more;
 Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Then to my guide, said I, For pity now
 Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow.
 Which, if I dare infringe, be this my fate,
 To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
 The charms of beauty I'll no more pursue:
 Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too.

Then we return'd to the delightful grove;
 Where Reason still dissuaded me from Love.
 You see, she cry'd, what misery attends
 On Love, and where too frequently it ends;
 And let not that unweildy passion sway
 Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.
 The masculine, brave spirit scorns to own
 The proud usurper of my sacred throne;
 Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
 To the false god, or sacrifice, or praise.
 The Syren's music charms the sailor's ear;
 But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear:
 And, if you listen, Love's harmonious voice
 As much delights, as certainly destroys.
 Ambrosia mix'd with Aconite may have
 A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave:
 For though the latent poison may be still
 A while, it very seldom fails to kill.
 But who'd partake the food of gods, to die
 Within a day, or live in misery?
 Who'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
 A poniard hung but by a single thread?
 Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,
 And either kill, or surfeit, all that eat;
 Who, when the sated appetite is tir'd,
 E'en loathe the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
 You've promis'd, Strephon, to forsake the charms
 Of Delia, though she courts you to her arms:
 And sure I may your resolution trust;
 You'll never want temptation, but be just.
 Vows of this nature, youth, must not be broke;
 You're always bound, though 'tis a gentle yoke.
 Would men be wise, and my advice pursue,
 Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs
 few:

For nothing can oppose his tyranny,
 With such a prospect of success as I.
 Me he detests, and from my presence flies,
 Who knows his arts, and stratagems despise,
 By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,
 To make himself the deity of fools:
 Him dully they adore, him blindly serve,
 Some while they're fots, and others while they
 starve;

For those who under his wild conduct go,
 Either come coxcombs, or he makes them so;
 His charms deprive, by their strange influence,
 The brave of courage, and the wise of sense:
 In vain philosophy would set the mind
 At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
 The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
 A while may struggle, but at last submit:

* The feast of Democles,

Well-weigh'd results and wise conclusions seem
But empty chat, impertinence to him :
His opiates seize so strongly on the brain,
They make all prudent application vain :
If, therefore, you resolve to live at ease,
To taste the sweetness of internal peace ;
Would not for safety to a battle fly,
Or choose a shipwreck, if afraid to die ;
Far from these pleasurable shades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.

This said, she vanish'd, and methought I found
Myself transported to a rising ground ;
From whence I did a pleasant vale survey,
Large was the prospect, beautiful, and gay,
There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
Whose curious forms oblig'd the wondering
sight ;

Some in full view upon the champain plac'd,
With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd :
Others, in shady groves, retir'd from noise,
The seat of private and exalted joys.
At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood
A stately building in a spacious wood,
Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,
Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days,
In rustic dancing, and delightful plays.
But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
I heard from far celestial music sound :
So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all
The artful charming notes did rise and fall ;
My soul, transported with the graceful airs,
Shook off the pressures of its former fears :
I felt afresh the little god begin
To stir himself, and gentle move within.
Then I repented I had vow'd no more
To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
Why am I now condemn'd to banishment,
And made an exile, by my own consent ?
I sighing cry'd, why should I live in pain
Those fleeting hours which ne'er return again ?
O Delia ! what can wretched Strephon do ?
Inhuman to himself, and false to you !
'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason to remove
From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love :
But is not Reason partially unkind ?
Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd ?
Must none, that under her dominion live,
To Love and Beauty veneration give ?
Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
With a majestic mien, and charming face ?
Why did she give her that surprising air ;
Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair ;
Mistress of all that can affection move,
If Reason will not suffer us to love ?
But, since it must be so, I'll haste away ;
'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.
From you, blest shades ! (if I may call you so
Inculpable) with mighty pain I go :
Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here ;
I may find safety, but I buy it dear.

Then turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,
Such as of old were messengers of joy :
Who art thou, or from whence ? it sent, said I,
To me, my haste requires a quick reply.

I come, he cry'd, from yon celestial grove,
Where stands the temple of the God of Love ;
With whose important favour you are grac'd,
And justly in his high protection plac'd :
Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
Whose sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod ;
That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,
The bold, the bravest, nay, the best, have
bow'd ;

That god, whom all the lesser gods adore,
First in existence, and the first in power.
From him I come, on embassy divine,
To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine ;
To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay ;
Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
If you dare push your fortune, if you dare
But be resolved, and press the yielding fair,
Success and glory will your labours crown ;
For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown.
But, were you sure to be unkindly us'd,
Boldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd,
He greater glory and more fame obtains,
Who loses Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
But to prevent all fears that may arise,
(Though fears ne'er move the daring and the
wife)

In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
Where all things past, and present, and to come,
Are writ, I saw these words—" It is decreed,
" That Strephon's love to Delia shall succeed."
What would you more ? While youth and vigour
last,

Love, and be happy ; they decline too fast.
In youth alone you're capable to prove
The mighty transports of a generous love :
For dull old age, with fumbling labour, cloy
Before the bliss, or gives but wither'd joys.
Youth's the best time for action mortals have ;
That past, they touch the confines of the grave.
Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,
To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,
Quick to the blissful, happy mansion fly,
Where all is one continu'd ecstasy.
Delia impatiently expects you there :
And sure you will not disappoint the fair.
None but the impotent or old would stay,
When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.

Oh ! you convey, said I, dear charming boy,
Into my soul a strange disorder'd joy.
I would, but dare not, your advice pursue ;
I've promis'd Reason, and I must be true ;
Reason's the rightful empress of the soul,
Does all exorbitant desires control,
Checks every wild excursion of the mind,
By her wise dictates happily confin'd ;
And he that will not her commands obey,
Leaves a safe convoy in a dangerous sea.
True, I love Delia to a vast excess,
But I must try to make my passion less :
Try, if I can ; if possible, I will ;
For I have vow'd, and must that vow fulfil.
Oh ! had I not, with what a vigorous flight
Could I pursue the quarries of delight !
How could I press fair Delia in these arms,
Till I dissolv'd in love, and she in charms !

But now no more must I her beauties view ;
Yet tremble at her thoughts to leave her too.
What would I give, I might my flame allow !
But 'tis forbid by Reason, and a vow :
Two mighty obstacles : though Love of old
Has broke through greater, stronger powers con-
trol'd.

Should I offend, by high example taught,
'T would not be an inexpressible fault :
The crimes of malice have found grace above ;
And sure kind Heaven will spare the crimes of
Love.

Could'st thou, my angel, but instruct me how
I might be happy, and not break my vow ;
Or, by some subtle art, dissolve the chain ;
You'd soon revive my dying hopes again.
Reason and Love, I know, could ne'er agree ;
Both would command, and both superior be.
Reason's supported by the finewy force
Of solid argument, and wise discourse :
But Love pretends to use no other arms,
Than soft impressions, and persuasive charms.
One must be disobey'd ; and shall I prove
A rebel to my Reason, or to Love ?
But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,
Delia may be unkind, and faithless too,
Reject my passion with a proud disdain,
And scorn the love of such an humble swain :
Then should I labour under mighty grief,
Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief.
So that, methinks, 'tis safer to obey
Right Reason, though she bears a rugged sway,
Than Love's soft rule, whose subjects undergo,
Early or late, too sad a share of woe.
Can I so soon forget that wretched crew,
Reason just now expos'd before my view ?
If Delia should be cruel, I must be
A sad partaker of their misery.
But your encouragements so strongly move,
I'm almost tempted to pursue my love :
For sure no treacherous designs should dwell
In one that argues and persuades so well :
For what could Love by my destruction gain ?
Love's an immortal god, and I a swain ;
And sure I may without suspicion trust
A god, for gods can never be unjust.

Right you conclude, reply'd the smiling boy :
Love ruins none ; 'tis men themselves destroy :
And those vile wretches which you lately saw,
Transgress'd his rules, as well as Reason's law.
They're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of
Lust ;

Nor is their punishment so great as just :
For Love and Lust essentially divide,
Like day and night, Humility and Pride ;
One darkness hides, t' other does always shine ;
This of infernal make, and that divine.
Reason no generous passion does oppose :
'Tis Lust (not Love) and Reason that are foes.
She bids you scorn a base inglorious flame,
Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came :
In this her precepts should obedience find ;
But yours is not of that ignoble kind.
You err in thinking she would disapprove
The brave pursuit of honourable love ;

And therefore judge what's harmless an offence,
Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.
She could not such insipid counsel give,
As not to love at all ; 'tis not to live ;
But, where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes.
Could you contented see th' angelic maid
In old Alexis' dull embraces laid ?
Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms,
Which are in heaven, the heaven of Delia's arms ?
Consider, youth, what transport you forego,
The most entire felicity below ;
Which is by Fate alone reserv'd for you :
Monarchs have been deny'd ; for monarchs sue.
I own 'tis difficult to gain the prize ;
Or 't would be cheap and low in noble eyes :
But there is one soft minute, when the mind
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind ;
Which the wise lover understanding right,
Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
You urge your vow ; but can those vows pre-
vail,

Whose first foundation and whose reason fail ?
You vow'd to leave fair Delia ; but you thought
Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault.
But since your judgment err'd, it has no force
To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of course ;
And therefore hesitate no longer here,
But banish all the dull remains of fear.
Dare you be happy, youth ? but dare, and be :
I'll be your convoy to the charming she.
What ! still irresolute ? debating still ?
View her, and then forsake her if you will.

I'll go, said I ; once more I'll venture all :
'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.
Beauty no mortal can resist ; and Jove
Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.
Reason, if I do err, my crime forgive :
Angels alone without offending live.
I go astray but as the wife have done,
And act a folly which they did not shun.

Then we, descending to a spacious plain,
Were soon saluted by a numerous train
Of happy lovers, who consum'd their hours,
With constant jollity, in shady bowers.
There I beheld the blest variety
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free :
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight ;
Though all went different ways, yet all went
right.

None err'd, or miss'd the happiness he sought :
Love to one centre every twining brought.
We pass'd through numerous pleasant fields and
glades,
By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful shades ;
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,
Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood :
Round the celestial fane, in goodly rows
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows ;
Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait
For the kind minute of indulgent Fate :
Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,
By secret motions, was to warm the fair,
To kindle eager longings for the joy,
To move the slow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering
 sight,
 Of vast extent, and of prodigious height :
 The case was marble, but the polish'd stone
 With such an admirable lustre shone,
 As if some architect divine had strove
 'T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove;
 The ponderous gates of massy gold were made,
 With di'monds of a mighty size inlaid;
 Here stood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
 With shining darts and golden quivers grac'd :
 As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
 And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling
 strings;

The grateful youth is come, to sacrifice
 At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes :
 With harmony divine his soul inspire,
 That he may boldly touch the sacred fire ;
 And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,
 Celestial incense and perfumes prepare ;
 While our great god her panting bosom warms,
 Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.

Entering the spacious dome, my ravish'd
 eyes

A wondrous scene of glory did surprise :
 The riches, symmetry, and brightness, all
 Did equally for admiration call !
 But the description is a labour fit
 For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidst the temple was an altar made
 Of solid gold, where adoration's paid ;
 Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,
 Not daring boldly to approach too near ;
 Till from the god a smiling Cupid came,
 And bid me touch the consecrated flame ;
 Which done, my guide my eager steps convey'd
 To the apartment of the beauteous maid.
 Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
 On pedestals of polish'd marble plac'd :
 By it her guardian Cupid always stands,
 Who troops of missionary Loves commands :
 To him with soft addresses all repair :
 Each for his captive humbly begs the fair :
 Though still in vain they importun'd ; for he
 Would give encouragement to none but me.
 There stands the youth, he cry'd, must take a
 bliss ;

The lovely Delia can be none but his :
 Fate has selected him ; and mighty Love
 Confirms below what that decrees above.
 Then press no more ; there's not another swain
 On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
 Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew
 Your vows ; swear you'll eternally be true.
 But if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove,
 You'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love
 As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove. }
 Hear me, ye gods, said I, now hear me swear,
 By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair !
 If I prove false to Delia, let me fall
 The common obloquy, condemn'd by all !
 Let me the utmost of your vengeance try ;
 Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die !

Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping maid,
 Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid.

The blushing colour in her cheeks express'd
 What tender thoughts inspir'd her heaving breast.
 Sometimes a sigh half-smother'd stole away ;
 Then she would Strephon, charming Strephon,
 say :

Sometimes she, smiling, cry'd, You love 'tis true ;
 But will you always, and be faithful too ?
 Ten thousand graces play'd about her face ;
 Ten thousand charms attending every grace :
 Each admirable feature did impart
 A secret rapture to my throbbing heart.
 The nymph * imprison'd in the brazen tower,
 When Jove descended in a golden shower,
 Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
 Brought down that god from the neglected skies.
 So moving, so transporting was the sight,
 So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright,
 My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught,
 Lay all dissolv'd in ecstasy of thought.

Long time I gaz'd ; but as I trembling drew
 Nearer, to make a more obliging view,
 It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise
 Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

As Strephon, in a wither'd cypress shade,
 For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,
 Revolving lay upon his wretched state,
 And the hard usage of too partial Fate,
 Thus the sad youth complain'd : Once happy
 swain,

Now the most abject shepherd of the plain !
 Where's that harmonious concert of delights,
 Those peaceful days and pleasurable nights,
 That generous mirth and noble jollity,
 Which gaily made the dancing minutes flee ?
 Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled breast ;
 Nor leave me one short interval of rest.

Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame,
 And play in torment such a losing game ?
 All things conspire to make my ruin sure ?
 When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.
 But Heaven sometimes does a miraculous thing,
 When our last hope is just upon the wing ;
 And in a moment drives those clouds away,
 Whose sullen darkness hid a glorious day.

Why was I born, or why do I survive ;
 To be made wretched only, kept alive ?
 Fate is too cruel in the harsh decree,
 That I must live, yet live in misery.
 Are all its pleasing happy moments gone ?
 Must Strephon be unfortunate alone ?
 On other swains it lavishly bestows ;
 On them each nymph neglected favour throws :
 They meet compliance still in every face,
 And lodge their passions in a kind embrace ;
 Obtaining from the soft incurious maid
 True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
 Success on Mævius always does attend ;
 Inconstant fortune is his constant friend :

* Danaë.

He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit;
 And owes the victory to chance, not wit.
 But let him conquer ere one blow be struck:
 I'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius's luck.
 Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
 For all the trophies purring Mævius gains;
 But rather still live Delia's slave, than be
 Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.
 But he is happy, loves the common road;
 And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load.
 If Phyllis peevish or unkind does prove,
 It ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic love.
 A little joy his languid flame contents,
 And makes him easy under all events.
 But when a passion's noble and sublime,
 And higher still would every moment climb;
 If 'tis accepted with a just return,
 The fire's immortal, will for ever burn,
 And with such raptures fills the lover's breast,
 That saints in paradise are scarce more blest.

But I lament my miseries in vain;
 For Delia hears me, pitiless, complain.
 Suppose she pities, and believes me true,
 What satisfaction can from thence accrue,
 Unless her pity makes her love me too?
 Perhaps she loves ('tis but perhaps, I fear,
 For that's a blessing can't be bought too dear)
 If she has scruples that oppose her will,
 I must, alas! be miserable still.
 Though, if she loves, those scruples soon will fly
 Before the reasoning of the Deity:
 For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
 And suffer no copartner in his throne;
 And those false arguments that would repel
 His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.

What method can poor Strephon then propound,
 To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
 If she, who guided the vexatious dart,
 Resolves to cherish and increase the smart?
 Go, youth, from these unhappy plains remove,
 Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love:
 Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate;
 Tell them the cruelty of frowning Fate;
 Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind;
 Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind.
 And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent
 (For sure they cannot be of large extent),
 In prayers for her thou lov'st, resign thy breath,
 And bless the minute gives thee ease and death.

Here paus'd the swain—when Delia driving by
 Her bleating flock to some fresh pasture nigh,
 By Love directed, did her steps convey
 Where Strephon, wrapp'd in silent sorrow, lay:
 As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
 He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said:

When humble suppliants would the gods appease,
 And in severe afflictions beg for ease,
 With constant importunity they sue,
 And their petitions every day renew;
 Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,
 Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
 Till Heaven those blessings they enjoy'd before
 Not only does return, but gives them more.

O, do not blame me, Delia! if I press
 So much, and with impatience, for redress.
 My ponderous griefs no ease my soul allow;
 For they are next t' intolerable now:
 How shall I then support them, when they

grow
 To an excess, to a distracting woe?
 Since you're endow'd with a celestial mind.
 Relieve like Heaven, and like the gods be kind,
 Did you perceive the torments I endure,
 Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,
 They would your virgin soul to pity move,
 And pity may at last be chang'd to love.
 Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair,
 And lead the incautious maid into a snare;
 But let them suffer for their perjury,
 And do not punish others crimes with me.

If there's so many of our sex untrue,
 Yours should more kindly use the faithful few;
 Though innocence too oft incurs the fate
 Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.
 Your nature is to tenderness inclin'd;
 And why to me, to me alone unkind?
 A common love, by other persons shewn,
 Meets with a full return; but mine has none:
 Nay, scarce believ'd, though some deceit as free
 As angels flames can for archangels be.
 A passion feign'd, at no repulse is griev'd,
 And values little if it be n't receiv'd:
 But love sincere resents the smallest scorn,
 And the unkindness does in secret mourn.

Sometimes I please myself, and think you are
 Too good to make me wretched by despair:
 That tenderness, which in your soul is plac'd,
 Will move you to compassion sure at last.
 But when I come to take a second view
 Of my own merits, I despond of you:
 For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, see,
 To raise in her the least esteem for me:
 I've nought that can encourage my address;
 My fortune's little, and my worth is less:
 But if a love of the sublimest kind
 Can make impression on a generous mind,
 If all has real value that's divine,
 There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.

Perhaps you pity me; I know you must;
 And my affections can no more distrust:
 But what, alas! will helpless pity do?
 You pity, but you may despise me too.
 Still I am wretched, if no more you give:
 The starving orphan can't on pity live:
 He must receive the food for which he cries,
 Or he consumes, and, though much pity'd, dies.

My torments still do with my passion grow:
 The more I love, the more I undergo.
 But suffer me no longer to remain
 Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain.
 My wound requires some speedy remedy:
 Delays are fatal, when despair is nigh.
 Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell;
 Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.
 When will the end of all my sorrows be?
 Can you not love? I'm sure you pity me.
 But if I must new miseries sustain,
 And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain,

I'll not accuse you, since my fate is such;
I please too little, and I love too much.

Strephon, no more, the blushing Delia said,
Excuse the conduct of a timorous maid;
Now I'm convinc'd your love's sublime and true,
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.
Each kind expression, every tender thought,
A mighty transport in my bosom wrought:
And though in secret I your flame approv'd,
I sigh'd and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd.
Though now—O Strephon! be so kind to guess
What shame will not allow me to confess.

The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,
Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight.
By too sublime an ecstasy possess'd,
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast;
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
Vow'd endless truth and everlasting love.

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

In an Epistle to Celadon.

ALL men have follies, which they blindly trace
Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze:
But happy those, who, by a prudent care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.

The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free
From the same failure you condemn in me:
They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said.
Love triumph'd o'er those dull, pedantic rules,
They had collected from the wrangling schools;
And made them to his noble sway submit,
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit.
Their grave, starch'd morals then unuseful prov'd:
These dusky characters he soon remov'd;
For, when his shining squadrons came in view,
Their boasted reason murmur'd, and withdrew;
Unable to oppose their mighty force
With phlegmatic resolves, and dry discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard,
My faults you too severely reprehend,
More like a rigid censor than a friend.
Love is the monarch passion of the mind,
Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,
But triumphs still, impatient of controul,
O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,
When in the bud her native beauties were;
Your praise did then her early charms confess,
Yet you'd persuade me to adore her less.
You but the non-age of her beauty saw,
But might from thence sublime ideas draw,
And what she is, by what she was, conclude;
For now she governs those she then subdu'd.

Her aspect noble and mature is grown,
And every charm in its full vigour known.
There we may wondering view, distinctly writ,
The lines of goodness, and the marks of wit:

Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,
Does justly some peculiar sweetness boast:
And her composure's of so fine a frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal Beauties of the skies
Contended naked for the golden prize,
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' share,
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there;
In whom alone we all their graces find,
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd
With Juno's aspect, and Minerva's mind.

View both those nymphs whom other swains
adore,

You'll value charming Delia still the more.
Dorinda's mien's majestic, but her mind
Is to revenge and peevishness inclin'd:
Myrtilla's fair; and yet Myrtilla's proud;
Chloe has wit; but noisy, vain, and loud:
Melania doats upon the silliest things;
And yet Melania like an angel sings.
But in my Delia all endowments meet,
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet;
All that can praise and admiration move,
All that the wisest and the bravest love.

In all discourses she's apposite and gay,
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say;
For, if the subject's of a serious kind,
Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refin'd;
But if divertive, her expression's fit,
Good language, join'd with inoffensive wit;
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords
An idle thought the charity of words.
The vices common to her sex can find
No room, ev'n in the suburbs of her mind;
Concluding wisely she's in danger still,
From the mere neighbourhood of industrious ill.
Therefore at distance keeps the subtle foe,
Whose near approach would formidable grow;
While the unwary virgin is undone,
And meets the misery which she ought to shun.
Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay;
But let true judgment and right reason sway;
Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend;
Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.
Her darts are keen, but level'd with such care,
They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far:
For when she rallies, 'tis with so much art,
We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smart.

O, Celadon! you would my flame approve,
Did you but hear her talk of love.
That tender passion to her fancy brings
The prettiest notions, and the softest things;
Which are by her so movingly express'd,
They fill with ecstasy my throbbing breast.
'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
Their native glories unimprov'd by art:
By what she says I measure things above,
And guess the language of seraphic love.

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,
By some wild beech or lofty poplar made,
When evening comes, we secretly repair
To breathe in private, and unbend our care:
And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed,
Some well-design'd, instructive poem read;

Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,
 At once delight and cultivate the mind :
 Which are by her to more perfection brought,
 By wise remarks upon the poet's thought;
 So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,
 The empty sound of words from solid sense.
 The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,
 Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,
 Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and pass
 For standard gold, when 'tis but gilded brass.
 Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,
 Where first we mutually engag'd to love,
 She smiling ask'd me, Whether I'd prefer
 An humble cottage on the plains with her,
 Before the pompous building of the great;
 And find content in that inferior state?
 Said I, The question you propose to me,
 Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
 Were the degrees of my affection less
 Than burning martyrs to the gods express.
 In you I've all I can desire below,
 That earth can give me, or the gods bestow;
 And, blest with you, I know not where to find
 A second choice, you take up all my mind.
 I'd not forsake that dear, delightful plain,
 Where Charming Delia, Love and Delia reign,
 For all the splendor that a court can give,
 Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.
 Though youthful Paris, when his birth was known
 (Too fatally related to a throne)
 Forsook Oenone, and his rural sports,
 For dangerous greatness and tumultuous courts;
 Yet Fate should still offer its power in vain;
 For what is power to such an humble swain?
 I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
 Though half the globe should be assign'd my share.

And would you have me, friend, reflect again,
 Become the basest and the worst of men?
 O, do not urge me, Celadon, forbear;
 I cannot leave her, she's too charming fair!
 Should I your counsel in this case pursue,
 You might suspect me for a villain too:
 For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove
 Just to his friend, who's faithless to his love.

EPISTLE TO DELIA.

As those who hope hereafter heaven to share,
 A rigorous exile here can calmly bear,
 And, with collected spirits, undergo
 The sad variety of pain below;
 Yet, with intense reflections, antedate
 The mighty raptures of a future state;
 While the bright prospect of approaching joy
 Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy:
 So, though I'm toss'd by giddy Fortune's hand,
 Ev'n to the confines of my native land;
 Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,
 And break its waves upon the foaming shore:
 Though from my Delia banish'd; all that's dear,
 That's good, or beautiful, or charming here:
 Yet flattering hopes encourage me to live,
 And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;

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That the dark treasury of times contains
 A glorious day, will finish all my pains:
 And, while I contemplate on joys to come,
 My griefs are silent, and my sorrows dumb,
 Believe me, nymph, believe me, charming fair,
 (When truth's conspicuous, we need not swear;
 Oaths will suppose a diffidence in you,
 That I am false, my flame fictitious too)
 Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial power,
 Ne'er to return to your embraces more,
 I'd scorn what'er the busy world could give;
 'Twould be the worst of miseries to live:
 For all my wishes and desires pursue,
 All I admire, and covet here, is you.
 Were I possess'd of your surprising charms,
 And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms;
 Then would my joys ascend to that degree,
 Could angels envy, they would envy me.

Oft, as I wander in a silent shade,
 When bold vexations would my soul invade,
 I banish the rough thought, and none pursue,
 But what inclines my willing mind to you.
 The soft reflections on your sacred love,
 Like sovereign antidotes, all cares remove;
 Composing every faculty to rest,
 They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,
 I think o'er all the stories of our love.
 What mighty pleasure have I oft possess'd,
 When, in a masculine embrace, I prest
 The lovely Delia to my heaving breast!
 Then I remember, and with vast delight,
 The kind expressions of the parting night:
 Methought the sun too quick return'd again,
 And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.
 Strong and contracted was our eager bliss,
 An age of pleasure in each generous kiss:
 Years of delight in moments we compriz'd;
 And heaven itself was there epitomiz'd.

But, when the glories of the eastern light
 O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night;
 Farewell, my Delia, O farewell! said I,
 The utmost period of my time is nigh:
 Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,
 And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.
 But, though I must my native plains forego,
 Forsake these fields, forsake my Delia too;
 No change of fortune shall for ever move
 The settled base of my immortal love.

And must my Strephon, must my faithful swain,
 Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter plain!
 The darling of my soul so soon remov'd!
 The only valu'd, and the best belov'd!
 Though other swains to me themselves address'd,
 Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest:
 Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd;
 Little themselves, their passions less esteem'd:
 For my aversion with their flames increas'd,
 And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
 Though I'm depriv'd of my kind shepherd's sight,
 Joy of the day, and blessing of the night;
 Yet will you, Strephon, will you love me still?
 However, flatter me, and say you will.
 For, should you entertain a rival love;
 Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove;

H H

No mortal e'er could half so wretched be:
For sure no mortal ever lov'd like me.

Your beauty, nymph, said I, my faith secures;
Those you once conquer, must be always your's:
For, hearts subdued by your victorious eyes,
No force can storm, no stratagem surprise;
Nor can I of captivity complain,
While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,
Might fear, at least, he would despise her charms;
But I can never such a monster prove,
To slight the blessings of my Delia's love.
Would those who at celestial tables sit,
Blest with immortal wine, immortal wit;
Choose to descend to some inferior board,
Which nought but scum and nonsense can afford?
Nor can I e'er those gay nymphs address,
Whose pride is greater, and whose charms are less;
Their tinsel beauty may, perhaps, subdue
A gaudy coxcomb, or a fulsome beau;
But seem at best indifferent to me,
Who none but you with admiration see.

Now, would the rolling orbs obey my will,
I'd make the sun a second time stand still,
And to the lower world their light repay,
When conquering Joshua robb'd them of a day:
Though our two souls would different passions
His was a thirst of glory, mine of love; [prove;
It will not be; the sun makes haste to rise,
And take possession of the eastern skies;
Yet one more kiss, though millions are too few;
And, Delia, since we must, must part, adieu.
As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driven
From Eden's groves, the vicinage of heaven;
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harsh impressions of a ruder air;
With mighty sorrow, and with weeping eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of paradise:
With a concern like his did I review
My native plains, my charming Delia too;
For I left paradise in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find,
It brings your fair idea to my mind:
Such was the happy place, I sighing say,
Where I and Delia, lovely Delia, lay;
When first I did my tender thoughts impart,
And made a grateful present of my heart.
Or, if my friend, in his apartment, shews
Some piece of Van Dyck's, or of Angelo's,
In which the artist has, with wond'rous care,
Describ'd the face of one exceeding fair;
Though, at first sight, it may my passion raise,
And every feature I admire and praise;
Yet still, methinks, upon a second view,
'Tis not so beautiful, so fair as you.
If I converse with those whom most admit
To have a ready, gay, vivacious wit;
They want some amiable, moving grace,
Some turn of fancy that my Delia has:
For ten good thoughts amongst the crowd they
Methinks ten thousand are impertinent. [vent,

Let other shepherds, that are prone to range,
With each caprice, their giddy humours change:
They from variety less joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.

Nor will I envy those ill-judging swains
(What they enjoy's the refuse of the plains)
If, for my share of happiness below,
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would bestow;
Whatever blessings it can give beside,
Let all mankind among themselves divide.

A PASTORAL ESSAY

ON THE

DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

Anno 1694.

As gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd, [stray'd,
A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had
Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground.
Amaz'd, with eager haste he ran to know
The fatal cause of her intemperate woe;
And, clasping her to his impatient breast,
In these soft words his tender care express:

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Cosmelia? Why appears
My life, my soul, dissolv'd in briny tears?
Has some fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer slain,
While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain?
Or, has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep?
What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep?
Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increase,
Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?
'Tis for—I cannot the sad tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting spirits fled;
'Tis for Cælestia—Strephon, Oh—She's dead!
The brightest nymph, the princess of the plain,
By an untimely dart, untimely slain.

STREPHON.

Dead! 'Tis impossible! She cannot die:
She's too divine, too much a deity:
'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread,
Who wish, perhaps, the good Cælestia dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! no; the truth in every face appears;
For every face you meet 's o'erflown with tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran through all the plain,
From flock to flock, and ask'd of every swain,
But each scarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd Oh, Cosmelia! Oh, Cælestia's dead!

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-brooding
croak
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,
Which strait by lightning was in shivers broke.
But we our mischief feel, before we see;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to bestow,
No pompous things to make a glorious shew
(For all the tribute a poor swain can bring,
In rural numbers, is to mourn and sing)

Let us, beneath the gloomy shade, rehearse
Cælestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

STREPHON.

Cælestia dead! then 'tis in vain to live;
What 's all the comfort that the plains can give;
Since she, by whose bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone;
Since she, who round such beams of goodness
spread,
As gave new life to every swain, is dead.

COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring;
What joys can flowery May or April bring,
When she, for whom the spacious plains were
spread,
With early flowers and cheerful greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
'To give to summer fruits a winter birth;
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless
store
Of nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then, to all that's gay:
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with cheerful songs, in cooling bowers,
Shall we consume the pleasurable hours:
All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Cælestia's dead.

COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays
Of great Cælestia's name, Cælestia's praise:
How good she was, how generous, how wise!
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!
How charming all; how much she was ador'd,
Alive; when dead, how much her loss deplor'd!
A noble theme, and able to inspire
The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.
And since we do of such a princess sing,
Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing;
And, while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make the harmony divine.
Raise then thy tuneful voice; and be the song
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.

STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,
And left Cælestia here to rule alone;
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
When storms arose, did she the vessel steer!
And when the raging of the waves did cease,
How gentle was her sway in times of peace!
Justice and mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples spread a glorious light;
So quick she eas'd the wrongs of every swain,
She hardly gave them leisure to complain:
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
'Th' avenging sword of necessary law:
Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy;
With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,
Return'd in triumph to Cælestia's arms,
She met her hero with a full desire;
But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire;

Such mutual flames, so equally divine,
Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,
His could not seem the greater, her's the less;
Both were immense, for both were in excess.

STREPHON.

Oh, godlike princess! Oh, thrice happy swains!
Whilst she presided o'er the fruitful plains!
Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,
To mingle with the kindred of the skies.
Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ;
The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy!

COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
There wisdom sat, with solid reason join'd:
There too did piety and greatness wait;
Meekness on grandeur, modesty on state:
Humble amidst the splendors of a throne;
Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.
And when a crown was forc'd on her by fate,
She with some pains submitted to be great.

STREPHON.

Her pious soul with emulation strove
To gain the mighty Pan's important love:
To whose mysterious rites she always came,
With such an active, so intense a flame;
The duties of religion seem'd to be
No more her care than her felicity.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the least alloy,
Pure as the light of a celestial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the soul
With such a soft, but absolute controul,
That, as she knew what best great Pan would
please,
She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.
Him for her high exemplar she design'd,
Like him, benevolent to all mankind.
Her foes she pity'd, not desir'd their blood;
And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good:
Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation, power)
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan, was her illustrious lord;
His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd:
Him with such piety and zeal she lov'd,
The noble passion every hour improv'd:
Till it ascended to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her so entire a duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey:
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

COSMELIA.

Mature for heaven, the fatal mandate came,
With a chariot of ethereal flame;
In which, Elijah-like, she pass'd the spheres;
Brought joy to heaven, but left the world in
tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright!
While the immortal minds around her gaze
On the excessive splendor of her rays;

H h ij

And scarce believe a human soul could be
Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much! O, who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful Cælestia's urn!
So great a loss as this deserves excess
Of sorrows; all's too little that is less.
But, to supply the universal woe,
Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow:
All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing breasts, Cælestia's fate bemoan;
While marble rocks the common griefs partake,
And echo back those cries they cannot make.

STREPHON.

Weep then (once fruitful vales) and spring
with yew!

Ye thirsty, barren mountains, weep with dew!
Let every flower on this extended plain
Not droop, but shrink into its womb again,
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth!
Let every thing that's grateful leave the earth!
Let mournful cypress, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms, in their place succeed!
Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharg'd with
grief,

Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief:
Then tiding back, each to his sacred head,
Tell your astonish'd springs, Cælestia's dead!

COSMELIA.

Well have ye sung, in an exalted strain,
The fairest nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.
Who knows but some officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey!
That she may smile upon us from above,
And bless our mournful pains with peace and love.

STREPHON.

But see, our flocks do to their folds repair;
For night with sable clouds obscures the air:
Cold damps descend from the unwholesome sky,
And safety bids us to our cottage fly.
Though with each morn our sorrows will re-
turn; [mourn,
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we'll sing and
Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

TO HIS FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of things,
Where every morning soon new troubles brings,
But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.
Angelic forms, and happy spirits, are
Above the malice of perplexing care:
But that's a blessing too sublime, too high,
For those who bend beneath mortality.
If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
And but one passion could torment the mind;
That part, that passion, busy fate would find:
But, since infirmities in both abound,
Since sorrow both so many ways can wound:
'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,
With all the glories of estate and birth,
Had yet some anxious care, to make him know,
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
To be from all things that disquiet, free.
Is not consistent with humanity.

Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming
things,
O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,
We think the person who enjoys so much;
No care can move, and no affliction touch;
Yet could we but some secret method find
To view the dark recesses of the mind,
We there might see the hidden seed of strife,
And woes in embryo ripening into life:
How some fierce lust, or boisterous passion, fills
The labouring spirit with prolific ills;
Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,
And all right reason's godlike power controul;
But if she must not be allow'd to sway
Though all without appears serene and gay,
A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,
And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp and visible success
Somerimes contribute to our happiness;
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd.
Then, to whatever end affliction's sent,
To try our virtues, or for punishment,
We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow:
For, in misfortunes this advantage lies;
They make us humble, and they make us wise;
And he that can acquire such virtues, gains
An ample recompence for all his pains.

Too soft caresses of a prosperous fate
The pious fervours of the soul abate;
Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
And gloomy vapour round the spirits raise.
Thus lull'd into a sleep we dozing lie,
And find our ruin in security;
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' enchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,
In blackest days, some glimmerings of light;
So, in the most dejected hours we may
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray:
And those requests the speediest passage find
To heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind:
And while to him we open our distress,
Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.

The finest music of the grove we owe
The mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
And while her grief's in charming notes express'd,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast;
In warbling melody she spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight

No choice had e'er so happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight,
We cannot level our own wishes right:
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
T' ourselves we little owe, but much to chance.
So that when Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends

We must conclude it best it should be so,
 And not desponding or impatient grow.
 For he that will his confidence remove
 From boundless wisdom and eternal love,
 To place it on himself, or human aid,
 Will meet those woes he labours to evade.
 But, in the keenest agonies of grief,
 Content's a cordial that still gives relief:
 Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
 But most chastises those whom most he likes;
 And, if with humble spirits they complain,
 Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

T O

ANOTHER FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell
 An easy conquest to the powers of hell,
 There's none in every stage of life can be
 From the insults of bold affliction free.
 If a short respite gives us some relief,
 And interrupts the series of our grief,
 So quick the pangs of misery return,
 We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought,
 By wise philosophy, and serious thought,
 Support the soul beneath the ponderous weight
 Of angry stars, and unpropitious fate;
 Then is the time she should exert her power,
 And make us practice what she taught before.
 For why are such voluminous authors read,
 The learned labours of the famous dead,
 But to prepare the mind for its defence,
 By sage results, and well digested sense;
 That, when the storm of misery appears,
 With all its real or fantastic fears,
 We either may the rolling danger fly,
 Or stem the tide before it swells too high.

But though the theory of wisdom's known
 With ease, what should, and what should not be
 done;

Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
 To be, in more than words and notion, wise;
 The sacred truth of sound philosophy
 We study early, but we late apply.
 When stubborn anguish seizes on my soul,
 Right reason would its haughty rage controul;
 But, if it mayn't be suffer'd to endure,
 The pain is just, when we reject the cure.
 For many men, close observation finds,
 Of copious learning, and exalted minds,
 Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,
 And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes;
 As if they understood not how to be
 Or wise, or brave, but in felicity;
 And by some action, servile or unjust,
 Lay all their former glories in the dust.
 For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,
 And leaves him naked to his enemies:
 So that, when most his prudence should be shewn,
 The most imprudent, giddy things are done.
 For when the mind's surrounded with distress,
 Fear or inconstancy the judgment press.

And render it incapable to make
 Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.
 Yet there's a steadiness of soul and thought,
 By reason bred, and by religion taught,
 Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,
 Unmov'd remains, and all afflictions braves.

In sharp misfortunes, some will search too deep
 What heaven prohibits, and would secret keep:
 But those events 'tis better not to know,
 Which known, serve only to increase our woe.
 Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to pursue)
 With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
 For, had our earliest parents been content
 Not to know more than to be innocent,
 Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd
 Their joys entire; for then they had not swerv'd.
 But they imagin'd (their desires were such)
 They knew too little, till they knew too much.
 E'er since my folly most to wisdom rise;
 And few are, but by sad experience, wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your blessings gave,
 What are recall'd again, and what you have;
 And do not murmur when you are bereft
 Of little, if you have abundance left:
 Consider too, how many thousands are
 Under the worst of miseries, despair;
 And don't repine at what you now endure;
 Custom will give you ease, or time will cure:
 Once more consider, that the present ill,
 Though it be great, may yet be greater still;
 And be not anxious; for, to undergo
 One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.
 But since it is impossible to be
 Human, and not expos'd to misery,
 Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:
 You are not more, and be not less than man!

Afflictions past can no existence find,
 But in the wild ideas of the mind;
 And why should we for those misfortunes mourn,
 Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return?
 Those that can weather a tempestuous night,
 And find a calm approaching with the light,
 Will not, unless their reason they disown,
 Still make those dangers present that are gone.
 What is behind the curtain none can see;
 It may be joy: suppose it misery:
 'Tis future still; and that which is not here,
 May never come, or we may never bear.
 Therefore the present ill alone we ought
 To view, in reason, with a troubled thought;
 But, if we may the sacred pages trust,
 He's always happy, that is always just.

T O

HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

I would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate,
 From too exalted, or too mean a state;
 For in both these we may expect to find
 A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
 Who moves within the middle region, shares
 The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.

H h iij

Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
 If something brighter, not too bright for thine:
 Her education liberal, not great;
 Neither inferior nor above her state.
 Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
 From affectation, pride, or pedantry:
 For the effect of wowan's wit is such,
 Too little is as dangerous as too much.
 But chiefly let her humour close with thine;
 Unless where your's does to a fault incline;
 The least disparity in this destroys,
 Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.
 Her person amiable, straight, and free
 From natural, or chance deformity.
 Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
 For women past their vigour, soon decline:
 Her fortune competent; and, if thy sight
 Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
 If thine's enough, then her's may be the less:
 Do not aspire to riches in excess.
 For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
 Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

TO A

PAINTER DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, the utmost of thy judgment shew;
 Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo:
 With all the liveliness of thought express
 The moving features of Dorinda's face.
 Thou canst not flatter, where such beauty dwells;
 Her charms thy colours, and thy art excels.
 Others less fair, may from thy pencil have
 Graces, which sparing Nature never gave:
 But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see
 Such as will pose thy famous art, and thee;
 So great, so many in her face unite,
 So well proportion'd, and so wonderful bright.
 No human skill can e'er express them all,
 But must do wrong to th' fair original.
 An angel's hand alone that pencil fits,
 To mix the colours when an angel sits.
 Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
 As art of man can paint a deity;
 And justly may perhaps, when she withdraws,
 Excite our wonder, and deserve applause:
 But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own,
 No art can equal what's by Nature done.
 Great Lely's noble hand, excell'd by few,
 The picture fairer than the person drew:
 He took the best that nature could impart,
 And made it better by his powerful art.
 But had he seen that bright, surprising grace,
 Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,
 Vain had been all the essays of his skill:
 She must have been confess'd the fairest still.

Heaven in a landscape may be wondrous fine,
 And look as bright as painted light can shine;
 But still the real glories of the place
 All art, by infinite degrees, surpass.

TO THE

PAINTER, AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what man can do;
 Only Dorinda's self more charms can shew.
 Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch;
 But still the beauties of her face are such,
 As cannot justly be describ'd; though all
 Confess 't is like the bright original.
 In her, and in thy picture, we may view
 The utmost Nature, or that Art, can do;
 Each is a master-piece, design'd so well,
 That future times will strive to parallel;
 But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

CRUELTY AND LUST.

AN

EPISTOLARY ESSAY*.

WHERE can the wretched'st of all creatures fly,
 To tell the story of her misery?

Where, but to faithful Cælia, in whose mind
 A manly bravery's with soft pity join'd,
 I fear, these lines will scarce be understood,
 Blurr'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood;
 But if you can the mournful pages read,
 The sad relation shews you such a deed,
 As all the annals of th' infernal reign
 Shall strive to equal, or exceed in vain.

Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your
ears,

Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears;
 Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral sighs,
 Deploring widows shrieks, and orphans cries.
 At every health the horrid monster quaff'd,
 Ten wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd, he laugh'd;
 Till, tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
 Drunk with excess of blood and wine, to bed.
 Oh, cursed place!—I can no more command
 My pen: shame and confusion shake my hand:
 But I must on, and let my Cælia know
 How barbarous are my wrongs, how vast my woe.

Among the crowds of Western youths who
ran

To meet the brave, betray'd unhappy man †,
 My husband, fatally uniting, went;
 Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' event.
 But when the battle was by treachery won,
 The chief, and all but his false friend, undone;
 Though, in the tumult of that desperate night,
 He 'scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight;
 Yet the sagacious bloodhounds, skill'd too well
 In all the murdering qualities of hell,
 Each secret place so regularly beat,
 They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.

* This Piece was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Western Rebellion, in 1685, who debauched a young lady with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him next morning.

† The Duke of Monmouth.

As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
To sure destruction hurry them away;
So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's son
With Charion to the common butchery run;
Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,
To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood.
Our friends, by powerful intercession, gain'd
A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
To try all ways might to compassion move
The savage general; but in vain they strove.
When I perceiv'd that all addressees fail'd,
And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd;
Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,
To make the last effort, what tears could do.
Low on my knees I fell; then thus began:
Great genius of success, thou more than man!
Whose arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,
And carry'd conquest round the trembling world!
Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,
Your sword, your conduct, and your cause, at-
tend.

Here now the arbiter of fate you sit,
While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.
Oh, pity the unfortunate! and give
But this one thing: Oh, let but Charion live!
And take the little all that we possess.
I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress
Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread:
Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed.
The fall of such a youth no lustre brings
To him whose sword performs such wondrous
things

As saving kingdoms, and supporting kings.
That triumph only with true grandeur shines,
Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.
Cæsar, the eldest favourite of war,
Took not more pleasure to submit, than spare:
And since in battle you can greater be,
That over, be't less merciful than he.
Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,
And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown;
In future histories fill each mournful page
With tales of blood, and monuments of rage:
And, while his annals are with horror read,
Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
Oh! do not tully with a sanguine dye
(The foulest stain) so fair a memory!
Then, as you'll live the glory of our isle,
And Fate on all your expeditions smile:
So when a noble course you've bravely ran,
Die the best soldier, and the happiest man.
None can the turns of Providence foresee,
Or what their own catastrophe may be;
Therefore, to persons labouring under woe,
That mercy they may want, should always shew:
For in the chance of war the slightest thing
May lose the battle, or the victory bring.
And how would you that general's honour prize,
Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice?

He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
To justice forfeits his opprobrious head:
But 'tis unhappy Charion's first offence,
Seduc'd by some too plausible pretence,
To take the injuring side by error brought;
He had no malice, though he has the fault.

Let the old tempters find a shameful grave,
But, the half innocent, the tempted, save;
Vengeance divine, though for the greatest crime,
But rarely strikes the first or second time:
And he best follows th' Almighty's will,
Who spares the guilty he has power to kill.
When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,
And wild disorders in a land create,
'Tis requisite the first promoters should
Put out the flames they kindled with their blood:
But sure 'tis a degree of murder all
That draw their swords should undistinguish'd fall.
And since a mercy must to some be shewn,
Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one:
For as none guilty has less guilt than he,
So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

When David's general had won the field,
And Absalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd,
The trumpets sounding made all slaughter cease,
And mislead Israelites return'd in peace.
The action past, where so much blood was spilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt;
But all concludes with the desir'd event,
The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.

As great example your great courage warns,
And to illustrious deeds excites your arms;
So when you instances of mercy view,
They should inspire you with compassion too:
For he that emulates the truly brave,
Would always conquer, and should always save.

Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cry'd,
(Swelt'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride)
Madam, his life depends upon my will,
For every rebel I can spare or kill.
I'll think of what you've said: this night return
At ten, perhaps you'll have no cause to mourn.
Go, see your husband, bid him not despair:
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair.

When anxious miseries the soul amaze,
And dire confusion in the spirits raise,
Upon the least appearance of relief,
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief;
Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow,
Which through false optics our deliverance shew,
For while we fancy danger does appear
Most at a distance, it is oft too near,
And many times, secure from obvious foes,
We fall into an ambuscade of woes.

Pleas'd with the false Neronior's dark reply,
I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh,
And to the main-guard hasten'd, where the prey,
Of this blood-thirsty fiend, in durance lay.
When Charion saw me, from his turfy bed
With eagerness he rais'd his drooping head:
Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,
And in some distant clime thy virtue hide!
Here nothing but the foulest dæmons dwell,
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of hell.
The air they breathe is every atom curst:
There's no degree of ills, for all are worst.
In rapes and murders they alone delight,
And villanies of less importance slight:
Act them indeed, but scorn they should be
nam'd,

For all their glory's to be more than damn'd.

H n iij

Neronior's chief of this infernal crew,
 And seems to merit that high station too :
 Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,
 By Asmodai and Maloc both possess'd,
 When told you went to intercede for me,
 It threw my soul into an agony ;
 Not that I would not for my freedom give
 What's requisite, or do not wish to live ;
 But for my safety I can ne'er be base,
 Or buy a few short years with long disgrace ;
 Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
 For me expos'd to an eternal shame.
 With ignominy to preserve my breath,
 Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.
 But if I can't my life with honour save,
 With honour I'll descend into the grave.
 For though revenge and malice both combine
 (As both to fix my ruin seem to join)
 Yet, maugre all their violence and skill,
 I can die just, and I'm resolv'd I will.

But what is death we so unwisely fear ?
 An end of all our busy tumults here :
 The equal lot of poverty and state,
 Which all partake of by a certain fate.
 Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys,
 At divers ages, and by divers ways,
 Will find them from this noisy scene retire ;
 Some the first minute that they breathe, expire :
 Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go ;
 But die, before they good or evil know.
 Here one to puberty arrives ; and then
 Returns lamented to the dust again :
 Another there maintains a longer strife
 With all the powerful enemies of life ;
 Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,
 He drops into the dark, and disappears.
 I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see
 Times future, long and late posterity,
 'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,
 If to be old, were to be happy too.
 But since substantial grief so soon destroys
 The gust of all imaginary joys,
 Who would be too importunate to live,
 Or more for life, than it can merit, give !

Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,
 The boundless realms of vast eternity ;
 Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies,
 dwell ;

But who their government or laws can tell ?
 What's their employment till the final doom
 And time's eternal period shall come ?
 Thus much the sacred oracles declare,
 That all are blest'd or miserable there ;
 Though, if there's such variety of fate,
 None good expire too soon, nor bad too late.
 For my own part, with resignation, still
 I can submit to my Creator's will ;
 Let him recal the breath from him I drew,
 When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.
 The way of dying is my least concern ;
 That will give no disturbance to my urn.
 If to the seats of happiness I go,
 There end all possible returns of woe :
 And when to those blest mansions I arrive,
 With pity I'll behold those that survive.

Once more I beg, you'd from these tents retreat,
 And leave me to my innocence and fate.

Charion, said I, Oh, do not urge my flight !
 I'll see the event of this important night :
 Some strange presages in my soul forebode,
 The worst of miseries, or the greatest good.
 Few hours will shew the utmost of my doom ;
 A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.
 If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try
 If gracious Heaven will suffer me to die :
 For, when you are to endless raptures gone,
 If I survive, 'tis but to be undone.
 Who will support an injur'd widow's right,
 From fly injustice, or oppressive might ?
 Protect her person, or her cause defend ?
 She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend :
 I've no distrust of Providence ; but still
 'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill :
 And those can have no reason to repent,
 Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.
 But to a world of everlasting bliss
 Why would you go, and leave me here in this !
 'Tis a dark passage ; but our foes shall view,
 I'll die as calm, though not so brave, as you :
 That my behaviour to the last may prove
 Your courage is not greater than my love.

The hour approach'd ; as to Neronior's tent,
 With trembling, but impatient steps, I went,
 A thousand horrors throng'd into my breast,
 By sad ideas and strong fears possess'd :
 Where'er I pass'd, the glaring lights would shew
 Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood
 A wretched, poor, old man, besmear'd with blood ;
 And at his feet, just through the body run,
 Struggling for life, was laid his only son ;
 By whose hard labour he was daily fed,
 Dividing still, with pious care, his bread :
 And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
 The sole support of his decrepid years,
 The barbarous mob, whose rage no limit knows,
 With blasphemous derision, mock'd his woes.

There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,
 And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sat.
 High in the boughs the murder'd father hung ;
 Beneath, the children round the mother clung :
 They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief :
 For all they had to live upon, was grief.
 A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
 No creature, merely human, long could bear.
 First in her arms her weeping babes she took,
 And, with a groan, did to her husband look :
 Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cry'd,
 Pity me, Saviour of the world ! and dy'd.

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,
 Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers,
 mourn'd ;

Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept,
 Prisoners of war, in chains, for slaughter kept :
 Each every hour did the black message dread,
 Which should declare the person lov'd was dead.
 Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth,
 A comely youth, and of no common birth,
 To execution led ; who hardly bore
 The wounds in battle he receiv'd before :

And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,
They did me to the general convey:
Who thus began——

Madam! by fresh intelligence, I find,
That Charion's treason's of the blackest kind;
And my commission is express to spare
None that so deeply in rebellion are:
New measures therefore 'tis vain to try;
No pardon can be granted; he must die.
Must, or I hazard all: which yet I'd do
To be oblig'd in one request by you:

And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,
Be mine this night, I'll set your husband free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success
By supple flattery, and by soft address;
The pert, gay coxcomb, by these little arts,
Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies hearts.

But I can no such whining methods use:
Consent, he lives; he dies, if you refuse.

Amaz'd at this demand; said I, The brave,
Upon ignoble terms, disdain to save:
They let their captives still with honour live,
No more require, than what themselves would
give;

For, generous victors, as they scorn to do
Dishonest things, scorn to propose them too.
Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,
Should with no devious appetite be join'd:
For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,
Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.

Great men their actions of a piece should have;
Heroic all, and each entirely brave;
From the nice rules of honour none should swerve;
Done, because good, without a mean reserve.

The crimes new charg'd upon the unhappy
youth,

May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.
Suppose the accusation justly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought;
Yet mercies next to infinite abate
Offences next to infinitely great:

And 'tis the glory of a noble mind,
In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.

Your prince's frowns if you have cause to fear,
This act will more illustrious appear;
Though his excuse can never be withstood,
Who disobey, but only to be good.

Perhaps the hazard's more than you express;
The glory would be, were the danger less.

For he that, to his prejudice, will do
A noble action, and a generous too,
Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown
Than he that has a thousand battles won.

Do not invert divine compassion so,
As to be cruel, and no mercy show!

Of what renown can such an action be,
Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me?

Though, if you finally resolve to stand
Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,

He must submit; if 'tis my fate to mourn
His death, I'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.

Well, madam, haughtily, Neronior cry'd,
Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd.

But to prevent all prospect of a flight,
Some of my * lambs shall be your guard to-night;
By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd;
They seldom ask a favour that's refus'd:

Perhaps you'll find them so genteely bred,
They'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed,
Surrounded with so innocent a throng,
The night must pass delightfully along:
And in the morning, since you will not give
What I require, to let your husband live,
You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,
And gently swing into the arms of death.
His fate he merits, as to rebels due:
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

Oh Cælia, think! so far as thought can shew,
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast!
By all things sad and terrible possess'd.

In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my prayers were to a tiger made:
A tiger! worse; for, 'tis beyond dispute,
No fiend's so cruel as a reasoning brute.

Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,
With all the squadrons of despair and grief,
Ruin——it was not possible to shun:
What could I do? Oh! what would you have done?

The hours that pass'd, till the black morn re-
turn'd,

With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with consummate grief,
Beyond expression, and above belief.

Madam, the monster cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the fair that's kind;
Step to the door, I'll shew you such a sight,
Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.

Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his
king,

Become the gibbet, and adorn the string?
You need not now an injur'd husband dread;
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.

'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his life;
He would perhaps have scorn'd so chaste a wife.
And, madam, you'll excuse the zeal I shew,
To keep that secret none alive should know.

Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
The devils, said I, are dull in cruelty.

Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
And wasteless their eternal hunger feed;
In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,
The burning earnest of a hotter hell;

May that vile lump of execrable lust
Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust!
May'st thou, despairing at the point of death,
With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath;

And the worst torments that the damn'd should
share,

In thine own person all united bear!

Oh Cælia! oh my friend! what age can shew
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe?

Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Because it can't be everlasting here:

But it's so vast, that it can ne'er increase:
And so confirm'd, it never can be less.

* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers his
lambs.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF
A— WITH THE COUNTESS OF S—.

TRIUMPHANT beauty never looks so gay,
As on the morning of a nuptial day,
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves:
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair;
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,
And eager pulses with strange motions beat:
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart:
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong:
The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long:
Now she is ready—the next moment not;
All things are done—then something is forgot:
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from every thought arise;
What loves persuades, I know not what denies.

Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And shews at once he can be wise and love;
Because it from no spurious passion came,
But was the product of a noble flame:
Bold, without rudeness; without blazing, bright;
Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light:
By just degrees it to perfection grew;
An early ripeness, and a lasting too.
So the bright sun ascending to his noon,
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But, though Achates was unkindly driven
From his own land, he's banish'd into heaven:
For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love,
Are next, if only next, to those above.
Thus Power Divine does with his foes engage;
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage:
For first it did to fair Cosmelia give
All that a human creature could receive;
Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,
Transport the soul, or gratify the sight.
Then in the full perfection of her charms,
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.

What angels are, is in Cosmelia seen;
Their awful glories, and their godlike mien:
For, in her aspect all the graces meet;
All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet:
There every charm in lofty triumph sits,
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits:
There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.
So newly finish'd by the hand Divine,
Before her fall, did the first woman shine.
But Eve in one great point she does excel:
Cosmelia never err'd at all; she fell.
From her temptation, in despair withdrew;
Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity, by serious thought,
Her actions with a watchful eye surveys;
Each passion guides, and every moment sways;
Not the least failure in her conduct lies;
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit, that's clear and penetrating, join'd,

O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,
And to the noblest end her labours guides:
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue.
That the weak only, and the wavering lack,
When they're mistaken, to conduct them back.
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy, strong, vivacious, and sublime,
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime;
And though it moves with a luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
For each expression, every teeming thought,
Is to the scanning of her judgment brought;
Which wisely separates the finest gold,
And casts the image in a beauteous mould.

No trifling words debase her eloquence,
But all's pathetic, all is sterling sense;
Refin'd from drossy chat, and idle noise,
With which the female conversation cloy.
So well she knows, what's understood by few,
To time her thoughts, and to express them too;
That what she speaks does to the soul transmit
The fair idea of delightful wit.

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,
By great example to wise actions led:
Much to the same her lineal heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high genius more;
And, by a noble emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd;
Till they arriv'd to that celestial height,
Scarce angels greater be, or saints so bright.

But, if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
Achates merits her, though none but he:
Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise;
Resolv'd in action, and in counsel wise;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For threats to force, or flattery to win.
Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood;
He dares be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in paradise were join'd,
Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives:
In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives.
Each is to other the divinest bliss;
He is her heaven, and she is more than his.
O may the kindest influence above
Protect their persons, and indulge their love!

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR THE

MONUMENT OF DIANA,

COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA, OXONII & ELGINI COMITISSA;

QUÆ

Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit;

Ceciliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima;

Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.

Vitam ineuntem innocentia;

Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors;

Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit;

(Volente Numine)
 Ut nusquam decesset aut virtus aut felicitas,
 Duobus conjuncta maritis
 Utrique charissima :
 Primum
 (Quem ad annum habuit)
 Impense dilexit :
 Secundum
 (Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)
 Tanta pietate & amore coluit ;
 Ut qui, vivens,
 Obsequium, tanquam patri præstitit ;
 Moriens,
 Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.
 Noverca cum esset,
 Maternam pietatem facile superavit.
 Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit,
 Ut non tam domina familiæ præesse,
 Quam anima corpori inesse videretur.
 Denique,
 Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,
 Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
 Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,
 Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos.

THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA, COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN ;

Who from a race of noble heroes came,
 And added lustre to its ancient fame :
 Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,
 But with inferior brightness to her own :
 Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,
 The greatest mortal could not greater be.
 Each stage of life peculiar splendor had ;
 Her tender years with innocence were clad :
 Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good,
 In the retinue of her virtues stood ;
 And at the final period of her breath,
 She crown'd her life with a propitious death ;
 That no occasion might be wanting here
 To make her virtues fam'd, or joys sincere.
 Two noble lords her genial bed possess ;
 A wife to both, the dearest and the best.
 Oxford submitted in one year to fate ;
 For whom her passion was exceeding great.
 To Elgin full six Lustra were assign'd :
 And him she lov'd with so intense a mind,
 That, living like a father, she obey'd ;
 Dying, as to a son, left all she had.
 When a step-mother, she soon soar'd above
 The common height even of maternal love.
 She did her numerous family command
 With such a tender care, so wise a hand,
 She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there,
 Than godlike souls in human bodies are.
 But when to all she had example shew'd,
 How to be great and humble, chaste and good,
 Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,
 Flew to its peers, the princes of the sky.

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Ἐὶς ἓν ὁδὸς
 Ὅς ἔρανον πέτυχε καὶ γαῖαν μακρὰν.
 SOPHOC.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprang this glorious frame ? or when
 began
 Things to exist ? They could not always be ;
 To what stupendous energy
 Shall we ascribe the origin of man ?
 That Cause, from whence all beings else arose,
 Must self-existent be alone ;
 Entirely perfect, and but one ;
 Nor equal nor superior knows :
 Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose.
 If that, in false opinion, we allow,
 That once there absolutely nothing was,
 Then nothing could be now,
 For, by what instrument, or how,
 Shall non-existence to existence pass ?
 Thus, something must from everlasting be ;
 Or matter, or a Deity.
 If matter only uncreate we grant,
 We shall volition, wit, and reason, want ;
 An agent infinite, and action free ;
 Whence does volition, whence does reason, flow ?
 How came we to reflect, design, and know ?
 This from a nobler nature springs,
 Distinct in essence from material things :
 For, thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow,
 But, if we own a God supreme,
 And all perfection's possible in him ;
 In him does boundless excellence reside,
 Power to create, and providence to guide ;
 Unmade himself, could no beginning have,
 But to all substance prime existence gave :
 Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

POWER.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance
 Could never fill the globes of light,
 So beautiful, and so amazing bright,
 The lofty concave of the vast expanse :
 These could proceed from no less power than
 infinite.
 There's not one atom of this wondrous frame,
 Not essence intellectual, but took
 Existence when the great Creator spoke, [came.
 And from the common womb of empty nothing
 Let substance be, he cry'd ; and straight arose
 Angelic, and corporeal too ;
 All that material nature shews,
 And what does things invisible compose,
 At the same instant sprung, and into being flew :
 Mount to the convex of the highest sphere,
 Which draws a mighty circle round
 Th' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound ;
 There millions of new miracles appear :

There dwell the eldest sons of power immense,
 Who first were to perfection wrought
 First to complete existence brought,
 To whom their Maker did dispense
 The largest portions of created excellence,
 Eternal now, not of necessity,
 As if they could not cease to be,
 Or were from possible destruction free;
 But on the will of God depend:
 For that which could begin, can end.
 Who, when the lower worlds were made,
 Without the least miscarriage or defect,
 By the almighty Architect,
 United adoration paid,
 And with extatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

Philosophy of old in vain essay'd
 To tell us how this mighty frame
 Into such beauteous order came;
 But, by false reasonings, false foundations laid:
 She labour'd hard; but still the more she wrought,
 The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.
 Sometimes she fancy'd things to be
 Coeval with the Deity,
 And in the form which now they are
 From everlasting ages were.
 Sometimes the casual event,
 Of atoms floating in a space immense,
 Void of all wisdom, rule, and sense;
 But, by a lucky accident,
 Jumbled into this scheme of wondrous excellence.
 'Twas an establish'd article of old,
 Chief of the philosophic creed,
 And does in natural productions hold;
 That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed:
 Material substance never could have rose,
 If some existence had not been before,
 In wisdom infinite, immense in power.
 Whate'er is made, a maker must suppose,
 As an effect a cause that could produce it shews.
 Nature and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,
 And only forms to things, not being, give;
 That from Omnipotence they must receive:
 But the eternal self-existent mind
 Can, with a single Fiat, cause to be
 All that the wondrous eye surveys,
 And all it cannot see.
 Nature may shape a beauteous tree,
 And art a noble palace raise,
 But must not creative power aspire;
 But their God alone can claim.
 As pre-existing substance both require:
 So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

WISDOM.

Matter produc'd, had still a chaos been:
 For jarring elements engag'd,
 Eternal battles would have wag'd,
 And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous scene;
 If wisdom infinite, for less
 Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,
 Or strength complete to labouring Nature yield,
 Had not, with actual address,

Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and establish'd
 peace.

Whate'er this visible creation shews
 That's lovely, uniform, and bright,
 That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
 To her its eminence and beauty owes.
 By her all creatures have their ends assign'd,
 Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind;
 To which they steadily advance,
 Mov'd by right Reason's high command,
 Or guided by the secret hand
 Of real instinct, or imaginary chance.
 Nothing but men reject her sacred rules;
 Who from the end of their creation fly,
 And deviate into misery:
 As if the liberty to act like fools
 Were the chief cause that Heaven made them free.

PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,
 Who, finite, will attempt to scan
 The works of him that's infinitely wise,
 And those he cannot comprehend, denies;
 As if a space immense were measurable by a span.
 Thus the proud sceptic will not own
 That Providence the world directs,
 Or its affairs inspects;
 But leaves it to itself alone.
 How does it with almighty grandeur suit,
 To be concern'd with our impertinence;
 Or interpose his power for the defence
 Of a poor mortal, or a senseless brute?
 Villains could never so successful prove,
 And unmolested in those pleasures live,
 Which honour, ease, and affluence give;
 While such as Heaven adore, and virtue love,
 And most the care of providence deserve,
 Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.
 What reason can the wisest shew,
 Why murder does unpunish'd go,
 If the Most High, that's just and good,
 Intends and governs all below,
 And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless
 blood?
 But shall we things unsearchable deny,
 Because our reason cannot tell us why
 They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?
 'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
 To comprehend how matter should be brought
 From nothing, as existent be
 From all eternity;
 And yet that matter is, we feel and see:
 Nor is it easier to define
 What ligatures the soul and body join;
 Or how the memory does th' impression take
 Of things, and to the mind restores them back.
 Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
 Direct and govern this capacious all,
 How soon would things into confusion fall!
 Earthquakes the trembling ground would
 tear,
 And blazing comets rule the troubled air;
 Wide inundations, with resistless force,

The lower provinces o'erflow,
In spite of all that human strength could do
To stop the raging sea's impetuous course:
Murder and rapine every place would fill,
And sinking virtue stoop to prosperous ill;
Devouring pestilence rave,
And all that part of nature which has breath
Deliver to the tyranny of death,
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.

Let the brave speak, who oft has been
In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,
How he's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free;
And though he does ten thousand see
Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.
Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor shew,
To what invisible protecting power
He did his life and safety owe,
When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,
And a half-shatter'd plank convey'd him to the shore.

Nay, let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us how
His tender infancy protection found,
And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd
If he'll no Providence allow,
When he had nothing but his nurse's arms
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms:
From childhood how to youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to man;
How, in the strength and vigour of his years,
The feeble bark of life he saves,
Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,
From all the dangers he foresees or fears;
Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers,
If Providence, which can the seas command,
Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the sons of men, that he,
Who all existence out of nothing made,
Supports his creatures by immediate aid:
But then this all-intending Deity
Must Omnipresent be:
For how shall we by demonstration shew
The Godhead is this moment here,
If he's not present every-where,
And always so?
What's not perceptible by sense, may be
Ten thousand miles remote from me,
Unless his nature is from limitation free.
In vain we for protection pray;
For benefits receiv'd high altars raise,
And offer up our hymns and praise;
In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.
An absent god from ruin can defend
No more than can an absent friend;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make returns,
When the loud music sounds, or victim burns,
Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.

If so, 'tis equally in vain
The prosperous sings, and wretched mourns;
He cannot hear the praise, or mitigate the pain.
But by what Being is confin'd
The Godhead we adore?
He must have equal or superior power.
If equal only, they each other bind,
So neither's God, if we define him right,
For neither's infinite.
But if the other have superior might,
Then he, we worship, can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all restraint, and so no Deity.
If God is limited in space, his view,
His knowledge, power, and wisdom, is so too;
Unless we'll own, that these perfections are
At all times present every-where,
Yet he himself not actually there;
Which to suppose, that strange conclusion
brings,
His essence and his attributes are different things.

IMMUTABILITY.

As the supreme, omniscient mind
Is by no boundaries confin'd;
So Reason must acknowledge him to be
From possible mutation free:
For what He is, He was from all eternity.
Change, whether the effect of force or will,
Must argue imperfection still.
But imperfection in a Deity,
That's absolutely perfect, cannot be:
Who can compel, without his own consent,
A God to change that is omnipotent?
And every alteration without force,
Is for the better or the worse.
He that is infinitely wise,
To alter for the worse will never choose,
That a depravity of nature shews:
And he, in whom all true perfection lies,
Cannot by change to greater excellencies rise.
If God be mutable, which way, or how,
Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now,
Which did a thousand years ago?
And 'tis impossible to know,
What He forbids, or what He will allow,
Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury,
Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,
Prohibited by an express command:
But whether such they still remain to be,
No argument will positively prove,
Without immediate notice from above:
If the Almighty Legislator can
Be chang'd, like his inconstant subject, man,
Uncertain thus what to perform or shun,
We all intolerable hazards run,
When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye sons of piety, and sing
Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious name,
Who was, and will for ever be the same:
Your grateful incense to his temples bring,

That from the smoking altars may arise
 Clouds of perfumes to the imperial skies.
 His promises stand firm to you,
 And endless joys will be bestow'd,
 As sure as that there is a God, [pursue.
 On all who virtue choose, and righteous paths
 Nor should we more his menaces distrust,
 For while he is a deity he must
 (As infinitely good) be infinitely just.
 But does it with a gracious Godhead suit,
 Whose mercy is his darling attribute,
 To punish crimes that temporary be,
 And those but trivial offences too,
 Mere slips of human nature, small and few,
 With everlasting misery?
 This shocks the mind with deep reflections
 fraught, [thought:
 And Reason bends beneath the ponderous
 Crimes take their estimate from guilt, and grow
 More heinous still, the more they do incense
 That God to whom all creatures owe
 Profoundest reverence:
 Though as to that degree they raise
 The anger of the merciful Most High,
 We have no standard to discern it by,
 But the infliction he on the offender lays,
 So that if endless punishment on all
 Our unrepented sins must fall,
 None, not the least, can be accounted small.
 That God is in perfection just, must be
 Allow'd by all that own a Deity:
 If so, from equity he cannot swerve,
 Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.
 His will reveal'd, is both express and clear:
 "Ye cursed of my Father, go
 "To everlasting woe."
 If everlasting means eternal here,
 Duration absolutely without end;
 Against which sense some zealously contend,
 That when applied to pains, it only means,
 They shall ten thousand ages last;
 Ten thousand more, perhaps, when they are
 past;
 But not eternal in a literal sense:
 Yet own the pleasures of the just remain
 So long as there's a God exists to reign.
 Though none can give a solid reason, why
 The word Eternity,
 To heaven and hell indifferent join'd,
 Should carry sense of a different kind;
 And 'tis a sad experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine
 With greater lustre than the rest can shine
 'Tis goodness, which we every moment see
 The Godhead exercise with such delight:
 It seems, it only seems, to be
 The best-belov'd perfection of the Deity,
 And more than infinite.
 Without that, he could never prove
 The proper objects of our praise or love.
 Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd

To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
 Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,
 Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,
 And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.
 Eternal justice then would be
 But everlasting cruelty;
 Power unrestrain'd, almighty violence,
 And wisdom unconfin'd, but craft immense.
 'Tis goodness constitutes him that he is;
 And those
 Who will deny him this,
 A God without a Deity suppose.
 When the lewd atheist blasphemously swears,
 By his tremendous name,
 There is no God, but all's a sham;
 Insipid tattle, praise, and prayers,
 Virtue, pretence; and all the sacred rules
 Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools:
 Justice would strike th' audacious villain dead;
 But Mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head,
 Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
 Does not the sinner whom no danger awes,
 Without restraint, his infamy pursue,
 Rejoice, and glory in it too;
 Laugh at the Power Divine, and ridicule his laws;
 Labour in vice his rivals to excel,
 That, when he's dead, they may their pupils tell
 How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he
 fell?
 Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,
 Blessings in common with the best receives;
 Though he is proud t' affront the God those bless-
 ings gives.
 The cheerful sun his influence sheds on all,
 Has no respect to good or ill;
 And fruitful showers without distinction fall,
 Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures,
 fill.
 The bounteous hand of Heaven bestows
 Success and honour many times on those
 Who scorn his favourites, and caress his foes.
 To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
 Has dar'd to celebrate
 In lofty Pindar's strain; [weight
 Though with unequal strength to bear the
 Of such a ponderous theme, so infinitely great:
 To this good God, celestial spirits pay,
 With ecstasy divine, incessant praise;
 While on the glories of his face they gaze,
 In the bright regions of eternal day.
 To him each rational existence here,
 Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,
 In whom there are the least remains
 Of piety or fear,
 His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,
 For pardon prays, and for protection flies:
 Nay, the inanimate creation give,
 By prompt obedience to his word,
 Instinctive honour to their lord, [live.
 And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion
 With heaven and earth then, O my soul, unite,
 And the great God of both adore and bless,
 Who gives thee competence, content, and peace,
 The only fountains of sincere delight:

That from the transitory joys below,
Thou by a happy exit may'st remove
To those ineffable above;
Which from the vision of the Godhead flow,
And neither end, decrease, nor interruption know.

ELEAZER'S LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

ALAS, Jerusalem! alas! where's now
Thy pristine glory, thy unmatched renown,
To which the heathen monarchies did bow?
Ah, hapless, miserable town!
Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty gone,
Thou once most noble, celebrated place,
The joy and the delight of all the earth;
Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,
And bred up heroes, an immortal race?
Where's now the vast magnificence, which made
The souls of foreigners adore
Thy wondrous brightness, which no more
Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade?
Oh misery! where's all her mighty state,
Her splendid train of numerous kings,
Her noble edifices, noble things,
Which made her seem so eminently great,
That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,
And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought,
To court her friendship? for her strength they
fear'd,
And all her wide protection sought.
But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,
See how her lofty buildings lie!
See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!

Where's all the young, the valiant, and the
gay,
That on her festivals were us'd to play
Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?
The glittering troops, which did from far,
Bring home the trophies and the spoils of war,
Whom all the nations round with terror view'd,
Nor durst their godlike valour try?
Where'er they fought, they certainly subdued,
And every combat gain'd a victory.
Ah! where's the house of the Eternal King:
The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hosts,
To whose large treasuries our fleet did bring
The gold and jewels of remotest coasts?
There had the infinite Creator plac'd
His terrible, amazing name,
And with his more peculiar presence grac'd
The heavenly sanctum, where no mortal came,
The high-priest only; he but once a-year
In that divine apartment might appear:
So full of glory, and so sacred then,
But now corrupted with the heaps of slain,
Which scatter'd round with blood, defile the
mighty fane.

Alas, Jerusalem! each spacious street
Was once so fill'd, the numerous throng
Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,
And thousands did with thousands meet; [treat.
The darling then of God, and man's belov'd re-
In thee was the bright throne of justice fix'd,
Justice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd!
She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
Despising the most wealthy bribes;
But did the sacred balance hold
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.
Thy well built streets, and every noble square,
Were once with polish'd marble laid,
And all his lofty bulwarks made
With wondrous labour, and with artful care.
Thy ponderous gates, surprising to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with solid gold;
Whose splendor did so glorious appear,
It ravish'd and amaz'd the eye;
And strangers passing, to themselves would cry
How thick the bars of massy silver lie!
What mighty heaps of wealth are here!
O happy people! and still happy be,
Celestial city, from destruction free,
May'st thou enjoy a long, entire prosperity

But now, oh wretched, wretched place!
Thy streets and palaces are spread
With heaps of carcases, and mountains of the
dead,
The bleeding relics of the Jewish race!
Each corner of the town, no vacant space,
But is with breathless bodies fill'd,
Some by the sword, and some by famine, kill'd,
Natives and strangers are together laid:
Death's arrows all at random flew
Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made,
But both the coward and the valiant flew.
All in one dismal ruin join'd,
(For swords and pestilence are blind
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find:
Those that from far, with joyful haste,
Came to attend thy festival,
Of the same bitter poison taste,
And by the black, destructive poison fall;
For the avenging sentence pass'd on all.
Oh! see how the delight of human eyes
In horrid desolation lies!
See how the burning ruins flame!
Nothing now left, but a sad, empty name!
And the triumphant victor cries,
This was the fam'd Jerusalem!

The most obdurate creature must
Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,
Those ancient habitations of the just:
And could the marble rocks but know
The miseries of thy fatal overthrow,
They'd strive to find some secret way unknown,
Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,
Their pity and concern to shew;
For now, where lofty buildings stood,
Thy sons corrupted carcases are laid:
And all by this destruction made
One common Golgotha, one field of blood!

See how those ancient men, who rul'd thy
state,
And made thee happy, made thee great;
Who sat upon the awful chair
Of mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,
The good to cherish, and chastise the bad,
Now sit in the corrupted air,
In silent melancholy, and in sad despair!
See how their murder'd children round them lie!
Ah, dismal scene! hark how they cry!
Woe! woe! one beam of mercy give,
Good Heaven! alas, for we would live!
Be pitiful, and suffer us to die!
Thus they lament, thus beg for ease;
While in their feeble, aged arms they hold
The bodies of their offspring, stiff and cold,
To guard them from the ravenous savages:
Till their increasing sorrows death persuade
(For death must sure with pity see
The horrid desolation he has made)
To put a period to all their misery.
Thy wretched daughters that survive,
Are by the heathen kept alive,
Only to gratify their lust,
And then be mix'd with common dust.
Oh! insupportable, stupendous woe!
What shall we do? ah! whither shall we go?
Down to the grave, down to those happy shades
below,
Where all our brave progenitors are blest
With endless triumph and eternal rest.

But who, without a flood of tears, can see
Thy mournful, sad catastrophe?
Who can behold thy glorious temple lie
In ashes, and not be in pain to die?
Unhappy, dear Jerusalem! thy woes
Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast excess,
Their mighty weight no mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or words express,
Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.
Good Heaven had been extremely kind,
If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,
Before this cursed time, this worst of days.
Is death quite tir'd? are all his arrows spent?
If not, why then so many dull delays?
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent!
Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,
Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive; that I
May, happily, be sure to die.
Yet still we live, live in excess of pain!
Our friends and relatives are slain!
Nothing but ruins round us see,
Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery!
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, com-
plain,
Our enemies without prepare
Their direful engines to pursue the war;
And you may slavishly perceive your breath,
Or seek for freedom in the arms of death.

Thus then resolve; nor tremble at the thought:
Can glory be too dearly bought?
Since the Almighty wisdom has decreed,
That we, and all our progeny, should bleed,

It shall be after such a noble way,
Succeeding ages will with wonder view
What brave despair compell'd us to!
No, we will ne'er survive another day!
Bring then your wives, your children, all
That's valuable, good, or dear,
With ready hands, and place them here;
They shall unite in one vast funeral.
I know your courages are truly brave,
And dare do any thing but ill:
Who would an aged father save,
That he may live in chains and be a slave,
Or for remorseless enemies to kill?
Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow:
For, what at any other time would be
The dire effect of rage and cruelty,
Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now!
This then perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,
And there, amidst our slaughter'd foes, expire.
If 'tis revenge and glory you desire,
Now you may have them, if you dare but die!
Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity!

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

“—Sed omnes una manet nox,

“Et calcanda semel via lethi.”

HORACE.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death
Our state no alteration knows;
But, when we have resign'd our breath,
Th' immortal spirit goes
To endless joys, or everlasting woes:
Wife is the man who labours to secure
That mighty and important stake;
And, by all methods, strives to make
His passage safe, and his reception sure.
Merely to die, no man of reason fears;
For certainly we must,
As we are born, return to dust:
'Tis the last point of many lingering years:
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know;
But human understanding cannot shew.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange apprehensions in the mind;
Fills it with restless doubts, and wild debates,
Concerning what we, living, cannot find.
None know what death is, but the dead;
Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how to
tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
And scarce have one black, painful hour to live;
No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve,
To stop our speedy passage to the tomb;
How moving, and how mournful, is the sight!
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!
Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,

To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?

Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,
Despairing to recover, void of rest;
Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and doubts distract our breast,
With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat;
Faint and irregular the pulses beat;

The blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.

Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
Their light just going out;

And for some kind assistance call:
But pity, useless pity's all

Our weeping friends can give,
Or we receive;

Though their desires are great, their powers are small,

The tongue's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miseries we bear;
How insupportable our torments are.
Music no more delights our deafening ears,
Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears;
But all is melancholy, all is sad,
In robes of deepest mourning clad;
For, every faculty, and every sense,
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are sensible too late,

'Tis no advantage to be rich or great:
For, all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state
No consolation brings.

Riches and honours then are useless things,
Tasteless, or bitter, all;

And, like the book which the apostle eat,
To the ill-judging palate sweet,

But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer,
But the remembrance of good actions past.
Virtue's a joy that will for ever last,

And makes pale death less terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.

In the dark anti-chamber of the grave

What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our care and industry have gain'd,
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)
Could we recal those fatal hours again,
Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,
Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease!

For then they urge our terrors, and increase our pain.

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,

Dissolv'd in tears, to see us die,
And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.

In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve:

Their sorrows cannot ours relieve.

They pity our deplorable estate:

But what, alas, can pity do

To soften the decrees of fate?

Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.

VOL. II,

All their endeavours to preserve our breath,

Though they do unsuccessful prove,
Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of death.

Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed:

One, with officious haste,
Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste;

Another softly raises up our head:

This wipes away the sweat; that, sighing,
cries

See what convulsions, what strong agonies,
Both soul and body undergo!

His pains no intermission know;

For every gasp of air he draws, returns in sighs.

Each would his kind assistance lend,

To save his dear relation, or his dearer friend;
But still in vain with destiny they all contend.

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, adieu!

Adieu, my child! now I must follow you:

Then weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our sons, who, in their tender years,
Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,

Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
Bless us, O father! now before you die;

Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity.

Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,
Compassionate and kind,

Cries, will you leave me here behind?

Without me fly to the bless'd seats above?

Without me, did I say? Ah, no!

Without thy friend thou canst not go:

For, though thou leav'st me groveling here below,

My soul with thee shall upward fly,

And bear thy spirit company,

Through the bright passage of the yielding sky.

Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be
Incapable to separate

(For 'tis not in the power of fate)

My friend, my best, my dearest friend, and me:

But, since it must be so, farewell;

For ever! No; for we shall meet again,

And live like gods, though now we die like men,

In the eternal regions, where just spirits dwell.

The soul, unable longer to maintain

The fruitless and unequal strife,

Finding her weak endeavours vain,

To keep the counterescarp of life,

By slow degrees, retires towards the heart,

And fortifies that little fort

With all its kind artificeries of art;

Botanic legions guarding every port.

But death, whose arms no mortal can repel,

A formal siege disdains to lay;

Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,

And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.

Sometimes we may capitulate, and he

Pretends to make a solid peace;

But 'tis all sham, all artifice,

That we may negligent and careless be:

For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,

And we believe no danger near,

But all is peaceable, and all is clear;

His troops return some unsuspected way;

11

While in the soft embrace of sleep we lie,
The secret murderers stab us, and we die.

Since our first parents' fall,
Inevitable death descends on all;
A portion none of human race can miss
But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is
The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss.
For, when th' impenitent and wicked die,
Loaded with crimes and infamy;
If any sense at that sad time remains,
They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains;
The earnest of that vast, stupendous woe,
Which they to all eternity must undergo,
Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.
Infernal spirits hover in the air,
Like ravenous wolves, to seize upon the prey,
And hurry the departed souls away
To the dark receptacles of despair:
Where they must dwell till that tremendous
day,
When the loud trump shall call them to appear
Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe;
By whose just sentence they must go
To everlasting pains, and endless woe.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,
Unspotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly stains of lust and villany,
Of mercy and of pardon sure,
Looks through the darkness of the gloomy
night:

And sees the dawning of a glorious day;
Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
His soul whene'er she takes her flight
To the surprising mansions of immortal light.
Then the celestial guards around him stand;
Nor suffer the black dæmons of the air
T' oppose his passage to the promis'd land,
Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press
To plead for mercy when he wants it most;
Not one of all the happy number's lost:
And those bright advocates ne'er want success,
But when the soul's releas'd from dull mortality,
She passes up in triumph through the sky;
Where she's united to a glorious throng
Of angels; who, with a celestial song,
Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

If, therefore, all must quit the stage,
When, or how soon, we cannot know;
But, late or early, we are sure to go;
In the fresh bloom of youth, or wither'd age;
We cannot take too sedulous a care,
In this important, grand affair:
For as we die, we must remain;
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
To make our peace with Heaven, or to return
again.

The heathen, who no better understood
Than what the light of nature taught, declar'd,
No future misery could be prepar'd
For the sincere, the merciful, the good;

But, if there was a state of rest,
They should with the same happiness be blest
As the immortal gods, if gods there were,
possess.

We have the promise of th' eternal truth,
Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,
To man, and to their Maker, true,
Let them expire in age, or youth,
Can never miss

Their way to everlasting bliss:
But from a world of misery and care
To mansions of eternal ease repair;

Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endless circle moves,
Through the vast round of beatific love,
Which no cessation knows.

ON THE
GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,
AND
ENSUING JUDGMENT.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

"Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus
"Quo mare; quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
"Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laborat."

OVID MET.

Now the black days of universal doom,
Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come:
What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,
Must sinking nature undergo;
Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow!
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,
With fearful groans, and hideous cries,
Fill the presaging skies;
Unable to support the weight
Or of the present, or approaching miseries.
Methinks I hear her summon all
Her guilty offspring raving with despair,
And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
Ye sublunary powers, t' attend my funeral!

See, see the tragical portents,
Those dismal harbingers of dire events!
Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
Through the dark concave of the troubled
sky;
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.
See how the glaring meteors blaze!
Like baleful torches, O they come,
To light dissolving Nature to her tomb!
And, scattering round their pestilential rays,
Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.
Vast sheets of flame, and globes of fire,
By an impetuous wind are driven
Through all the regions of the inferior heaven;
Till, hid in sulphurous smoke, they seemingly
expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see
 What mad confusion rages over all
 This scorching ball!
 No country is exempt, no nation free;
 But each partakes the epidemic misery.
 What dismal havoc of mankind is made
 By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,
 Through the whole mournful earth?
 Which with a murdering fury they invade,
 Forsook by Providence, and all propitious aid!
 Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost rage em-
 To ruin all things her below; [ploy,
 Their malice and revenge no limits know,
 But, in the universal tumult, all destroy.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly,
 For safety to their champaign ground.
 But there no safety can be found;
 The vengeance of an angry Deity,
 With unrelenting fury, does inclose them round:
 And whilst for mercy some aloud implore
 The God they ridicul'd before;
 And others, raving with their woe,
 (For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo)
 Blaspheme and curse the Power they should
 adore: [tends,
 The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws ex-
 And opening wide a dreadful tomb,
 The howling multitude at once descends
 Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads
 In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,
 Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
 And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.
 Sometimes the fire within divides
 The massy rivers of those secret chains,
 Which hold together those prodigious sides,
 And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains:
 While towns and cities, every thing below,
 Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.

No showers descend from the malignant sky,
 To cool the burning of the thirsty field;
 The trees no leaves, no grass the meadows yield,
 But all is barren, all is dry.
 The little rivulets no more
 To larger streams their tributes pay,
 Nor to the ebbing ocean they;
 Which, with a strange unusual roar, [before:
 Forsakes those ancient bounds it would have pass'd
 And to the monstrous deep in vain retire:
 For ev'n the deep itself is not secure,
 But belching subterraneous fires,
 Increases still the scalding calenture, [dure.
 Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can en-

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd
 At those convulsions, pangs and agonies,
 Which on the whole creation seize,
 Is to substantial darkness turn'd.
 The neighbouring moon, as if a purple flood
 O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears
 Like a huge mass of black corrupted blood;
 For she herself a dissolution fears.

The larger planets, which once shone so bright,
 With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
 Shook from their centre, without motion lie,
 Unwieldy globes of solid night,
 And ruinous lumber of the sky.
 Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes,
 (For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,
 Fill every region of the tortur'd earth and air)
 The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;
 At whose amazing sound fresh agonies
 Upon expiring nature seize:
 For now she'll in few minutes know
 The ultimate event and fate of all below.
 Awake, ye dead, awake, he cries;
 (For all must come)
 All that had human breath, arise,
 To hear your last, unalterable doom.

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd
 So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,
 No longer could his sceptre hold;
 But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.
 The scatter'd particles of human clay,
 Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,
 Resume their pristine forms again,
 And now from mortal, grow immortal men.
 Stupendous energy of sacred Power,
 Which can collect whatever cast
 The smallest atoms, and that shape restore
 Which they had worn so many years before,
 That through strange accidents and numerous
 changes past!

See how the joyful angels fly
 From every quarter of the sky,
 To gather and to convoy all
 The pious sons of human race,
 To one capacious place,
 Above the confines of this flaming ball.
 See with what tenderness and love they bear
 Those righteous souls through the tumultuous
 Whilst the ungodly stand below, [air;
 Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,
 Amidst the burning overthrow,
 Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe.
 Round them infernal spirits howling fly;
 O horror, curses, tortures, chains! they cry }
 And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.

Hark how the darling sons of infamy
 Who once dissolv'd in pleasure's lap,
 And laugh'd at this tremendous day.
 To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry,
 But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.
 Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,
 That, rather than appear
 Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
 Amongst the burning ruins of the world,
 And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.
 Time was they would not own a Deity,
 Nor after death a future state;
 But now, by sad experience, find, too late,
 There is, and terrible to that degree,
 That rather than behold his face, they'd cease
 to be.

And sure 'tis better, if Heaven would give consent,
To have no being ; but they must remain,
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent!

But now, the eastern skies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent descends,
And to the sublunary world his passage bends;
Where, cloth'd with human nature, he did once reside.

Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,
And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,
With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,
To their celestial king;
All glory, power, dominion, majesty,
Now, and for everlasting ages, be
To the Essential One, and Co-eternal Three.
Perish, that world, as 'tis decreed,
Which saw the God incarnate bleed!
Perish by thy almighty vengeance those
Who durst thy person, or thy laws expose;
The cursed refuge of mankind, and hell's proud seed.
Now to the unbelieving nations shew,
Thou art a God from all eternity;
Not titular, or but by office so;
And let them the mysterious union see
Of human nature with the Deity.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,
The good behold this glorious sight!
Their God in all his majesty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,
And seated on a throne of everlasting light.
Round the tribunal, next to the Most High,
In sacred discipline and order, stand
The peers and princes of the sky,
As they excel in glory or command.
Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,
In the white bosom of a shining cloud,
Whose souls abhorring all ignoble crimes,
Did, with a steady course, pursue
His holy precepts in the worst of times,
Maugre what earth or hell, what man or devils
could do,
And now that God they did to death adore,
For whom such torments and such pains they
bore
Returns to place them on those thrones above,
Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
Divine, substantial happiness,
Unbounded as his power, and lasting as his love.

Go, bring, the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise;
Whom neither threats nor promises could move,
Not all my sufferings, nor all my love,
To save themselves from everlasting miseries.
At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,
And less than in an instant brought
The wretched, curs'd, infernal crew;
Who with distorted aspects come,
To hear their sad, intolerable doom.

Alas! they cry, one beam of mercy shew,
Thou all-forgiving Deity!
To pardon crimes is natural to thee:
Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe.
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we must go into a gulf of fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend?)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,
And all our tortures have an end.
Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear!
Though now our bodies too immortal are,
Let them be pungent to the last degree:
And let our pains innumerable be;
But let them not extend to all eternity!

Lo, now there does no place remain
For penitence and tears, but all
Must by their actions stand or fall:
To hope for pity, is in vain;
The dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.
Two mighty books are by two angels brought:
In this, impartially recorded, stands
The law of nature, and divine commands:
In that, each action, word, and thought,
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.
Then first the virtuous and the good,
Who all the fury of temptation stood,
And bravely pass'd through ignominy, chains,
and blood.
Attended by their guardian angels come
To the tremendous bar of final doom.
In vain the grand accuser, railing, brings
A long indictment of enormous things,
Whole guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
No more to their astonishment appears,
But in the secret womb of dark oblivion lies.

Come, now, my friends, he cries, ye sons of
grace,
Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,
Despis'd and hated for my name;
Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace;
Ascend, and those bright diadems possess.
For you by my eternal Father made,
Ere the foundation of the world was laid;
And that surprising happiness,
Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be
less.
For when I languishing in prison lay,
Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,
You did your kindly visits pay,
Both cloth'd my body, and my hunger fed.
Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,
Your hand was always ready to supply:
Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,
To share my sorrows, or to give relief.
In all distress, so tender was her love,
I could no anxious trouble bear;
No black misfortune, or vexatious care,
But you were still impatient to remove,
And mourn'd, your charitable hand should un-
successful prove:
All this you did, though not to me
In person, yet to mine in misery:

And shall forever live
In all the glories that a God can give,
Or a created being's able to receive.

At this the architects divine on high
Innumerable thrones of glory raise,
On which they, in appointed order, place,
The human coheirs of eternity,
And with united hymns the God incarnate praise:
O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,
By all thy creatures, constantly adored!

Ineffable, co-equal Three,
Who from non-entity gave birth
To angels and to men, to heaven and to earth,
Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.
But for thy mercy, we had ne'er possess'd
These thrones, and this immense felicity;
Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest!
Therefore, all Glory, Power, Dominion, Ma-
jesty,
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
For ever longer, than for ever, be!

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face
To those upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes)
Ye impious, unbelieving race,
To those eternal torments go,
Prepar'd for those rebellious sons of light,
In burning darkness and in flaming night,
Which shall no limit or cessation know,
But always are extreme, and always will be so.
The final sentence past, a dreadful cloud
Inclosing all the miserable crowd,
A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,
And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,
Which never, never, never can expire;
The vast abyss of endless woes:
Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,
In glorious triumph passing through the sky,
The joys immense, and everlasting ecstasy,

REASON: A POEM.

Written in the year 1700.

UNHAPPY man! who, through successive years,
From early youth to life's last childhood errs:
No sooner born but proves a foe to truth;
For infant reason is o'erpower'd in youth.
The cheats of sense will half our learning share;
And preconceptions all our knowledge are.
Reason, 'tis true, should o'er sense preside:
Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
But false opinions, rooted in the mind,
Hoodwink the soul, and keep our reason blind.
Reason's a taper, which but faintly burns;
A languid flame, that glows, and dies by turns:
We see't a little while, and but a little way;
We travel by its light, as men by day:

But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,
Like morning stars, that never stay till noon.
The soul can scarce above the body rise;
And all we see is with corporeal eyes.
Life now does scarce one glimpse of light dis-
play;
We mourn in darkness, and despair of day:
That natural night, once dress'd in orient beams,
Is now diminish'd, and a twilight seems;
A miscellaneous composition, made
Of night and day, of sunshine and of shade.
Through an uncertain medium now we look,
And find that falsehood, which for truth we took:
So rays projected from the eastern skies,
Shew the false day before the sun can rise.

That little knowledge now which man obtains,
From outward objects, and from sense he gains:
He, like a wretched slave, must plod and sweat;
By day must toil, by night that toil repeat;
And yet, at last, what little fruit he gains!
A beggar's harvest, glean'd with mighty pains!
The passions, still predominant, will rule
Un govern'd, rude, not bred in Reason's school;
Our understanding they with darkness fill,
Cause strong corruptions, and pervert the will.
On these the soul, as on some flowing tide,
Must sit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurried away; for how can be withstood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood?
Be gone, false hopes; for all our learning's vain;
Can we be free where these the rule maintain?
These are the tools of knowledge which we use;
The spirits heated, will strange things produce.
Tell me, whoe'er the passions could controul,
Or from the body disengage the soul:
Till this is done, our best pursuits are vain,
To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain:
Through all the bulky volumes of the dead.
And through those books that modern times have
bred,

With pain we travel, as through moorish ground,
Where scarce one useful plant is ever found;
O'er-run with errors, which so thick appear,
Our search proves vain, no spark of truth is there.

What's all the noisy jargon of the schools,
But idle nonsense of laborious fools,
Who fetter reason with perplexing rules?
What in Aquina's bulky works are found,
Does not enlighten Reason, but confound,
Who travels Scotus' swelling tomes shall find
A cloud of darkness rising on the mind;
In controverted points can Reason sway,
When passion, or conceit, still hurries us away!
Thus his new notions Sherlock would instil,
And clear the greatest mysteries at will;
But, by unlucky wit, perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.
South soon oppos'd him, out of Christian zeal;
Shewing how well he could dispute and rail.
How shall we e'er discover which is right,
When both so eagerly maintain the fight?
Each does the other's arguments deride;
Each has the church and scripture on his side.
The sharp, ill-natur'd combat's but a jest;
Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the least.

How shall we know which articles are true,
The old ones of the church, or Burnet's new?
In paths uncertain and unsafe he treads,
Who blindly follows other fertile heads:
What sure, what certain mark have we to know,
The right or wrong, 'twixt Burges's, Wake, and
Howe?

Should unturn'd nature crave the medic art,
What health can that contentious tribe impart?
Every physician writes a different bill,
And gives no other reason but his will.
No longer boast your art, you impious race;
Let wars 'twixt Alcalies and Acids cease;
And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace. }
Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely guess;
To-day they've good, to-morrow no success.
Ev'n Garth and * Maurus sometimes shall pre-
vail,

When Gibson, learned Hannes, and Tyfon, fail.
And, more than once, we've seen, that blundering
Sloane,

Missing the gou*, by chance has hit the stone;
The patient does the lucky error find;
A cure he works, though not the cure design'd.

Custom, the world's great idol, we adore;
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.
What education did at first receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed:
The parent's precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil'd the man, while they instruct the child.
To what hard fate is human kind betray'd,
When thus implicit faith, a virtue made;
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what custom seals?
Thus, from the time we first began to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright.
Nor judge of things by universal light:
Our prepossessions and affections bind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
And if self-interest be but in the case,
Our unexamin'd principles may pass!
Good Heavens! that man should thus himself
deceive,

To learn on credit, and on trust believe!
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd:
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once remov'd, will smoothe the way to
truth:

To dispossess the child, the mortal lives;
But death approaches ere the man arrives. [find,

Those who would learning's glorious kingdom
The dear bought purchase of the trading mind,
From many dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
Oh! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
And adver waves retard it as they roll.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

Does not that foolish deference we pay
To men that liv'd long since, our passage stay?
What odd, preposterous paths at first we tread,
And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead!
First we a blessing from the grave implore,
Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
The reverend sage, with vast esteem, we prize:
He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise!
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
For all those errors which their fancies bred:
Errors indeed! for real knowledge stay'd
With those first times, not farther was convey'd:
While light opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float:
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,
Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind at
last?

Ah! no, 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,
Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies!
Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right!
But what resembles truth is soon descry'd,
Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!
The first man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious search of long inquiring minds:
But yet what's worse, we know not what we err;
What mark does truth, what bright distinction
bear?

How do we know that what we know is true?
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast;
'Tis all but probability at most:
This is the easy purchase of the mind,
The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find!
But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

DIES NOVISSIMA:

OR,

THE LAST EPIPHANY.

*A Pindaric Ode, on Christ's second Appearance, to
judge the World.*

ADIEU, ye toyish reeds, that once could please
My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease:
Be gone; I'll waste no more vain hours with you;
And, smiling Sylvia too, adieu.

A brighter power invokes my Muse,
And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.

See, beckoning from yon cloud, he stands,
And promises assistance with his hands:

I feel the heavy-rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.

How my breast heaves, and pulses beat!
I sink, I sink beneath the furious heat:

The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,
And overflowing joys profusely waste.

Some nobler bard, O sacred Power, inspire,
Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive;
And brighter yet, to catch the fire,
And each gay following charm from death to save!
—In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast;
I rave, with ecstasies oppress'd:
I rise, the mountains lessen and retire;
And now I mix, unsing'd, with elemental fire!
The leading Deity I have in view;
Nor mortal knows, as yet, what wonders will en-
sue

We pass'd through regions of unfullied light;
I gaz'd, and sicken'd at the blissful sight;
A shuddering paleness seiz'd my look:
At last the pest flew off, and thus I spoke:
" Say, Sacred Guide, shall this bright clime
" Survive the fatal test of time,
" Or perish, with our mortal globe below,
" When yon sun no longer shines?"
Straight I finish'd——veiling low;
The visionary Power rejoins:
" 'Tis not for you to ask, nor mine to say,
" The niceties of that tremendous day.
" Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has
" run,
" And finish'd are the radiant journeys of the sun,
" The great decisive morn shall rise,
" And Heaven's bright Judge appear in opening
" skies!
" Eternal grace and justice he'll bestow
" On all the trembling world below."

He said. I mus'd, and thus return'd:
" What ensigns, courteous stranger, tell,
" Shall the brooding day reveal?"
He answer'd mild——
" Already, stupid with their crimes,
" Blind mortals prostrate to their idols lie:
" Such were the boding times,
" Ere ruin blasted from the sluicy sky;
" Dissolv'd they lay in fulsome ease,
" And revel'd in luxuriant peace;
" In bacchanals they did their hours consume,
" And bacchanals led on their swift advancing
" doom."

Adulterate Christs already rise,
And dare t' assuage the angry skies;
Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
And from the Cross, alas! he does neglected
sigh; [head,
The Anti-Christian Power has rais'd his Hydra
And ruin, only less than Jesus' health, does spread.
So long the gore through poison'd veins has
flow'd,
That scarcely ranker is a Fury's blood;
Yet specious artifice, and fair disguise,
The monster's shape, and curst design, belies:
A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,
He quaffs, and scatters the contagious spleen
Straight, when he finishes his lawless reign,
Nature shall paint the shining scene,
Quick as the lightning which inspires the train. }

Forward confusion shall provoke the fray,
And nature from her ancient order stray;
Black tempests, gathering from the seas around,
In horrid ranges shall advance;
And, as they march, in thickest fables drown'd,
The rival thunder from the clouds shall sound,
And lightnings join the fearful dance:
The blustering armies o'er the skies shall spread,
And universal terror shed;
Loud issuing peals, and rising sheets of smoke,
Th' encumber'd region of the air shall choke;
The noisy main shall lash the suffering shore,
And from the rocks the breaking billows roar!
Black thunder bursts, blue lightning burns,
And melting worlds to heaps of ashes turns!
The forests shall beneath the tempest bend,
And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

Reverse all Nature's web shall run,
And spotless misrule all around,
Order, its flying foe, confound;
Whilst backward all the threads shall haste to be
unspun.

Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand,
(The wand with which, ere time begun,
His wandering slaves he did command,
And made them scamper right, and in rude ranges
run)

The hostile harmony shall chace;
And as the nymph resigns her place,
And panting to the neighbouring refuge flies,
The formless ruffian slaughters with his eyes,
And following storms the pearching dame's re-
treat,

Adding the terror of his threat;
The globe shall faintly tremble round,
And backward jolt, distorted with the wound.

Swath'd in substantial shrouds of night,
The sickening sun shall from the world retire,
Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire,
Which dangling once shed round a lavish flood of
light!

No frail eclipse, but all essential shade,
Not yielding to primæval gloom,
Whilst day was yet an embryo in the womb;
Nor glimmering in its source, with silver stream-
ers play'd,

A jetty mixture of the darkness spread
O'er murmuring Ægypt's head;
And that which angels drew
O'er Nature's face, when Jesus died;
Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook,
And, rising, off their hanging funerals shook,
And fleeting pass'd expos'd their bloodless breast
to view, [glide.

Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories

Now bolder fires appear,
And o'er the palpable obscurément sport,
Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,
Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' e-
therial court,
And plung'd into the opening gulf of night;

A fabre of immortal flame I bore,
And, with this arm, his flourishing plume I
tore,
And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

Mean time the lambient prodigies on high
Take gamefome meafures in the fky;
Joy'd with his future feaft, the thunder roars
In chorus to th' enormous harmony, [ftores;
And holloos to his offspring from fulphureous
Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
And their each nimble turn, and radiant em-
bassy.

The moon turns paler at the fight,
And all the blazing orbs deny their light;
The lightning with its livid tail
A train of glittering terrors draws behind,
Which o'er the trembling world prevail;
Wing'd and blown on by ftorms of wind,
They fhew the hideous leaps on either hand,
Of Night, that fpreads her ebon curtains round.
And there erects her royal ftand, [bound.
In feven-fold winding jet her confcious temples

The ftars, next starting from their fpheres,
In giddy revolutions leap and bound;
Whilst this with doubtful fury glares,
And meditate new wars,
And wheels in sportive gyres around,
Its neighbour fhall advance to fight;
And while each offers to enlarge its right,
The general ruin fhall increafe,
And banifh all the votaries of peace.
No more the ftars, with paler beams,
Shall tremble o'er the midnight ftreams,
But travel downward to behold
What mimics them fo twinkling there;
And, like Narciffus, as they gain more near,
For the lov'd image ftaight expire,
And agonize in warm defire,
Or flake their luft, as in the ftream they roll.

Whilst the world burns, and all the orbs below
In their viperous ruins glow,
They fink, and unsupported leave the fkies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the
noife.
Then fee th' Almighty Judge, fedate and bright,
Cloth'd in imperial robes of light! [bear,
His wings the wind, rough ftorms the chariot
And nimble harbingers before him fly,
And with officious rudenefs brush the air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
In horrid ftorm with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding trafts of light;
Then urging, to their ranks they clofe,
And fhivering, left they ftart, a failing caravan
compofe.

The Mighty Judge rides in tempeftuous ftate,
Whilst mighty guards his orders wait:
His waving veftments fhine
Bright as the fun, which lately did its beam refign,
And burnifh'd wreaths of light fhall make his
form divine. [play,
Strong beams of majefty around his temples
And the transcendent gaiety of his face allay:
His Father's reverend characters he'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with light, and over-awe
with fear.
Myriads of angels fhall be there,
And I, perhaps, clofe the tremendous rear;
Angels, the firft and faireft fons of day, [gay.
Clad with eternal youth, and as their veftments

Nor for magnificence alone,
To brighten and enlarge the pageant fcene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,
And fwell the luftre of his pompous train;
The nimble minifters of blifs or woe
We fhall attend, and fave, or deal the blow,
As he admits to joy, or bids to pain.

The welcome news [diffufe,
Through every Angel's breaft fresh rapture fhall
The day is come, [doom.
When Satan with his powers fhall fink to endlefs
No more fhall we his hostile troops purfue
From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.
The Raphael, big with life, the trump fhall found,
From falling fpheres the joyful mufic fhall rebound,
And feas and fhores fhall catch and propagate it
round:
Louder he'll blow, and it fhall fpeak more fhri1l,
Than when, from Sinai's hill,
In thunder through the horrid reddening fmoke,
Th' Almighty fpoke,
We'll fhout around with martial joy,
And thrice the vaulted fkies fhall rend, and thrice
our fhouts reply.
Then firft th' Archangels voice, aloud,
Shall cheerfully falute the day and throng,
And Hallelujah fill the crowd;
And I, perhaps, fhall clofe the fong.

From its long fleep all human race fhall rife,
And fee the morn and Judge advancing in the
fkies:
To their old tenements the fouls return,
Whilst down the fteep of Heaven as fwift the
Judge defcends!
Thefe look illuftrious bright, no more to mourn;
Whilst, fee, diftracted looks yon ftalking fhades at-
tend.
The faints no more fhall conflict on the deep,
Nor rugged waves infult the labouring fhip;
But from the wreck in triumph they arife,
And borne to blifs fhall tread empyreal fkies,

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET.

Containing his

SONGS, || SATIRES,
EPILOGUES, || EPISTLES,
W. W. W.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature dy'd :
The scourge of pride, the sanctify'd or great,
Of sops in learning, and of knaves in state.
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay,
Blest Satirist ! who touch'd the mean so true,
As shew'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest Courtier ! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his judgment and his ease.
Blest Peer ! his great forefathers every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race.
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets deck the line.

POPE.

EDINBURGH;

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Алло I 793.

POETICAL WORKS

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET.

Containing his

SATYRES
EPITAPHS

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Heard the voice of nature, the Muses' fire,
For the nation of wit, and judge of nature's ire;
The language of birds, the language of men,
Of love in language, and of nature in men.
Yet in his nature, though love his day,
His anger moral, and his willow gay,
That he will, who found the mean to live,
As he had his heart and his pen to give,
Yet he kept his judgment and his will,
His heart his pen, his pen his will,
Reflecting, and reflected in his race,
Advanced other Buchanan, when Dorian shone,
And nature's will, or pen, both the same.

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1793.

THE LIFE OF DORSET.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, Earl of Dorset, was born January 24. 1637. He was eldest son of Richard Earl of Dorset, lineally descended from Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, created Earl of Dorset by King James I. one of the earliest and brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama.

Having been educated under a private tutor, he travelled into Italy, and returned to England a little before the Restoration.

Immediately after the Restoration, he was chosen member of parliament for East Grinstead in Sussex; and soon became a favourite of Charles II.; but undertook no public employment, being too eager of the riotous and licentious pleasures which young men of wit and high rank at that time thought themselves entitled to indulge.

In 1665, he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the Dutch war, and was in the battle of June 3, when the Dutch admiral Opdam, was blown up, and thirty ships taken and destroyed.

On the day before the battle he is said to have composed the celebrated song, *To all you Ladies now at Land*, with equal gallantry and promptitude of wit.

He was soon after made a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to the King; and sent on short embassies of compliment to France.

In 1674, the estate of his uncle Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, came to him by the death of that nobleman without issue; and the title was conferred on him the year following. In 1667, he became, by the death of his father, Earl of Dorset, and inherited the estate of his family.

In 1684, having buried his first wife, of the family of Bagot, he married Lady Mary Compton, daughter of the Earl of Northampton, celebrated both for her beauty and understanding; by whom he had a son, and a daughter.

He received some favourable notice from King James; but found it necessary to oppose the violence of his proceedings; and appeared, with some other Lords, in Westminster Hall, to countenance the bishops, at their trials; which had a good effect upon the jury, and brought the judges to a better temper than they had usually shewn.

He concurred with other distinguished patriots in the Revolution, and conducted his part of that enterprise with the same courage and resolution in London, as his friend the Duke of Devonshire did, in arms, at Nottingham. He was employed to conduct the Princess Anne to Nottingham, with a guard; and was one of the Lords who sat every day in council to preserve the public peace after the king's departure.

He voted for the vacancy of the throne, and that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared King and Queen of England.

He became, as might be expected, a favourite of King William, who, the day after his accession, made him Lord Chamberlain of the Household; "a place," says Prior, "which he eminently

adorned by the grace of his person, the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent."

In 1691, he was made a Knight of the Garter; and was constituted four times one of the Regents of the kingdom in his majesty's absence.

About 1698, his health declining, he retired from public business, appearing only sometimes at council; and died at Bath, on the 19th of January 1705-6.

He wrote nothing but small copies of verses, which were published among the works of the minor poets 1749. His longest composition is a song of eleven stanzas. They are the effusions of a man of wit; rather pretty than great; always gay and airy; and sometimes vigorous and elegant: as in his *Verses to Howard*, which shew fertility of mind; and his *Character of Dorinda*, which has been imitated by Pope. He possessed the rare secret of uniting energy with ease in his little compositions.

His Lordship and Waller are said to have assisted Mrs. Katherine Philips in her translation of Corneille's *Pompey*.

He was esteemed the most accomplished gentleman of the age in which he lived; which is reckoned the most courtly ever known in our nation; when, as Pope expresses it,

The soldiers ap'd the gallantries of France,
And every flowery courtier writ romance.

His elegance and judgment were universally confessed by his contemporaries; and his bounty to men of wit and learning were generally known. He distinguished Dryden by his beneficence, who requited him with hyperbolical adulation; and patronized Prior, who made a public acknowledgment of his obligations to him; in which the warmth of his gratitude appears in the most elegant panegyric. "That he scarce knew what life was, sooner than he found himself obliged to his favour; or had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly, as that of his death!"

Congreve has celebrated his wit and good nature, and Pope has written his epitaph, in which his character is represented to great advantage.

His character is elegantly drawn by the present Earl of Orford, to which no after-strokes can be added by a casual hand.

"If one turns," says his lordship, "to the authors of the last age for the character of this lord, one meets with nothing but encomiums on his wit and good nature. He was the finest gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principles, or the earl's want of thought. The latter said with astonishment, "That he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorset might do any thing, and yet was never to blame." It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made every body excuse whom every body loved; for even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven, to

"The best good man with the worst-natured muse."

This line is not more familiar than Lord Dorset's own poems, to all who have a taste for the gentlest beauties of natural and easy verse."

POEMS.

TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON HIS

INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM,

CALLED

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

COME on, ye Critics, find one fault who dares;
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,
'Twill do as well; throw not away your jests
On solid nonsense that abides all tests.
Wit, like tierce-claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no use at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
Thou hast a brain, such as it is indeed;
On what else should thy worm of fancy feed?
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the kernel's gone.
This simile shall stand in thy defence, [sense.
'Gainst those dull rogues who now and then write
The style's the same, whatever be thy theme,
As some digestions turn all meat to phlegm:
They lie, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion.
Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly:
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud,
Than all the swift-finn'd racers of the flood.
As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those that cannot swim at all;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.
Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own natural parts,
And with acquir'd dulness and new arts
Of study'd nonsense, tak'st kind readers hearts. }
Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear }
Such loud complaints 'gainst Critics to prefer, }
Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller; }
Thou sett'st thy name to what thyself dost write:
Did ever libel yet so sharply bite?

TO THE SAME.

ON HIS PLAYS.

THOU damn'd antipodes to common sense
Thou foil to Flecknoe, pr'ythee tell from whence
Does all this mighty stock of dulness spring?
Is it thy own, or hast it from Snow-hill,
Assisted by some ballad-making quill?
No, they fly higher yet, thy plays are such,
I'd swear they were translated out of Dutch.
Fain would I know what diet thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
Sure hasty-pudding is thy chiefest dish,
With bullock's liver, or some stinking fish:
Garbage, ox-cheeks, and tripe, do feast thy brain,
Which nobly pays this tribute back again.
With daisy-roots thy dwarfish Muse is fed,
A giant's body with a pigmy's head.
Canst thou not find, among thy numerous race
Of kindred, one to tell thee that thy plays
Are laugh'd at by the pit, box, galleries, nay, stage?
Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy body made for labour, not thy mind.
No other use of paper thou shouldst make,
Than carrying loads and reams upon thy back.
Carry vast burdens till thy shoulders shrink:
But curst be he that gives thee pen and ink:
Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,
As nurses from their children keep edg'd tools:
For thy dull fancy a muckinder is fit
To wipe the flabberings of thy snotty wit:
And though 'tis late, if justice could be found,
Thy plays, like blind-born puppies, should be
drown'd.
For were it not that we respect afford
Unto the son of an heroic lord,
Thine in the ducking-stool should take her seat,
Drest like herself in a great chair of state;
Where like a Muse of quality she'd die,
And thou thyself shalt make her elegy }
In the same strain thou writ'st thy comedy.

TO SIR THOMAS ST. SERFE,

On the printing his Play, called "Tarugo's Wiles,"
1668.

TARUGO gave us wonder and delight,
When he oblig'd the world by candle-light :
But now he's ventur'd on the face of day,
T' oblige and serve his friends a nobler way,
Make all our old men wits, statesmen the young,
And teach ev'n Englishmen the English tongue.

James, on whose reign all peaceful stars did
smile,

Did but attempt th' uniting of our isle.
What kings, and Nature, only could design,
Shall be accomplish'd by this work of thine :
For who is such a Cockney in his heart,
Proud of the plenty of the southern part,
To scorn that union, by which we may
Boast 'twas his countryman that writ this play ?

Phœbus himself, indulgent to my Muse,
Has to the country sent this kind excuse :
Fair Northern Lads, it is not through neglect
I court thee at a distance, but respect :
I cannot act, my passion is so great ;
But I'll make up in light what wants in heat :
On thee I will bestow my longest days,
And crown thy sons with everlasting bays :
My beams that reach thee shall employ their
powers
To ripen souls of men, not fruits or flowers.
Let warmer climes my fading favours boast :
Poets and stars shine brightest in the frost.

EPILOGUE TO MOLIERE'S TARTUFFE,

Translated by Mr. Medburne.

SPOKEN BY TARTUFFE.

MANY have been the vain attempts of wit,
Against the still-prevailing hypocrite :
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquish'd Busy in a puppet-play ;
And Busy, rallying, arm'd with zeal and rage,
Possess'd the pulpit, and pull'd down the stage.
To laugh at English knaves is dangerous then,
While English fools will think them honest men :
But sure no zealous brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monsieur Ananias :
A man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,
There are damn'd rogues among the French and
Papist,
That fix salvation to short band and hair,
That belch and snuffle to prolong a prayer ;
That use " enjoy the Creature," to express
Plain whoring, gluttony, and drunkenness ;
And, in a decent way, perform them too
As well, nay, better far, perhaps, than you.
Whose fleshly failings are but fornication,
We godly phrase it " gospel-propagation,"
Just as rebellion was call'd reformation.

Zeal stands but sentry at the gate of Sin,
Whilst all that have the word pass freely in :
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of spies,
We march, and take Damnation by surprise.
There's not a roaring blade in all this town
Can go so far towards hell for half a crown
As I for sixpence, for I know the way :
For want of guides, men are too apt to stray :
Therefore give ear to what I shall advise ;
Let every marry'd man that's grave and wise
Take a Tartuffe of known ability,
To teach and to increase his family ;
Who shall so settle lasting reformation,
First get his son, then give him education.

EPILOGUE,

On the Revival of Ben Jonson's Play, called
" Every Man in his Humour."

ENTREATY shall not serve, nor violence,
To make me speak in such a play's defence ;
A play, where wit and humour do agree
To break all practis'd laws of Comedy.
The scene (what more absurd !) in England lies ;
No gods descend, nor dancing devils rise ;
No captive prince from unknown country brought ;
No battle, nay, there's scarce a duel fought :
And something yet more sharply might be said,
But I consider the poor author's dead :
Let that be his excuse—now for our own,
Why,—faith, in my opinion, we need none.
The parts were fitted well ; but some will say,
Pox on them, rogues, what made them choose
this play ?

I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not choice, but mere necessity :
To all our writing friends, in town, we sent ;
But not a wit durst venture out in Lent :
Have patience but till Easter term, and then
You shall have jig and hobby-horse again.
Here's Mr. Matthew, our domestic wit *,
Does promise one o' th' ten plays he has writ :
But since great bribes weigh nothing with the just,
Know, we have merits, and to them we trust.
When any fasts or holidays defer
The public labours of the theatre,
We ride not forth, although the day be fair,
On ambling tit, to take the suburb air ;
But with our authors meet, and spend that time
To make up quarrels between sense and rhyme.
Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we fate,
Till after many a long and free debate,
For diverse weighty reasons 'twas thought fit,
Unruly sense should still to rhyme submit :
This, the most wholesome law we ever made,
So strictly in his epilogue obey'd,
Sure no man here will ever dare to break—

[Enter Jonson's Ghost.]

Hold, and give way, for I myself will speak :

* Matthew Medbourn, an eminent actor.

Can you encourage so much insolence,
And add new faults still to the great offence,
Your ancestors so rashly did commit
Against the mighty powers of art and wit?
When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
Sejanus, and my best-lov'd Catiline.
Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall
The curse of many a rhyming pastoral.
The three bold Beauchamps shall revive again,
And with the London 'prentice conquer Spain.
All the dull follies of the former age,
Shall find applause on this corrupted stage,
But if you pay the great arrears of praise,
So long since due to my much-injur'd plays,
From all past crimes I first will set you free,
And then inspire some one to write like me.

S O N G,

*Written at Sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665,
the Night before the Engagement.*

I.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men, at sea, indite;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

III.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude your ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
With a fa, &c.

IV.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a fa, &c.

VI.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a fa, &c.

VII.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But, why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

X.

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

ON THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER,

MISTRESS TO KING JAMES II. 1680.

TELL me, Dorinda, why so gay,
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dresses find a way,
To stop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face?

II.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
Still ogle in the ring?
Canst thou forget thy age and pox,
Can all that shines on shells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

III.

So have I seen in larder dark
Of veal a lucid loin;
Replete with many a brilliant spark;
As wife philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.

ON THE SAME.

I.

PROUD with the spoils of royal cully,
With false pretence to wit and parts,
She swaggers like a batter'd bully,
To try the tempers of mens hearts.

II.

Though she appear as glittering fine,
As gems, and jetts, and paint, can make her;
She ne'er can win a breast like mine;
The devil and Sir David † take her.

KNOTTING.

AT noon, in a sunshiny day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young Chloris innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a shade:

Each slender finger play'd its part,
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her favourite swain, by chance, came by,
He saw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted ball:
But straight gave Strephon such a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee?
With innocence I dare be free;
By so much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy head upon my lap;
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a nap;
Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er.
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be:
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust you with my flocks, not me,
Pursue thy grazing trade;

† Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me mistaken maid.

THE ANTIQUATED COQUET.

A SATIRE ON A LADY OF IRELAND ||.

PHYLLIS, if you will not agree,
To give me back my liberty;
In spite of you, I must regain
My loss of time, and break your chain.
You were mistaken, if you thought
I was so grossly to be caught;
Or that I was so blindly bred,
As not to be in woman read.
Perhaps you took me for a fool,
Design'd alone your sex's tool;
Nay, you might think so mad a thing,
That, with a little fashioning,
I might in time, for your dear sake,
That monster call'd a husband make:
Perhaps I might, had I not found
One darling vice in you abound;
A vice to me, which e'er will prove
An antidote to banish love.
O! I could better bear an old,
Ugly, diseas'd, mis-shapen scold,
Or one who games, or will be drunk,
A fool, a spendthrift, bawd, or punk,
Than one at all who wildly flies,
And, with soft, asking, giving eyes,
And thousand other wanton arts,
So meanly trades in begging hearts.
How might such wondrous charms perplex;
Give chains, or death, to all our sex,
Did she not so unwisely set,
For every fluttering fool her net!
So poorly proud of vulgar praise,
Her very look her thoughts betrays;
She never stays till we begin,
But beckons us herself to sin.
Ere we can ask, she cries consent,
So quick her yielding looks are sent,
They hope forestal, and ev'n desire prevent.
But Nature's turn'd when women woo,
We hate in them what we should do;
Desire's asleep, and cannot wake,
When women such advances make:
Both time and charms thus Phyllis wastes,
Since each must surfeit ere he tastes.
Nothing escapes her wandering eyes,
No one she thinks too mean a prize;
Ev'n Lynch †, the lag of human-kind,
Nearest to brutes of God design'd,
May boast the smiles of this coquet,
As much as any man of wit.
The signs hang thinner in the Strand,
The Dutch scarce more infest the land,

|| Supposed to be of the name of Clanbrasil.
† A notorious debauchee.

Though Egypt's locusts they outvie,
 In number and voracity.
 Whores are not half so plenty found,
 In play-house, or that hallow'd ground
 Of Temple-walks, or Whetstone's park;
 Caresses less abound in Spark †.
 Then with kind looks for all who come,
 At bawdy-house, the Drawing-room:
 But all in vain she throws her darts,
 They hit, but cannot hurt our hearts:
 Age has enerv'd her charms so much,
 That fearless all her eyes approach;
 Each her autumnal face degrades
 With "Reverend Mother of the Maids!"
 But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,
 Forgetting what her charms have done;
 To Teagueland we this beauty owe,
 Teagueland her earliest charms did know:
 There first her tyrant beauties reign'd;
 Where'er she look'd, she conquest gain'd.
 No heart the glances could repel,
 The Teagues in shoals before her fell;
 And trotting bogs was all the art,
 The sound had left to save his heart.
 She kill'd so fast, by my salvation,
 She near dispeopled half the nation:
 Though she, good soul, to save, took care
 All, all she could from sad despair.
 From thence she thither came to prove
 If yet her charms could kindle love:
 But ah! it was too late to try,
 For Spring was gone, and Winter nigh:
 Yet though her eyes such conquests made,
 That they were shunn'd, or else obey'd,
 Yet now her charms are so decay'd,
 She thanks each coxcomb that will deign
 To praise her face, and wear her chain.

So some old soldier, who had done
 Wonders in youth, and battles won,
 When feeble years his strength depose,
 That he too weak to vanquish grows,
 With mangled face and wooden leg,
 Reduc'd about for alms to beg,
 O'erjoy'd, a thousand thanks bestows
 On him who but a farthing throws.

SONG TO CHLORIS,

FROM THE

"BLIND ARCHER."

I.

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,
 And lay by those terrible glances;
 We live in an age that's more civil and wise,
 Than to follow the rules of romances.

II.

When once your round bubbles begin but to pout,
 They'll allow you no long time of courting;
 And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out;
 For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

* Elizabeth Spark, a noted courtesan.

VOL. VI.

SONG

I.

METHINKS the poor town has been troubled too
 long,
 With Phyllis and Chloris in every song,
 By fools, who at once had both love and despair,
 And will never leave calling them cruel and fair;
 Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express
 The truth that I know of bonny Black Befs.

II.

This Befs of my heart, this Befs of my soul,
 Has a skin white as milk, and hair as black as a
 coal;
 She's plump, yet with ease you may span round
 her waist, [brac'd:
 But her round swelling thighs can scarce be em-
 Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest:
 But I know what I think, when I drink to the best.

III.

The plowman and 'squire, the arranter clown,
 At home she subdued in her poragon gown;
 But now she adorns both the boxes and pit,
 And the proudest town gallants are forc'd to
 submit;
 All hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
 And beat day and night, like my Lord Craven's
 drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
 For she'd outshine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all:
 If a lord should but whisper his love in the crowd,
 She'd sell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud:
 Then the Queen, overhearing what Betty did say,
 Would send Mr. Roper to take her away.

V.

But to those that have had my dear Befs in their
 arms,
 She's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms;
 And to every beauty can add a new grace,
 Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her
 pace;
 And with head on one side, and a languishing eye,
 To kill us by looking as if she would die.

SONG.

I.

MAY the ambitious ever find
 Success in crowds and noise;
 While gentle love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys!

II.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
 And the world think them wise,
 While I lie dying at her feet,
 And all the world despise.

III.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
 And melt in court delights;
 Her eyes can give much brighter days,
 Her arms much softer nights.

K k

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED

In grey hair'd Cælia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, If I have any charms,
My dearest, let's away.

For you, my Love, is all my fear!
Hark how the drums do rattle!
Alas, Sir! what should you do here
In dreadful day of battle?

Let little Orange stay and fight,
For danger's his diversion;
The wife will think you in the right,
Not to expose your person:

Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory;
You ought to leave so mean a care
To those who pen your story.

Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.

When foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly:
Put six good horses to your coach,
And carry me to Marly.

Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
Go take some town or buy it;
Whilst you, great Sir, at Nôtre Dame,
Te Deum sing in quiet.

SONG.

PHYLLIS, the fairest of Love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon,
Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on?
So long she kept her legs so close,
Till they had scarce a rag on.

Compell'd through want, this wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin;
Which surly Strephon hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin,
To pity such a lazy jade,
As will neither play nor spin.

SONG.

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

SONG.

SYLVIA, methinks you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For though we all allow you wit,
We can't a handsome face.

Then where's the pleasure, where's the good,
Of spending time and cost?
For if your wit be n't understood,
Your keeper's bliss is lost.

SONG.

PHYLLIS, for shame, let us improve
A thousand different ways,
Those few short moments snatch'd by love
From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
Nor can it e'er submit,
To let that sop, Discretion, ride
In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I shew
To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise!

SONG.

CORYDON beneath a willow,
By a murmuring current laid,
His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
Thus address'd the charming maid.

O! my Sacharissa, tell,
How could nature take delight
That a heart so hard should dwell
In a frame so soft and white.

Could you feel but half the anguish,
Half the tortures that I bear,
How for you I daily languish,
You'd be kind, as you are fair.

See the fire that in me reigns,
O! behold a burning man;
Think I feel my dying pains,
And be cruel if you can.

With her conquest pleas'd, the dame
Cry'd, with an insulting look,
Yes, I fain would quench your flame;
She spoke, and pointed to the brook.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEORGE STEPNEY.

Containing his

EPISTLES,

ELEGIES,

IMITATIONS,

TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Stepney! in foreign courts a favourite name,
For ever sacred to the voice of Fame!
Abroad, at home, his actions wonder mov'd;
Great was the glory to be thus approv'd,
But greater that, to be by you below'd.

EUSDEN'S EPISTLE TO HALIFAX.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE OF STEPNEY.

GEORGE STEPNEY, descended of the family of the Stepneys of Pendegrast, in Pembroke-shire, was born in Westminster, in the year 1663. Of his father's condition or fortune nothing is known.

He was educated at Westminster school, from whence he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1682; and he took his Master's degree in 1689.

At college he continued a friendship, begun at school, with Charles Montague, Esq., afterwards Earl of Halifax, to whose personal kindness he was chiefly indebted for the preferment he afterwards enjoyed.

They came to London together, and are said to have been introduced into public life by the Earl of Dorset.

At this time, he was perhaps attached to the Tory interest; for one of the first poems he wrote was an address to King James, on his Accession to the Throne; in which, with little poetry or propriety, he compares that monarch to Hercules.

Soon after the Accession of King James, when Monmouth's Rebellion broke out, the University of Cambridge thought proper to burn the picture of that rash prince, who had been their Chancellor. On this occasion, Stepney wrote some good verses, in answer to this question:

“ ————— Sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit damnatos.”

At the Revolution, he embraced the Whig interest; and his qualifications recommended him to many foreign employments in the reign of King William, and the succeeding reign.

In 1692, he was sent Envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg; in 1693, to the Imperial Court; in 1694, to the Elector of Saxony; in 1696, to the Electors of Mentz and Cologne, and the Congress of Frankfort; in 1698, a second time to Brandenburg; in 1699, to the King of Poland; in 1701, again to the Emperor; and, in 1706, to the States General.

He was very successful in his negotiations, which occasioned his constant employment in the most weighty affairs of that time.

His life was busy, and not long. He died at Chelsea in 1707, in the 44th year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

This is all that is known of Stepney; a man who wanted not wisdom as a statesman, nor elegance as a poet; but whose public honours seem to have been more owing to his political connections, than to his merit as a writer.

His prose writings consist of some occasional political tracts; particularly, *An Essay on the present Interest of England*, 1701; and *The Proceedings of the House of Commons in 1667, upon the French King's Progress in Flanders*, printed in the Collection of Tracts, called Lord Somers's Collection.

His poems, which are not very long, nor are the subjects upon which they are written very considerable, were printed among the works of the Minor Poets, in 2 volumes, 12mo, 1749.

He apparently, however, professed himself a poet, and came forward, among others, with his verses on public occasions, particularly on the *Death of Queen Mary*; a subject which required more elegiac tenderness than is to be found in his performance.

His name, also, appears among those of the other wits in the Version of Juvenal, to which he contributed a translation of the *Eighth Satire*, executed with a freedom observable in the version of his associates, and a neglect of his author which is not compensated by beauties of his own.

"In his original poems," says Dr. Johnson, "now and then a happy line may perhaps be found, and now and then a short composition may give pleasure; but there is, in the whole, little either of the grace of wit, or the vigour of nature."

His character is given in the following Epitaph, inscribed on the pedestal of a monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

H. S. E.

GEORGIUS STEPNEIUS, Armiger,

Vir,

Ob Ingenii acumen,

Literarum Scientiam,

Morum Suavitatem,

Rerum usum,

Virorum Amplissimorum Consuetudinem

Linguae, Styli, ac Vitae Elegantiam,

Præclara officia cum Britanniae tum Europae

Præstita,

Sua ætate multum celebratus,

Apud posteros semper celebrandus;

Plurimas Legationes obiit

Ea Fide, Diligentia, ac Felicitate,

Ut Augustissimorum Principum

Gulielmi et Annæ

Spem in illo repositam

Nunquam fefellerit,

Haud raro superaverit

Post longum honorum Cursum

Brevi Temporis spatio confectum,

Cum Naturæ parum, Famæ satis vixerat

Animam ad altiora aspirantem placide efflavit.

On the Left Hand.

G. S.

Ex Equestri familia Stepneiorum

De Pendegrast, in Comitatu

Pembrochienfi oriundus,

Westmonasterii natus est, A. D. 1633.

Electus in Collegium

Sancti Petri Westmonast. A. 1676.

Sancti Trinitatis Cantab. 1682.

Consiliariorum quibus Commercii

Cura Commissa est 1697.

Chelseæ mortuus, et comitante

Magna Procerum

Frequentia, huc elatus, 1707.

P O E M S.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,

AND THE

LADY ANNE †.

CIRCUMVOLANTUM blanda Cupidinum
Huc Mater axes flectat eburneos,
Dum scævientis flagra dextræ
Chaoniæ metuant Columbæ.

Seu, ne jugales heu! nimium pigros
Damnent Amantes, ociùs, ociùs
Impelle currum fortiori
Remigio volitans Olorum.

Junctum marinæ Pelea Conjugi,
Senique junctum Cyprida Troico,
Delira ne jactet vetustas,
Connubio superata nostro:

Illustriori stemmate regiam
Ditabit aulam nobilior Parens;
Virtute et Ænean Nepotes,
Viribus et superent Achillem.

Quin bellicosæ gloria Cimbriæ,
Nunc invidendæ spes, decus Angliæ,
Ira, horror, et vultus minaces
In Dominæ turbulentur ulnis.

Cessate lites; spicula, machinæ
Dormite lethi; libret et unicus,
Præbent puellæ quas ocelli,
Armiger innocuus sagittas!

Quàm dulce vultu virgineo rubet
Pandora! (quantum, dum rubet, allicit!)

† From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683."

Tacetque, sed narrant vicissim
Lumina luminibus calores.

Liquisset Evan Gnosida, floridam
Tu, Phœbe, Daphnen hanc peteres magis:
Nec non Tonantis pluma mendax,
Cornua seu tegerent amores.

Lacæna nunquam damna modestiæ
Tulisset, Idæ si puer huc vagus
Errâisset, ardentes videret
Funere tergemino penates.

Flammæque viles crederet Ilii.
Mercede tali quis stadium piger
Fatale vitet? quis timeret
Oenomai fremitum sequentis?

Te præda nullo parta periculo,
Te gaza nullis empta laboribus
Expectat ultrò: fata, Princeps,
Hæc meritis statuere tantis.

Ætas ut aptis vernet amoribus,
Blando fideles murmure turtures,
Nexuque vites arctiori, et
Basilis superate conchas.

Cum dextra Cœli prodiga Carolum
Ornârit omni dote, Britannia
Oblita, et hæredis futuri,
Nec dederit similem aut secundum;

Te, spes ruentis faustior imperi,
Nomen beabit Patris amabile,
Heroas illustres daturum,
Qui domitum moderentur orbem.

Infans Parenti laudibus æmulus
Assurgat, annos dissimulans breves:
Patris decorem mas verendum,
Matris et os referant Puellæ.

TO KING JAMES II.

Upon his Accession to the Throne, 1684-5.

As victors lose the trouble they sustain
 In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
 And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
 Forget the pain by which they purchas'd heaven:
 So, when the Phoenix of our empire dy'd,
 And with a greater heir the empty throne supply'd,
 Your glory dissipates our mournful dew,
 And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
 Mysterious Fate, whose one decree could prove
 The high extreme of cruelty and love!

May then no flight of a blaspheming Muse
 Those wise resolves of Providence accuse,
 Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight,
 Since stronger Hercules supports the state.
 England no more shall pensive thoughts employ
 On him she 'as lost; but him she has, enjoy.
 So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
 And Bacchus honour'd the deserted bed,
 Ceas'd with her tears to raise the swelling flood,
 Forgot her Theseus, and embrac'd the god.

*On the University of Cambridge's burning the Duke of
 Monmouth's Picture, 1685, who was formerly their
 Chancellor.—In Answer to this Question,*

“ — Sed quid
 “ Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper,
 “ et odit
 “ Damnatos — ”

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
 Both from your rabble and your doctors too,
 With what applause you once receiv'd his grace,
 And begg'd a copy of his godlike face;
 But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
 The original in limbo lay secure,
 As greasy as himself he sends a lictor,
 To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
 The beadle's wife endeavours all she can
 To save the image of the tall young man,
 Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
 That with strong thoughts she might improve her
 race;

But all in vain, since the wise house conspire
 To damn the canvas traitor to the fire,
 Left it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
 Scythe-men next harvest to renew the fight.

Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely
 alledge,
 He'll subscribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge;
 But the man of Clare-hall that proffer refuses,
 'Snigs he'll be beholden to none but the Muses;
 And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
 On the death of good Charles, and crowning of
 James; [stuff
 And swears he will borrow of the Provost more
 On the marriage of Anne, if that be n't enough.

The heads, lest he get all the profit t' himself,
 Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf,
 This motion deny, and vote that Tite Tillet
 Should gather from each noble doctor a billet.
 The kindness was common, and so they'd return
 it;

The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
 Thus joining their stocks for a bonfire together,
 As they club for a cheese in the parish of Cheddar,
 Confusedly crowd on the fops and the doctors,
 The hangman, the townsmen, their wives, and
 the proctors;
 While the troops from each part of the countries
 in ale

Come to quaff his confusion in bumpers of stale:
 But Rosalin, never unkind to a Duke,
 Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
 The tender creature could not see his fate,
 With whom she 'ad danc'd a minuet so late.
 The heads, who never could hope for such frames,
 Out of envy condemn'd sixscore pounds to the
 flames;

Then his air was too proud, and his features amiss,
 As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz:
 So the rabble of Rome, whose favour ne'er settles,
 Melt down their Sejanus to pots and brass kettles.

AN EPISTLE TO

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq.

Afterwards EARL of HALIFAX.

On his Majesty's Voyage to Holland.

SIR,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
 Art I've either lost, or never knew,
 Pleas'd my past follies kindly to commend,
 And fondly lose the critic in the friend;
 Though my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
 From grave to dull insensibly betray'd,
 I'll contradict the humour of the times,
 Inclind to business, and averse to rhymes,
 And to obey the man I love, in spite
 Of the world's genius and my own, I'll write.

But think not that I vainly do aspire
 To rival what I only would admire,
 The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
 And force like that with which your hero fought;
 Like Samson's riddle is that powerful song,
 Sweet as the honey, as the lion strong;
 The colours there so artfully are laid,
 They fear no lustre, and they want no shade,
 But shall of writing a just model give,
 While Boyne shall flow, and William's glory live.

Yet since his every act may well infuse
 Some happy rapture in the humblest Muse,
 Though mine despairs to reach the wondrous
 height,
 She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
 The King's the theme, and I've a subject's right.

When William's deeds, and rescued Europe's joy,
Do every tongue and every pen employ,
'Tis to think treason sure, to shew no zeal,
And not to write, is almost to rebel.

Let Albion then forgive her meanest son,
Who would continue what her best begun;
Who, leaving conquests and the pomp of war,
Would sing the pious King's divided care;
How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
Did for the seed of future actions wait;
And how two nations did with transport boast,
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the victor most:
How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and vows for her returning lord;
How the fair isle with rival passions strove;
How by her sorrow she express'd her love,
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed;
And how she bless'd his way, yet sigh'd, and
said:

Is it decreed my hero ne'er shall rest,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess'd?
Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
But Ireland's freedom, and the war's alarms,
Call'd him from me and his Maria's charms.
O generous prince, too prodigally kind!
Can the diffusive goodness of your mind
Be in no bounds, but of the world confin'd?
Should sinking nations summon you away,
Maria's love might justify your stay.
Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
Which for your safety to the Gods were made,
While on the Boyne they labour'd to out-do
Your zeal for Albion by their care for you;
When, too impatient of a glorious ease,
You tempt new dangers on the winter seas.
The Belgic state has rested long secure
Within the circle of thy guardian power;
Rear'd by thy care, that noble lion, grown
Mature in strength, can range the woods alone;
When to my arms they did the Prince resign,
I bless'd the change, and thought him wholly
mine;

Conceiv'd long hopes I jointly should obey
His stronger, and Maria's gentle sway:
He fierce as thunder, she as lightning bright;
One my defence, and t'other my delight:
Yet go—where honour calls the hero, go:
Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow;
Go meet your country's joy, your virtue's due;
Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new;
Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
The next large harvest to thy prosperous sword:
Again in Crescy let my arms be rear'd,
And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd:
While under Mary's tutelary care,
Far from the danger, or the noise of war,
In honourable pleasure I possess
The spoils of conquest, and the charms of peace.
As the great lamp by which the globe is bless'd,
Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
Through different regions does his course pursue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new;
While, by a pleasing change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his lustre with a milder light:

So when your beams do distant nations cheer,
The partner of your crown shall mount the
sphere,

Able alone my empire to sustain,
And carry on the glories of thy reign—
But why has fate maliciously decreed,
That greatest blessings must by turns succeed?
Here she relented, and would urge his stay
By all that fondness and that grief could say;
But soon did her presaging thoughts employ
On scenes of triumphs and returning joy.

Thus, like the tide, while her unconstant breast
Was swell'd with rapture, by despair depress'd,
Fate call'd; the hero must his way pursue,
And her cries lessen'd as the shore withdrew.

The winds were silent, and the gentle main
Bore an auspicious omen of his reign;
When Neptune, owning whom those seas obey,
Nodded, and bade the cheerful Tritons play.
Each chose a different subject for their lays,
But Orange was the burden of their praise:
Some in their strains up to the fountain ran,
From whence this stream of virtue first began:
Others chose heroes of a later date,
And sung the * founder of the neighbouring state;
How daringly he tyranny withstood,
And seal'd his country's freedom with his blood;
Then to the two illustrious † brethren came,
The glorious rivals of their father's fame;
And to the ‡ youth, whose pregnant hopes out-
ran

The steps of time, and early shew'd the man;
For whose alliance monarchs did contend,
And gave a daughter to secure a friend.
But as by Nature's law the Phoenix dies,
That from its urn a nobler bird may rise;
So fate ordain'd the § parent soon should set,
To make the glories of his heir complete.

At William's name each fill'd his vocal shell,
And on the happy sound rejoic'd to dwell:
Some sung his birth, and how discerning Fate
Sav'd infant Virtue against powerful Hate;
Of poisonous snakes by young Alcides quell'd,
And palms that spread the more, the more with-
held.

Some sung Seneffe, and early wonders done
By the bold youth, himself a war alone;
And how his firmer courage did oppose
His country's foreign and intestine foes;
The lion he, who held their arrows close.
Others sung Perseus, and the injur'd maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid;
Or in mysterious numbers did unfold
Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old;
How Saturn, flush'd with arbitrary power,
Design'd his lawful issue to devour;
But Jove, reserv'd for better fate, withstood
The black contrivance of the doating god;
With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
'Twas Italy secur'd his frightened head,
And by his flight resign'd his empty throne
And triple empire to his worthier son.

* William.
‡ William.

† Maurice and Henry.
§ James II.

Then in one note their artful force they join,
Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne:
How on the wondering bank the hero stood,
Lavishly bold, and desperately good:
Till Fate, designing to convince the brave
That they can dare no more than Heaven can save,
Let death approach, and yet withheld the sting,
Wounded the man, distinguishing the King.

They had enlarg'd, but found the strain too
strong,
And in soft notes allay'd the bolder song:
Flow, gentle Boyne, they cry'd, and round thy
bed

For ever may victorious wreaths be spread;
No more may travellers desire to know
Where Simois and Granicus did flow;
Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten stream,
Be or the soldier's rant, or poet's theme:
All waters shall unite their fame in thee,
Lost in thy waves, as those are in the sea.

They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er,
And begg'd thick mists long to conceal the shore:
Smooth was the liquid plain; the sleeping wind
More to the sea, than to its master kind,
Detain'd a treasure, which we value more
Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.
But he, with a superior genius born, [scorn:
Treats chance with insolence, and death with
Darkness and ice in vain obstruct his way;
Holland is near, and nature must obey;
Charg'd with our hopes the boat securely rode,
For Cæsar and his fortune were the load.

With eager transport Belgia met her son,
Yet trembling for the danger he had run;
Till, certain of her joy, she bow'd her head,
Confess'd her Lord, bless'd his return, and said:

If passion by long absence does improve,
And makes that rapture, which before was love,
Think on my old, my intermitted bliss,
And by my former pleasure measure this:
Nor by these feeble pillars which I raise,
Unequal to sustain the hero's praise:
Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
To represent your glories, or my heart:
These humble emblems are design'd to shew,
Not how we would reward, but what we owe.
Here from your childhood take a short review,
How Holland's happiness advanc'd with you;
How her stout vessel did in triumph ride,
And mock'd her storms, while Orange was her
guide.

What since has been our fate—I need not say,
Hl suiting with the blessings of the day,
Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
Conquest was only there where he led on,
Like the Palladium, wherefoe'er you go,
You turn all death and danger on the foe.
In you we but too sadly understood,
How angels have their spheres of doing good;
Else the same soul which did our troops possess,
And crown'd their daring courage with success,
Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
And Fleurus had been still a guiltless plain.
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an arm and mind
Like yours should be to time and place confin'd!

But thy return shall fix our kinder fate;
For thee our councils, thee our armies wait:
Discording princes shall with thee combine,
And centre all their interests in thine;
Proud of thy friendship, shall forego their sway,
As Rome her great Dictator did obey;
And all united make a Gordian knot,
Which neither craft shall loose, nor force shall cut.

ON THE LATE HORRID CONSPIRACY.

THE * youth whose fortune the vast globe obey'd,
Finding his † royal enemy betray'd,
And in his chariot by ‖ vile hands oppress'd,
With noble pity and just rage possess'd,
Wept at his fall from so sublime a state,
And by the traitor's death reveng'd the fate
Of majesty profan'd—so acted too
The generous Cæsar, when the Roman knew
A § coward king had treacherously slain,
¶ Whom scarce he foil'd on the Pharsalian plain:
The doom of his fam'd rival he bemoan'd,
And the base author of the crime dethron'd.
Such were the virtuous maxims of the great,
Free from the servile arts of barbarous hate:
They knew no foe but in the open field,
And to their cause and to the gods appeal'd.
So William acts—and if his rivals dare
Dispute his reign by arms, he'll meet them there,
Where Jove, as once on Ida, holds the scale,
And lets the good, the just, and brave, prevail.

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

Upon the Death of his Son before Luxemburgh.

He's gone! and was it then by your decree,
Ye envious powers, that we should only see
This copy of your own divinity? }
Or thought ye it surpassing human state,
To have a blessing lasting as 'twas great?
Your cruel skill you better ne'er had shewn,
Since you so soon design'd him all your own,
Such fostering favours to the damn'd are given,
When, to increase their hell, you shew them hea-
ven.

Was it too godlike, he should long inherit
At once his father's and his uncle's spirit?
Yet as much beauty, and as calm a breast,
As the mild dame whose teeming womb he blest:
H' had all the favours Providence could give,
Except its own prerogative, to live;
Reserv'd in pleasures, and in dangers bold,
Youthful in action, and in prudence old:
His humble greatness, and submissive state,
Made his life full of wonder, as his fate;
One, who, to all the heights of learning bred,
Read books and men, and practis'd what he read.

* Alexander.
§ Ptolemy.

† Darius.
¶ Pompey.

‖ Bossus.

Round the wide globe scarce did the busy sun
With greater haste and greater lustre run.
True gallantry and grandeur he descri'd,
From the French sopperies, and German pride;
And like the industrious bee, where'er he flew,
Gather'd the sweets which on sweet blossoms
grew.

Babel's confused speeches on his tongue
With a sweet harmony and concord hung.
More countries than for Homer did contest
Do strive who most were by his presence blest.
Nor did his wisdom damp his martial fire;
Minerva both her portions did inspire,
Use of the warlike bow and peaceful lyre.
So Cæsar doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
Shewing like wit, as valour when he fought.

If God, as Plato taught, example takes
From his own works, and souls by patterns makes,
Much of himself in him he did unfold,
And cast them in his darling Sidney's mold,
Of too refin'd a substance to be old.
Both did alike disdain an hero's rage
Should come like an inheritance by age.
Ambitiously did both conspire to twist
Bays with the ivy, with their temples kist:
Scorning to wait the slow advance of time,
Both fell like early blossoms in their prime,
By blind events, and Providence's crime.
Yet both, like Codrus, o'er their yielding foe,
Obtain'd the conquest, in their overthrow;
And longer life do purchase by their death,
In fame completing what they want in breath.
Oh! had kind Fate stretch'd the contracted span
To the full glories of a perfect man,
And, as he grew, could every rolling year
A new addition to our wonder bear,
H' had paid to his illustrious line that stock
Of ancient honour, which from thence he took.
But oh! so hasty fruits, and too ambitious flowers,
Scorning the midwifery of ripening showers,
In spite of frosts, spring from th' unwilling earth,
But find a nip untimely as their birth:
Abortive issues so delude the womb,
And scarce have being, ere they want a tomb.

Forgive, my Lord, the Muse that does aspire
With a new breath to fan your raging fire;
Who each officious and unskilful sound
Can with fresh torture but enlarge the wound.
Could I, with David, curse the guilty plain,
Where once more lov'd than Jonathan was slain;
Or could I flights high as his merits raise,
Clear as his virtue, deathless as his praise;
None who, though laurels crown'd their aged
head,

Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
With more devotion should enrol his name
In the long-consecrated list of Fame.
But, since my artless and unhallow'd strain
Will the high worth, it should commend, profane;
Since I despair my humble verse should prove
Great as your loss, or tender as your love;
My heart with sighings, and with tears mine
eye,
Shall the defect of written grief supply.

A P O E M,

*Dedicated to the blessed Memory of her late gracious
Majesty Queen Mary.*

ONCE more, my Muse,—we must an altar raise;—
May it prove lasting as Maria's praise;
And, the song ended, be the swan's thy doom,
Rest ever silent, as Maria's tomb.

But whence shall we begin? or whither steer?
Her virtues like a perfect round appear,
Where judgment lies in admiration lost,
Not knowing which it should distinguish most.

Some angel, from your own, describe her frame,
For sure your godlike beings are the same:
All that was charming in the fairer kind,
With manly sense and resolution join'd;
A mien compos'd of mildness and of state,
Not by constraint or affectation great;
But form'd by nature for supreme command,
Like Eve just moulded by the Maker's hand;
Yet such her meekness, as half-veil'd the throne,
Lest, being in too great a lustre shewn,
It might debar the subject of access,
And make her mercies and our comforts less.
So Gods of old, descending from their sphere
To visit men, like mortals did appear;
Lest their too awful presence should affright
Those whom they meant to bless and to delight.

Thus to the noon of her high glory run,
From her bright orb, diffusive like the sun,
She did her healing influence display,
And cherish'd all our nether world, that lay
Within the circle of her radiant day;
Reliev'd not only those who bounty sought,
But gave unask'd, and as she gave forgot;
Found modest Want in her obscure retreat,
And courted timorous Virtue to be great.
The Church, which William sav'd, was Mary's
care,
Taught by her life, and guarded by her pray'r;
What her devotions were, ye cherubs, tell,
Who ever round the seat of mercy dwell;
For here she would not have her goodness
known,

But you beheld how she address'd the throne,
And wonder'd at a zeal so like your own.
Since she was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like
you,
She should, alas! have been immortal too.

A mind so good, in beauteous strength array'd,
Assur'd our hopes she might be long obey'd;
And we, with heighten'd reverence, might have
seen

The hoary grandeur of an aged Queen,
Who might, with William, jointly govern here,
As that bright pair which rules the heavenly
sphere.

Grace and mild mercy best in her were shewn;
In him the rougher virtues of the throne:
Of Justice she at home the balance held;
Abroad, Oppression by his sword was quell'd:
The generous lion, and the peaceful dove,
The God of battle, and the Queen of love,

Did in their happy nuptials well agree :
Like Mars, he led our armies out ; and she
With smiles presided o'er her native sea.

Such too their meetings, when our Monarch
came,

With laurels loaden, and immortal fame :
As when the God on Hæmus quits his arms,
Softening his toils in Cytherea's charms :

'Then with what joy did she the victor meet,
And lay the reins of empire at his feet !

With the same temper as the * Latian hind
Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd :

So Pallas from the dusty field withdrew,
And, when imperial Jove appear'd in view,
Resum'd her female arts, the spindle and the
clew ;

Forgot the sceptre she so well had sway'd,
And, with that mildness she had rul'd, obey'd ;

Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as
Jove,

When in disguise he leaves his power above,
And drowns all other attributes in love.

Such, mighty Sir, if yet the sacred ear
Of Majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,

Was the lov'd consort of thy crown and bed,
Our joy while living, our despair now dead.

Yet though with Mary one supporter fall,
Thy virtue can alone sustain the ball.

Of Sybil's books, that volume which remain'd,
The perfect value of the whole retain'd.

When in the fiery car Elijah fled,
His spirit doubled on his partner's head ;

So will thy people's love, now Mary's gone,
Unite both streams, and flow on thee alone.

The grateful senate with one voice combine
To breathe their sorrows, and to comfort thine,

By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
Does on thy counsels and thy courage wait :

But, when the vastness of thy grief they see,
They own 'tis just, and melt in tears with thee.

Blush not, great soul, thus to reveal thy
woe ;

Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow ;
Shed by degrees, they pass unfelt away,

But raise a storm and deluge where they stay.

The bravest heroes have the softest mind ;
Their nature's, like the Gods, to love inclin'd.

Homer, who human passions nicely knew,
When his illustrious Grecian chief he drew,

Left likewise in his soul one mortal part,
Whence love and anguish too might reach his

heart ;

For a lost mistress in despair he sate,

And let declining Troy still struggle with her fate :

But when the partner of his cares lay dead,

Like a rous'd lion from his tent he fled,

Whole hecatombs of trembling Trojans slew,

And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.

Still greater is thy loss, — be such thy rage,
As conquer'd Gallia only may assuage.

She who on earth secur'd thee by her prayer,
Return'd to heaven, shall prove thy guardian an-
gel there,

* Lucius Quintus.

And, hovering round thee with her heavenly
shield,

Unseen protect thee in the doubtful field.

Go then, by different paths to glory go,

The church's both estates with Mary shew,

And while above she triumphs, fight below. —

'Tis done — our Monarch to the camp returns, —

The Gallic armies fly — their navy burns,

And earth and seas all bow at his command,

And Europe owns her peace from his victorious
hand.

THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE.

At Anna's call the Austrian eagle flies,

Bearing her thunder to the southern skies ;

Where a rash Prince, with an unequal sway,

Inflames the region, and misguides the day ;

Till the usurper, from his chariot hurl'd,

Leaves the true monarch to command the
world.

THE NATURE OF DREAMS.

At dead of night imperial Reason sleeps,

And Fancy with her train loose revels keeps ;

Then airy phantoms a mix'd scene display,

Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day ;

For memory those images retains,

Which passion form'd, and still the strongest
reigns.

Huntsmen renew the chase they lately run,

And generals fight again their battles won.

Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's
dreams ;

Grants or disgraces are the courtier's themes.

The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard ;

The cit's a knight, the sycophant a lord.

Thus fancy's in the wild distraction lost,

With what we most abhor, or covet most.

But of all passions that our dreams control,

Love prints the deepest image in the soul ;

For vigorous fancy and warm blood dispense

Pleasures so lively, that they rival sense.

Such are the transports of a willing maid,

Not yet by time and place to act betray'd,

Whom spies or some faint virtue forc'd to fly

That scene of joy, which yet she dies to try :

Till fancy bawds, and, by mysterious charms,

Brings the dear object to her longing arms ;

Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce delight,

And curses the returns of envious light.

In such blest dreams Byblis enjoys a flame,

Which waking she detests, and dares not name.

Ixion gives a loose to his wild love,

And in his airy visions cuckolds Jove.

Honours and state before this phantom fall

For sleep, like death its image, equals all.

V E R S E S,

*Imitated from the French of Mons. Maynard, to
Cardinal Richelieu.*

I.

WHEN money and my blood ran high,
My Muse was reckon'd wondrous pretty;
The Sports and Smiles did round her fly,
Enamour'd with her smart conceits.

II.

Now (who'd have thought it once?) with pain
She strings her harp, whilst freezing age
But feebly runs through every vein,
And chills my brisk poetic rage.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
To wine and women, dead in law;
And soon from Fate I shall receive
A summons to the shades to go.

IV.

The warrior ghosts will round me come
To hear of fam'd Ramillia's fight;
Whilst the vext Bourbons through the gloom
Retires to th' utmost realms of night.

V.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you
With pensions every Muse inspire;
Who Marlborough's conquests did pursue,
And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

VI.

But should some drolling sprite demand,
Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray?
How like a coxcomb should I stand!
What would your Lordship have me say?

J U V E N A L.

SATIRE VIII.

The Argument.

In this Satire, the poet proves that nobility does not consist in statues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions: He lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being insolent, by reason of his high birth; and lays down an instance that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horses, who are valued rather according to their personal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He advises his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the satire) to lead a virtuous life, dissuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppression, cruelty, and other vices, by his severe censures on Læteranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Cataline; and in opposition to these, displays the worth of persons meanly born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

The translator of this satire industriously avoided imposing upon the reader, and perplexing the printer with tedious common-place notes: but

finding towards the latter end many examples of noblemen who disgraced their ancestors by vicious practices, and of men meanly born who ennobled their families by virtuous and brave actions, he thought some historical relations were necessary towards rendering those instances more intelligible; which is all he pretends to by his remarks. He would gladly have left out the heavy passage of the Mirmillo and Retarius, which he honestly confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confined himself to the strict rules of translation, but has frequently taken the liberty of imitating, paraphrasing, or reconciling the Roman customs to our modern usage, he hopes this freedom is pardonable, since he has not used it but when he found the original flat, obscure, or defective, and where the humour and connection of the author might naturally allow of such a change.

WHAT'S the advantage, or the real good,
In tracing from the source our ancient blood?
To have our ancestors in paint or stone,
Preserv'd as relics, or like monsters shewn?
The brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
The virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mouldering nose, that bears
Injurious scars, the sad effects of years?
And Galba grinning without nose or ears?
Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit:
Though plodding heralds through each branch
may trace
Old Captains and Dictators of their race,
While their ill lives that family bely,
And grieve the brass which stands dishonour'd by.
'Tis mere burlesque, that to our Generals praise
Their progeny immortal statues raise,
Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
To game before their images all night,
And steal to bed at the approach of day,
The hour when these their ensigns did display.

Why should soft Fabius impudently bear
Names gain'd by conquests in the Gallic war?
Why lays he claim to Hercules's strain,
Yet dares be base, effeminate, and vain?
The glorious altar to that hero built
Adds but a greater lustre to his guilt,
Whose tender limbs and polish'd skin disgrace
The grisly beauty of his manly race;
And, who, by practising the dismal skill
Of poisoning, and such treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy kindred marble sweat,
When his degenerate head by their's is set.

Long galleries of ancestry, and all
The follies which ill-grace a country hall,
Challenge no wonder or esteem from me;
"Virtue alone is true nobility."
Live therefore well: to men and gods appear,
Such as good Paulus, Cossus, Drusus, were;
And in thy consular, triumphal shew,
Let these before thy father's statues go;
Place them before the ensigns of the state,
As choosing rather to be good than great.

Convince the world that you're devout and true,
 Be just in all you say, and all you do;
 Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
 A peer of the first magnitude to me:
 Rome for your sake shall push her conquests on,
 And bring new titles home from nations won,
 To dignify so eminent a son.
 With your blest name shall every region sound,
 Loud as mad Egypt, when her priests have found
 A new Osiris for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call those noble, who deface,
 By meaner acts, the glories of their race;
 Whose only title to our fathers' fame
 Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
 A dwarf as well may for a giant pass;
 A negro for a swan; a crook-back'd lass
 Be call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
 The name of tiger, lion, or whate'er
 Denotes the noblest or the fiercest beast;
 Be therefore careful, lest the world in jest
 Should thee just so with the mock titles greet
 Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.

To whom is this advice and censure due?
 Rubellius Plancus, 'tis applied to you;
 Who think your person second to divine,
 Because descended from the Drusian line;
 Though yet you no illustrious act have done,
 To make the world distinguish Julia's son
 From the vile offspring of a trull, who sits
 By the town wall, and for a living knits.
 "You are poor rogues (you cry) the baser scum
 "And inconsiderable dregs of Rome;
 "Who know not from what corner of the earth
 "The obscure wretch who got you, stole his
 "birth;

"Mine I derive from Cecrops."—May your Grace
 Live and enjoy the splendor of your race!—
 Yet of these base plebeians we have known
 Some, who, by charming eloquence, have
 grown

Great senators, and honours to that gown:
 Some at the bar with subtilty defend
 The cause of an unlearned noble friend;
 Or on the bench the knotty laws untie:
 Others their stronger youth to arms apply,
 Go to Euphrates, or those forces join
 Which garrison the conquests near the Rhine.
 While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely;
 Though you resemble your great family
 No more, than those rough statues on the road
 (Which we call Mercuries) are like that god:
 Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
 You are a living statue, that of stone.

Great son of Troy, who ever prais'd a beast
 For being of a race above the rest,
 But rather meant his courage, and his force?
 To give an instance—We commend a horse
 (Without regard of pasture or of breed)
 For his undaunted mettle and his speed;
 Who wins most plates with greatest ease, and first
 Prints with his hoofs his conquests on the dust.
 But if fleet Dragon's progeny at last
 Prove jaded, and in frequent matches cast,
 No favour for the stallion we retain,
 And no respect for the degenerate strain;

The worthless brute is from New-market brought,
 And at an under rate in Smithfield bought,
 To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
 Beneath two panniers and a baker's wife.

That we may therefore you, not your's, admire,
 First, Sir, some honour of your own acquire;
 Add to that stock which justly we bestow

On those blest shades to whom you all things owe.
 This may suffice the haughty youth to shame,
 Whose swelling veins (if we may credit fame)

Burst almost with the vanity and pride
 That their rich blood to Nero's is ally'd:
 The rumour's likely; for, "We seldom find
 "Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd."

But Ponticus, I would not you should raise
 Your credit by hereditary praise;
 Let your own acts immortalise your name;
 "'Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
 For, take the pillars but away, and all
 The superstructure must in ruins fall;
 As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
 From the embraces of the elm she lov'd.

Be a good foldier, or upright trustee,
 An arbitrator from corruption free,
 And if a witness in a doubtful cause,
 Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws:
 Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
 And he would dictate what he'd have you swear,
 Be not so profligate, but rather choose
 To guard your honour, and your life to lose,
 Rather than let your virtue be betray'd;
 Virtue, the noblest cause for which you're made.

"Improperly we measure life by breath;
 "Such do not truly live who merit death;
 Though they their wanton senses nicely please
 With all the charms of luxury and ease;
 Though mingled flowers adorn their careless
 brow,

And round them costly sweets neglected flow,
 As if they in their funeral state were laid,
 And to the world, as they're to virtue, dead.

When you the province you expect obtain,
 From passion and from avarice refrain;
 Let our associates poverty provoke
 Thy generous heart not to increase their yoke,
 Since riches cannot rescue from the grave,
 Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.

To what the laws enjoin, submission pay;
 And what the Senate shall command, obey.
 Think what rewards upon the good attend,
 And how those fall unpitied who offend:
 Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
 Who felt the thunder of the States decree,
 For robbing the Cecilians, though they
 (Like lesser pikes) only subsist on prey.
 But what avails the rigour of their doom?
 Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
 Nor give the miserable province ease,
 Since what one plunderer left, the next will seize.

Cherippus then, in time yourself bethink,
 And what your rags will yield by auction, sink;
 Ne'er put yourself to charges to complain
 Of wrong which heretofore you did sustain,
 Make not a voyage to detect the theft:
 'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

When Rome at first our rich allies subdued,
From gentle taxes noble spoils accrued;
Each wealthy province, but in part oppress'd,
Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
All treasuries did then with heaps abound;
In every wardrobe costly silks were found;
The least apartment of the meanest house
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce;
Pictures which from Parrhasius did receive
Motion and warmth, and statues taught to live:
Some Polyclete's, some Myron's work declar'd,
In others Phidias' master-piece appear'd;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
Emboss'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
These Dolabella's rapine did excite,
These Anthony for his own theft thought fit,
Verres for these did sacrilege commit;
And when their reigns were ended, ships full
fraught

The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
Which made in peace a treasure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.

This was of old; but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed;
Yet, lest this provident design succeed,
They drive the father of the herd away,
Making both stallion and his pasture prey.
Their rapine is so abject and profane,
They not from trifles nor from gods refrain;
But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
If they be little images that please.
Such are the spoils which now provoke their theft,
And are the greatest, nay, they're all that's left.

Thus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppress,

Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:
For how can sops thy tyranny controul,
"Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul."
But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
Sclavonia, France, thy gripes from those restrain,

Who with their sweat Rome's luxury maintain,
And send us plenty, while our wanton day
Is lavish'd at the circus, or the play.

For, should you to extortion be inclin'd,
Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
Since gleaning Marius has already seiz'd
All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeez'd.

But, above all, "Be careful to withhold
"Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
"Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;
"For, though your violence should leave them bare

"Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,
"And will revenge the wrongs which they sustain;

"The plunder'd still have arms———."

Think not the precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain notion of my own;
No, 'tis a Sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure as the decrees of fate.

Let none but men of honour you attend;
Choose him that has most virtue for your friend,

And give no way to any darling youth
To sell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from strolling up and down,
To all assizes, and through every town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey
(For which your justice and your fame will pay).
Keep yourself free from scandals such as these;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you please:
If he's too modern, and your pride aspire
To seek the author of your being higher,
Choose any Titan who the gods withstood
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other story you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.

But should you prove ambitious, lustful, vain;
Or could you see with pleasure and disdain,
Rods broke on our associates bleeding backs,
And heads-men labouring till they blunt their ax:
Your father's glory will your sin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expose your shame;
"For still more public scandal vice extends,
"As he is great and noble who offends."

How dare you then your high extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a deed,
In the same temple which your grandfire built;
Making his statue privy to the guilt.
Or in a bawdy masquerade are led,
Muffled by night, to some polluted bed.

Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
Where his forefathers' peaceful ashes sleep;
Driving himself a chariot down the hill,
And (though a consul) links himself the wheel:
To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night,
Yet the moon sees, and every smaller light
Pries as a witness of the shameful sight.
Nay, when his year of honour's ended, soon
He'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon;
Nor blush should he some grave acquaintance meet,
But, proud of being known, will jerk and greet:
And when his fellow-beasts are weary grown,
He'll play the groom, give oats, and rub them
If, after Numa's ceremonial way, [down.
He at Jove's altar would a victim slay,
To no clean goddess he directs his prayers,
But by Hippona most devoutly swears,
Or some rank deity, whose filthy face
We suitably o'er stinking stables place.

When he has run his length, and does begin
To steer his course directly for the inn
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all
A greasy Syrian, ere he can alight, [night),
Presents him essence, while his courteous host
(Well knowing nothing by good-breeding's lost)
Tags every sentence with some fawning word,
Such as "My King, My Prince," at least "My
"Lord;"

And a tight maid, ere he for wine can ask,
Gueßes his meaning, and unloils the flask.
Some, friends to vice, industriously defend
These innocent diversions, and pretend
That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
Alleging that when young we did the same.
I grant we did, yet when that age was past,
The frolic humour did no longer last;

We did not cherish and indulge the crime :
What's foul in acting, should be left in time.

'Tis true, some faults, of course, with childhood
end,

We therefore wink at wags when they offend,
And spare the boy, in hopes the man may mend.

But Lateranus (now his vigorous age
Should prompt him for his country to engage,
The circuit of our empire to extend,
And all our lives in Cæsar's to defend)
Mature in riots, places his delight
All day in plying bumpers, and at night
Reels to the bawds, over whose doors are set
Pictures and bills, with "Here are whores to let."
Should any desperate unexpected fate
Summon all heads and hands to guard the state,
Cæsar, send quickly to secure the port ;
"But where's the general? where does he
"resort?"

Send to the sutler's; there y' are sure to find
The bully match'd with rascals of his kind,
Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and sailors;
Rooks, common soldiers, hangmen, thieves, and
tailors; [cessions,
With Cybele's priests, who, weary'd with pro-
Drink there, and sleep with knaves of all pro-
fessions,

A friendly gang! each equal to the best;
And all, who can, have liberty to jest: [think
One flaggon walks the round, that none should
They either change, or stint him of his drink:
And, lest exceptions may for place be found,
Their stools are all alike, their table round.

What think you, Ponticus, yourself might do,
Should any slave so lewd belong to you?
No doubt, you'd send the rogue in fetters bound
To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
As if what we esteem in cobblers base,
Would the high family of Brutus grace.

Shameful are these examples, yet we find
(To Rome's disgrace) far worse than these behind;
Poor Damasippus, whom we once have known
Fluttering with coach and six about the town,
Is forc'd to make the stage his last retreat,
And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
For now he must (since his estate is lost)
Or represent, or be himself, a ghost:
And Lentulus acts hanging with such art,
Were I a judge, he should not feign the part.
Nor would I their vile insolence acquit,
Who can with patience, nay diversion, sit,
Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
And clapping farces acted by the court,
While the peers cuff, to make the rabble sport:
Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they die;
Since none can have the favourable thought
That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
But that their lives they willingly expose,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their shews.

Yet say, the stage and lifts were both in fight,
And you must either choose to act, or fight;

Death never sure bears such a ghastly shape,
That a rank coward basely would escape
By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
Yet a peer actor is no monstrous thing,
Since Rome has own'd a fidler for a king:
After such pranks, the world itself at best
May be imagin'd nothing but a jest.

Go to the lifts where feats of arms are shewn,
There you'll find Gracchus (from patrician)
grown

A fencer and the scandal of the town.
Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
The modest helmet he disdains to wear;
As Retiarius he attacks his foe;
First waves his trident ready for the throw,
Next casts his net, but neither level'd right,
He stares about expos'd to public fight,
Then places all his safety in his flight.
Room for the noble gladiator! See
His coat and hatband shew his quality.

Thus when at last the brave Mirmillio knew
'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did pursue,
To conquer such a coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.

Had we the freedom to express our mind,
There's not a wretch so much to vice inclin'd,
But will own, Seneca did far excel
His pupil, by whose tyranny he fell:
To expiate whose complicated guilt,
With some proportion to the blood he spilt,
Rome should more serpents, apes, and sacks pro-
vide,

Than one, for the compendious parricide.
'Tis true, Orestes a like crime did act;
Yet weigh the cause, there's difference in the fact:
He slew his mother at the gods' command,
They bid him strike, and did direct his hand;
To punish falsehood, and appease the ghost
Of his poor father treacherously lost,
Just in the minute when the flowing bowl
With a full tide enlarg'd his cheerful soul.
Yet kill'd he not his sister, or his wife,
Nor aim'd at any near relation's life;
Orestes, in the heat of all his rage,
Ne'er play'd or sung upon a public stage;
Never on verse did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid scene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who, to raise his fancy higher,
And finish the great work, set Rome on fire.
Such crimes make treason just, and might compel
Virginus, Vindex, Galba, to rebel;
For what could Nero's self have acted worse
To aggravate the wretched nation's curse?

These are the blest endowments, studies, arts,
Which exercise our mighty Emperor's parts;
Such frolics with his roving genius suit,
On foreign theatres to prostitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
And winning at a wake their parsley-crown,
Let this triumphal chaplet find some place
Among the other trophies of thy race;
By the Domitii's statues shall be laid
The habit and the mask in which you play'd

Antigon's, or bold Thyestes' part,
(While your wild nature little wanted art)
And on the marble pillar shall be hung
The lute to which the Royal Madman sung.

Who, Cataline, can boast a nobler line
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's, and thine?
Yet you took arms, and did by night conspire
To set your houses and our gods on fire.
(An enterprize which might indeed become
Our enemies, the Gauls, not sons of Rome,
To recompence whose barbarous intent
Pitch'd shirts would be too mild a punishment);
But Tully, our wise consul, watch'd the blow,
With care discover'd, and disarm'd the foe;
Tully, the humble mushroom, scarcely known,
The lowly native of a country town
(Who till of late could never reach the height
Of being honour'd as a Roman knight),
Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
Dealing an equal share to every ward,
And by the peaceful robe got more renown
Within our walls, than young Octavius won
By victories at Actium, or the plain
Of Theffaly, discolour'd by the slain:
Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
The Father of his Country, which he freed.

Marius (another consul we admire)
In the same village born, first plow'd for hire;
His next advance was to the soldier's trade,
Where, if he did not nimbly ply the spade,
His surly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
His knotty cudgel on his tougher back:
Yet he alone secur'd the tottering state,
Withstood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:
So when the eagles to their quarry flew
(Who never such a goodly banquet knew)
Only a second laurel did adorn
His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
He shar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
But Marius won the glory of the day.

From a mean stock the pious Decii came,
Small their estates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themselves more worth than all the host they
sav'd.

The last good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
Yet he those robes of empire justly bore,
Which Romulus, our sacred founder, wore:
Nicely he gain'd, and well possess'd the throne,
Not for his father's merit, but his own,
And reign'd, himself a family alone.

When Tarquin, his proud successor was quell'd,
And with him Lust and Tyranny expell'd,
The consuls' sons (who for their country's good,
And to enhance the honour of their blood,
Should have asserted what their father won,
And, to confirm that liberty, have done [own;
Actions which Cocles might have wish'd his
What might to Mutius wonderful appear,
And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
Open'd the gates, endeavouring to restore
Their banish'd king, and arbitrary power:

VOL. VI.

Whilst a poor slave, with scarce a name, betray'd
The horrid ills these well born rogues had laid;
Who therefore for their treason justly bore
The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have strength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to sustain a ten years war;
Though foul Therites got thee, thou shalt be
More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from some hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.

Boast then your blood, and your long lineage
stretch

As high as Rome, and its great founders reach;
You'll find, in these hereditary tales,
Your ancestors the scum of broken jails;
And Romulus, your honour's ancient source,
But a poor shepherd's boy, or something worse.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE VII.

IMITATED.

I.

DEAR Molly, why so oft in tears?
Why all these jealousies and fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have patience till we've conquer'd France,
Thy closet shall be stor'd with Nantz;
Ye ladies like such plander.

II.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long night he sighs
For thee in lousy cabin:
And though the Captain's Cloe cries,
" 'Tis I, dear Bully, pr'ythee rise"
He will not let the drab in.

III.

But she, the cunning'st jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By sharing female bounties:
And, if he'll be but kind one night,
She vows he shall be dubb'd a knight,
When she is made a countess.

IV.

Then tells of smooth young pages whipp'd,
Cashier'd, and of their liveries stripp'd;
Who late to peers belonging,
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With links, because they would not drudge
To save their ladies longing.

V.

But Val the eunuch cannot be
A colder cavalier than he,
In all such love adventures:
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Christian care, and do not break
Your conjugal indentures.

VI.

Bellair! (who does not Bellair know?
The wit, the beauty, and the beau)
Gives out he loves you dearly:
And many a nymph attack'd with sighs,
And soft impertinence and noise,
Full oft has beat a parley.

L 1

VII.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
Shall come with amorous serenade,
Soon from the window rate him :
But if reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to scale,
Discharge the jordan at him.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

I.

VERSES immortal as my bays I sing,
When suited to my trembling string :
When by strange art both voice and lyre agree
To make one pleasing harmony.
All poets are by their blind captain led,
(For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd laurel from his aged
head.)
Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.
Still does Stesichorus's tongue
Sing sweeter than the bird which on it
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow [hung.
Love from every verse does flow ;
Still Sappho's strings do seem to move,
Instructing all her sex to love.

II.

Golden rings of flowing hair
More than Helen did ensnare ;
Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
And, wondering, melted to desire.
Not only skilful Teucer knew
To direct arrows from the bended yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding
Was Sthenelus the only valiant he, [wall.
A subject fit for lasting poetry ?
Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
Who, to save others' lives, expos'd his own ?
Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
And be the pillar of a tottering state ?
No ; others bury'd in oblivion lie,
As silent as their grave,
Because no charitable poet gave
Their well deserved immortality.

III.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave, }
Are level'd in th' impartial grave, }
If they no poet have.
But I will lay my music by,
And bid the mournful strings in silence lie ;
Unless my songs begin and end with you,
To whom my strings, to whom my songs, are due,
No pride does with your rising honours grow,
You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.
Should fortune change your happy state,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great.
Your equal hand holds an unbiass'd scale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail :
You wish a generous honesty despise
What all the meaner world so dearly prize :

Nor does your virtue disappear,
With the small circle of one short-liv'd year :
Others, like comets, visit and away ;
Your lustre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
But with the constant Sun makes an eternal }
day.

IV.

We barbarously call those blest,
Who are of largest tenements possesst,
Whilst swelling coffers break their owner's }
rest.
More truly happy those, who can
Govern that little empire, Man ;
Bridle their passions, and direct their will [ill ;
Through all the glittering paths of charming
Who spend their treasure freely as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven ;
Who, in a fixt unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate ;
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear ;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
And seal their country's love with their departing
breath.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOLLOWING
VERSE FROM LUCAN.

" Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

THE Gods and Cato did in this divide,
They choose the conquering, he the conquer'd side.

TO MR. EDMUND SMITH.

MUN, rarely credit common Fame,
Unheeded let her praise or blame ;
As whimsies guide the gossip tattles
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles ;
To-day the warrior's brow she crowns,
For naval spoils, and taken towns ;
To-morrow all her spite she rallies,
And votes the victor to the gallies.
Nor in her visits can she spare
The reputation of the fair.
For instance :—Chloe's bloom did boast
A while to be the reigning toast ;
Lean hectic sparks abandon'd bohea,
And in beer glasses pledg'd to Cloe :
What tops of figure did she bring
To the front boxes and the ring ?
While nymphs of quality look sullen,
As breeding wives, or moulting pullen.
Blest charmer she, till prying Fame
Incog. to Miss's toilet came ;
Where in the gally-pots she spy'd
Lillies, and roses, that defy'd

The frost of age, with certain pickles
They call—Cosmetics for the freckles;
Away she flew with what she wanted,
And told at Court that Cloe painted.

“Then who’d on Common Fame rely,
“Whose chief employment’s to decry?
“A coggling, fickle, jilting female,
“As ever ply’d at six in the Mall;
“The father of all fibs begat her
“On some old newsman’s fusty daughter.”

O Captain! *Taisez-vous*—’twere hard
Her novels ne’er should have regard:
One proof I’ll in her favour give,
Which none but you will disbelieve.

When Phœbus sent her to recite
The praises of the most polite,
Whose scenes have been, in every age,
The glories of the British stage;
Then she, to rigid truth confin’d,
Your name with lofty Shakspeare join’d;
And, speaking as the God directed,
The praise she gave was unsuspected.

THE SPELL *.

WHENE’ER I wive, young Strephon cry’d,
Ye powers that o’er the noose preside!
Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour, give,
Or let me still a rover live:

But if all these no nymph can share,
And I’m predestin’d to the snare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.

Thus pray’d the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst Cupid at his elbow stood,
And twitching him, said, Youth, be wise,
Ask not impossibilities:

A faultless make, a manag’d wit,
Humour and fortune never met:
But if a beauty you’d obtain,
Court some bright Phyllis of the brain,
The dear idea long enjoy;

Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy.
But trust me, youth, for I’m sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair:

Howe’er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,
Their beauty’s but a SPELL, to bring
A lover to th’ enchanted ring:

Ere the sack posset is digested,
Or half of Hymen’s taper wasted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,

From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem to suck her springing soul—
These, and the rest, you doated on,

Are nauseous or insipid grown;
The SPELL dissolves, the cloud is gone.

And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

* This poem, with a few alterations, is to be found in Fenton, under the title of “The Platonic Spell.”

ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS.

FROM OVID.

If Memnon’s fate, bewail’d with constant dew,
Does, with the day, his mother’s grief renew;
If her son’s death mov’d tender Thetis’ mind
To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the
wind;
If mighty Gods can mortals’ sorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe;
Now loose your tresses, pensive Elegy,
(Too well your office and your name agree)
Tibullus, once the joy and pride of Fame,
Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad Cupid now despairs of conquering hearts,
Throws by his empty quiver, breaks his darts,
Eases his useless bows from idle strings,
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
He wants, of which he robb’d fond lovers, rest,
And wounds with furious hands his pensive breast.
Those graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling snow,
Forget their beauty, and in discord lie,
Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
Not more Æneas’ loss the boy did move;
Like passions for them both, prove equal love.
Tibullus’ death grieves the fair goddess more,
More swells her eyes, than when the savage }
boar

Her beautiful, her lov’d Adonis tore.

Poets large souls heaven’s noblest stamps do
bear,

(Poets, the watchful angels’ darling care :)
Yet death (blind archer) that no difference knows,
Without respect his roving arrows throws,
Nor Phœbus, nor the Muses’ queen, could give
Their son their own prerogative, to live.
Orpheus, the heir of both his parents’ skill,
Tam’d wondering beasts, and Death’s more cruel
will.

Linus’ sad strings on the dumb lute do lie,
In silence forc’d to let their master die.
Homer (the spring to whom we poets owe
Our little all does in sweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his fame;
His works alone survive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needless victims prodigally pay,
Worship their sleeping Deities: yet Death
Scorns votaries, and stops the praying breath.
To hallow’d shrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the altar to the tomb.

Go, frantic poet, with delusions sed,
Think laurels guard your consecrated head,
Now the sweet master of your art is dead. }
What can we hope? since that a narrow span
Can measure the remains of thee, great man!
The bold rash flame that durst approach so nigh, }
And see Tibullus, and not trembling die,
Durst seize on temples, and their gods defy. }

Fair Venus (fair ev'n in such sorrows) stands,
 Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands:
 Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
 To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His mother weeping does his eye-lids close,
 And on his urn tears, her last gift, bestows.
 His sister too, with hair dishevel'd, bears
 Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.

With those, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
 And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
 Both hug his urn, both his lov'd ashes kiss,
 And both contend which reap'd the greater bliss.
 Thus Delia spoke (when sighs no more could last)
 Renewing by remembrance pleasures past:

"When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
 "I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
 "I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,
 "And kept alive, till age, his active fire."
 To her then Nemesis (when groans gave leave),
 "As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
 "Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,
 "About my neck his dying arms did twine:
 "I snatch'd his soul, which true to me did prove:
 "Age ended yours, death only stopp'd my love."

If any poor remains survive the flames,
 Except thin shadows, and more empty names;
 Free in Elysium shall Tibullus rove,
 Nor fear a second death should cross his love.
 There shall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
 To his far dearer friend his open heart:

There Gallus (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
 Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
 Such shall our poets blest companions be,
 And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
 But thou, rich urn, obey my strict commands,
 Guard thy great charge from sacrilegious hands.
 Thou, Earth, Tibullus' ashes gently use,
 And be as soft and easy as his Muse.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Englisht from a Greek Idyllium.

BRIGHT Star! by Venus fix'd above,
 To rule the happy realms of love;
 Who in the dewy rear of day,
 Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
 Dost other lights as far outshine
 As Cynthia's silver glories thine;
 Known by superior beauty there,
 As much as Pastorella here.

Exert, bright Star, thy friendly light,
 And guide me through the dusky night:
 Defrauded of her beams, the moon
 Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
 I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
 I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
 To find a nymph, I'm forc'd to stray,
 Who lately stole my heart away.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN PHILIPS.

Containing his

SPLENDID SHILLING,
ELENHEIM,

||
Uc. Uc. Uc.

CIDER,
CEREALIA,

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

PHILIPS, *Pemona's* bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst in rhyme unfetter'd verse
With *British* freedom sing the British song:
How from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

THOMSON.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN PHILLIPS.

Containing his

POEMS,
SONNETS,

STANZAS,
EPIGRAMS,

AND
OTHER POETICAL
COMPOSITIONS.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

And faithful lines, to cool the summer hours,
The weary revels of the laboring mind;
Form in transparent floods; form through to sheet
How from illiterate verse, high-sounding words
With words freedom ring the British song;
Who nobly dare in rhyme and verse
Futurity, Rome's hand, the future show

Thomson.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDALL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1853.

THE LIFE OF J. PHILIPS.

JOHN PHILIPS was son of Dr. Stephen Philips, Archdeacon of Salop, and born at Bampton, in Oxfordshire, on the 30th of December 1676.

After he had received a grammatical education at home, he was sent to Winchester school, where he distinguished himself by the superiority of his exercises, and endeared himself to his school-fellows by his civility and good-nature.

It is related, that he seldom mingled in play with the other boys, but retired to his chamber, where his highest pleasure was to have his hair combed by somebody; probably from the same ridiculous fancy that made *Isaac Vossius* delight in having his hair combed by barbers, or other persons skilled in the rules of prosody, as he himself relates in his treatise, "*De Poematum cantu et viribus Rythmi.*"

At school, he made himself master of the Latin and Greek languages, and was distinguished for his happy imitation of the excellencies of the best classical writers.

In 1694, he was removed to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he performed his academical exercises with great applause; and carefully studied the works of the ancient and modern poets, particularly the *Paradise Lost* of Milton; whose sounding words and stately construction he afterwards imitated in his own compositions.

He was not, however, so much addicted to the study of poetry, as to neglect natural philosophy; and as the profession which he intended to follow was that of physic, he took much delight in natural history, of which botany was his favourite department.

While he resided at Christ Church, he was esteemed by the most eminent scholars in the college; at that time in the highest reputation; and was distinguished by the friendship of Smith, author of "*Phædra and Hippolitus.*"

In 1703, he published *The Splendid Shilling*, a burlesque poem, which struck the public attention with a mode of writing, in which the opposition between the style and the sentiment was unexpected; and the application of Milton's phraseology to familiar incidents, gave the words and things a new appearance.

It has the uncommon merit of being an original specimen of burlesque, that has lost nothing by time, the peculiar manners of which it did not, like *Hudibras*, represent, and therefore will be longer intelligible than that celebrated poem; which is not built on observations on nature.

This performance raised his reputation so high, that he was employed by Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, and the Tories, to write a poem on the Victory of Blenheim, probably in opposition to Addison, who was employed to write upon the same subject by Halifax and the Whigs.

Accordingly, his *Blenheim* appeared in 1705; and it was not denied to be a tolerable poem even by those who did not allow its superiority to the "*Campaign*" of Addison. It is the poem of a scho-

lar, written with little comprehension of the qualities necessary to the composition of a modern hero, which Addison has displayed with so much propriety.

In 1706, he published his greatest work, the Poem on *Cider*, in two books, the plan of which he laid at Oxford, and afterwards completed in London. It was read with universal approbation, as an imitation of Virgil's *Georgic*, which emulated the beauties of the finest production of antiquity. It continued long to be read, and is entitled to this peculiar praise, That it is founded in truth; that the precepts it contains are exact and just; and that it is therefore at once a book of entertainment and of science.

About this time, he wrote a Latin Ode to his patron, St. John, in return for a present of wine and tobacco, which is gay and elegant, and exhibits several artful accommodations of classic expressions to new purposes.

He meditated a poem on the *Last Day*, the design of which his friend Smith had probably seen, who thus speaks of it in the admirable Elegy which he wrote upon his death,

" O had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,
How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread.
Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear !"

This work he did not live to finish; a slow consumption and an asthma put an end to his life on the 15th of February 1708, in the 32d year of his age. He was buried in the Cathedral of Hereford, with an epitaph inscribed upon his grave-stone by his mother; and Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor, erected a monument to his memory, in Westminster Abbey, with a copious and elegant inscription, written by Dr. Atterbury, though commonly given to Dr. Freind.

Philips has been praised by Dr. Sewell, without contradiction, as a man modest, blameless, and pious, who bore narrowness of fortune without discontent, and a tedious and painful illness without impatience, beloved by all who knew him, but not ambitious to be known.

His conversation is commended for its innocent gaiety. " He was free, familiar, and easy with his friends, but somewhat reserved and silent amongst strangers: he was averse to disputes, and thought no time so ill spent, and no wit so ill used as that which was employed in such debates; his whole life was distinguished by a natural goodness, and a well grounded and unaffected piety, an universal charity, and a steady adherence to his principles; no one observed the natural and civil duties of life with a stricter regard, whether a son, a friend, or a member of society; and he had the happiness to fill every one of those parts without even the suspicion either of untruthfulness, insincerity, or disrespect."

His addiction to the pleasures of the pipe is mentioned, with this remark, that in all his writings, except *Blenheim*, he has found an opportunity of celebrating tobacco.

His poetical character is given by Dr. Johnson, whose unfavourable opinion of blank verse will weigh little with readers uncorrupted by literary prejudices.

" His works are few; he unhappily pleased himself with blank verse, and supposed that the numbers of Milton, which impress the mind with veneration, combined as they are with subjects of inconceivable grandeur, could be sustained by images which at most can rise only to elegance.

" He imitates Milton's numbers indeed, but imitates them very injudiciously. Deformity is easily copied; and whatever there is in Milton which the reader wishes away, all that is obsolete, peculiar, or licentious, is accumulated with great care by Philips. Those asperities, therefore, which are venerable in the *Paradise Lost*, are contemptible in *Blenheim*.

" What study could confer, Philips had obtained; but natural deficiency cannot be supplied. He seems not born to greatness and elevation. He is never lofty; nor does he often surprise with unexpected excellence; but perhaps to his last poem may be applied what Tully said of the work of Lucretius, that it is written with much art, though with few blazes of genius."

MR. PHILIP'S DESIGNED DEDICATION

TO THE

SPLENDID SHILLING.

TO W. BROME, ESQ. OF EWITHINGTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HEREFORD.

SIR,

It would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the rise and progress of Dedications. The use of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors; and we have reason to believe that it was continued without any interruption till the beginning of this century, at which time mottoes, anagrams, and frontispieces being introduced, Dedications were mightily discouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restored, and by whom they were first ushered in, is a work that far transcends my knowledge; a work that can justly be expected from no other pen but that of your operose Doctor Bentley. Let us, therefore, at present acquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present times a sufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem: especially since in this age Dedications are not only fashionable, but almost necessary; and indeed they are now so much in vogue, that a book without one is as seldom seen as a bawdy-house without a Practice of Piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, Sir, those who have no friends, dedicate to all good Christians; some to their booksellers; some, for want of a sublunary patron, to the

manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help those hen-pecked writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! But while I talk so much of other men's patrons, I have forgot my own; and seem rather to make an essay on Dedications, than to write one. However, Sir, I presume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for saying nothing to the purpose. You, Sir, are a person more tender of other men's reputation than your own, and would hear every body commended but yourself. Should I but mention your skill in turning, and the compassion you shewed to my fingers ends when you gave me a tobacco-stopper, you would blush, and be confounded with your just praises. How much more would you, should I tell you what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language, the Saxon? Since, therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove so troublesome, I shall offend your modesty no longer. Give me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, Sir, if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject, the variety of images, and the exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject

of the poem is myself, a subject never yet handled by any poets. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable Monsieur le Bog. Yet since I am the subject, and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vain-glorious. As for the moral, I have taken particular care that it should lie incognito, not like the ancients, who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses. But here you may look a good while, and perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprize to the reader. What shall I say of the similes, that are so full of geography, that you must get a Welshman to understand them? that so raise our ideas of the things they are applied to? that are so extraordinarily quaint and well chosen, that there's nothing like them? So that I think I may, without vanity, say, *Asia Pieridum peragro loca, &c.* Yet, how-

ever excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vast difference between some parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble servant's negligence, but diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money; and was finished when he had the misfortune, at a virtuous lady's house, to meet with both. But I hope, in time, Sir, when hunger and poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an Essay on Minced Pies, which shall be devoted to you with all submission, by,

SIR,

Your most obliged,

And humble servant,

J. PHILIPS.

P O E M S.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

“ ———— Sing, heavenly Muse!

“ Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,”

A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe or Phyllis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweet bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert [stalks
Such plagues from righteous men!]) Behind him
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay

Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail

Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.

Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My Galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force

Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear,
they pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

BLENHEIM.

FROM low and abject themes the groveling Muse
Now mounts aerial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero; may the verse not sink
Beneath his merits, but detain a while
Thy ear, O Harley*! (though thy country's weal
Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counsels) since, with every art
Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the Muses' seat:
Therefore thee first, and last, the Muse shall sing.

Long had the Gallic monarch, uncontrol'd,
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
As erst Sesostris (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yoke
(Base servitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
Lash'd furious; they in sullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load; nor less he aim'd
At universal sway: for William's arm
Could nought avail, however sam'd in war;
Nor armies leagu'd, that diversly essay'd
To curb his power enormous; like an oak,
That stands secure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores:
So stood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chose,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air,
And other climes, where different food and soil
Portend distempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilsome, unfatigued with length

* This poem was inscribed to the Right Honourable Robert Harley, Esq. 1705, then Speaker of the House of Commons, and Secretary of State.

Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
 Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-stretching hills
 All white with summer's snows. They go beyond
 The trace of English steps, where scarce the sound
 Of Henry's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
 Thy conduct and example gives; nor small
 Encouragement: Godolphin, wife and just,
 Equal in merit, honour, and success,
 To Burleigh (fortunate alike to serve
 The best of Queens): he, of the royal store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
 Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
 The soldier's ease; to regions far remote
 His care extends; and to the British host
 Makes ravish'd countries plenteous as their own.
 And now, O Churchill! at thy wisht approach
 The Germans, hopeless of success, forlorn,
 With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
 New-activated rouse; not more rejoice
 The miserable race of men, that live
 Benighted half the year, benumb'd with frosts
 Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
 Under the polar Bear, inclement sky!
 When first the sun with new-born light removes
 The long-incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
 Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
 Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
 In military honour next, although
 His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far-divided lands
 Victorious; on thy powerful sword alone
 Germania and the Belgic coast relies,
 Won from th' encroaching sea: that sword great
 Anne

Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side,
 When thee sh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
 Illustrating the noble list; her hand
 Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
 Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
 Immediate sieges, and the tire of war,
 Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumed crest
 Nods horrible; with more terrific port
 Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests, then did Albion
 hope
 From thy achievements! yet thou hast surpass'd
 Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
 Could fear or fancy; they, in multitude
 Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
 Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
 From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
 Jovial his mate bespoke: O friend, observe
 How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
 The Britons come, with gold well fraught, they
 come

Thus far our prey, and tempt us to subdue
 Their recreant force; how will their bodies stript
 Enrich the victors, while the vultures fate
 Their maws with full repast!—Another, warm'd
 With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd:
 What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
 Of base antagonists, with griding edge
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
 Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,

Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
 Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe,
 Confounded and appal'd! no trivial price
 Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
 To lead him shackled, and expos'd to scorn
 Of gathering crowds, the Briton's boasted chief.

Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts
 And menaces express; nor could their prince
 In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
 Refrain: Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? Why
 Decline the war? Shall a morass forbid
 Your easy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way
 Safe of access. Imprudent, thus t' invite
 A furious lion to his folds! That boast
 He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
 He soon revisits Britany, that once
 Resplendent came, with stretcht retinue girt,
 And pompous pageantry; O hapless fate,
 If any arm, but Churchill's, had prevail'd!

No need such boasts, or exprobrations false
 Of cowardice; the military mound
 The British files transcend, in evil hour
 For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate
 And now on either side the trumpets blew,
 Signal of onset, resolution firm
 Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
 The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
 Collecting all their might; for on th' event
 Decisive of this bloody day depends
 The fate of kingdoms: with less vehemence
 The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
 Cæsar, and Pompey, on Pharsalian plains,
 Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
 Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
 Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
 Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
 Bold champion! brandishing his Noric blade,
 Best temper'd steel, successful prov'd in field!
 Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
 Presumptuous comes; here Churchill, not so prompt
 To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
 With Eugene's German force. Now from each
 The brazen instruments of death discharge
 Horrific flames, and turbid streaming clouds
 Of smoke sulphureous; intermixt with these
 Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
 Singeing the air, and from long distance bring
 Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly
 By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
 Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
 Are whirl'd aloof while numerous trunks bestrew
 Th' ensanguin'd field: with latent mischief stor'd
 Showers of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
 Disploding murderous bowels, fragments of steel,
 And stones, and glass, and nitrous grain adust;
 A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs
 Fly diverse, working torment, and foul rout
 With deadly bruise, and gashes furrow'd deep.
 Of pain impatient, the high-prancing steeds
 Disdain the curb, and, flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
 Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.

Thus through each army death in various shapes
 Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and
 gore

Lie clotted; lifeless some: with anguish these
Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
Of guns, and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal scale
Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were
seen,

None of retreat. As when two adverse winds,
Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-sky
Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
Levy'ing their equal force with utmost rage;
Long undecided lasts the airy strife:
So they incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm; with speed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
Rolling in death: destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd,
Descrying from afar, some engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, design'd
By one nice shot to terminate the war.
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miss'd her scope (for Destiny withstood
Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd
her way

Beneath his courser; round his sacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O! beware,
Great warrior! nor, too prodigal of life,
Expose the British safety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal prest,
Awaits; this day of all his honours gain'd
Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnotted.—Swift, and fierce
As wintry storm, he flies, to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks (so Ajax interpos'd
His sevenfold shield, and screen'd Laertes' son,
For valour much, and warlike wiles, renown'd,
When the insulting Trojans urg'd him sore
With tilted spears): unmanly dread invades
The French astoni'd; strait their useless arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
The hideous noise. What can they do? or how
Withstand his wide-destroying sword? or where
Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
Resistless, th' eager English champions press,
Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls
His current swift, the Danube vast and deep,
Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach,
New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw
Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate

On the firm land; the rest, discomfited,
And pusht by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood.
Bands numerous as the Memphian soldiery
That swell'd the Erythraean wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellously stood,
Observant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thousands float the stream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore;
Confiding in their hands, that sed'lous strive
To cut th' outrageous fluent: in this distress,
Ev'n in the sight of death, some tokens shew
Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
Sustain: vain love, though laudable! absorb'd
By a fierce eddy, they together found
The vast profundity; their horses paw
The swelling surge with fruitless toil: surcharg'd,
And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The lingering remnant with unusual tide;
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So when some sweltering travellers retire
To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian stream; her tail
Of vast extension from her watery den,
A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth,
Insidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls: th' unweeing prey
Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.

Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moist element a scorching death,
Pierc'd sinking; shrouded in a dusky cloud
The current flows, with livid missile flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the swift-footed son
Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursued
The straggling Trojans: nor less eager drove
Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
Into the deep immense, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distained.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, rescued harra's'd powers
From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Sustain'd. With prudent stay he long defer'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An host disparted; when in union firm
Embod'ed they advanc'd, collecting all
Their strength, and worthy seemed to be subdued:
He the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
Down to the realms of Night. The British souls,
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On Landen plains, this heavenly gladsome air,
Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not so the new inhabitants: they roam
Erroneous, and disconsolate; themselves
Accusing, and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they see,
Through the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
Two lovely youths, that amicably walked

O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
 Anna's late conquests; * one, to empire born,
 Egregious Prince, whose manly childhood shew'd
 His mingled parents, and portended joy
 Unspeakable; † thou, his associate dear
 Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
 Should'st Churchill be! but Heaven severe cut
 short

[boast
 Their springing years, nor would this isle should
 Gifts so important! them the Gallic shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant look
 Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
 Delighted; till, in one, their curious eye
 Discerns their great subduer's awful mien,
 And corresponding features fear; to them
 Confusion! strait the airy phantoms fleet,
 With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit.
 The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.

Enough, O Muse: the sadly-pleasing theme
 Leave, with these dark abodes, and re-ascend
 To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
 The conqueror, and sav'd nations' joint acclaim.
 Hark! how the cannon, inoffensive now,
 Gives signs of gratulation; struggling crowds
 From every city flow; with ardent gaze
 Fixt, they behold the British Guide, of sight
 Insatiate; whilst his great redeeming hand
 Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
 How Prussia's King transported entertains
 His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,
 Hope of his realm, commits (with better fate,
 Than to the Trojan Chief Evander gave
 Unhappy Pallas) and entreats to shew
 The skill and rudiments austere of war.
 See, with what joy, him Leopold declares
 His great Deliverer; and courts t' accept
 Of titles, with superior modesty
 Better refus'd! Meanwhile the haughty King
 Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair, and
 fear,

Now first he feels; his laurels all at once
 Torn from his aged head in life's extreme,
 Distract his soul! nor can great Boileau's harp
 Of various sounding wire, best taught to calm
 Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
 With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
 Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp re-
 morse,
 Torment the Boian prince? from native soil
 Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear embrace
 Of weeping consort, and depriv'd the sight
 Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
 Inglorious shelter, in an alien land;
 Deplorable! but that this mind averse
 To right, and insincere, would violate
 His plighted faith: why did he not accept
 Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
 With whom he must contend? encountering fierce
 The Solymeian Sultan, he o'erthrew
 His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
 With Painim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
 Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,

* Duke of Gloucester. † Marquis of Blandford.

Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,
 Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he sees
 Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
 Of him, he once defy'd. O destitute
 Of hope, unpity'd! thou should'st first have thought
 Of persevering steadfast; now upbraid
 Thy own inconstant, ill-aspiring heart.
 Lo! how the Noric plains, through thy default
 Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
 Best men, that warr'd still firmly for their prince
 Though faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd;
 Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
 Well fenc'd and numerous, desolation reigns,
 And emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd;
 The widow and the orphan strole around
 The desert wide; with oft retorted eye
 They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
 Of mansions, once their own (now loathsome
 haunts

Of birds obscene), bewailing loud the loss
 Of spouse, or sire, or son, ere manly prime,
 Slain in sad conflict, and complain of fate
 As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
 Where to retire themselves, or where appease
 Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
 To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.

Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd
 By Heaven propitious, blissful seat of peace!
 Learn from thy neighbours miseries to prize
 Thy welfare; crown'd with Nature's choicest gift.
 Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
 Depopulation, void alone of fear
 And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
 Of drums and clarions, other realms annoys.
 Th' Iberian sceptre undecided, here
 Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife:
 From different climes the flower of youth de-
 scends,

Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd
 With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
 Gallis or Austrian; havoc dire ensues,
 And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
 They must obey, in consternation wait,
 Till rigid conquest will pronounce their liege.
 Nor is the brazen voice of war unheard
 On the mild Latian shore: what sighs and tears
 Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curse
 His cleaving faulcheon! fertile soil in vain!
 What do thy pastures, or thy vines avail,
 Best boon of Heaven! or huge Taburnus, cloth'd
 With olives, when the cruel battle mows
 The planters, with their harvest immature?
 See, with what outrage from the frosty north,
 The early valiant Swede draws forth his wings
 In battailous array, while Volga's stream
 Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
 Her borderers; on mutual slaughter bent,
 They rend their countries. How is Poland vext
 With civil broils, while two elected kings
 Contend for sway? unhappy nation, lest
 Thus free of choice! The English, undisturb'd
 With such sad privilege, submit obey
 Whom Heaven ordains supreme, with reverence
 due,

Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure:

From scepter'd kings, in long descent deriv'd,
 Thou, Anna, rulest; prudent to promote
 Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
 Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly right,
 Sole arbitress, declining thrones, and powers
 Sue for relief; thou bid'st thy Churchill go,
 Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
 Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
 Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils,
 In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
 To Rooke, that he should let that monarch know,
 The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
 Is thine; behold! with winged speed he rides
 Undaunted o'er the labouring main t' assert
 Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
 The Gallic navies impotent to bear
 His volly'd thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,
 And bless the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty Queen! reserv'd by Fate to grace
 The new-born age: what hopes may we conceive
 Of future years, when to thy early reign
 Neptune submits his trident, and thy arms
 Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound
 Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fixt,
 Mountain sublime, that casts a shade of length
 Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves!
 Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
 Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
 Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praise
 Be still, to study right, and quell the force
 Of kings perfidious; let them learn from thee
 That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,
 Shall with success be crown'd, where justice fails.
 Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself,
 Subduest regions, generous to raise
 The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
 The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
 The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
 But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious Queen! since in thy realms, secure
 Of peace thou reign'st, and victory attends
 Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view
 Europe embroil'd; still thou (for thou alone
 Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire,
 Reciprocally ruinous; say who
 Shall wield th' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
 By thy decree? the trembling lands shall hear
 Thy voice, obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
 Their stubborn necks, and Churchill, in his wrath,
 Make them remember Blenheim with regret.

Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
 Thy power, and justice: Jealousies and Fears,
 And Hate infernal banish'd, shall retire
 To Mauritania, or the Bastrian coasts,
 On Tartary, engendering discords fell
 Amongst the enemies of truth; while arts
 Pacific, and inviolable love,
 Flourish in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
 Returning! in perpetual tenor run
 Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
 On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days,
 By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
 And, mildly on her shining, bless the world!

Thus, from the noisy world exempt, with ease
 And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,

(Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds provoke
 The silent Muse, delicious rural seat
 Of St. John, English Memmius, I presum'd
 To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
 Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
 (So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
 His military charge*, no leisure finds
 To string his charming shell: but when return'd
 Consummate Peace shall rear her cheerful head;
 Then shall his Churchill, in sublimer verse,
 For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
 From such a Chief to fight, and Bard to sing.

O D E

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

O qui recisæ finibus Indicis
 Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
 Haurire succum, et sauveolentes
 Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
 Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
 Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
 Hesperii pretiumque, soles:

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
 Exors honorum? prome reconditum,
 Pimplæa, carmen, desidèisque
 Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secunda mens avet impetu,
 Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
 Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
 Explicuit venusinus alas:

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,
 Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas
 Et vina, cyrrhæies Hetruscum
 Rite beans equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
 Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum
 Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chizæ
 Munera, lætitiâque testæ.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
 Celebriorum; sed nec amantior
 Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
 Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
 Gratus recordor, mercurialium
 Princeps virorum! et ipse Musæ
 Cultor, et usque colende Musis!

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
 Receptus ægrè spiritus, ilia
 Dum pulsât ima, ac inquietum
 Tassius agens sine more pectus.

* He was then Secretary of War.

Altè petito quassat anhelitu;
 Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
 Distillet in venas, tuæque
 Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

Hanc fumo, parcis et tibi poculis
 Libo salutem; quin precor, optima
 Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
 Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te consulentem militiæ super
 Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
 Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
 Crine placens, niveoque collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
 O! O! labellis cui Venus infidet!
 Tu forte felix: me Maria
 Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
 Obliqua voltu per medium jecur
 Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
 Protinus ex animo puellas.

Hanc ulla mentis spe mihi mutæ
 Utcunque decit, nocte, die vigil
 Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
 Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

AN ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ. 1706*.

O THOU, from India's fruitful soil,
 That dost that sovereign herb † prepare,
 In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
 Of life, and every anxious care:
 While from the fragrant lighted bowl
 I suck new life into my soul.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
 The parching flames that I sustain;
 Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
 And wash away the thirsty pain
 With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
 From Latian suns and nearer skies.

O! say, to bless thy pious love,
 What vows, what offerings, shall I bring?
 Since I can spare, and thou approve
 No other gift, O hear me sing!
 In numbers Phœbus does inspire,
 Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

Aloft, above the liquid sky,
 I stretch my wing, and fain would go
 Where Rome's sweet swain did whilom fly;
 And soaring, left the clouds below;

* This piece was translated by the Reverend Thomas Newcomb, M. A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.

† Tobacco.

VOL. VI.

The Muse invoking to endue
 With strength his pinions, as he flew.

Whether he sings great Beauty's praise,
 Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
 Or choose, the subject of his lays,
 The blushing grape, or blooming rose:
 Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky springs
 Mæcenat listens while he sings.

Yet he no nobler draught could boast,
 His Muse or music to inspire,
 Though all Falernum's purple coast
 Flow'd in each glass, to lend him fire;
 And on his tables us'd to smile
 The vintage of rich Chio's isle.

Mæcenat deign'd to hear his songs,
 His Muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd:
 To thee a fairer fame belongs,
 At once more pleasing, more belov'd.
 Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
 As I record thy love and fame.

Teach me the passion to restrain,
 As I my grateful homage bring;
 And last in Phœbus' humble train,
 The first and brightest genius sing;
 The Muses favourite pleas'd to live,
 Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh! as greatly I aspire
 To tell my love, to speak thy praise;
 Boasting no more its sprightly fire,
 My bosom heaves, my voice decays;
 With pain I touch the mournful string,
 And pant and languish as I sing.

Faint Nature now demands that breath,
 That feebly strives thy worth to sing!
 And would be hush'd, and lost in death,
 Did not thy care kind succours bring!
 Thy pitying casks my soul sustain,
 And call new life in every vein.

The sober glass I now behold,
 Thy health, with fair Francisca's join;
 Wishing her cheeks may long unfold
 Such beauties, and be ever thine;
 No chance the tender joy remove,
 While she can please, and thou canst love.

Thus while by you the British arms
 Triumphs and distant fame pursue;
 The yielding Fair resigns her charms,
 And gives you leave to conquer too;
 Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
 And all the nymph becomes your prize.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles
 Upon her lips what sweetness dwells!
 Not Love himself so oft beguiles,
 Nor Venus self so much excels.
 What different fates our passions share,
 While you enjoy, and I despair!

* Maria's form as I survey,
Her smiles a thousand wounds impart;
Each feature steals my soul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart!
And chacing thence each other Fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breast despair,
And sighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet, for the lov'd relentless Fair,
By night I wake, by day I burn!
Nor can thy gifts, soft Sleep, supply,
Or sooth my pains, or close my eye.

CIDER.

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

“ —Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?” VIRG.

BOOK I.

WHAT foil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchards, timeliest when to press the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verse
Adventurous I presume to sing; of verse
Nor skill'd, nor studious: but my native soil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.

Ye Ariconian knights, and fairest dames,
To whom propitious Heaven these blessings grants,
Attend my lays, nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O Mostyn, whose benevolence,
And candour, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
To knit in friendship, growing still with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a lasting monument remain
Of dear respect; that, when this body frail
Is moulder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was blest'd in such a matchless friend!

Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs;
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle
warmth

Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds; whose breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,

Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odors sweet
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes:
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling
showers

Distil, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
The orchards smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.

Next let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an apple vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mold, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce; pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed: so oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune;
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs distress'd he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome
draught.

But, farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth; that soil select
For apples; thence thy industry shall gain
Tenfold reward; thy garner, thence with store
Surcharg'd, shall burst: thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.

* Miss Mary Meers, daughter of the late Principal of Brazen-Nose College, Oxon.

Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground;
 Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel such.
 Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marsh,
 And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
 Of Ethelbert, when to th' unha'w'd feast
 Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
 To treat of spousals: long connubial joys
 He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
 Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd
 In height of hopes—oh! hardest fate, to fall
 By shew of friendship, and pretended love!

I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
 Of Mareley-hill; the apple no where finds
 A kinder mold: yet 'tis unsafe to trust
 Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
 This mount may journey, and, his present site
 Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
 The goodly plants, affording matter strange
 For law debates *? if therefore thou incline
 To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
 Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;
 Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
 Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld;
 If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
 Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
 Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
 And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
 Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
 Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
 Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.
 Thus nought is useless made; nor is there land,
 But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
 Affords advantage. On the barren heath
 The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
 Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf,
 Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,
 Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
 What should I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
 Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
 Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
 Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse
 Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
 How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
 Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
 Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
 Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
 Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
 Not lie unlabor'd; if the richest stem
 Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
 Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
 And penury, the worst of ills, remove?

There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
 Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
 Induce laborious, and with fattening muck

* February the seventh, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnaton Chapple, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Herefordshire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

Besmeer the roots; in vain! the nursing grove
 Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth:
 But when the alien compost is exhaust,
 Its native poverty again prevails.

Though this art fails, despond not; little pains,
 In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
 Th' industrious, when the sun in Leo rides,
 And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,
 Forgets not at the foot of every plant
 To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
 A just supply of alimental streams,
 Exhausted sap recruiting; else false hopes
 He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
 Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,
 When other orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heaven, that in his course
 Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
 Noxious to planted fields, and often men
 Perceive his influence dire; sweltering they run
 To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
 Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
 Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
 Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring
 Preceding should be destitute of rain,
 Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
 Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapours damp,
 Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
 His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;
 Then maladies of various kinds, and names
 Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
 To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
 Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
 Reign far and near; grim Death in different shapes
 Depopulates the nations; thousands fall
 His victims; youths, and virgins, in their flower,
 Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
 Unfinish'd, by infectious heaven destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, last
 Of Winchomb's name (next thee in blood and
 worth,

Of fairest Saint John!) left this toilsome world
 In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year:
 Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
 Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
 Of Death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
 Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please the sun's intemperate force
 To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
 The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
 How our forefathers, (luckless men!) ingulf'd
 By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
 Went quick, in one sad sepulchre inclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
 Victorious, this our other world subdued,
 A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
 Sure moulded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
 Aërial spires, and citadels, the seat
 Of kings, and heroes resolute in war,
 Fam'd Ariconium: uncontroll'd and free,
 Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
 Then also, though to foreign yoke submits,
 She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
 Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
 A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
 Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands

Arose; had not the heavenly powers averse
 Decreed her final doom: for now the fields
 Labour'd with thirst; Aquarius had not shed
 His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
 Solstitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
 The grounds contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,
 Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
 Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
 More dismal than the loud dislodged roar
 Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
 'The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
 Impregnable: th' infernal winds, till now
 Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
 Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
 Disdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full
 strength

Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
 Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
 Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream,
 Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
 Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
 Grankling her banks: and now the lowering sky,
 And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
 Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
 The sinking hearts of men. Where should they
 turn

Distress'd? whence seek for aid? when from below
 Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
 Of wrath and desolation? vain were vows,
 And plaints, and suppliant hands to Heaven erect!
 Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
 Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
 Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
 Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
 Run howling through the streets, their hideous
 yells

Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
 Wild-staring, and his sad concomitant,
 Despair, of abject look: at every gate
 The thronging populace, with hasty strides
 Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
 Obstruct the easy way; the rocking town
 Supplants their footsteps; to and fro they reel
 Astonish'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine; when lo!
 The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
 Horrible chasm: profound! with swift descent
 Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
 Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
 Of endless night. Meanwhile the loosen'd winds
 Insuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
 Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
 Consum'd, her ravenous jaws th' earth satiate
 clos'd.

Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
 Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
 Whereby the curious passenger may learn
 Her ample site, save coins, and mouldering urns,
 And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
 Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
 The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
 Appall'd. Upon that treacherous track of land,
 She whilome stood; now Ceres, in her prime,
 Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
 'The apple-tree, by our forefathers blood.
 Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,

Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe, what passions reign
 In various plants (for not to man alone,
 But all the wide creation, Nature gave
 Love, and aversion): everlasting hate
 The vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors
 The Colewort's rankness; but with amorous twine
 Clasps the tall Elm: the Faestan Rose unfolds
 Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
 (Crest of stout Britons), and enhances thence
 The price of her celestial scent: the Gourd,
 And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive
 Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
 Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
 Diverse, detesting contract; whilst the Fig
 Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
 Close neighbouring: the Herefordian plant
 Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,
 Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes
 T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy
 Uneasy, seated by funereal Yew, [stem;
 Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
 All generous fruits), or near the bitter dew
 Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
 Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
 Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.

Would'st thou thy vats with gen'rous juice
 should froth?

Respect thy orchards; think not, that the trees
 Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
 Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
 A Cyon meetly sever: after, force
 A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain
 By wedges, and within the living wound
 Inclose the foster twig, nor over nice
 Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
 The binding clay: ere long their differing veins
 Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
 To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms
 With quickest growth; now shake the teeming
 trunk,
 Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.
 Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
 To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
 Its feculence, which in more porous stocks
 Of Cider-plants finds passage free, or else
 The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
 Through th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
 Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,
 This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
 Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
 Largest revenues to the orchard-lord.

Some think the Quince and Apple would com-
 bine

In happy union; others fitter deem
 The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plumbs austere.
 Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what
 loss

To try the powers of both, and search how far
 Two different natures may concur to mix
 In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?
 Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
 Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
 Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
 Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,

And Pears of sundry forms; at different times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's
branch

Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particolor'd fruits, that please
The tongue and view at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the helpless youth through storms and
waves,

Alone, in deep of night: Then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimic brisk Cider with the brakes product wild,
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' hardest juice.

Let sage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees answer best
From root or kernel: she will best the hours
Of harvest and seed-time declare: by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And secret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air: to her we owe
The Indian weed †, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapors bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasantry and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labor'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand
Least animal; and shews, what laws of life
The cheese inhabitants observe, and how
Fabric their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists! but the hidden ways
Of Nature would'st thou know? how first she
frames

All things in miniature? thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels; lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd; thou'lt wondering say,
An inmate orchard every apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way or rule
Be unessay'd; prevent the morning star
Assiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
Enjoy repose; but oft at midnight lamp

† Tobacco.

Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself? and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of
snakes,

Returns, to shew compassion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever: for the genial moisture, due
To apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.

When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion; else the starveling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn, which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the ponderous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that
creep

O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracts
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cider drink:
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbeck
draws

Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang,
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; though oft repuls'd, again
They rally, undismay'd; but fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisome swarms; let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice;
They, by th' alluring odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
The palatable bane; joyful thou'lt see

The clammy surface all o'er-strown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls: such doom
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain!

Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
Intestine evils will prevail; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
The firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
The proper relish vitiate: then the grub
Oft unobserv'd invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant, and her secret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless; meanwhile the apple's outward form
Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
Till, with a writhen mouth and spattering noise,
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelish'd; not with less surprise, than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
Through flowery meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface; whilst the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and dismembered, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæcian isle, from whence,
Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd:
The Pippin, burnisht o'er with gold, the Moyle
Of sweetest honeyed taste, the fair Permain
Temper'd, like comeliest nymph, with red and
white.

Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styl'd the Ottley: be thou first
This apple to transplant, if to the name
Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taste.
Nor does the Eliot least deserve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, intrencht
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-relishing! why should we sing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Ruffet, or the Cat's-head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various use
Though these are meet, though after full repast
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich dessert?

What, though the Pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-barnching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog
Adverse to life; The wintery hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset, and controuls their rage.
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase,
Annual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause.
Thrice acceptable beverage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self [strife.
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious
Be it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how sweet t' enjoy,
At once her fruits, and hospitable shade!

But how with equal numbers shall we match
The Muske's surpassing worth; that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippets, and cold syderal blasts!
Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
Taught her the savage nature to forget:
Hence styl'd the Scudamorean plant; whose wine
Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
The nobler peer, that now transcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's justest pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
The Red-streak as supreme, whose pulpy fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primæval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier strains; even I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous juice,
Her's, and my country's praises I exalt.
Hail Herefordian plant, that dost d'stain
All other fields! Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my song,
And thy choice Nectar; on which always waits
Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.
What should we wish for more? or why, in quest
Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th' extremest world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or Latin grapes, or those that see
The setting sun, near Galpe's towering height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines
Vault their rich Must, nor let Tokay contend
For sovereignty; Phæneus' self must bow
To th' Arconian vales: And shall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The soil lie idle, which, with fit manure,
With largest usury repay, alone
Empowered to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with battering ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
Low, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array;
I.o, how the arable, with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect: these, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,

Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
 Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
 So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!
 Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
 To heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
 To human ken; or at their feet the vales
 Descending gently, where the lowing herd
 Chew verduous pasture; nor the yellow fields
 Gaily' interchang'd with rich variety
 Pleasing; as when an emerald green, enchas'd
 In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
 A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
 Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,
 (Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
 With copious fuel; whence the sturdy oak,
 A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
 Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
 Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
 To distant nations, or with sov'reign sway,
 Awe the divided world to peace and love.
 Why should the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast
 Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
 As perfect martial ore? can Tmolus' head
 Vie with our saffron odours? or the fleece
 Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare
 With Lemster's filken wool? where shall we find
 Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
 More prodigal of life? in ancient days
 The Roman legions, and great Cæsar, found
 Our fathers no mean foes; and Cressly's plains,
 And Agincourt, deep ting'd with blood, confess
 What the Silures vigour unwithstood
 Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
 Brydges' wide waisting hand, first garter'd Knight,
 Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
 High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,
 Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
 T' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer!
 That, blest with hoary vigour, view'st thyself
 Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,
 Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
 Charm the wise senate, and attention win
 In deepest councils: Ariconium pleas'd,
 Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.
 Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
 Him hardy Britons bless; his faithful hand
 Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
 The General's conduct, than his care avails.

Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
 This country claims, with pride and joy to thee
 Thy Alterennis calls; yet she endures
 Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
 Has fix'd thee in Muses' fairest seat*,
 Where † Aldrich reigns, and from his endless store
 Of universal knowledge still supplies
 His noble care; he generous thoughts instils
 Of true nobility, their country's love,
 (Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
 To human virtues by his genius led,
 Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
 Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail high born peer! and thou, great nurse of
 arts,

* Oxford.

† Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church

And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
 Hammer and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
 Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
 Thy mitred offspring; be for ever blest
 With like examples, and to future times
 Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
 As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix
 Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this vow
 From one, the meanest in her numerous train;
 Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse, raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless
 fame.

To Beaufort, in a long descent derived
 From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
 Faithful asserters, in him centering meet
 Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
 Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
 Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
 O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,
 In her fair list this happy land inrols.
 Who can refuse a tributary verse
 To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
 In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
 Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
 Of daily guests, whose board, with plenty crown'd,
 Revives the feast-rites old: meanwhile his care
 Forgets not the afflicted, but content
 In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,
 That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
 To blazon what though hid will beauteous shine,
 And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he, that on the winding stream
 Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
 Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
 Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
 Solicitous of public good? how large
 His mind that comprehends whate'er was known
 To old, or present time; yet not elate,
 Not conscious of its skill? what praise deserves
 His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
 Preventing suit? O not unthankful Muse,
 Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
 Thy pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious
 tongues.

Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
 Inscribe on every bark; the wounded plants
 Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
 Or skill in peace, or war: of softer mold
 The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
 Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft
 That view their matchless forms with transient
 glance,

Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
 Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
 The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
 Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
 Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
 From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
 To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
 Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
 And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
 That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
 Exactest work of Heaven? He ill deserves
 Or love, or pity; friendless let him see

Uneasy, tedious day, despis'd, forlorn,
 As stain of human race: but may the man,
 That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
 Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
 Enjoy with honour! O, ye Gods! might I
 Elect my fate, my happiest choice shall be
 A fair and modest virgin, that invites
 With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
 Tenderly smiling; in whose heavenly eye
 Sits purest love enthron'd; but if the stars
 Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
 May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
 Of strictest amity; nor ever want
 A friend, with whom I mutually may share
 Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
 Of speech, and offices. May in my mind,
 Indelible, a grateful sense remain
 Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
 Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise
 Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
 Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
 With mild impartial reason; what returns
 Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
 Freely vouchsaf'd, when to the gates of death
 I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
 Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
 I now had wander'd; and these empty thoughts
 Of apples perish'd; but, unprais'd by thee,
 I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day,
 Thy unexampled goodness to extol
 Desirous; but nor night, nor day, suffice
 For that great task; the highly honour'd name
 Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
 Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
 Let me grateful; but let far from me
 Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
 A servile flattery, that harbours oft
 In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
 Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws
 For pageantry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
 Renounce their fires, oppose paternal right
 For rule and power; and others realms invade
 With spacious shews of love. The traitorous
 wretch
 Betrays his sovereign. Others, destitute
 Of real zeal, to every altar bend
 By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
 To be styl'd honourable: the honest man,
 Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
 To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door,
 A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
 Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
 Will shock his steadfast soul; rather debar'd
 Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
 Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
 He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
 Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
 Supports him, and intention free from fraud.

If no retinue with observant eyes
 Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
 Of cumbrous vestments, labour'd o'er with gold,
 Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape;
 Yet clad in homely weeds, from Envy's darts
 Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
 Of conscience, nor with specters' grisly forms,
 Dæmons, and injur'd souls, at close of day
 Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds.
 But (as a child, whose inexperience'd age
 Nor evil purpose fears, nor knows) enjoys
 Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
 When Chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recalls
 The tardy day, he to his labours hies
 Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
 Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
 Examines all the properties of herbs,
 Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowel'd earth
 Displays, if by his industry he can
 Benefit human race: or else his thoughts
 Are exercis'd with speculations deep [rules
 Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome
 Of temperance, and aught that may improve
 The moral life; not sedulous to rail
 Nor with venom'd tongue to blast the fame
 Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
 'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate.
 Studious of virtue, he no life observes,
 Except his own; his own employs his cares,
 Large subject! that he labours to refine
 Daily, nor of his little stock denies
 Fit alms to Lazars, merciful and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv'd, from courtly vice,
 And bates of pompous Rome secure; at court,
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
 And how to improve his grounds, and how himself:
 Best poet! fit exemplar for the tribe
 Of Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
 Poor eyeless pilgrim! and, if after these,
 If after these another I may name,
 Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
 Content, depress'd by penury, and pine
 In foreign realm; yet not debas'd his verse
 By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard*,
 Oh, had but he, that first ennobled song
 With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been;
 'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;
 Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
 That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
 And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd!
 But he—however, let the Muse abstain,
 Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
 In much inferior strains, groveling beneath
 Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent,
 Mean follower. There let her rest a while,
 Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat,

* Milton.

C I D E R.

B O O K II.

O HARCOURT, whom th' ingenious love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond
Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the relics of old Rome; or, what
Unrival'd authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit and judgment ripe, in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirst of pre-eminence; see! how the cause
Of widows, and of orphans, he asserts
With winning rhetoric, and well argu'd law!
Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.
Meanwhile (although the Massic grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous cider; far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse,
That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.

Thus far of trees: the pleasing task remains,
To sing of wines, and autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails,
'Gainst Heaven? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide inclosure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed. If the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes

Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
Till lusty autumn's lukewarm days allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours; autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain
Berries, and sky-dy'd plumbs, and what in coat
Rough, or soft-rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell;
Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,
And the Pine's tasteful Apple: autumn paints
Ausonian hills with Grapes; whilst English plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd odours, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-aged
store

Diffuse ambrosial streams, than Myrrh, or Nard,
More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean!
Soft whispering airs, and the lark's matin song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice hap-
py time,

Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah!
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours! inclement winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year: trees of their shrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail!
Now, now's the time, ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor: now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: now prepare
Materials for thy mill; a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive; and a flexile fallow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a strainer to dispart
The husky, terrene dregs, from purer Must.

Be cautious next a proper steed to find,
 Whose prime is past; the vigorous horse disdains
 Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
 His past achievements, and victorious palms.
 Blind Bayard rather, worn with work and years,
 Shall roll th' unwieldy stone, with sober pace
 He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
 From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
 Declining not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
 Has drain'd the pulposus mass, regale their swine
 With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep
 Thy husks in water, and again employ
 The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe
 The small remains of spirit, and acquire
 A vinous flavour; this the peasants blithe
 Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team
 They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,
 Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt
 thou now

Reject the Apple-cheese, though quite exhaust;
 Even now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
 Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
 Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
 Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!

The tender apples, from their parents rent
 By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie;
 The prey of worms: A frugal man I knew,
 Rich in one barren acre, which subdued
 By endless culture, with sufficient Must
 His casks replenish'd yearly; he no more
 Desir'd, nor wanted; diligent to learn
 The various seasons, and by skill repel
 Invading pests, successful in his cares,
 Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempest arm'd
 Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
 His Cider-grove; o'erturn'd by furious blasts,
 The lightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
 Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
 Stript immature: yet did he not repine,
 Nor curse his stars; but prudent, his fallen heaps
 Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
 Of tedded grass, and the sun's mellowing beams
 Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
 A costly liquor, by improving time,
 Equal'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
 No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
 With watery turnips have debas'd their wines,
 Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
 In heated bras, steaming with fire intense;
 Although Devonia much commends the use
 Of strengthening Vulcan; with their native
 strength

Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse;
 And, when th' allotted orb of time's complete,
 Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
 The priest's appointed share; with cheerful heart
 The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
 Heaven's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
 Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear
 Signal vengeance, such as overtook
 A miser, that unjustly, once with-held
 The clergy's due; relying on himself,

His fields he tended, with successful care,
 Early and late, when or unwish'd-for rain
 Descended, or unseasonable frosts
 Curb'd his increasing hopes; or, when around
 The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky
 The due suspended staid, and left unmoist
 His execrable glebe: recording this,
 Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year,
 To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
 Thou wisely may'st provide: the various moon
 Prophetic, and attendant stars, explain
 Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount
 The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
 Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
 With light unfully'd: now the fowler, warn'd
 By these good omens, with swift early steps
 Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields
 and glades

Offensive to the birds; sulphureous death
 Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they
 strain

Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead,
 O'ertakes their speed; they leave their little lives
 Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.

The woodcocks early visit, and abode
 Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
 Foretell a liberal harvest; he oft times
 Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
 Shuns for our equal winters; when out furs
 Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
 To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
 For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
 Than frequent snows; O, may'st thou often see
 Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
 Nutriceous! secret nitre lurks within
 The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows im-
 plore

A moderate wind; the orchard loves to wave
 With winter winds, before the gems exert
 Their feeble heads; the loosened roots then drink
 Large increment, earnest of happy years.
 Nor will it nothing profit to observe
 The monthly stars, their powerful influence
 O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
 Under each sign. On our account has Jove
 Indulgent to all moons some succulent plant
 Allotted, that poor helpless man will slack
 His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
 Now will the Corinths, now the Rasps, supply
 Delicious draughts; the Quinces drow, or Plumbs,
 Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit
 Are prest to wines; the Britons squeeze the works
 Of sedulous bees, and mixing odorous herbs
 Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
 Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient fires.

But, if thou'rt indefatigably bent
 To toil, and omnifarious drinks would'st brew;
 Besides the orchard, every hedge and bush
 Affords assistance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
 Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distils
 A limpid current from her wounded bark,
 Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
 Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,

Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
Useful in portables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-poesies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervours, best
Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy Ierne †, whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore!
More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
(For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd), which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.

See, how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fattening Mum, or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-rising fumes! by use
Instructed, thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora, and Islandic coasts?
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did on the Arctic tract spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine,
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick decaying feet.

Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom Innny Borneo bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades, and Thracia's gales,
Pining with Equinoxial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought!

More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount, As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,
Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd:
So they (but cheerful) unfatigued, still move

† Ireland.

The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will
flow

With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the
sun's [cold.

Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging
There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin,
Mole,

Rough Elliot, sweet Parmain: the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the showery arch,
With lifted colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watery breed, with thousand shews
Of painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.

Some Ciders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry vines
Assum'd the flavour; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product; this to Gauls has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champagne; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cider cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-press'd husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholesome, undigested cades:
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts, take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees. [all

And now thy wine's transpicuous, purg'd from
Its earthy gross, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd,
From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflexit; self-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
As when a noon-tide sun, with summer beams,
Darts through a cloud, her watery skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undrossy gold:
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now, also, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.

For this intent, the subtle chemist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red:
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms

For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
 To human life subservient; by his means
 Ciders in metal frail improve: the Moyle,
 And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,
 Acquire complete perfection: Now they smoke
 Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
 Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
 But harsher fluids different lengths of time
 Expect: Thy flash will slowly mitigate
 The Eliot's roughness. Stiom, firmest fruit,
 Embottled (long as Priameian Troy
 Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild.
 Soften'd by age, it youthful vigor gains,
 Fallacious drink: ye honest men, beware,
 Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass
 Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
 (That flyly speak one thing, another think,
 Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
 Drink on unwarn'd, till, by enchanting cups
 Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
 And through intemperance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
 Now call for vent; his lands exhaust permit
 T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
 To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
 His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,
 Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
 Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
 Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
 Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
 With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.
 Ease, and content, and undissembled love,
 Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour past
 Increase their joy. As, from retentive cage
 When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
 She varies, and of past imprisonment
 Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
 Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
 Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
 Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night,
 Season of rest; but well bedew'd repair
 Each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.
 Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
 Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,
 Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
 From amicable talk, and moderate cups
 Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
 Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
 Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine:
 His joys are short and few; yet when he drinks
 His dread retires; the flowing glasses add
 Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,
 Imaginary riches he enjoys,
 And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.
 Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
 Debarr'd his grape. The Muses still require
 Humid regalement; nor will aught avail
 Imploring Phœbus, with unmoisten'd lips.
 Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
 By parching thirst allur'd. With vehement furs
 When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,
 How pleasant is 't, beneath the twisted arch
 Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign,
 To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
 Secur'd of feverish heats: When th' aged year

Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters froze,
 Beware th' inclement heavens; now let thy hearth
 Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood
 Now instigate with th' apple's powerful streams.
 Perpetual showers and stormy gusts confine
 The willing ploughman, and December warns
 To annual jollities; now sportive youth
 Carol incondite rhimes, with suiting notes,
 And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains
 In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
 Mixt with the buxom damsels; hand in hand
 They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,
 Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
 Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
 Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
 Steal from unwary lasses; they with scorn,
 And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.
 Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touch
 Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
 Provoke to harmless revels; these among
 A subtle artist stands, in wondrous bag
 That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort
 Than those which erst Laertes' son inclos'd).
 Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze
 Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly
 Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
 'Midst these disports, forget they not to drench
 Themselves with bellying goblets; nor, when
 spring

Returns, can they refuse to usher in
 The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
 Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs
 Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
 Of future harvest: When the Gnosian crown
 Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
 Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
 Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies
 Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
 Exhilarates their languid minds, within
 The golden mean confin'd: Beyond there's nought
 Of health or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart
 Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
 Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
 'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
 Dire computation, forthwith reason quits
 Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
 And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
 Conspire in senseless jargon; nought is heard
 But din, and various clamor, and mad rant:
 Distrust and jealousy to these succeed,
 And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
 Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
 Commence; the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
 With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash,
 In rude encounter; round their temples fly
 The sharp-edg'd fragments; down their batter'd
 cheeks

Mixt gore and cider flow. What shall we say
 Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
 Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
 T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
 Imprudent? him death's iron sleep oppress,
 Descending careless from his couch; the fall
 Luxt his neck joint, and spinal marrow bruise'd,
 Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend

The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the sun with July heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropfy all a-float,
Yet craving liquids: nor the Centaurs tale
Be here repeated; how, with lust and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and split their drunken
souls

At feasting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The British isles, such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups: May we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth and hospitable love.

Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood; too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of other's rights, our quiet discompos'd.

Have we forgot, how fell destruction rag'd
Wide spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes, signaliz'd
For loyalty and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!

Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn?
Apostate, atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd to oppose
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice and insulting pride,
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles, O best of kings!

What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou should'st fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only would have sav'd!
Yet was the Cider-land unstain'd with guilt;
The Cider-land, obsequious still to thrones,
Abhor'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of monarchy; but, ah! successful she,
However faithful! then was no regard
Of right or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd kings and liberty restor'd.

Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings: Here nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: From her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world
By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent

Of nothing from without; in one supreme
Intirely blest; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire
Of rule and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havoc and dismay, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern:
Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch! then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love. At ease, the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and
vales,

In uncouth rhimes, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye; the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise, heroic kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd
plains!

Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving squadrons to flight
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate king;
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited; pursued, in the sad chace
Ten thousand ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all
her tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins

New authors of dissension spring; from him
Two branches, that in hosting long contend
For sov'reign sway; and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendship; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid Slaughter reigns:
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood; the twanging bows
Send showers of shafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons and peasants on th' embattled field
Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery couriers: Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and desolation, reign'd
Unrespited. Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive Discord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! with presaging skill
Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
By wise alliance: from thee James descends,
Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannic king.
To him alone hereditary right [main'd
Gave power supreme; yet still some seeds re-

Of discontent: two nations under one;
In laws and interest diverse, still pursued
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said,
Let there be union: strait with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indissolubly firm; from Dubris south
To Northern Orcades, her long domain.

And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
What shall retard the Britons bold designs,
Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontrol'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double cross, t' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and barbaric gold: Meanwhile the swains
Shall unmolested reap what Plenty strows
From well-stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely
fruits.

The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
Abundant, flowing in well-blended streams,
The natives shall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms; where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd,
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian Cider borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the
vine.

CEREALIA*, 1706.

"Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria

"Præcipitandus est liber spiritus."

PETRONIUS.

Of English tippie, and the potent grain,
Which in the conclave of Celestial Powers

Bred fell debate, sing, Nymph of heavenly stem,
Who on the hoary top of Pen-main-maur

* This poem is taken from a folio copy, 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Phillips was inserted in the hand-writing

of Abp. Tenison. It was published by T. Bennet, the bookseller for whom "Blenheim" was printed; another strong presumptive proof of this being by the same author.

Merlin the seer didst visit, whilst he fate
 With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
 Young actions issuing from the Fates Divan.
 Full of thy power infus'd by nappy ALE,
 Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs,
 In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope;
 Nor ceas'd till the grey dawn with orient dew
 Impearl'd his large mustachoes, deep ensconc'd
 Beneath his over-shadowing orb of hat,
 And ample fence of elephantine nose,
 Scornful of keenest polar winds, or fleet,
 Or hail, sent rattling down from wintry Jove,
 (Vain efforts on his sevenfold mantle, made
 Of Caledonian rug, immortal wool!)
 Such energy of soul to raise the song,
 Deign, Goddess, now to me; nor then withdraw
 Thy sure presiding power, but guide my wing,
 Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.

Now from th' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flood,
 Tardy with many a corse of Boian knight,
 And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed steeds
 Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
 Shearing th' expanse of heaven with active plume;
 Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
 The staunch Gerfaulcon through the buxom air
 Stoops on the steerage of his wings, to truss
 The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly sprung
 From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling
 forth,

Runs fast a Naïs through the flowery meads,
 To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.
 Her golden trump the goddesses founded thrice,
 Whose shrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremest
 sphere.

Rous'd at the blast, the gods with winged speed
 To learn the tidings came, on radiant thrones
 With fair memorials, and impresses quaint
 Emblazon'd o'er they fate, devis'd of old
 By Mulciber; nor small his skill I ween.
 There she relates what Churchill's arm had
 wrought

On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
 By his plump cheek and barrel belly known,
 The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
 Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd;
 And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
 The ensigns of the god! with ardent tone
 He mov'd, that straight the nectar'd bowl should
 flow,

Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
 Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
 Till all were fated with immortal moult,
 Delicious tipples! that, in heavenly veins,
 Assimilated, vigorous ichor bred,
 Superior to Frontinac, or Bourdeaux,
 Or old Falern, Campania's best increase,
 Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
 From Palma or Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee
 Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
 Ceres, not blithe, for marks of latent woe
 Dim on her visage lour'd: such her deport,
 When Arethusa from her reedy bed
 Told her how Dis young Proserpine had rap'd,
 To sway his iron sceptre, and command

In gloom tartareous half his wide domain.
 Then sighing, thus she said—"Have I so long
 Employ'd my various art, t' enrich the lap
 Of Earth, all-bearing mother; and my lore
 Communicated to the unweeting hind,
 And shall not this pre-eminence obtain?"
 Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
 The bearded ears of grain she most admir'd,
 Which gods call Chrithe, in terrestrial speech
 Ycleped Barley. "'Tis to this, she cry'd,
 The British cohorts owe their martial fame
 And far-redoubted prowess, matchless youth!
 This, when returning from the foughten field,
 Or Noric, or Iberian, seam'd with scars,
 (Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash!)
 The veteran, carousing, soon restores
 Puissance to his arm, and strings his nerves!
 And, as a snake, when first the rosy hours
 Shed vernal sweets o'er every vale and mead,
 Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank;
 But, when by genial rays of summer sun
 Purg'd of his slough, he nimbly thrids the brake,
 Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
 Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
 Ensanguin'd rays, the distant swains admire
 His various neck, and spires bedropt with gold:
 So at each glass the harraisd warrior feels
 Vigour reate; his horrent arms he takes,
 And rusting faulchion, on whose ample hilt
 Long Victory fate dormant: soon she shakes
 Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war,
 With speed succinct; where soon his martial
 port

She recognizes, whilst he haughty stands
 On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
 Wide torment on the serried files, so us'd,
 Frequent in bold emprise, to work sad rout,
 And havoc dire; these the bold Briton mows,
 Dauntless as Deities exempt from fate,
 Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,
 Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
 Such is the power of ale with vines embower'd,
 While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip;
 Sullen he sits, and sighing oft extols
 The beverage they quaff, whose happy foil
 Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
 Adorns with waving Chrithe (joyous scenes
 Of vegetable gold!) secure they dwell,
 Nor feel th' eternal snows that clothe their cliffs;
 Nor curse th' inclement air, whose horrid face
 Scowls like that arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds
 Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
 Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
 Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
 Snug in their straw-built huts, or darkling earth'd
 In cavern'd rock, they live (small need of art
 To form spruce architrave or cornice quaint,
 On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
 Prepar'd)—there on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
 Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing
 ale
 Surcharg'd; or brew'd in planetary hour,
 When March weigh'd night and day in equal
 scale;
 Or in October tun'd, and mellow grown

With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
 Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense.
 Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
 Of Arthur's imitative, large surloin
 Of ox, or virgin heifer, wont to browse
 The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil,
 Replete with clover-grass, and foodful shrub).
 Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
 Meet paragon (as far as great with small
 May correspond) for some Panchæan hill,
 Embrown'd with sultry skies, thin set with
 palm,

And olive rarely interspers'd, whose shade
 Screens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
 The quiver'd Arabs' vagrant clan, that waits
 Insidious some rich caravan, which fares
 To Mecca, with Barbaric gold full fraught.

Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
 Patient of arms, still quash th' aspiring Gaul,
 Blest by my boon; which when they slightly
 prize,

Should they, with high defence of triple brass
 Wide-circling, live immur'd (as erst was tried
 By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening moon
 Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent
 horns,

Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
 Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
 Should there resistless ravage, as of old
 Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
 Was wont, when first his marshal'd peerage pass'd
 The subject Rhene. What though Britannia
 boasts

Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
 'Tis Ale that warms her sons t' assert her claim,
 And with full volley makes her naval tubes
 Thunder disastrous doom to opponent powers!

Nor potent only to enkindle Mars,
 And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls:
 It science can encourage, and excite
 The mind to ditties blithe, and charming song.
 Thou, Pallas, to my speech just witness bear:
 How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld
 At Crambo merry met, and hymning shrill
 With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk
 In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols shew,
 Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
 Critheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl,
 (Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
 A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
 Ere he th' embattall'd Pylians led, to quell
 The pride of Dardan youth in hosting dire).
 Or if, with front unblest'd, came towering in
 Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
 Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he
 wields

His scimeter with huge two-handed sway.
 Alarm'd with threatening accent; harsher far
 Than that ill-omen'd sound the bird of night,
 With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
 Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful
 doom:

Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van,
 That crowds his gonfalon of seven foot size;
 And with their rubied faces stand the foe;

Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
 And run with ears erect; as the tall stag
 Unharbour'd by the woodman quits his layre,
 And flies the yerning pack which close pursue,
 So they not bowfy dread th' approaching foe:
 They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
 Night-founder'd in town-ditches stagnant gurge,
 Soph rowls on Soph promiscuous.—Caps aloof
 Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly,
 The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
 By Thrascia's coadjutant, and the roar
 Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts."

She said: the fire of gods and men supreme,
 With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
 Then nodded awful: from his shaken locks
 Ambrosial fragrance flew: the signal given
 By Ganymede the skinker soon was ken'd;
 With Ale he Heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
 To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
 The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
 But Bacchus murmuring left th' assembled powers.

BACHANALIAN SONG*.

Come, fill me a glass, fill it high,
 A bumper, a bumper I'll have:
 He's a fool that will flinch; I'll not bate an inch,
 Though I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls,
 Who like me will never give o'er,
 Whom no danger controuls, but will take off
 their bowls,
 And merrily stickle for more.

Drown Reason and all such weak foes,
 I scorn to obey her command;
 Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
 And let my glass idly stand?

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
 A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
 Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
 And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill them all, I'll have six in a hand,
 For I've trifled an age away;
 'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
 Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
 We'll drink the universe dry;
 We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out;
 If once we grow sober, we die.

* From many circumstances, there is little doubt but this convivial song was by the author of "The Splendid Shilling." There was, however, an earlier poet, of both the names of this author, who was nephew to Milton, and wrote some memoirs of his uncle, and several burlesque poems.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WALSH, Esq.

Containing his

ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPITAPHS,

Uc. Uc. Uc.

SONGS,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Yet some there were, among the founder few,
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws—
Such late was WALSH—the Muses' judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Алго 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

WILLIAM WALSH, Esq.

Containing his

SONNETS
IMITATIONS
TRANSLATIONS

CONGRATULATIONS
EPIGRAMS
EPILOGUES

BY W. W.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

For some years, among the Londoners,
Of those who let the penman's name,
Whom all the world's great authors call
And here reflect on his immortal fame—
Such was the name of the Master, Judge and Friend,
Who fully knew to blame or to commend;
To follow him, but seldom for a day;
The church he led, and the church he saved.

FOR A SEVERAL CRITICISM

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY MESSRS. AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE

THE LIFE OF WALSH.

WILLIAM WALSH was son of Joseph Walsh, Esq. of Abberly, in Worcestershire, where he was born in 1663.

At the age of fifteen, he was entered a gentleman commoner in Wadham College, Oxford; but left the university without taking a degree.

On leaving the university, he retired to his native county, and pursued his studies at home. He afterwards gratified his desire of travelling, and improved himself by conversing with men of wit and learning abroad.

On his return from his travels he came to London, where his rank, talents, and address, soon introduced him to the first company in high and literary life.

The best judges of his time bear testimony to the early indications of his taste and judgment in poetry and criticism.

With Dryden, in particular, he was a great favourite; for in the postscript to his Virgil, he calls him *the best critic of our nation*.

He was not, however, merely a critic and a scholar, but a man of fashion, ostentatiously splendid, it is said, in his dress; and a courtier, distinguished by the friendship of the Duke of Shrewsbury, and Gentleman of the Horse to Queen Anne, under the Duke of Somerset.

He was likewise a member of parliament, having been several times chosen knight of the shire for the county of Worcester, and once the representative of Richmond in Yorkshire.

He appears, from his writings, to have been a zealous friend of the Revolution; but without rancour or animosity against the opposite party; for he continued his reverence and kindness for Dryden, after he was dispossessed of the laurel by King William, and discountenanced by the public, for his mean compliance and conversion to Popery in the preceding reign.

In 1705, he began to correspond with Pope, in whom he discovered very early the power of poetry, and predicted his future excellence. Their letters are written upon the pastoral comedy of the Italians, and the pastorals which Pope was then preparing to publish.

Pope always retained a grateful remembrance of his early notice, and mentioned him in one of his latter pieces among those that had encouraged his juvenile studies:

“ And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write.”

He had before given him more splendid praise in his Essay on Criticism; and, in the opinion of Warburton, sacrificed a little of his judgment to his gratitude.

The time of his death is uncertain; but it is supposed to have happened in 1709, in the 46th year of his age.

This is all that is known of Walsh; a man much admired by his contemporaries; and who seems to have had a well cultivated, though not a very extensive understanding.

Dryden and Pope have given their sanction in his favour, to whom he was personally known: a circumstance greatly to his advantage; for had there been no personal friendship, there is reason to believe, their encomiums would have been less lavish; at least, his works do not carry so high an idea of him as they have done.

His works are not numerous. In prose he wrote a *Dialogue concerning Women, being a Defence of the Fair Sex, addressed to Eugenia*, printed in 1691. This is the most considerable of his productions, and is highly commended by Dryden in a preface which he prefixed to it.

"I was not ignorant," says that great critic, "that he was naturally ingenious, and that he had improved himself by travelling; and from thence I might reasonably have expected that air of gallantry which is so visibly diffused through the body of the work, and is indeed the soul that animates all things of this nature; but so much variety of reading, both in ancient and modern authors, such digestion of that reading, so much justness of thought, that it leaves no room for affectation or pedantry I may venture to say, are not over common among practised writers, and very rarely to be found among beginners."

In 1692, he published "*A Collection of Letters and Poems, amorous and gallant*;" to which he prefixed a very judicious preface upon epistolary composition and amorous poetry.

In 1697, he wrote an *Essay on Pastoral Poetry*, with a short defence of Virgil, against some of the reflections of Fontenelle, which is prefixed to Dryden's translation of Virgil's Pastorals.

A small posthumous piece of his composition, entitled *Æsculapius, or the Hospital of Fools*, in imitation of Lucian, was printed in 1714.

His poems were reprinted among the works of the minor poets, in 2 vols. 12mo. 1749. They consist chiefly of elegies, epitaphs, odes and songs, which are in general elegant, though not great. His *Golden Age Restored*, in particular, has some humour; and his *Imitation of Horace* is, for the most part, happily turned.

"He is known more," says Dr. Johnson, "by his familiarity with great men, than by any thing done or written by himself. In all his writings there are pleasing passages. He has, however, more elegance than vigour, and seldom rises higher than to be pretty."

P R E F A C E.

It has been so usual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him some account before-hand of what he is to expect in the book.

The greatest part of this collection consists of amorous verses. Those who are conversant with the writings of the ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the moderns have published upon this subject. The occasions upon which the poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every man almost that is in love; and the thoughts such as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for occasions that none meet with but themselves; and fill their verses with thoughts that are surprising and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of these two are in the right, we ought to consider the end that people propose in writing love verses; and that I take not to be the getting fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched similes, and shining points; but by a true and lively representation of the pains and thoughts attending such a passion.

“ — Si vis me flere, dolendum est

“ Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.”

I would as soon believe a widow in great grief for her husband, because I saw her dance a corant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his mistress for his writing such verses as some great modern wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their mistresses, while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and

the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in transports of jealousy, to treat his mistress with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuse himself with such trifles as the other. I am pleased with Tibullus, when he says, he could live in a desert with his mistress, where never any human footsteps appeared, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says; but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing, when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other sustenance than his mistress's looks. I can very easily believe, a man may love a woman so well, as to desire no company but her's; but I can never believe, a man can love a woman so well, as to have no need of meat and drink, if he may look upon her. The first is a thought so natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love, but thinks the same thing; the other is not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impose upon us with a pretended love, (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this point; and any man who will but give himself the trouble to compare what the ancients and moderns have said upon the same occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the moderns who have written love-verses: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has gotten, that has given encouragement to this false sort of wit in the world: for people, seeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have satisfied themselves with the imitation of him, never inquiring whether the way he took was right or not.

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have succeeded better in love-verses than the English; and it is indeed just, that the fairest ladies should inspire the best poets. Never was there a more copious fancy, or greater reach of wit, than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more

gallant or genteel, than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or sprightly, than those of Sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of variety and learning, than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be observed, that among all these, that tenderness, and violence of passion, which the ancients thought most proper for love-verses, is wanting: and, at the same time that we must allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit, Mr. Waller a very gallant writer, Sir John Suckling a very gay one, and Mr. Cowley a great genius, yet, methinks, I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me, that the ancients, who could never have hand-somer women than we have, should, nevertheless, be so much more in love than we are. But, it is probable, the great reason of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man must be imprudent indeed, to let his passion take very deep root, when he has no reason to expect any sort of return to it. And if it be so, there ought to be a petition made to the fair, that they would be pleased sometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verse. I do not mean that they should confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that would be too great a confinement indeed; but that they would admit them upon the same foot with other people; and if they please now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three sorts of poems that are proper for love: pastorals, elegies, and lyric verses; under which last, I comprehend all songs, odes, sonnets, madrigals, and stanzas. Of all these, pastoral is the lowest, and, upon that account, perhaps most proper for love; since it is the nature of that passion, to render the soul soft and humble. These three sorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the designs, and in every thought of them. Though we have no difference between the verses of pastoral and elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the first ought to be looser, and not so sonorous as the other; the thoughts more simple, more easy, and more humble. The design ought to be the representing the life of a shepherd, not only by talking of sheep and fields, but by shewing us the truth, sincerity, and innocence, that accompanies that sort of life; for though I know our masters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in this point of innocence, Theocritus, in his Daphnis, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his Alexis, placed his passion upon a boy, yet (if we may be allowed to censure those whom we must always reverence) I take both those things to be faults in their poems, and should have been better pleased with the Alexis, if it had been made to a woman; and with the Daphnis, if he had made his shepherds more modest. When I give humility and modesty as the character of pastoral, it is not, however, but that a shepherd may be allowed to boast of his pipe, his songs, his flocks, and to shew a contempt of his rival, as we see both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this must

be still in such a manner, as if the occasion offered itself, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the shepherd's passion, than any natural pride or malice in him.

There ought to be the same difference observed between pastorals and elegies, as between the life of the country and the court. In the first, love ought to be represented as among shepherds, in the other, as among gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender, and passionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in pastoral. The passions they represent, either more gallant or more violent, and less innocent than the others. The subjects of them, prayers, praises, expostulations, quarrels, reconcilements, threatenings, jealousies, and, in fine, all the natural effects of love.

Lyrics may be allowed to handle all the same subjects with elegy, but to do it, however, in a different manner. An elegy ought to be so entirely one thing, and every verse ought so to depend upon the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone; or, to make use of the words of a great modern critic *, there must be

“ ——— a just coherence made
 “ Between each thought, and the whole model
 “ laid,
 “ So right, that every step may higher rise,
 “ Like goodly mountains, till they reach the
 “ skies.”

Lyrics, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may consist of parts that are entire of themselves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every stanza ought to make up a complete sense, without running into the other. Frequent sentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Besides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule in the stanzas of six lines, to make a pause at the third; and in those of ten lines, at the third and the seventh. And, it must be confessed, that this exactness renders them much more musical and harmonious; though they have not always been so religious in observing the latter rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very foolish design: those who are critics, it would be a presumption in me to pretend I could instruct; and to instruct those who are not, at the same time I write myself, is (if I may be allowed to apply another man's simile) like selling arms to an enemy in time of war: though there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence shewn to things of love and gallantry than any others, because they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not supposed to be very old; and all young people, especially of the fair sex, are more taken with the liveliness of fancy, than the correctness of judgment. It may be also observed, that to write of love well, a

* Lord Mulgrave.

man must be really in love; and to correct his writings well, he must be out of love again. I am well enough satisfied I may be in circumstances of writing of love, but I am almost in despair of ever being in circumstances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reason for the fair and the young to pass over some of the faults; and as for the grave and wise, all the favour I shall beg of them is, that they would not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verses work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himself with what the critics say of them;

and if they do not, all the commendations the critics can give them will make but very little amends. All I shall say for these trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living who are able to write better on all subjects than I am upon any one: but I will take the boldness to say, that there is no one man among them all, who shall be readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do justice to the merits of other people.

P O E M S.

TO HIS BOOK.

Go, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart :
Those who love's dear deluding pains have
known,
May in my fatal stories read their own.
Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate :
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was tost.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspensions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars ;
Then peace again. Oh ! would it not be best
To chace the fatal poison from our breast ?
But, since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away ;
What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

E L E G Y.

THE UNREWARDED LOVER.

LET the dull merchant curse his angry fate,
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait :
Let the loud lawyer break his brains, and be
A slave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee :
Let the rough soldier fight his prince's foes,
And for a livelihood his life expose :
I wage no war ; I plead no cause, but Love's ;
I fear no storms but what Celinda moves.
And what grave censor can my choice despise ?
But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies :
The merchant, after all his hazards past,
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last ;
The soldier high in his king's favour stands,
And, after having long obey'd, commands ;
The lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar :
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward,

E P I G R A M.

Written in a Lady's Table-book.

With what strange raptures would my soul be
blest,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast !
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place ;
So might I chace all others from her heart,
And my own image in the stead impart.
But, ah ! how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me !

E L E G Y.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

To his Mistress.

While those bright eyes subdue where'er you
will,
And, as you please, can either save or kill ;
What youth so bold the conquest to design ?
What wealth so great to purchase hearts like
thine ?
None but the Muse that privilege can claim ;
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles with your life must end ;
Nay, cannot ev'n in life your fame defend :
Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave :
Embalm'd in verse, through distant times they
come,
Preserv'd, like bees within an amber tomb.
Poets (like monarchs on an eastern throne,
Restrained by nothing but their will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they please, give infamy or fame.
In vain the * Tyrian queen resigns her life,
For the bright glory of a spotless wife,
If lying bards may false amours rehearse,
And blast her name with arbitrary verse ;
While † one, who all the absence of her lord
Had her wide courts with pressing lovers stor'd,
Yet, by a poet grac'd, in deathless rhymes,
Stands a chaste pattern to succeeding times.

Dido.

† Penelope.

With pity then the Muses' friends survey,
Nor think your favours there are thrown away;
Wisely like seed on fruitful soil they're thrown,
To bring large crops of glory and renown:
For as the sun, that in the marshes breeds
Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome weeds,
With the same rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
To pleasant flowers and useful fruits gives birth:
So favours cast on fools get only shame,
On poets shed, produce eternal fame;
Their generous breasts warm with a genial fire,
And more than all the Muses can inspire.

JEALOUSY.

I.

Who could more happy, who more blest could
live, [move?
Than they whom kind, whom amorous passions
What crowns, what empires, greater joys could
give,
Than the soft chains, the slavery of Love?
Were not the bliss too often crost
By that unhappy, vile distrust,
That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that dan-
gerous malady, [lously.
That terrible tormenting rage, that madness, Jea-

II.

In vain Celinda boasts she has been true,
In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her
charms;
Dire Jealousy does all my pains renew,
And represents her in my rivals arms:
His sighs I hear, his looks I view,
I see her damn'd advances too;
I see her smile, I see her kiss; and, oh! methinks
I see
Her give up all those joys to him, she should re-
serve for me.

III.

Ingrateful Fair-one! canst thou hear my groans?
Canst thou behold these tears that fill my eyes?
And yet, unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
Into another's arms resign my prize;
If merit could not gain your love,
My sufferings might your pity move;
Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous
frenzies, more
New pangs to one whom hopeless love had plagued
too much before.

IV.

Think not, false nymph, my fury to out-form;
I scorn your anger, and despise your frown:
Dress up your rage in its most hideous form,
It will not move my heart when love is flown;
No, though you from my kindness fly,
My vengeance you shall satisfy:
The Muse, that would have sung your praise, shall
now aloud proclaim [shame.
To the malicious, spiteful world, your infamy and

V.

Ye Gods! she weeps; behold that falling
shower!
See how her eyes are quite dissolv'd in tears!

Can she in vain that precious torrent pour?
Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears:
'Twas Pity sure that made it flow:
For the same pity, stop it now;
For every charming, heavenly drop that from those
eyes does part,
Is paid with streams of blood, that gush from my
o'erflowing heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
And raise my passions up as high as e'er;
Nay, I'll believe you false, yet love you too,
Let the least sign of penitence appear.
I'll frame excuses for your fault;
Think' you surpris'd, or meanly caught;
Nay, in the fury, in the height of that abhorr'd
embrace,
Believe you thought, believe at least you wish'd,
me in the place.

VII.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in those arms,
And on that bosom lull asleep my cares:
Forgive those foolish fears of fancy'd harms
That stab my soul, while they but move thy
tears;
And think, unless I lov'd thee still,
I had not treated thee so ill;
For these rude pangs of jealousy are much more
certain signs
Of love, than all the tender words an amorous
fancy coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more:
Oh smile, and grant one reconciling kiss!
Ye Gods, she's kind! I'm ecstasy all o'er!
My soul's too narrow to contain the bliss.
Thou pleasing torture of my breast,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my rest,
Since both the ill and good you do, alike my peace
destroy;
That kills me with excess of grief, this with ex-
cess of joy.

CURE OF JEALOUSY.

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When, doating on some fair-one's charms,
They think she yields them to their rival's arms?

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if sharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their stormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover, when his breast
By jealous frenzy is possess'd;
Forswears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet straight to her whom he forswears returns.

But when the fair resolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fear goes out;

The cloud of Jealousy's dispell'd,
And the bright sun of innocence reveal'd.

With what strange raptures is he blest!
Raptures too great to be exprest.
Though hard the torment's to endure,
Who would not have the sickness for the cure?

SONNET.

DEATH.

WHAT has this bugbear Death that's worth our
care?

After a life in pain and sorrow past,
After deluding hope and dire despair,
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplac'd!
Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee;
Courting those tyrant sins that chain us fast,
And shunning Death, that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
(Why should they fear who keep their souls from
stains?) [see:

That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to
'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name;
'Tis nothing, Cælia, but the losing thee.

ELEGY.

To his false Mistress.

CÆLIA, your tricks will now no longer pass;
And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
I know my happier rival does obtain
All the vast bliss for which I sigh in vain.
Him, him you love, to me you use your art;
I had your looks, another had your heart:
To me you're sick, to me of spies afraid;
He finds your sickness gone, your spies betray'd:
I sigh beneath your window all the night;
He in your arms possesses the delight.
I know you treat me thus, false fair, I do;
And, oh! what plagues me worse, he knows it
too;

To him my sighs are told, my letters shewn,
And all my pains are his diversion grown.
Yet, since you could such horrid treasons act,
I'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the fact:
His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
And 'tis by that I have your falsehood known.
What shall I do! for, treated at this rate,
I must not love, and yet I cannot hate:
I hate the actions, but I love the face;
Oh, were thy virtue more, or beauty less!
I'm all confusion, and my soul's on fire,
Torn by contending reason and desire:

This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er;
One counsels best, the other pleases more.
I know I ought to hate you for your fault;
But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canst thou, mean wretch! canst thou contented
prove

With the cold relics of a rival's love?
Why did I see that face to charm my breast?
Or, having seen, why did I know the rest?
Gods! if I have obey'd your just commands,
If I've deserv'd some favour of your hands,
Make me that tame, that easy fool again,
And rid me of my knowledge and my pain:
And you, false fair! for whom so oft I've griev'd,
Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forswear yourself for one who dies for you;
Vow, not a word of the whole charge was true;
But scandals all, and forgeries, devis'd
By a vain wretch neglected and despis'd.
I too will help to forward the deceit,
And, to my power, contribute to the cheat:
And thou, bold man, who think'st to rival me,
For thy presumption I could pardon thee,
I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
I could forgive thy rifling all her charms;
But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue
That boasts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHAT fury does disturb my rest?
What hell is this within my breast?
Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal torment prove.
I see Celinda's cruelty,
I see she loves all men but me,
I see her falsehood, see her pride,
I see ten thousand faults beside,
I see she sticks at nought that's ill;
Yet, oh ye Powers! I love her still.
Others on precipices run,
Which, blind with love, they cannot shun:
I see my danger, see my ruin;
Yet seek, yet court, my own undoing:
And each new reason I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

THE ANTIDOTE.

WHEN I see the bright nymph who my heart
does enthrall, [air,
When I view her soft eyes and her languishing,
Her merit so great, my own merit so small,
It makes me adore, and it makes me despair.
But when I consider, she squanders on fools
All those treasures of beauty with which she is
stor'd;
My fancy it damps, my passion it cools,
And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise :

I love, and I hate, but I never esteem :
The passion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
Which my rivals destroy when I look upon [them.]

How wisely does Nature things so different unite?
In such odd compositions our safety is found ;
As the blood of a scorpion's a cure for the bite,
So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does wound.

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

CÆLIA, too late you would repent ;
The offering all your store,
Is now but like a pardon sent
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliss too late,
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When first my court I made ;
But when your falsehoods plain appear,
My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of those favours shewn,
Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valued medals down,
And giving us the brass.

Oh, since the thing we beg's a toy
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy
Before our love is gone ?

THE RECONCILEMENT.

Be gone, ye sighs ! be gone, ye tears !
Be gone, ye jealousies and fears !
Celinda swears she never lov'd ;
Celinda swears none ever mov'd
Her heart, but I : If this be true,
Shall I keep company with you ?
What though a senseless rival swore
She said as much to him before ?
What though I saw him in her bed ?
I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.
Curse on the prudent and the wise,
Who ne'er believe such pleasing lies.
I grant she only does deceive ;
I grant 'tis folly to believe ;
But by this folly I vast pleasures gain,
While you, with all your wisdom, live in pain.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

[Irregular Verses.]

FRIEND.

VALUE thyself, fond youth, no more
On favours Mulus had before ;
He had her first, her virgin flame,
You like a bold intruder came
To the cold relicks of a feast,
When he at first had seiz'd the best.

LOVER.

When he, dull sot, had seiz'd the worse,
I came in at the second course :
'Tis chance that first makes people love ;
Judgment their riper fancies move.
Mulus, you say, first charm'd her eyes :
First, she lov'd babies and dirt pies ;
But she grew wiser, and in time
Found out the folly of those toys and him.

FRIEND.

If wisdom change in love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wondrous wits :
But wisdom, that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you, no man can foresee his doom :
But shall I grieve because an ill may come ?
Yet I'll allow her change, when she can see
A man deserves her more than me,
As much as I deserve her more than he.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own eyes see our desert,
No woman e'er could from her lover part.
But, oh ! they see not with their own :
All things to them are through false optics shewn.
Love at the first does all your charms increase,
When the tube's turn'd, hate represents them less.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
For dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er cease loving me ; or, if she do,
'Tis ten to one I cease to love her too.

EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

Go, said old Lyce, senseless lover, go,
And with soft verses court the fair ; but know,
With all thy verses, thou canst get no more
Than fools without one verse have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew ;
And that which most enrag'd me, was, 'twas true.

THE FAIR MOURNER.

In what sad pomp the mournful charmer lies ?
Does she lament the victim of her eyes ?

Or would she hearts with soft compassion move,
To make them take the deeper stamp of love?
What youth so wise, so wary to escape,
When Rigour comes, dress'd up in Pity's shape?
Let not in vain those precious tears be shed,
Pity the dying fair-one, not the dead;
While you unjustly of the fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentless judges make their moan;
Blame not Death's cruelty, but cease your own.
While raging passion both our souls does wound,
A sovereign balm might sure for both be found;
Would you but wipe your fruitless tears away,
And with a just compassion mine survey.

EPIGRAM.

To his false Mistress.

THOU saidst that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldst abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my scorn:
See what thy falsehood gets; I must confess
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

EPIGRAM.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

How much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts:
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

ELEGY.

THE PETITION.

In Imitation of Catullus.

Is there a pious pleasure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean sordid actions we despise,
And scorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrsis, thou hast sure blessings laid in store,
From thy just dealing in this curst amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be shewn,
Which to the fair thou hast not said and done?
On her false heart they all are thrown away;
She only swears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many vows she
 broke,
Free my just soul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and, like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital
 blood.

I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste,
Or with an equal passion burn at last:
The one she cannot practise, though she would;
And I condemn the other, though she should:
Nor ask I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
'Tis punishment enough to have her guilt.
I beg but balm for my bleeding breast,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours rest.

ELEGY,

Upon quitting his Mistress.

I KNOW, Celinda, I have borne too long,
And by forgiving have increas'd my wrong;
Yet if there be a power in verse to slack
Thy course in vice, or bring fled virtue back,
I'll undertake the task, howe'er so hard;
A generous action is its own reward.
Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
I'd fly from crowns to live within those arms:
But who, oh! who, can e'er believe thee just,
When such known falsehoods have destroy'd all
 trust?

Farewell, false fair! nor shall I longer stay:
Since we must part, why should we thus delay?
Your love alone was what my soul could prize;
And missing that, can all the rest despise:
Yet should I not repent my follies past,
Could you take up, and grow reserv'd at last:
'Twould please me, parted from your fatal
 charms,
To see you happy in another's arms.
Whatever threatenings fury might extort,
Oh fear not I should ever do you hurt:
For though my former passion is remov'd,
I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! while thus I waste my time in vain,
Sure there are maids I might entirely gain:
I'll search for such, and to the first that's true,
Resign the heart so hardly freed from you.

TO HIS MISTRESS,

Against Marriage.

YES, all the world must sure agree,
He who's secur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely blest:
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
 My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
That were for public good design'd:
Could we, in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grass away,
 To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two souls, which passion does unite;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away;
And why the devil should we stay,
When once that love is past?

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

CHLOE, new-marry'd, looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

EPIGRAM.

CORNUS.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife's a whore:
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee
one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

EPIGRAM.

THRASO.

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at
night;
When sober in the morning, dares not fight.
Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

EPIGRAM.

GRIPE AND SHIFTER.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning
bend,
T' increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set,
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!

TO CÆLIA,

Upon some Alterations in her Face.

AN, Cælia! where are now the charms
That did such wondrous passions move?
Time, cruel Time, those eyes disarm,
And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
To women's interest, and to ours?
Beauties in which the public share,
The greedy villain first devours.

Who, without tears, can see a prince
That trains of fawning courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without defence?
Nor is thy hapless fate less sad.

Thou, who so many fools hast known,
And all the fools would hardly do,
Shouldst now confine thyself to one!
And he, alas! a husband too.

See the ungrateful slaves, how fast
They from thy setting glories run;
And in what mighty crowds they haste
To worship Flavia's rising sun!

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
In vain those eyes would love impart;
Not all th' advances, all the smiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, still
By cruelty her cause maintains,
And scarce vouchsafes a careless smile
To the poor slaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waste their tears;
But sure they will in time repine,
That thou hast not a face like hers,
Or she has not a heart like thine.

THE RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye fields, where constant peace at-
tends!

All hail, ye sacred solitary groves!
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whose conversation pleases and improves!

Could one who study'd your sublimer rules,
Become so mad to search for joys abroad?
To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
And undistinguish'd pass among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
Thinks happiness in great preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his country to betray,
Curst by the fools, and laugh'd at by the wise.

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Consume their time to multiply their gains;
And, fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

Others the name of pleasure does invite;
All their dull time in sensual joys they live,
And hope to gain that solid, firm delight,
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplex, alas! is human fate!
 I, whom nor avarice nor pleasures move,
 Who view with scorn the trophies of the great,
 Yet must myself be made a slave to love.

If this dire passion never will be gone,
 If beauty always must my heart enthrall,
 Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
 Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of state
 (For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn);
 And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
 Can boldly say, The Trifle I condemn.

In her blest arms, contented could I live,
 Contented could I die: but oh! my mind
 I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
 With hope of things impossible to find.

In women how should sense and beauty meet?
 The wisest men their youth in follies spend:
 The best is he that earliest finds the cheat,
 And sees his errors while there's time to mend.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
 For Phyllis the fair,
 Since nothing could move her,
 Poor Damon, her lover,
 Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish;
 But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
 Where a leap from above
 Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep;
 His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get,
 But a neck when once broken
 Can never be set;
 And, that he could die
 Whenever he would,
 But, that he could live
 But as long as he could:
 How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd
 At thoughts of the pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his cottage again.

SONG.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
 With which our lives are curst;
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst!
 By partners, in each other kind,
 Afflictions easier grow;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
 Are labouring in my breast;
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest!
 How great soe'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

A SONG TO PHYLLIS.

I.
 PHYLLIS, we not grieve that Nature,
 Forming you, has done her part;
 And in every single feature
 Shew'd the utmost of her art.

II.
 But in this it is pretended
 That a mighty grievance lies,
 That your heart should be defended,
 Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

III.
 Love's a senseless inclination,
 Where no mercy's to be found;
 But is just, where kind compassion
 Gives us balm to heal the wound.

IV.
 Persians, paying solemn duty,
 To the rising Sun inclin'd,
 Never would adore his beauty,
 But in hopes to make him kind.

PHYLLIS'S RESOLUTION.

I.
 WHEN slaves their liberty require,
 They hope no more to gain,
 But you not only that desire,
 But ask the power to reign.

II.
 Think how unjust a suit you make,
 Then you will soon decline;
 Your freedom, when you please, pray take,
 But trespass not on mine.

III.
 No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
 I ne'er will grant the thing,
 That he, who once has been my slave,
 Should ever be my king.

AN EPISTLE

TO A LADY WHO HAD RESOLVED AGAINST
MARRIAGE.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
Your resolution for a single state;
Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
Must never put on Hymen's livery;
Perhaps its outside seems to promise fair,
But underneath is nothing else but care.
If once you let the Gordian knot be ty'd,
Which turns the name of virgin into bride;
That one fond act your life's best scene foregoes,
And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
Whose strange meanders you may search about,
But never find the clue to let you out.
The married life affords you little ease,
The best of husbands is so hard to please:
This in wives careful faces you may spell,
Though they dissemble their misfortunes well.
No plague's so great as an ill-ruling head,
Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread:
For Love's insinuating fire they fan,
With sweet ideas of a god-like man.
Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their swains,
And sung their praises on the neighbouring plains;
Oh! they were brave, accomplish'd, charming men,
Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
Sure some resistless power with Cupid sides,
Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides;
For single lives afford the most content,
Secure and happy, as they're innocent:
Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon seas:
Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares,
No bawling children to disturb your prayers;
No parting sorrows to extort your tears,
No blustering husband to renew your fears!
Therefore, dear madam, let a friend advise,
Love and its idle deity despise:
Suppress wild Nature, if it dares rebel;
There's no such thing as "leading apes in hell."

CLELIA TO URANIA.

AN ODE.

I.
THE dismal regions which no sun beholds,
Whilst his fires roll some distant world to cheer,
Which in dry darkness, frost, and chilling cold,
Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
At his returning influence never knew
More joy than Clelia, when she thinks of you.

II.
Those zealots, who adore the rising sun,
Would soon their darling deity despise,
And with more warm, more true devotion run,
To worship nobler beams, Urania's eyes;
Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
Where rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

III.

But, ah! frail mortals, though you may admire
At a convenient distance all her charms,
Approach them, and you'll feel a raging fire,
Which scorches deep, and all your power disarms:
Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
From the bright object which your pleasure breeds.

SONG.

I.

THOUGH Celia's born to be ador'd,
And Strephon to adore her born,
In vain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice with charms and scorn.

II.

Fair faint, to your blest orb repair,
To learn in heaven a heavenly mind;
Thence hearken to a sinner's prayer,
And be less beauteous, or more kind.

LOVING ONE & NEVER SAW.

THOU tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
And persecute this breast no more:
Ah! tell me why must every dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
I never murmur'd or repin'd,
But patiently myself resign'd
To all the torments, which through thee
Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
But oh! I can no more sustain
This long continued state of pain,
Though 'tis but fruitless to complain.
My heart, first soften'd by thy power,
Ne'er kept its liberty an hour:
So fond and easy was it grown,
Each nymph might call the fool her own:
So much to its own interest blind,
So strangely charm'd to womankind,
That it no more belong'd to me,
Than vestal-virgins hearts to thee.
I often courted it to stay;
But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
In vain to stop it I essay'd,
Though often, often, I display'd
The turns and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By some proud maid ill us'd and scorn'd,
I still the renegade carest,
And gave it harbour in my breast.
O! then, with indignation fir'd
At what before it so admir'd;
With shame and sorrow overcast,
And sad repentance for the past,
A thousand sacred oaths it swore
Never to wander from me more;
After chimeras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-goose chase of love.

Thus it resolv'd—
 Till some new face again betray'd
 The resolutions it had made:
 Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
 Eager, impatient, to be gone:
 And, though so often it had fail'd,
 Though vainless every heart assail'd,
 Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
 It took again its fatal flight.
 'Tis thus, malicious deity,
 That thou hast banter'd wretched me;
 Thus made me vainly lose my time,
 Thus fool away my youthful prime;
 And yet, for all the hours I've lost,
 And sighs, and tears, thy bondage cost,
 Ne'er did thy slave thy favours blefs,
 Or crown his passion with success.
 Well—since 'tis doom'd that I must find
 No love for love from womankind;
 Since I no pleasure must obtain,
 Let me at least avoid the pain:
 So weary of the chace I'm grown,
 That with content I'd sit me down,
 Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
 And bid all womankind farewell.
 Nay, ask, for all I felt before,
 Only to be disturb'd no more.
 Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
 Will give my torments no relief;
 But now, ev'n now, thou mak'st me die,
 And love I know not whom, nor why,
 In every part I feel the fire.
 And burn with fanciful desire;
 From whence can love its magic draw?
 I doat on her *I never saw*:
 And who, but lovers, can express
 This strange, mysterious tenderness?
 And yet methinks 'tis happier so,
 Than whom it is I love to know:
 Now my unbounded notions rove,
 And frame ideas to my love.
 I fancy I should something find,
 Diviner both in face and mind,
 Than ever nature did bestow
 On any creature here below.
 I fancy thus Corinna walks,
 That thus she sings, she looks, she talks.
 Sometimes I sigh, and fancy then,
 That, did Corinna know my pain,
 Could she my trickling tears but see,
 She would be kind, and pity me.
 Thus thinking I've no cause to grieve,
 I pleasingly myself deceive;
 And sure am happier far than he
 Who knows the very truth can be.
 Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
 See my imaginary fair:
 Lest she should be more heavenly bright
 Than can be reach'd by fancy's height:
 Lest (when I on her beauty gaze,
 Confounded, lost in an amaze;
 My trembling lips and eyes should tell,
 'Tis her I dare to love so well);
 She, with an angry, scornful eye,
 Or some unkind, severe reply,

My hopes of bliss should overcast,
 And my presuming passion blast.
 If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
 And let me not see her I love,
 Thy altars prostrate I'll adore,
 And call thee tyrant-god no more.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SICILIAN Muse, my humble voice inspire,
 To sing of Daphne's charms and Damon's fire,
 Long had the faithful swain suppress his grief,
 And, since he durst not hope, ne'er ask'd relief.
 But at th' arrival of the fatal day
 That took the nymph and all his joys away;
 With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
 And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare:
 Till with deep sighs, as if his heart-strings broke,
 Pressing her hand, these tender things he spoke:

DAMON.

Ah! lovely nymph, behold your lover burn,
 And view that passion which you'll not return,
 As no nymph's charms did ever equal thine,
 So no swain's love did ever equal mine:
 How happy, fair, how happy should I be,
 Might I but sacrifice myself for thee!
 Could I but please thee with my dying verse,
 And make thee shed one tear upon my hearse!

DAPHNE.

Too free an offer of that love you make,
 Which now, alas! I have not power to take:
 Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve;
 Phaon has all the love that I can give.
 Had you among the rest at first assail'd
 My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
 Now if you blame, oh! blame not me, but Fate,
 That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the fates brought me then, too charming
 fair,
 I could not hope, and now I must despair.
 Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lover's flame,
 For flocks, for pastures, for an empty name.
 Yet though the best possession fate denies,
 Oh let me gaze for ever on those eyes:
 So just, so true, so innocent's my flame,
 That Phaon, did he see it, could not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such generous ends I know you still pursue,
 What I can do, be sure I will for you.
 If on esteem or pity you can live,
 Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,
 Those you may have, but cannot have my heart:
 And since we now perhaps for ever part,
 Such noble thoughts through all your life express,
 May make the value more, the pity less.

DAMON.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part,
(Ye Gods! what shivering pains surround my heart!

And have one thought to make your pity less?
Ah Daphne, could I half my pangs express, [were,
You could not think, though hard as rocks you
Your pity ever could too great appear.
I ne'er shall be one moment free from pain,
Till I behold those charming eyes again.
When gay diversions do your thoughts employ,
I would not come to interrupt the joy;
But when from them you some spare moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
Think with what heart I shall behold the green,
Where I so oft those charming eyes have seen!
Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! that little time you have to stay,
Let me still speak, and gaze my soul away!
But see my passion that small aid denies;
Grief stops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

THYRSIS, the gayest one of all the swains,
Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains;
While love's mad passion quite devour'd his heart,
And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his smart;
Strives in low numbers, such as shepherds use,
If not to move her breast, his own amuse.

You, Chloris, who with scorn refuse to see
The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot sure with equal pride disdain,
To hear an humble hind of his complain.

Now while the flocks and herds to shades retire,
While the fierce sun sets all the world on fire;
Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I

rove,
And to the hills and woods declare my love.
How small's the heat! how easy is the pain
I feel without, to that I feel within!

Yet scornful Galatea will not hear,
But from my songs and pipe still turns her ear:
Not so the sage Corisca, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich Ægon's only care;
From them my songs a just compassion drew;
And they shall have them, since contemn'd by you.

Why name I them, when ev'n chaste Cynthia
stays,

And Pan himself, to listen to my lays?
Pan, whose sweet pipe has been admir'd so long,
Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my song:
Yet Galatea scorns whate'er I say,
And Galatea's wiser sure than they.

Relentless nymph! can nothing move your mind?
Must you be deaf, because you are unkind?
Though you dislike the subject of my lays,
Yet sure the sweetness of my voice might please.
It is not thus that you dull Mopsus use;
His songs divert you, though you mine refuse:

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Yet I could tell you, fair one, if I would,
(And since you treat me thus, methinks I should)
What the wise Lycon said, when in yon' plain
He saw him court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond youth, to chace a heedless fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd verse to please her ear;
Seek out some other nymph, nor e'er repine
That one who likes his songs, should fly from thine.

Ah, Lycon! ah! your rage false dangers forms;
'Tis not his songs, but 'tis his fortune charms:
Yet, scornful maid, in time you'll find those toys
Can yield no real, no substantial joys;
In vain his wealth, his titles gain esteem,
If for all that you are ashamed of him.

Ah, Galatea, would'st thou turn those eyes,
Would'st thou but once vouchsafe to hear my cries;
In such soft notes I would my pains impart,
As could not fail to move thy rocky heart;
With such sweet songs I would thy fame make

known,
As Pan himself might not disdain to own.
Oh could'st thou, fair one, but contented be
To tend the sheep, and chace the hares, with me;
To have thy praises echo'd through the groves,
And pass thy days with one who truly loves:
Nor let those gaudy toys thy heart surprise,
Which the fools envy, and the sage despise,

But Galatea scorns my humble flame,
And neither asks my fortune, nor my name.
Of the best cheese my well-stor'd dairy's full,
And my soft sheep produce the finest wool;
The richest wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And smiling crops of grain adorn my field.

Ah, foolish youth! in vain thou boast'st thy
store,

Have what thou wilt, if Mopsus still has more.
See whilst thou sing'st, behold her haughty pride,
With what disdain she turns her head aside!

Oh, why would Nature, to our ruin, place
A tiger's heart, with such an angel's face?

Cease, shepherd, cease, at last thy fruitless moan;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.

While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes resound,
See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground!
The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.
Take, shepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks pursue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new.

ECLOGUE III.

DAMON.

TAKEN FROM THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

ARISE, O Phosphorus! and bring the day,
While I in sighs and tears consume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Nisa's love;
And to the gods my vain petitions move:
Though they've done nothing to prevent my death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Arcadia's famous for its spacious plains,
Its whistling pine-trees, and its shady groves,
And often hears the swains lament their loves.

O o

Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
Who first taught reeds to warble rural notes.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Mopfus weds Nisa! oh, well-suited pair!
When he succeeds, what lover can despair?
After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
And hounds with hares in friendly consort feed.
Go, Mopfus, go; provide the bridal cake,
And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
In her soft arms thou shalt securely rest,
Behold, the evening comes to make thee blest!
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Oh, Nisa, happy in a lovely choice!
While you with scorn neglect my pipe and voice;
While you despise my humble songs, my herd,
My shaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
While through the plains disdainfully you move,
And think no shepherd can deserve your love;
Mopfus alone can the nice virgin win,
With charming person, and with graceful mien.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

When first I saw you on those fatal plains,
I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
Scarce had you seen the thirteenth spring appear:
Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
I gaz'd, and blushes did your charms increase.
'Tis love, thought I, that's rising in her breast;
Alas, your passion, by my own, I guest;
Then upon trust I fed the raging pains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Oh, love! I know thee now; thou ow'st thy birth
To rocks; some craggy mountain brought thee
forth:

Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Relentless love to bold Medea shew'd,
To stain her guilty hands in children's blood.
Was she more cruel, or more wicked he?
He was a wicked counsellor, a cruel mother she.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Now let the screech-owls vie with warbling
swans;

Upon hard oaks let blushing peaches grow,
And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
The harmless wolves the ravenous sheep shall shun;
And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run:
Let the sea rise, and overflow the plains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Adieu, ye flocks; no more shall I pursue!
Adieu, ye groves; a long, a long adieu!
And you, coy nymph, who all my vows disdain,
Take this last present from a dying swain.
Since you dislike whate'er in life I said,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This leap shall put an end to all my pains.
Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian
strains.

Thus Damon sung while on the cliff he stood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
All with united grief the loss bemoan,
Except the authoress of his fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting breast.
Ah, cruel nymph! forbear your scorn at least.
How much soe'er you may the love despise,
'Tis barbarous to insult on one that dies.

ECLOGUE IV.

LYCON.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
Two charming swains as e'er Arcadia bred;
Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
Both in the lustre of their blooming youth:
No sullen cares their tender thoughts remove,
No passions discompose their souls, but love.
Once, and but once alone, as story goes,
Between the youths a fierce dispute arose;
Not for the merit of their tuneful lays
(Though both deserv'd, yet both despis'd, that
praise);

But for a cause of greater moment far,
That merited a lover's utmost care.
Each swain the prize of beauty strove to gain,
For the bright shepherdess that caus'd his pain.
Lycon they chose, the difference to decide,
Lycon, for prudence and sage counsel try'd;
Who love's mysterious arts had study'd long,
And taught, when old, what he had practis'd
young.
For the dispute alternate verse they choose,
Alternate verse delights the rural Muse.

STREP. To Flavia, love, thou justly ow'st the prize,
She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.

DAM. Though Sylvia, for herself, love's power
defies,

What crowds of vassals has she made to love!

STREP. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural
games, [press.

Each curl, each flower she wears, a charm ex-

DAM. Sylvia, without a foreign aid, inflames;
Charm'd with her eyes, we never mind her
dress. [hair?

STREP. Have you seen Flavia with her flaxen
She seems an image of the queen of love!

DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's locks appear,
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove.

STREP. Flavia by crowds of lovers is admir'd;
Happy that youth who shall the fair enjoy!

DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd;
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ!

STREP. Flavia, where'er she comes, the swains
subdues,

And every smile she gives conveys a dart.

DAM. Sylvia the swains with native coldness
views;

And yet what shepherd can defend his heart?

STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an instant
strike:

Gazers, before they think of it, adore. [like;

DAM. Sylvia's soft charms, as soon as seen, we
But still the more we think, we love the more.

STREP. Who is so stupid, that has Flavia seen,
As not to view the nymph with vast delight?

DAM. Who has seen Sylvia, and so stupid been,
As to remember any other sight?

STREP. What thoughts has Flavia, when with
care she views

Her charming graces in the crystal lakes?

DAM. To see hers, Sylvia need no mirrors u
She sees them by the conquests that she makes.

STREP. With what assurance Flavia walks the
plains! [yield.

She knows the nymphs must all their lovers

DAM. Sylvia with blushes wounds the gazing
swains;

And while she strives to fly, she wins the field.

STREP. Flavia at first young Melibœus lov'd:

For me she did that charming youth forsake.

DAM. Sylvia's relentless heart was never mov'd:

Gods! that I might the first impression make!

STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with
her,

What indignation would the charmer shew!

DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herself prefer:

There we alone her judgment disallow.

STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can com-
pare,

Why is this crowded still, and that alone?

DAM. Because their ways of life so different are;

Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

LYCON. Shepherds, enough; now cease your
amorous war,

Or too much heat may carry both too far:

I well attended the dispute, and find [kind.

Both nymphs have charms, but each in different

Flavia deserves more pains than she will cost;

As easily got, were she not easily lost.

Sylvia is much more difficult to gain;

But, once possess'd, will well reward the pain.

We wish them Flavias all, when first we burn;

But, once possess'd, wish they would Sylvias turn.

And, by the different charms in each express'd,

One we should soonest love, the other best.

ECLOGUE V.

DELIA.

*Lamenting the Death of Mrs. Tempest, who died
upon the Day of the great Storm.*

YE gentle swains, who pass your days and nights
In Love's sincere and innocent delights!

Ye tender virgins, who with pride display

Your beauty's splendor, and extend your sway!

Lament with me! with me your sorrows join!

And mingle your united tears with mine!

Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!

Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

Begin, my Muse! begin your mournful strains!

Tell the sad tale through all the hills and plains!

Tell it through every lawn and every grove!

Where flocks can wander, or where shepherds
rove!

Bid neighbouring rivers tell the distant sea,

And winds from pole to pole the news convey!

Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!

Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muse!

See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the
news!

The foaming sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd shore,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.

See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,

And stately towers in heaps of ruin mourn!

The gentle Thames, that rarely passion knows,

Swells with this sorrow, and her banks o'erflows:

What shrieks are heard! what groans! what dying
cries!

Ev'n Nature's self in dire convulsions lies!

Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!

Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

O! why did I survive the fatal day,

That snatch'd the joys of all my life away?

Why was not I beneath some ruin lost?

Sunk in the seas, or shipwreck'd on the coast?

Why did the Fates spare this devoted head?

Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?

By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments
eas'd;

Nor knew I pleasure, but as thou wert pleas'd.

Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?

What use have I of life, now thou art gone?

I have no use, alas! but to deplore

Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more!

What living nymph is blest with equal grace?

All may dispute, but who can fill thy place?

What lover in his mistress hopes to find

A form so lovely, with so bright a mind?

Doris may boast a face divinely fair,

But wants thy shape, thy motions, and thy air.

Lucinda has thy shape, but not those eyes,

That, while they did th' admiring world surprise,

Disclos'd the secret lustre of the mind,

And seem'd each lover's inmost thoughts to find.

Others, whose beauty yielding swains confess,

By indiscretion make their conquest less,

And want thy conduct and obliging wit

To fix those slaves who to their chains submit.

As some rich tyrant hoards an useless store,

That would, well plac'd, enrich a thousand more:

So didst thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd,

Would make a thousand other nymphs admir'd.

Gay, modest, artless, beautiful, and young;

Slow to resolve; in resolution strong;

To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all;

None could himself the favour'd lover call:

That which alone could make his hopes endure,

Was, that he saw no other swain secure.

Whither, ah! whither are those graces fled?

Down to the dark, the melancholy shade?

Now, shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!

Delia is dead, and beauty is no more!

For thee each tuneful swain prepar'd his lays,

His fame exalting while he sung thy praise.

Thyrsis, in gay and easy measures, strove

To charm thy ears, and tune thy soul to love:

Menalcas, in his numbers more sublime,

Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme:

Glycon, whose satire kept the world in awe,

Softens'd his strain, when first thy charms he saw,

Confess'd the goddess who new-form'd his mind,

Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.

Cease, shepherd, cease: the charms you sung are
fled;

The glory of our blasted isle is dead.

O o j j

Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore

Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more!

Behold where now she lies depriv'd of breath!

Charming, though pale, and beautiful in death!

A troop of weeping virgins by her side.

With all the pomp of woe and sorrows pride!

O, early lost! O, fitter to be led

In cheerful splendor to the bridal bed,

Than thus conducted to th' untimely tomb,

A spotless virgin in her beauty's bloom!

Whatever hopes superior merit gave,

Let me, at least, embrace thee in the grave;

On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiss:

O that thy coyness could refuse me this!

Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour,

Shall thaw their numbness, and thy warmth restore:

Claspt to my glowing breast, thou may'st revive;

I'll breathe such tender sighs shall make thee live;

Or, if severer fates that aid deny,

If thou canst not revive, yet I may die.

In one cold grave together may be laid

The truest lover and the loveliest maid.

Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before;

Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore.

But see, those dreadful objects disappear!

The sun shines out, and all the heavens are clear;

The warring winds are hush'd, the sea serene,

And Nature, soften'd, shifts her angry scene.

What means this sudden change? methinks I hear

Melodious music from the heavenly sphere!

Listen, ye shepherds, and devour the sound!

Listen: the saint, the lovely saint, is crown'd!

While we, mistaken in our joy and grief,

Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief:

From the pleas'd orbs she views us here below,

And with kind pity wonders at our woe. [above,

Ah, charming saint! since thou art blest'd

Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love:

Forgive their tears, who press'd with grief and

care,

Feel not thy joys, but feel their own despair.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

IMITATED, 1705.

I.

The man that's resolute and just,

Firm to his principles and trust,

Nor hopes nor fears can blind:

No passions his designs controul;

Not Love, that tyrant of the soul,

Can shake his steady mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,

Nor threatenings of a court engag'd,

Nor storms where fleets despair;

Not thunder pointed at his head;

The shatter'd world may strike him dead,

Not touch his soul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory rose;

By this the Romans aw'd their foes:

Of this, their poets sing.

These were the paths their heroes trod,

These acts made Hercules a god;

And great Naffau a king.

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he stood,

Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,

With blackening storms combin'd.

"Virtue," he cry'd, "will force its way;

"The wind may for a while delay,

"Not alter our design.

V.

"The men whom selfish hopes inflame,

"Or vanity allures to fame,

"May be to fears betray'd:

"But here a church for succour flies,

"Insulted law expiring lies,

"And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

"Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,

"I come, the wounded heart to heal,

"The wounding hand to bind:

"See tools of arbitrary sway,

"And priests, like locusts, scout away

"Before the western wind.

VII.

"Law shall again her force resume;

"Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,

"With brighter rays advance.

"The British fleet shall rule the deep,

"The British youth, as rous'd from sleep,

"Strike terror into France.

VIII.

"Nor shall these promises of fate

"Be limited to my short date:

"When I from cares withdraw,

"Still shall the British sceptre stand,

"Still flourish in a female hand,

"And to mankind give law.

IX.

"She shall domestic foes unite,

"Monarchs beneath her flags shall fight,

"Whole armies drag her chain:

"She shall lost Italy restore,

"Shall make th' imperial eagle soar,

"And give a king to Spain.

X.

"But know, these promises are given,

"These great rewards impartial heaven

"Does on these terms decree;

"That, strictly punishing men's faults,

"You let their consciences and thoughts

"Rest absolutely free.

XI.

"Let no false politics confine

"In narrow bounds, your vast design

"To make mankind unite;

"Nor think it a sufficient cause

"To punish man by penal laws,

"For not believing right.

XII.

"Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind;

"Rome's sons shall your compassion find,

" Who ne'er compassion knew.
 " By nobler actions their's condemn :
 " For what has been reproach'd in them,
 " Can ne'er be prais'd in you."

XIII.

These subjects suit not with the lyre;
 Muse! to what height dost thou aspire,
 Pretending to rehearse
 The thoughts of gods, and godlike kings?
 Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
 By mean ignoble verse.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

*Supposed to have been taken from a Sibylline
 Prophecy.*

" ——— Paulò majora canamus."

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier flight;
 Not all in trees and lowly shrubs delight:
 Or if your rural shades you still pursue,
 Make your shades fit for able statesmen's view.

The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold,
 Restoring the Saturnian age of gold;
 The vile, degenerate, whiggish offspring ends,
 A high-church progeny from heaven descends.
 O learned Oxford, spare no sacred pains
 To nurse the glorious breed, now thy own Brom-
 ley reigns.

And thou great Scarfdale, darling of this land,
 Dost foremost in that fam'd commission stand;
 Whose deep remarks the listening world admires,
 By whose auspicious care old Ranelagh expires.
 Your mighty genius no strict rules can bind;
 You punish men for crimes, which you want
 time to find.

Senates shall now like holy synods be,
 And holy synods senate-like agree.
 Monmouth and Mostyn here instruct the youth,
 There Bincks and Kimberley maintain the sacred
 truth.

Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim,
 Through wide West-Saxon realms extend their
 fame;

There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
 Nor treat their bishops in a human way.

Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease,
 And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
 Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail,
 Harley shall cease to trick, and Seymour cease
 to rail:

The lambs shall with the lions walk unhurt,
 And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.
 Viceroy, like Providence, with distant care,
 Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
 Pacific admirals, to save the fleet,
 Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet:

Commanders shall be prais'd at William's cost,
 And honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.
 Brereton and Barnaby the court shall grace,
 And Howe shall not disdain to share a place.
 Forgotten Molyneux and Mason now
 Revive and shine again in Fox and Howe.

But as they stronger grow, and mend their strain,
 By choice examples of King Charles's reign;
 Bold Bellasis and patriot D'Avenant then,
 One shall employ the sword, and one the pen:
 Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
 The tool of faction shall to peace invite
 And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms
 to unite.

Yet still some Whigs among the peers are
 found,

Like brambles flourishing in barren ground.
 Somers maliciously employs his care
 To make the lords the legislature share.
 Burnet declares how French dragooning rose,
 And bishops persecuting bills oppose:
 Till Rochester's * cool temper shall be fir'd,
 And North's and Nottingham's strong reasonings
 be admir'd.

But when due time their counsels shall mature,
 And fresh removes have made the game secure;
 When Somerset and Devonshire give place
 To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's
 grace,

Both convert's great; when justice is refin'd,
 And corporations garbled to their mind;
 Then passive doctrines shall with glory rise,
 Before them hated moderation flies,
 And Anti-christian toleration dies.
 Granville shall seize the long expected chair,
 Godolphin to some country seat repair;
 Pembroke from all employments be debarr'd,
 And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his
 just reward.

France, that this happy change so wisely has be-
 gun,
 Shall bless the great design, and bid it smoothly
 run.

Come on young James's friends, this is the time,
 come on;

Receive just honours, and surround the throne.
 Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
 Hedges now rules the state, and Rooke the main.
 Grimes is at hand the members to reward,
 And troops are trusted to your own Gerhard.
 The faithful club assembles at the Vine,
 And French intrigues are broach'd o'er English
 wine.

Freely the senate the design proclaims,
 Affronting William, and applauding James.
 Good ancient members, with a solemn face,
 Propose that safety give to order place;
 And what they dare not openly dissuade,
 Is by expedients ineffectual made.
 Ev'n Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court caress,
 Exalt its praises, but its power depress;
 And, that impartial justice may be seen,
 Confirm to friends what they refus'd the Queen.

* Bishop Sprat.

Bishop's who most advanc'd good James's cause
In church and state, now reap deserv'd applause:
While those who rather made the Tower their
choice,

Are styl'd unchristian by the nation's voice.
Avow'dly now St. David's cause they own,
And James's votes for Simony atone.
Archbishop Kenn shall from Long-Leat be drawn,
While firm Nonjurors from behind stand crowd-
ing for the lawn.

And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
Shalt sail to Lambeth in his grace's barge.

See by base rebels James the Just betray'd,
See his three realms by vile usurpers sway'd;
Then see with joy his lawful heir restor'd,
And erring nations own their injur'd lord.

O would kind heaven so long my life maintain,
Inspiring raptures worthy such a reign!

Not Thracian Saint John should with me contend,
Nor my sweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend:
Not though young D'Avenant, Saint John should
protect,

Or the shrewd Doctor, Hammond's lines correct.
Nay, should Tredenham in Saint Mawes compare
his songs to mine,
Tredenham, though Saint Mawes were judge, his
laurel should resign.

Prepare, auspicious youth, thy friends to meet;
Sir George * already has prepar'd the fleet.
Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
In times of danger still this chief confin'd)
Now send the gout, the hero to disgrace,
Honest George Churchill may supply his place.

* Rooke.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SMITH.

Containing his

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS, A TRAGEDY,
ODES,

||

POEM TO THE MEMORY OF PHILIPS,
EPISTLES,

℥c. ℥c. ℥c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.

POEM TO THE MEMORY OF PHILIPS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

[Anne 1793.]

THE
POETICAL WORKS

EDMUND SMITH.

Comprising his

POEM TO THE MURDER OF DR. HARRIS,
AND OTHER POEMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
LONDON:
J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

To which is added

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

But I, though slow to reach the joyful stage,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
FROM THE MURDER OF DR. HARRIS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY BURNELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1825.

THE LIFE OF SMITH.

EDMUND NEALE, known by the name of SMITH, was the only son of Mr. Neale, an eminent merchant, by a daughter of Baron Lechmere, at whose seat, called Hanley, near Tenbury, in Worcestershire, he was born in the year 1668.

Some misfortunes of his father, which were soon after followed by his death, occasioned the son's being left to the care of Mr. Smith, who had married his father's sister.

Mr. Smith treated him as if he had been his own son, and placed him at Westminster-school, under the care of Dr. Busby; who formed such high expectations of him, as to detain him at school beyond the usual time, as his custom was, with young men of the most promising abilities.

After the death of his generous guardian, whose name, in gratitude, he thought proper to assume, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge; but being invited, at the same time, to Christ Church College, Oxford, he preferred a studentship in that society, where he was handsomely maintained by his aunt, till her death.

Some time before his leaving Christ Church, he was sent for, by his mother, to Worcester, and acknowledged by her as a legitimate son; a circumstance which his biographer, Mr. Oldisworth, mentions, in order "to wipe off the aspersions that were ignorantly cast by some upon his birth."

It is probable, he was admitted a member of Christ Church in 1688, when he was twenty years old; for his name is subscribed to a copy of Latin verses, *on the Birth of the Prince of Wales*, with the addition of *Commoner*, when a *Freshman* (according to the university phrase), and before he was appointed to a studentship.

In 1689, he signalized his abilities, in writing some Latin verses *on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary*; and again, in 1690, he wrote a congratulatory poem, *on the Return of King William from Ireland*, inserted in the Oxford Collections of that time.

In 1691, he wrote *An Ode on the Death of Dr. Edward Pocock*, the learned Orientalist, which is printed in the second volume of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and is by far the best lyric composition in that collection.

These performances raised him very high in his college; but the indecency and licentiousness of his behaviour drew upon him, 24th December 1694, while he was yet a bachelor, a public admonition, entered upon record, in order to his expulsion.

He proceeded, however, to take his degree of Master of Arts, 8th July 1696, and passed through the exercises of the college and the university with unusual applause.

His reputation for literature advanced with his years; for he continued to cultivate his mind, though he did not correct his irregularities, which, at length, gave so much offence, that, 24th April 1700, the Dean and Chapter declared "the place of Mr. Smith void, he having been con-

victed of riotous misbehaviour in the house of Mr. Cole, an apothecary; but it was referred to the Dean, when, and upon what occasion the sentence should be put in execution."

Some time afterwards, he assumed the appearance of decency, and became candidate for the office of Censor in the College; but it was not thought proper to trust the superintendence of others to a man who took so little care of himself; and the preference was given to Mr. Foulkes, his junior.

After the loss of his election, he was observed to be less attentive to decency; and took his revenge, with more wit than prudence, in a severe lampoon against the Dean, Dr. Aldrich, whom he considered as the opponent of his claim.

He was endured, however, by the university, with all his irregularities, two years longer; but, on 20th December 1705, at the instance of all the canons, the sentence declared five years before was put in execution, with the tenderness due to a genius and a scholar, whom they were unwilling to lose.

He now repaired to London, where his reputation had preceded him, and where he was caressed by men of the greatest abilities among the Whig party, to which he was zealously attached, and supported by the liberality of those, whatever were their party, who delighted in his conversation.

The vivacity of his convivial wit, which exceeded the strongest prepossessions that had been conceived in his favour, connected him with the licentious and dissolute, among whom he affected the gaiety of a man of pleasure, though he still retained that extreme negligence of dress, which, at college, procured him the name of Captain Rag.

Such, however, was the natural gracefulness of his person, that even this singularity could not render it disagreeable; inasmuch, that the fair sex used at once to commend and reprove him, by the name of the *Handsome Sloven*.

In 1708, he published an elegiac *Poem to the Memory of John Philips*, his friend and fellow-collegian, which is justly esteemed among the best in our language. It appears from an invaluable fragment, transcribed by Dr. Johnson, from the Bodleian Manuscripts, that he intended to prefix "A Prefatory Discourse to it, with a Character of his Writings." It is said, that a guinea was usually given by his friends for a single copy; and, as his acquaintance was numerous, it was a very profitable poem.

In 1709, his *Phædra and Hippolitus*, a Tragedy, was acted at the theatre in the Hay-market. No play was ever introduced with greater advantages, or had ever excited greater expectations. It was countenanced by persons of the highest rank, and the most distinguished abilities of both parties. It was honoured with a prologue by Addison, and an epilogue by Prior. It was exhibited at an extraordinary expence, and inimitably performed by Betterton, Booth, Barry and Oldfield. But its intrinsic excellence was not sufficient for its support on the stage; for it was hardly heard the third night. Addison, in the *Tatler*, mentions this neglect as a disgrace to the nation, and imputes it to the fondness for operas then prevailing.

It was bought, however, by Lintot, the bookseller, at an advanced price, and the dedication accepted by Halifax, the Whig patron of literature, who had prepared to reward Smith with a place of three hundred pounds a-year; but, either from pride, caprice, or indolence, he neglected to attend him, and missed his reward, by not going to solicit it.

About this time there was a design of employing him in writing the *History of the Revolution*, which was dropped, on account of certain scruples which perplexed his integrity, in characterising some of the principal actors in that memorable event.

He undertook, also, a *Translation of Pindar*, of which his friend Mr. Oldisworth saw about ten sheets; and engaged in several other literary projects, which he wanted leisure and perseverance to execute.

His greatest undertaking was *Longinus*, of which he finished an entire translation; which he intended to accompany with notes and observations, and a system of the Art of Poetry, under the titles of *Thought, Diction, and Figure*; with illustrations from the Greek, Latin, English, French, Spanish and Italian poets.

He resolved to try again the fortune of the stage, with a tragedy, on the story of *Lady Jane Gray*; and having formed his plan, and collected the materials, he was, in June 1710, invited by George Duckett, Esq. to his house at Hartham in Wiltshire, that he might pursue his work with less interruption.

But his way of living at Hartham did not much forward his studies, for he found such opportunities of indulging his inclination to intemperance, that he became plethoric, and then, resolving to ease himself by evacuation, he rashly took a purge of his own prescription, so forcible, that it put an end to his life in July 1710, in the 42d year of his age. He was buried in the church of Hartham; and had the following epitaph from his friend Mr. Adams of Christ Church; in which his character is finely drawn.

M. S.

EDMUNDI SMITH, A. M.

Qui in Schola *Westmon.* educatus,

Ingenii, et Literaturæ splendore,

Lepida morum comitate,

Ædem Christi *Oxon.* cohonestavit

Poeta, Orator, Philosophus;

Cui *Græcæ et Romanæ* laudis æmulo

Disciplinas suas *Euclides, et Stagyrta*

Tubam *Maro, Flaccus* lyram,

Euripides Cothurnam, facundiam *Cicero,*

Certatim detulere;

Ut quod paucis unquam contigit,

Id Egregio huic Juveni palmarium foret,

Tragædiam in *Hippolito* suo, restituere,

Auriaci gloriam Scriptis angere

Bodleio, Pocockio, Philippsio, famam addere.

Dum autem judicio pollens limato,

De *Sublimi* decendi genere

Longinus alter opus parat arduum,

Heu! fato immaturo extinctus est;

Viris doctis et ingeniosis semper carus,

Eo nunc carior, quia abreptus.

Obiit A. D. MDCCX. Ætat. 42.

His poems, dispersed up and down in the miscellanies, with his *Tragedy*, and a Latin oration in laudem *Thomæ Bodleii*, were collected and published by his friend Mr. Oldisworth, in 1719.

His *Tragedy* is preserved in this collection, as it is rather a fine poem, than an excellent play. The action is mythological, and cannot be believed, nor beheld with interest or anxiety. The diction is too luxuriant and splendid for dialogue, and envelopes the thoughts rather than displays them. It is a scholar's play, such as may please the reader rather than the spectator; the production of a vigorous and elegant mind, accustomed to please itself with its own conceptions, but with little knowledge of real life.

His *Poem to the Memory of Philips* displays an elegant combination of fondness and admiration; of dignity and softness; with the exception of some passages which are too ludicrous. His *Latin Verses* possess such uncommon excellence, that they may justly rank with the best productions of that kind among the modern writers. His *Pocockius*, in particular, expresses, with great felicity, modern and familiar images in classical diction. A "ludicrous analysis" of it, written by himself, is printed in the "Student," Vol. I. p. 383.

All his pieces are classical and correct, and distinguished by beauty of style and harmony of versification, which must ensure them a favourable reception, and induce every one to regret that he lived to finish so few Productions.

Mr. Oldisworth has drawn his character with the laudable fondness and partiality of friendship—

"He had a quickness of apprehension, and vivacity of understanding, which easily took in and surmounted the most knotty parts of mathematics and metaphysics. His wit was prompt and flowing, yet solid and piercing, his taste delicate, his head clear, and his manner of expressing his thoughts perspicuous and engaging; an eager, but generous emulation grew up in him, which pushed him upon striving to excel in every art and science that could make him a credit to his college. His judgment, naturally good, soon ripened into an exquisite fineness and distinguishing sagacity; which, as it was active and busy, so it was vigorous and manly, keeping even pace with a rich and strong imagination, always on the wing, and never tired with aspiring. Hence it was, that, though he writ as young as Cowley, he had no puerilities. There are many of his first essays, in oratory, in epigram, elegy and epic, handed about the university in manuscript, which shew a masterly hand."

As there is no great reason to object to his character as given by Dr. Johnson, it is subjoined as a testimony of his merit, of unquestionable authority.

"Smith is one of those lucky writers, who have, without much labour, attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence, rather for the possession, than the exertion of uncommon abilities.

"He was a man of such estimation among his companions, that the casual censures or praises, which he dropped in conversation, were considered like those of Scaliger, as worthy of preservation.

"He had great readiness and exactness of criticism, and, by a cursory glance over a new composition, could exactly tell all its faults and beauties.

"He was remarkable for the power of reading with great rapidity, and of retaining with great fidelity what he so easily collected.

"He therefore always knew what the present question required, and when his friends expressed their wonder at his acquisitions, made in a state of apparent negligence and drunkenness, he never discovered his hours of reading or method of study, but involved himself in affected silence, and fed his own vanity with their admiration and conjectures.

"One practice he had, which was easily observed; if any thought or image was presented to his mind, that he could use or improve, he did not suffer it to be lost; but amidst the jollity of a tavern, or the warmth of conversation, very diligently committed it to paper.

"In his course of reading it was particular, that he had diligently perused, and accurately remembered, the old romances, of knight errantry.

"He had a high opinion of his own merit, and was something contemptuous in his treatment of those whom he considered as not qualified to oppose or contradict him. He had many frailties; yet it cannot but be supposed that he had great merit, who could obtain to the same play a prologue from Addison and an epilogue from Prior; and who could have at once the patronage of Halifax and the praise of Oldisworth."

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

A TRAGEDY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

As soon as it was made known, that your Lordship was not displeased with this play, my friends began to value themselves upon the interest they had taken in its success: I was touched with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing less than the immortality of my work.

And I had sufficiently shewn this vanity in inscribing this play to your Lordship, did I only consider you as one to whom so many admirable pieces, to whom the praises of Italy, and the best Latin poem since the *Æneid*, that on the Peace of Ryswick, are consecrated. But it had been intolerable presumption to have addressed it to you, my Lord, who are the nicest judge of poetry, were you not also the greatest encourager of it; to you who excel all the present age as a poet, did you not surpass all the preceding ones as a patron.

For, in the times when the Muses were most encouraged, the best writers were countenanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greatest men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron is no where to be read of but in the works of the poets, whereas your Lordship's will fill those of the historians.

For what transactions can they write of, which have not been managed by some who were recommended by your Lordship? 'Tis by your Lordship's means, that the universities have been real nurseries for the state; that the courts abroad are charmed by the wit and learning, as well as

the sagacity, of our ministers; that Germany, Switzerland, Muscovy, and even Turkey itself, begins to relish the politeness of the English; that the poets at home adorn that court which they formerly used only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predecessor Homer, and with an equipage he could not bestow, even on the heroes he designed to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, shews your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your judgment no less than your generosity. You have distinguished between those who by their inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleasure only, and those that were fit for the service of your country; you made the one easy, and the other useful: you have left the one no occasion to wish for any preferment, and you have obliged the public by the promotion of the others.

And now, my Lord, it may seem odd, that I should dwell on the topic of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on so many others; when I ought to take notice of that illustrious family from which you are sprung, and yet of the great merit which was necessary to set you on a level with it, and to raise you to that house of Peers which was already filled with your relations. When I ought to consider the brightness of your wit in private conversation, and the solidity of your eloquence in public debates; when I ought to admire in you the politeness of a courtier, and the sincerity of a friend; the openness of behaviour which charms all who address themselves to

you, and yet that hidden reserve which is necessary for those great affairs in which you are concerned.

To pass over all these great qualities, my Lord, and insist only on your generosity, looks as if I solicited it for myself; but to that I quitted all manner of claim, when I took notice of your Lordship's great judgment in the choice of those you advance; so that all at present my ambition as-

pires to, is, that your Lordship would be pleased to pardon this presumption, and permit me to profess myself, with the most profound respect,

Your Lordship's most humble,

And most obedient servant,

EDM. SMITH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Theseus, King of Crete,	- - -	Mr. Betterton.
Hippolitus, his son; in love with Ismena,	- - -	Mr. Booth.
Lycon, minister of state,	- - -	Mr. Keen.
Cratander, captain of the guards,	- - -	Mr. Corey.

W O M E N.

Phædra, Theseus's Queen, in love with Hippolitus,	-	Mrs. Barry.
Ismena, a captive Princess, in love with Hippolitus,	-	Mrs. Oldfield.

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS.

[See the Prologue and Epilogue in the Poems of Addison and Prior.]

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CRATANDER and LYCON.

LYCON.

'Tis strange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
Should still continue resolute in grief,
And obstinately wretched:
That one so gay, so beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court destruction.

CRATANDER.

Is there not cause, when lately joined in marriage,
To have the king her husband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his absence,
Nor know his fate?

LYCON.

The king may cause her sorrow,
But not by absence. Oft I've seen him hang
With greedy eyes, and languish o'er her beauties;
She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring arms
Flew tasteless, loathing; whilst dejected Theseus,
With mournful loving eyes pursu'd her flight,
And dropt a silent tear.

CRATANDER.

Ha! this is hatred,
This is aversion, horror, detestation: [kind,
Why did the queen who might have cull'd man—
Why did she give her person and her throne
To one she loath'd?

LYCON.

Perhaps she thought it just
That he should wear the crown his valour sav'd.

CRATANDER.

Could she not glut his hopes with wealth and
Reward his valour, yet reject his love? [honour,
Why, when a happy mother, queen, and widow;
Why did she wed old Theseus? While his son,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth,
And equal beauty, might have fill'd her arms.

LYCON.

Hippolitus (in distant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's son),
Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete;
And sure the queen could wish him still unknown,

She loaths, detest him, flies his hated presence,
And shrinks and trembles at his very name.

CRATANDER.

Well may she hate the Prince she needs must
fear;

He may dispute the crown with Phædra's son.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and lov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women;
His very sports are war.

LYCON.

O! he's all hero, scorns th' inglorious ease
Of lazy Crete, delights to shine in arms,
To wield the sword, and launch the pointed spear:
To tame the generous horse, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion:
To join the struggling couriers to his chariot,
To make their stubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, to stop, or stretch along the plain.
Now the queen's sick, there's danger in his courage.—
Be ready with your guards.—I fear Hippolitus.

[Exit Crat.

Fear him! for what? poor silly virtuous wretch,
Affecting glory, and contemning power;
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A senseless hero, fit to be a tool
To those whose godlike souls are turn'd for empire.
An open honest fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a slave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him
Let the queen live or die, the prince must fall.

Enter ISMENA.

What! still attending on the queen, Ismena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can still your goodness, conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas slain, [seus?
And all his wretched race, by conquering The—
And do you still watch o'er his consort Phædra?
And still repay such cruelty with love!

ISMENA.

Let them be cruel that delight in mischief,

I'm of a softer mould, poor Phædra's sorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound my
soul.

LYCON.

Now thrice the rising sun has cheer'd the
world, [ment;
Since she renew'd her strength with due refresh-
Thrice has the night brought ease to man, to
beast,

Since wretch'd Phædra clos'd her streaming eyes:
She flies all rest, all necessary food,
Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

ISMENA.

But now her grief has wrought her into frenzy;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for music, light, and air;
Nor air, nor light, nor music, calm her pains;
Then with extatic strength she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

LYCON.

Then life is on the wing, then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then most wast-
When most it swells. [ing,

ISMENA.

My lord, now try your art;
Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
Her cooler sense conceal'd; the Pythian goddess
Is dumb and fullen, till with fury fill'd
She spreads, she rises, growing to the fight,
She stares, she foams, she raves; the awful secrets
Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tor-
tur'd maid.

But Phædra comes, ye gods! how pale, how weak!

Enter PHÆDRA and Attendants.

PHÆDRA.

Stay, virgins, stay, I'll rest my weary steps;
My strength forsakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flashing light, my loosen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight; support me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.

LYCON.

Afford her ease, kind Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Why blaze these jewels round my wretched
head!
Why all this labour'd elegance of dress!
Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings!
Take, snatch them hence! alas! you all conspire
To heap new sorrows on my tortur'd soul:
All, all conspire to make your queen unhappy!

ISMENA.

This you requir'd, and to the pleasing task
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid them lead you from yon hideous dark-
ness
To the glad cheering day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you sought.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! my Lycon!

Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender, flowery beds, and springing grass,

To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades
Of venerable oaks, to slake my thirst
With the cool nectar of refreshing springs.

LYCON.

I'll sooth her frenzy; come, Phædra, let's away,
Let's to the woods, and lawns, and limpid streams!

PHÆDRA.

Come, let's away, and thou, most bright Diana,
Goddess of woods, immortal, chaste Diana!
Goddess presiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the dusty ring
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
See how they mount and shake the flowing reins!
See from the goal the fiery couriers bound,
Now they strain panting up the steepy hill,
Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the
vale!

How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! The circling sand ascends,
And in the noble dust the chariot's lost!

LYCON.

What, madam!

PHÆDRA.

Ah, my Lycon! ah, what said I!
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy!
My languid eyes are wet with sudden tears,
And on my face unbidden blushes glow.

LYCON.

Blush then, but blush for your destructive si-
lence, [death;
That tears your soul, and weighs you down to
Oh! should you die (ye powers forbid her death!)
Who then would shield from wrongs your helpless
orphan!

O! he might wander, Phædra's son might wander,
A naked suppliant through the world for aid!
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to shame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus shall mount his throne.

PHÆDRA.

O Heavens!

LYCON.

Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this!

PHÆDRA.

Unhappy wretch! what name was that you
spoke?

LYCON.

And does his name provoke your just resent-
Then let it raise your fear, as well as rage, [ments!
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father
wrong'd him! [exile
Think how you drove him hence, a wandering
To distant climes! then think what certain ven-
geance

His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan!
For his sake then renew your drooping spirits,
Feed, with new oil, the wasting lamp of life,
That wink and trembles, now, just now expiring
Make haste, preserve your life!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! too long,

Too long have I preserv'd a guilty life.

LYCON.

Guilty! what guilt! has blood, has horrid mur-
Imbrued your hands! [der,

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my hands are guiltless:
But oh! my heart's defil'd!
I've said too much, forbear the rest, my Lycon,
And let me die to save the black confession.

LYCON.

Die, then, but not alone! old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel silence.
Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched queen!
By all the cares of your first infant years, [you,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal, I've shew'd
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden sorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.

PHÆDRA.

What shall I say, malicious, cruel powers!
O where shall I begin! O cruel Venus!
How fatal love has been to all our race!

LYCON.

Forget it, madam; let it die in silence.

PHÆDRA.

O Ariadne! O unhappy sister!

LYCON.

Cease to record your sister's grief and shame.

PHÆDRA.

And since the cruel God of Love requires it,
I fall the last, and most undone of all.

LYCON.

Do you then love?

PHÆDRA.

Alas! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the shame of impious love.

LYCON.

Forbid it, Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Do not upbraid me, Lycon!

I love!—Alas! I shudder at the name, [tongue
My blood runs backward, and my faltering
Sticks at the sound!—I love!—O righteous Hea-
ven!

Why was I born with such a sense of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the smallest crime,
And yet a slave to such impetuous guilt!
Rain on me gods, your plagues, your sharpest
tortures,

Afflict my soul with any thing but guilt—
And yet that guilt is mine!—I'll think no more.
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes:
Come, let's away! hark the shrill horn resounds,
The jolly huntsmen's cries rend the wide Hea-
vens!

Come, o'er the hills pursue the bounding Stag;
Come, chase the Lion and the foaming Boar,
Come, rouse up all the monsters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me!

LYCON.

Hippolitus!

PHÆDRA.

Who's he that names Hippolitus!

Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt discover'd!
Oh! give me poison, swords—I'll not live, not
I'll stop my breath! [bear it;

ISMENA.

I'm lost, but what's that loss!

Hippolitus is lost, or lost to me:
Yet should her charms prevail upon his soul,

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Should he be false, I would not wish him ill,
With my last parting breath I'd bless my lord;
Then in some lonely desert place expire, [him,
Whence my unhappy death should never reach
Lest it should wound his peace, or damp his joys.

[Aside.

LYCON.

Think still the secret in your royal breast,
For by the awful majesty of Jove,
By the All-seeing Sun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods, we swear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives, we'll keep the fatal secret.

ISMENA, &c.

We swear, all swear, to keep it ever secret.

PHÆDRA.

Keep it! from whom? why, 'tis already known,
The tale, the whisper of the babbling vulgar!
Oh! can you keep it from yourselves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm so far gone in guilt,
That I can see, can bear the looks, the eyes,
Of one who knows my black detested crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her son?

LYCON.

Unhappy queen! august, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theseus touch this fatal shore?
Why did he save us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worse ruin on us by his love?

PHÆDRA.

His love indeed! for that unhappy hour,
In which the priests join'd Theseus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I shook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breast! how from the touch of The-
seus

My slack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God, possess
me!

LYCON.

At once, at first possess you?

PHÆDRA.

Yes, at first.

That fatal evening we pursued the chase,
When from behind the wood, with rustling sound,
A monstrous boar rush'd forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
Rose high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tusks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear, the well-aim'd
javelin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks
Plow'd up the crimson earth. But then Hip-
politus.

Gods! how he mov'd, and look'd, when he ap-
proach'd me!

When hot and panting from the savage conquest,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely, sparkling eyes shot martial fires:
Oh godlike form! oh extasy and transport!
My breath grew short, my beating heart sprung
upward,

P P

And leap'd and bounded in my heaving bosom.
Alas! I'm pleas'd, the horrid story charms me.—
No more.—That night with fear and love I
seeken'd.

Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming visits;
Then would he talk with such an heavenly grace,
Look with such dear compassion on my pains,
That I could wish to be so sick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poison,
Till I was lost, quite lost in impious love:
And shall I drag an execrable life:
And shall I hoard up guilt, and treasure ven-
geance?

LYCON.

No; labour, strive, subdue that guilt, and live.

PHÆDRA.

Did I not labour, strive, all-seeing powers!
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
Burnt clouds of incense on your loaded altars?
Oh! I call'd Heaven and earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And all the honest pride of conscious virtue:
I struggled, rav'd; the new-born passion reign'd
Almighty in his birth.

LYCON.

Did you e'er try

To gain his love?

PHÆDRA.

Avert such crimes, ye powers!

No, to avoid his love, I sought his hatred;
I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from
Crete,

I sent him, drove him, from my longing sight:
In vain I drove him; for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heav'n, were, by my erring tongue,
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to sleep,
Straight to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slum-
ber.

LYCON.

First let me try to melt him into love.

PHÆDRA.

No; did his hapless passion equal mine,
I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life,
Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very mo-
ment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my husband Theseus.

LYCON.

Perhaps that lord, that husband, is no more;
He went from Crete in haste, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Molos-
sians;
Yet though he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your son.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! that shocks me,

O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty farewell, a last dying kiss!
Yet, stay, his sight will melt my just resolves;
But oh! I beg with my last fallying breath;
Cherish my babe,

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know—Your royal husband's
dead.

PHÆDRA.

Dead! oh ye powers!

LYCON.

O fortunate event!

Then earth-born Lycon may ascend the throne,
Leave to his happy son the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aside.*] Mourn, mourn,
ye Cretans,

Since he is dead, whose valour sav'd your isle,
Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful subjects; as your towering Ida
With spreading oaks, and with descending streams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say, how he dy'd.

MESSENGER.

He dy'd as Theseus ought,
In battle dy'd; Philotas, now a prisoner,
That, rushing on, fought next his royal person,
That saw his thundering arm beat squadrons
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall: [down,
These eyes beheld his well-known steed, beheld
A proud barbarian-glittering in his arms,
Encumber'd with the spoil.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead!

Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theseus, dead!
And don't I shed one tear upon his urn!
What, not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint!
Ah! these are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaste matron, and a virtuous wife:
But savage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.

LYCON.

Dismiss that grief, and give a loose to joy:
He's dead, the bar of all your blefs is dead;
Live then, my queen, forget the wrinkled The-
And take the youthful hero to your arms. [*seus.*

PHÆDRA.

I dare not now admit of such a thought,
And blefs'd be Heav'n, that steel'd my stubborn
heart,
That made me shun the bridal bed of Theseus,
And give him empire, but refuse him love.

LYCON.

Then may his happier son be blefs'd with both;
Then rouse your soul, and muster all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirst of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with soft allurements.

PHÆDRA.

But should the youth refuse my proffer'd love!
O should he throw me from his loathing arms!
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obstinately good:
When round beset, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with resistless force th' opposing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they're hurried on,
And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.
I dare not yet resolve; I'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I'll leave the rest.

LYCON.

Madam, your signet, that your slave may order
What's most convenient for your royal service.

PHÆDRA.

Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra:
And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy power:
O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy power be known,
And in a lover's cause assert thy own;
Then Crete, as Paphos, shall adore thy shrine;
This nurse of Jove, with grateful fires shall
shine,
And with thy father's flames shall worship thine.

[Exit Phædra, &c.]

LYCON *solus*.

If she proposes love, why then as surely
His haughty soul refuses it with scorn.—
Say I confine him!—If she dies he's safe;
And if she lives, I'll work her raging mind.
A woman scorn'd, with ease I'll work to ven-
geance:

With humble, fawning, wise, obsequious arts,
I'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul;
Then, what her reason hates, her rage may act.
When barks glide slowly through the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driven by winds, they cut the foamy
way,
The rudders govern, and the ships obey.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

Enter PHÆDRA, LYCON, and ISMENA.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

MADAM, the Prince Hippolitus attends.

PHÆDRA.

Admit him: Where, where Phædra's now
thy soul?
What—Shall I speak? And shall my guilty tongue
Let this insulting victor know his power?
Or shall I still confine within my breast
My restless passions and devouring flames?
But see he comes, the lovely tyrant comes.—
He rushes on me like a blaze of light,
I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
But sink oppress'd with woe.

[Swoons.]

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Immortal gods!
What have I done to raise such strange abhor-
rence!
What have I done to shake her shrinking nature
With my approach, and kill her with my sight?

LYCON.

Alas! another grief devours her soul,
And only your assistance can relieve her.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

LYCON.

But promise first, my lord, to keep it secret.

HIPPOLITUS.

Promise! I swear, on this good sword I swear,
This sword, which first gain'd youthful Theseus
honour;
Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood;
By thundering Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majestic form of godlike heroes,
That shine around, and consecrate the steel;
No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me.

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus!

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, 'tis that wretch who begs you to dismiss
This hated object from your eyes for ever;
Begs leave to march against the foes of Theseus,
And to revenge or share his father's fate.

PHÆDRA.

Oh, Hippolitus!

I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd
you, [father;
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their suffering hero,
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's soul,
O could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero whom I wish'd to cherish!
Oh! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

HIPPOLITUS.

My hate to Phædra?

Ha! could I hate the royal spouse of Theseus,
My queen, my mother?

PHÆDRA.

Why your queen, and mother?

More humble titles suit my lost condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compassion view her helpless orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh, I'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heavens dart your judgments on this faithless
head,
If I don't pay him all a slave's obedience,
And all a father's love.

PHÆDRA.

A father's love!

Oh doubtful sounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
My grief's much eas'd by this transcending good—
And Theseus' death fits lighter on my soul: [nods
Death? He's not dead! he lives, he breathes,
he speaks,
He lives in you, he's present to my eyes,
I see him, speak to him.—My heart! I rave,
And all my folly's known.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! glorious folly!

See, Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd
you.

PHÆDRA.

Love him, indeed! dote, languish, die for him,
 Forsake my food, my sleep, all joys for Theseus,
 (But not that hoary, venerable Theseus)
 But Theseus, as he was, when mantling blood
 Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
 Sparkled with youthful fires; when every grace
 Shone in the father, which now crowns the son;
 When Theseus was Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Amazement strikes me!
 Where will this end?

LYCON.

Is't difficult to guess?
 Does not her flying paleness that but now
 Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
 (Where now succeeds a momentary lustre,)
 Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
 Her wishing looks, her speech, her present silence,
 All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you.

HIPPOLITUS.

What do I hear? What, does no lightning flash,
 No thunder bellow, when such monstrous crimes
 Are own'd, avow'd, confess'd? All-seeing sun!
 Hide, hide in shameful night thy beamy head,
 And cease to view the horrors of thy race.
 Alas! I share th' amazing guilt; these eyes,
 That first inspir'd the black incestuous flame,
 These ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
 Are all accurs'd, and all deserve your thunder.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my lord, believe me not so vile.
 No: by thy goddess, by the chaste Diana,
 None but my first, my much-lov'd Lord Arfarnes,
 Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy arms.
 No! for the love of thee, of those dear charms,
 Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin,
 I still deny'd my lord, my husband Theseus,
 The chaste and modest joys of spotless marriage;
 That drove him hence to war, to stormy seas,
 To rocks and waves less cruel than his Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

If that drove Theseus hence, then that kill'd
 Theseus,
 And cruel Phædra kill'd her husband Theseus.

PHÆDRA.

Forbear, rash youth, nor dare to rouse my
 vengeance;
 You need not urge, nor tempt my swelling rage
 With black reproaches, scorn, and provocation,
 To do a deed my reason would abhor.
 Long has the secret struggled in my breast,
 Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom;
 But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confusion, tear
 And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
 To murder thee, myself, and all that know it.
 As when convulsions cleave the labouring earth,
 Before the dismal yawn appears, the ground
 Trembles and heaves, the nodding houses crash;
 He's safe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
 But he that sees its opening bosom dies. [Exit.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me take the warning and retire;
 I'd rather trust the rough Ionian waves,
 Than woman's fiercer rage.

[ISMENA shows herself, listening.

LYCON.

Alas! my Lord,
 You must not leave the queen to her despair.

HIPPOLITUS.

Must not? From thee? From that vile up-
 start, Lycon.

LYCON.

Yes: From that Lycon who derives his great-
 ness [life.
 From Phædra's race, and now would guard her
 Then, Sir, forbear, and view this royal signet,
 And in her faithful slave obey the queen.

[Enter Guards.

Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful
 distance,
 With that respect, it may not seem confinement,
 But only meant for honour.

HIPPOLITUS.

So, confinement is
 The honour Crete bestows on Theseus' son.
 Am I confin'd? And is 't so soon forgot, [dom?
 When fierce Procrustes' arms o'er-ran your king-
 When your streets echo'd with the cries of or-
 phans, [shrines,
 Your shrieking maids clung round the hallow'd
 When all your palaces and lofty towers
 Smok'd on the earth, when the red sky around
 Glow'd with your city's flames, (a dreadful
 lustre):

Then, then my father flew to your assistance;
 Then Theseus sav'd your lives, estates, and ho-
 And do you thus reward the hero's toil? [nours,
 And do you now confine the hero's son?

LYCON.

Take not an easy short confinement ill,
 Which your own safety and the queen's requires;
 But fear not aught from one that joys to serve
 you.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, I disdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee,
 Nor will I hear of services from Lycon.
 Thy very looks are lies, eternal falsehood
 Smiles in thy lips, and flatters in thy eyes;
 Ev'n in thy humble face, I read my ruin,
 In every cringing bow and fawning smile:
 Why else d' you whisper out your dark suspicions?
 Why with malignant eulogies increase
 The people's fears, and praise me to my ruin?
 Why through the troubled streets of frightened
 Gnoſſus
 Do bucklers, helmets, and polish'd armour blaze?
 Why sounds the dreadful din of instant war,
 Whilst still the foe's unknown?

LYCON.

Then quit thy arts,
 Put off the statesman, and resume the judge.
 Thou Proteus, shift thy various forms no more,
 But boldly own the God. [Aside,—
 That foe's too near, [To Hipp.
 The queen's disease, and your aspiring mind,
 Disturb all Crete, and give a loose to war.

HIPPOLITUS.

Gods! dares he speak thus to a monarch's son?
 And must this earth-born slave command in
 Crete?

Was it for this my godlike father fought?

Did Theseus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the successor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

LYCON.

You may as well provoke
That Jove you worship, as this slave you scorn.
Go seize Alcæon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of his impious treason.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls:
For know, on me depends thy instant doom.
Then learn (proud prince) to bend thy haughty
soul,
And if thou think'st of life, obey the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then free from fear or guilt, I'll wait my doom:
Whate'er 's my fault, no stain shall blot my glory.
I'll guard my honour, you dispose my life;

[*Exeunt Lyc. and Crat.*]

Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lion
Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit;
But when he struggles in th' entangling toils
Insult the dying prey.—'Tis kindly done, Is-
mena,

[*Ismena enters.*]

With all your charms, to visit my distress;
Softens my chains, and makes confinement easy.
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties;
Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!
To press, to strain thee to my beating heart.
And grow thus to my love! What's liberty to
this?

What's fame or greatness? Take them, take
them, Phædra,

Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Enclose me thus for ever.

ISMENA.

O Hippolitus!

O I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wish for aught while I behold my lord;
But yet that wish, that only wish is vain.
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your godlike soul a wretched maid;
Take to your arms (assist me, Heaven to speak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Not think of thee?

What! part, for ever part? Unkind Ismena:
Oh! can you think that death is half so dread-
ful,

As it would be to live, and live without thee?
Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to Phædra,
Say, could'st thou bear it? Could thy tender soul
Endure the torment of despairing love,
And see me settled in a rival's arms?

ISMENA.

Think not of me: perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Ismena
With all her charms o'er-rule your sullen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Ismena.

HIPPOLITUS.

Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

ISMENA.

Give the queen hopes.

HIPPOLITUS.

No more.—My soul disdains it.

No, should I try, my haughty soul would swell;
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
O! should I stoop to cringe, to lie, forswear?
Deserve the ruin which I strive to shun?

ISMENA.

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes,
By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heaven knows I value much above my own.
What! not yet mov'd? Are you resolv'd on
death?

Then, ere 'tis night, I swear by all the powers,
This steel shall end my fears and life together.

HIPPOLITUS.

You shan't be trusted with a life so precious.
No, to the court I'll publish your design,
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon shall wrench the dagger from your bosom,
And raving Phædra will preserve Ismena.

ISMENA.

Phædra! Come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra;
I'll tell her all the secrets of our love,
Give to her rage her close destructive rival;
Her rival sure will fall, her love may save you.
Come see me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

What's your design? ye powers! what means
my love?

ISMENA.

She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one she can't preserve.
Yet when you see me pale upon the earth,
This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting soul would wish you'd sav'd
me.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you,
Give up my fame, and all my darling honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll say.

ISMENA.

Say, what occasion, chance, or Heaven inspires;
Say that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say, that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply;
Say, to preserve your life, say any thing.

[*Exit Hip.*]

Bless him, ye powers! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your justice,
Aim all your vengeance on Ismena's head;
Punish Ismena, but forgive Hippolitus. [*ger'd,*
He's gone, and now my brave resolves are stag-
Now I repent, like some despairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and struggles with the whirling
waves;
And catches every slender reed to save him.

CHO.

But should he do what your commands enjoin'd
Say, should he wed her? [*him.*]

ISMENA.

Should he wed the queen!
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my request,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

CHO.

Die! does Ismena then resolve to die?

ISMENA.

Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd so well
To part with all my blifs to save my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And see another revel in his arms?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

What a reverse is this! Perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? Is this thy boasted honour?
'Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honest, and that one deceives me.

[Aside.
Ismena here!—

'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is safe
From the sure vengeance of despairing love.
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to soft endear-
ments.

She doats, she dies; and few, but tedious days,
With endless joys will crown the happy pair.

ISMENA.

Does he then wed the queen?

LYCON.

At least I think so.

I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd,
Pale with my doubts: he spoke: th' attentive
queen

Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires: he, blushing, how'd:
She trembling, lost in love, with soft confusion
Receiv'd his passion, and return'd her own;
Then smiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous rites of her ensuing nuptials,
Which I must now pursue. Farewell, Ismena.

[Exit.

ISMENA.

Then I'll retire, and not disturb their joys.

CHO.

Stay, and learn more.

ISMENA.

Ah! wherefore should I stay?

What! Shall I stay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold
him?

To snatch the struggling charmer from her arms?
For could you think that open generous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous wo-
man?

Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?

Ah! without doubt his thoughts inspir'd his
tongue,

And all his soul receiv'd a real love.

Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,

Perhaps soft pity charm'd his yielding soul,

Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd
him;

Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm
him.

CHO.

Wait the success: it is not yet decided.

ISMENA.

Not yet decided! Did not Lycon tell us
How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd; and vow'd:
How the soft passion languish'd in his eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he clasps her to his panting breast,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now grasps her hands, and now he looks, and
vows
The dear false things that charm'd the poor Is-
mena.
He comes: be still, my heart, the tyrant comes,
Charming, though false, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why hangs that cloudy sorrow on your brow?
Why do you sigh? Why flow your swelling eyes,
Those eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

ISMENA.

My lord, my soul is charm'd with your success:
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and since my death alone
Can make you safe, that soon shall make you
happy.

Yet had you brought less love to Phædra's arms,
My soul had parted with a less regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear remembrance.

HIPPOLITUS.

Your death! My love! My marriage! And to
Phædra!
Hear me, Ismena.

ISMENA.

No, I dare not hear you.

But though you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Though you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet still my soul o'er-runs with fondness t'wards
you;
Yet still I die with joy to save Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Die to save me! Could I outlive Ismena!

ISMENA.

Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms;
And may you there find every blooming pleasure:
Oh, may the gods shower blessings on thy head!
May the gods crown thy glorious arms with con-
quest,

And all thy peaceful days with sure repose!
May'st thou be blest with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy ease forget the lost Ismena!
Farewell, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ismena, stay,
Stay, hear me speak, or by th' infernal powers
I'll not survive the minute you depart.

ISMENA.

What would you say? Ah! don't deceive my
weakness.

HIPPOLITUS.

Deceive thee! Why, Ismena, do you wrong
me?

Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender soul with harsh suspicion!
Oh! by those charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd
To love or wed the queen.

ISMENA.

Speak on, my lord,
My honest soul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd
thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then thus. I came and spake, but scarce of
love:

The easy queen receiv'd my faint address
With eager hope and unsuspicious faith.
Lycon with seeming joy dismiss'd my guards:
My generous soul disdain'd the mean deceit,
But still deceiv'd her to obey Ismena,

ISMENA.

Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh, pardon me,
Pardon the errors of a silly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealousy;
For still that fear, that jealousy, was love.
Haste then, my lord, and save yourself by flight;
And when you're absent, when your godlike form
Shall cease to cheer forlorn Ismena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
Some kind remembrance of your constant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your
friends [wishes];

(For sure those friends shall have my tenderest
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, speak very much, and still speak on,

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! thy dear love shall ever be my theme,
Of that alone I'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Tasting the odours of thy fragrant bosom.
Come then to crown me with immortal joys;
Come, be the kind companion of my flight;
Come haste with me to leave this fatal shore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight; a hundred lusty rowers
Have wav'd their sinewy arms, and call'd Hippo-
litus;

The loosen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the sea whitens with auspicious gales.

ISMENA.

Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect
thee;

Fly, ere insidious Lycon work thy ruin;
Fly, ere my fondness talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

But not from my Ismena.
Why do you force me from your heavenly sight,
With those dear arms that ought to clasp me to
thee?

ISMENA.

Oh I could rave for ever at my fate!
And with alternate love and fear possess'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now snatch thee
to my breast,
And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
Nay, I could go—Ye gods, if I should go,
What would fame say? If I should fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my soul?

HIPPOLITUS.

Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,

To crown with endless joys the youth that lov'd
you.

O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the blest hours I've languish'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

ISMENA.

Hide me, ye powers: I never shall resist.

HIPPOLITUS.

Will you refuse me? Can I leave behind me
All that inspires my soul, and cheers my eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my doom.
Come, raving Phædra, bloody Lycon, come!
I offer to your rage this worthless life,
Since 'tis no longer my Ismena's care.

ISMENA.

O! haste away, my lord; I go, I fly
Through all the dangers of the boisterous deep.
When the wind whistles through the crackling
masts,

When through the yawning ship the foaming sea
Rowls bubbling in, then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
And in transporting love forget my fear.

Oh! I will wander through the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlasting snow:
There, when the horrid darkness shall enclose us,
When the bleak wind shall chill my shivering
limbs,

Thou shalt alone supply the distant sun,
And cheer my gazing eyes, and warm my heart,

HIPPOLITUS.

Come, let's away; and, like another Jason,
I'll bear my beauteous conquest through the seas:
A greater treasure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, sleep in peace,
Ye monsters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Transporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.

So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung;
Obscure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble sounds.
For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields.

ACT III.

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

HEAVEN is at last appeas'd: the pitying gods
Have heard our wishes, and auspicious Jove
Smiles on his native isle; for Phædra lives,
Restor'd to Crete, and to herself, she lives:
Joy with fresh strength inspires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a fresh rosy bloom, as kindly springs
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,

And paint its smiling face with gaudy flowers.
But see she comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter PHÆDRA.

How her eyes sparkle! How their radiant beams
Confess their shining ancestor the sun!
Your charms to-day will wound despairing crowd:
And give the pains you suffer'd: Nay, Hippolitus,
The fierce, the brave, th' insensible Hippolitus
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore—

PHÆDRA.

'Tis flattery all;

Yet, when you name the prince, that flattery's
pleasing.

You wish it so, poor good old man, you wish it.
The fertile province of Cydonia's thine:
Is there aught else? Has happy Phædra aught,
In the wide circle of her far-stretch'd empire?
Ask, take, my friend, secure of no repulse:
Let spacious Crete through all her hundred cities
Resound her Phædra's joy: let altars smoke,
And richest gums, and spice, and incense, roll
Their fragrant wreaths to heaven, to pitying hea-
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms. [ven,
Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness,
And waste in grief, as did despairing Phædra:
Let them be cheer'd; let the starv'd prisoners riot,
And glow with generous wine.—Let sorrow cease,
Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal passion
Rewards my flame, and springs into my arms!

Enter MESSENGER.

Say, where's the prince?

MESSENGER.

He's no where to be found.

PHÆDRA.

Perhaps he hunts.

MESSENGER.

He hunted not to-day.

PHÆDRA.

Ha! Have you search'd the walks, the courts,
the temples?

MESSENGER.

Search'd all in vain.

PHÆDRA.

Did he not hunt to-day?

Alas! you told me once before he did not:
My heart misgives me.

LYCON.

So indeed doth mine.

PHÆDRA.

Could he deceive me? Could that god-like
youth

Design the ruin of a queen that loves him?

Oh! he's all truth; his words his looks, his
eyes,

Open to view his inmost thoughts.—He comes!

Ha! Who art thou? Whence com'st thou?

Where's Hippolitus?

MESSENGER.

Madam, Hippolitus with fair Ismena
Drove toward the port—

PHÆDRA.

With fair Ismena!

Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curs'd her charms,
Curs'd all her soothing, fatal, false endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodness
Could see me tortur'd with despairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monstrous suf-
ferings,
While her base malice plotted my destruction.

LYCON.

A thousand reasons crowd upon my soul,
That evidence their love.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, yes, they love;

Why else should he refuse my proffer'd bed?
Why should one warm'd with youth, and thirst
of glory,
Disdain a soul, a form, a crown like mine?

LYCON.

Where, Lycon, where was then thy boasted
cunning?
Dull, thoughtless wretch!

PHÆDRA.

O pains unfelt before!

The grief, despair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of distracted love,
Are nought to this.—Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how, did their first passion rise?
Where did they breathe their sighs? What shady
groves,

What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not: the well-pleas'd sun
With all his beams survey'd their guiltless flame,
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted sighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the shame of nature, hid in darkness,
Far from the balmy air and cheering light,
Prest down my sighs, and dry'd my falling tears;
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to
grieve.

LYCON.

Now cease that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance; let majestic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, sacrifice the villain.
Then haste, send forth your ministers of ven-
geance,
To snatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful presence.

PHÆDRA.

O rightly thought!—Dispatch th' attending
guards;

Bid them bring forth their instruments of death,
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
And hurl swift vengeance on the perjur'd slave.
Where am I, gods? What is't my rage com-
mands? [oars

Ev'n now he's gone! Ev'n now the well-tim'd
With sounding strokes divide the sparkling waves,
And happy gales assist their speedy flight.
Now they embrace; and ardent love enflames
Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their
eyes.

Now they expose my weakness and my crimes:
Now to the sporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter CRATANDER.

CRATANDER.

Sir, as I went to seize the persons order'd
I met the prince, and with him fair Ismena:
I seiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

PHÆDRA.

Haste, bring him in.

LYCON.

Be quick, and seize Ismena.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

PHÆDRA.

Couldst thou deceive me? Could a son of Theseus

Stoop to so mean, so base a vice as fraud?

Nay, act such monstrous perfidy, yet start
From promis'd love?

HIPPOLITUS.

My soul disdain'd a promise.

PHÆDRA.

But yet your false equivocating tongue

Your looks, your eyes, your every motion promis'd

But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falsehoods.
Look down, O Theseus, and behold thy son,
As Sciron faithless, as Procrustes cruel.

Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monsters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth:
Behold them all in thy own son reviv'd.

HIPPOLITUS.

Touch not my glory, lest you stain your own:
I still have strove to make my glorious father
Blush, yet rejoice to see himself outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theseus just, and as Camilla chaste.

PHÆDRA.

The godlike Theseus never was thy parent:
No, 'twas some monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the scourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaste Camilla.
Camilla chaste! An Amazon, and chaste,
That quits her sex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed,
In strict embraces lock the struggling warrior,
And choose the lover in the sturdy foe.

Enter MESSENGER, and seems to talk earnestly with LYCON.

HIPPOLITUS.

No; she refus'd the vows of godlike Theseus,
And chose to stand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermooon

Heard the huge strokes resound; its frightened waves
Convey'd the rattling din to distant shores,
Whilst she alone supported all his war;
Nor till she sunk beneath his thundering arm,
Beneath which warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honest wish'd-for love.

PHÆDRA.

Not so her son,

Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one descended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's person and his blood;

Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The last of all the wicked race he ruin'd.

In vain a fierce successive hatred reign'd
Between your fires: in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the blushing earth.

HIPPOLITUS.

In vain indeed, since now the war is o'er;
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for slaughter past.

PHÆDRA.

Your future offspring.

Heavens! What a medley's this? What dark
confusion,

Of blood and death, of murder and relation?

What joy 't had been to old disabled Theseus,
When he should take thy offspring in his arms?

Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And he upbraided with his grandfire's fate.

Oh barbarous youth!

LYCON.

Too barbarous I fear.

Perhaps even now his faction's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rd the palace,

And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!

Perhaps to murder Phædra and her son,

And give the crown to him and his Ismena:

But I'll prevent it. *Exit Lycon*

ISMENA brought in.

PHÆDRA.

What! the kind Ismena,

That nurs'd me, watch'd my sickness! Oh she
watch'd me,

As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.

Hark! Hark, my little infant cries for justice!

Oh! be pleas'd my babe, thou shalt have justice.

Now all the spirits of my god-like race

Enflame my soul, and urge me on to vengeance.

Arfarnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging sun,

Inspire my fury, and demand my justice. [it;

Oh! ye shall have it; thou, Minos, shalt applaud

Yes, thou shalt copy it in their pains below,

Gods of revenge, arise.—He comes! He comes!

And shoots himself through all my kindling blood.

I have it here.—Now base, perfidious wretch,

Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.

Yes, your Ismena shall appease my vengeance.

Ismena dies; and thou, her pitying lover,

Doom'dst her to death.—Thou too shalt see her

bleed, [groans:

See her convulsive pangs, and hear her dying

Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Ismena,

And laugh at dying Phædra!

Oh Ismena!

ISMENA.

Alas! My tender soul would shrink at death,
Shake with its fears, and sink beneath its pains,

In any cause but this. But now I'm steel'd,

And the near danger lessens to my sight.

Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus;

And with an equal joy I'll die to save him.
 Yes, for his sake I'll go a willing shade,
 And wait his coming in th' Elysian fields,
 And there enquire of each descending ghost
 Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour.
 That dear remembrance will improve the bliss,
 Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heaven
 more happy.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh heavenly virgin! [*Aside.*]—O imperial Phædra,

Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
 But spare, oh spare a guiltless virgin's life:
 Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
 Think, with what warm compassion she bemoan'd
 you; [*sickness!*]
 Think, how she serv'd and watch'd you in your
 How every rising and descending sun
 Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
 I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
 And I, and only I, should feel your justice.

ISMENA.

Oh! by those Powers to whom I soon must answer
 For all my faults, by that bright arch of Heaven
 I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
 By tears, by threats, by every female art,
 Wrought his disdainful soul to false compliance.
 The son of Theseus could not think of fraud:
 'Twas woman all.

PHÆDRA.

I see 'twas woman all:

And woman's fraud should meet with woman's
 vengeance.

But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me.
 A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
 Oh! had the gods so pleas'd; had bounteous
 Heaven

Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
 So had I stood the shock of angry Fate,
 So had I given my life with joy to save him.

HIPPOLITUS.

And can you doom her death? Can Minos'
 daughter
 Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
 Are not you Phædra? Once the boast of Fame,
 Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own.

PHÆDRA.

Am I that Phædra? No.—Another soul
 Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
 Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
 Aid me, ye gods, support my sinking glory,
 Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.
 Yet, is my rage unjust? Then why was Phædra
 Rescu'd for torment, and preserv'd for pain?
 Why did you raise me to the height of joy,
 Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
 To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

ISMENA.

Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
 At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
 Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death.

PHÆDRA.

Confin'd, and doom'd to death.—O cruel Ly-

con: Could I have doom'd thy death?—Could these sad
 eyes,

That lov'd thee living, e'er behold thee dead?
 Yet thou couldst see me die without concern,
 Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.
 Else could you choose to trust the warring winds,
 The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,
 And all the raging monsters of the deep!
 Oh! think you see me on the naked shore;
 Think how I scream, and tear my scatter'd hair,
 Break from the embraces of my shrieking maids,
 And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom;
 Then catch, with wide-stretch'd arms, the empty
 billows,
 And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, dismal state! My bleeding heart relents,
 And all my thoughts dissolve in tenderest pity,

PHÆDRA.

If you can pity, O! refuse not love;
 But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,
 And nursery of gods.—A hundred cities
 Court thee for lord, where the rich busy crowds
 Struggle for passage through the spacious streets;
 Where thousand ships o'er shade the lessening main,
 And tire the labouring wind. The suppliant na-
 tions
 Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails
 Confess the ocean's queen. For thee alone
 The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll:
 For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
 From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me march their leader, not their
 prince,
 And, at the head of your renown'd Cydonians,
 Brandish this far-fam'd sword of conquering The-
 seus?

That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
 From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own;
 That willing nations may obey your laws,
 And your bright ancestor, the sun, may shine
 On nought but Phædra's empire.

PHÆDRA.

Why not thine?

Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,
 As to refuse my crown?—O, cruel youth!
 By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd soul!
 By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me,
 O! ease, at least once more delude, my sor-
 rows.

For your dear sake I've lost my darling honour;
 For you, but now I gave my soul to death;
 For you I'd quit my crown, and stoop beneath
 The happy bondage of an humble wife.
 With thee I'd climb the steepy Ida's summit,
 And in the scorching heat and chilling dews,
 O'er hills, o'er vales, pursue the shaggy lion;
 Careless of danger and of wasting toil,
 Of pinching hunger and impatient thirst,
 I'd find all joys in thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why stoops the queen
 To ask, entreat, to supplicate and pray,
 To prostitute her crown and sex's honour,

To one whose humble thoughts can only rise
To be your slave, not lord?

PHÆDRA.

And is that all?

Gods! Does he deign to force an artful groan?
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes,
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his sword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth?
He hates the tyrant, and the suppliant scorns.
O Heaven! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not blush at my degenerate weakness!
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble passion, fly;
Hence from my soul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heaven inspires my thoughts with righteous
vengeance.

Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd love;
No more Ismena shall upbraid my weakness.

[Catches Hipp. sword to stab herself.]

Now all you kindred gods look down and see,
How I'll revenge you, and myself, on Phædra.

Enter LYCON, and snatches away his sword.

LYCON.

Horror on horror! Theseus is return'd.

PHÆDRA.

Theseus! Then what have I to do with life?
May I be snatch'd with winds, by earth o'er-
whelm'd,

Rather than view the face of injur'd Theseus.

Now wider still my growing horrors spread,
My fame, my virtue, nay, my frenzy's fled:
Then view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger spares, your pity should destroy.

[Runs off.]

LYCON.

This may do service yet.

Exit LYCON, carries off the sword.

HIPPOLITUS.

Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying gods.
Shall I again behold his awful eyes?
Again be folded in his loving arms?
Yet in the midst of joy I fear for Phædra;
I fear his warmth and unrelenting justice.
O! should her raging passion reach his ears,
His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
To burning rage; as soft Cydonian oil,
Whose balmy juice glides o'er th' untasting tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hottest flames will
blaze.

But oh ye powers! I see his godlike form.
O ecstasy of joy! He comes, he comes!
Is it my lord? My father? Oh! 'tis he:
I see him, touch him, feel his known embraces,
See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter THESEUS, with others.

Where have you been, my lord? What angry
demon [sav'd you?
Hid you from Crete? From me?—What god has
Did not Philotas see you fall? O answer me!
And then I'll ask a thousand questions more.

THESEUS.

No: But to save my life I feign'd my death;
My horse and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther search. This honest Greek
Conceal'd me in his house, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a vessel; and, to bless me more,
Accompany'd my flight.—

But this at leisure. Let me now indulge

A father's fondness; let me snatch thee thus;

Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, such, was I

[Embraces Hippolitus.]

When first I saw thy mother, chaste Camilla;
And much she lov'd me.—Oh! Did Phædra view
me

With half that fondness!—But she's still unkind;

Else hasty joy had brought her to these arms,

To welcome me to liberty, to life;

And make that life a blessing. Come, my son,

Let us to Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

Pardon me, my lord.

THESEUS.

Forget her former treatment; she's too good
Still to persist in hatred to my son.

HIPPOLITUS.

O! Let me fly from Crete,—from you, [Aside,
and Phædra.]

THESEUS.

My son, what means this turn? this sudden start?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your
father?

HIPPOLITUS.

Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown;
To quell the monsters that escap'd your sword,
And make the world confess me Theseus' son.

THESEUS.

What can this coldness mean? Retire, my son,
[Exit Hippolitus.]

While I attend the queen.—What shock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?
Where's now the joy, the ecstasy, and transport,
That warm'd my soul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
O! had I never lov'd her, I'd been blest.

Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful deluge spreads,
And genial heat informs its slimy beds;
Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
There monstrous serpents fright the labouring
swain:
A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
And the same floods enrich and curse the land.

ACT IV.

Enter LYCON solus.

LYCON.

This may gain time till all my wealth's embark'd,
To ward my foes revenge, and finish mine,

And shake that empire which I can't possess.
But then the queen—She dies—Why let her
die;
Let wide destruction seize on all together,
So Lycon live.—A safe triumphant exile,
Great in disgrace, and envy'd in his fall.
The queen!—then try thy art, and work her
passions.

Enter PHÆDRA and Attendants.

Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
Possess her whole, and speak thyself in Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Off, let me loose; why, cruel barbarous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge
That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
Why must I drag th' insufferable load
Of foul dishonour, and despairing love?
Oh! length of pain! Am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I so oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its ease?

LYCON.

Would you now die?

Now quit the field to your insulting foe?
Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name:
Ages to come, the universe, shall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your
faults;
Inherit your disgrace, but not your crown.

PHÆDRA.

Must he too fall, involv'd in my destruction,
And only live to curse the name of Phædra?
Oh dear, unhappy babe! must I bequeath thee
Only a sad inheritance of woe?
Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head?
Oh lost estate! when life's so sharp a torment,
And death itself can't ease! Alas! me, Lycon,
Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.

LYCON.

'Tis you must drive that trouble from your soul;
As streams, when dam'd, forget their ancient
current, [flow;
And wondering at their banks, in other channels
So must you bend your thoughts from hopeless love,
So turn their course to Theseus' happy bosom,
And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoy-
ment:
Then with fresh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your
eyes.

PHÆDRA.

Impossible! What woo him with these eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for The-
seus?

This tongue so us'd to sound another name;
What! take him to my arms! Oh awful Juno!
Touch, love, caress him! while my wandering
fancy

On other objects strays? A lewd adulteress
In the chaste bed? And in the father's arms,
(Oh horrid thought! Oh execrable incest!)
Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the son?

LYCON.

Yet you must see him, lest impatient love
Should urge his temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd absence should disclose your crime.

PHÆDRA.

Could I, when present to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild disorders of my soul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my speech, be-
tray me?

Betray thee, Phædra! then thou'rt not betray'd!
Live, live secure, adoring Crete conceals thee:
Thy pious love, and most endearing goodness,
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to silence.
Oh wretched Phædra! oh ill-guarded secret!
To foes alone disclos'd!

LYCON.

I need'st must fear them,
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their impreca-
tions.

PHÆDRA.

Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail!
I too have sworn, ev'n at the altar sworn
Eternal love and endless faith to Theseus;
And yet am false, forsworn: The hallow'd shrine,
That heard me swear, is witness to my falsehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he shall tell the fault himself inspir'd;
The fatal eloquence, that charm'd my soul,
Shall lavish all its art to my destruction.

LYCON.

Oh he will tell it all!—Destruction seize him!—
With seeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuse your folly;
False tears shall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful sighs shall heave:
Then Theseus—How will indignation swell
His mighty heart! How his majestic frame
Will shake with rage too fierce, too swift for vent!
How he'll expose you to the public scorn,
And loathing crowds shall murmur out their
horror!

Then the fierce Scythian—Now methinks I see
His fiery eyes with fullen pleasures glow,
Survey your tortures, and insult your pangs;
I see him, smiling on the pleas'd Ismena,
Point out with scorn the once proud tyrant
Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Curst be his name! May infamy attend him!
May swift destruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of those he most adores!

LYCON.

By Heaven, prophetic truth inspires your
tongue!

He shall endure the shame he means to give;
And all the torments which he heaps on you,
With just revenge, shall Theseus turn on him.

PHÆDRA.

Is't possible? Oh Lycon! Oh my refuge!
Oh good old man! Thou oracle of wisdom!
Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

LYCON.

Accuse him first.

PHÆDRA.

Oh Heavens! Accuse the guiltless!

LYCON.

'Then be accus'd; let Theseus know your crime;
Let lasting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall—
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity,
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preserve your glory, and secure your vengeance:
Be yours the fruit, security, and ease;
The guilt, the danger, and the labour, mine,

PHÆDRA.

Heavens! Theseus comes!

Enter THESEUS.

LYCON.

Declare your last resolves.

PHÆDRA.

Do you resolve, for Phædra can do nothing.

[Exit Phædra.

LYCON.

Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raise his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quash them with despair;
Work his tumultuous passions into frenzy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

THESEUS.

Was that my queen, my wife, my idol, Phædra?
Does she still shun me? Oh injurious Heaven!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you love me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?

LYCON.

Her hatred! No, she loves you with such fond-
ness,
As none but that of Theseus e'er could equal;
Yet so the gods have doom'd, so Heaven will
have it,
She ne'er must view her much-lov'd Theseus more.

THESEUS.

Not see her! By my sufferings but I will,
Though troops embattled should oppose my pas-
sage,
And ready death should guard the fatal way.
Not see her! Oh I'll clasp her in these arms.
Break through the idle bands that yet have held
me,
And seize the joys my honest love may claim.

LYCON.

Is this a time for joy? when Phædra's grief—

THESEUS.

Is this a time for grief? Is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then to my thoughts relenting Phædra flew,
With open arms, to welcome my return, [ness,
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my rash-
And made me swear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm soul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untasted joys;
New pleasures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were lost.

And does she now avoid my eager love,
Pursue me still with unrelenting hatred,
Invent new pains, detest, loath, shun my sight,
Fly my return, and sorrow for my safety?

LYCON.

O think not so! for, by th' unerring gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theseus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name she rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and watery eyes, to Heaven,
To bless the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd;
Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to flow.

THESEUS.

Did my return bring comfort to her sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
O I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rosy lips the fragrant sighs;
With other sighs her panting breast shall heave,
With other dews her swimming eyes shall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat,
And all her sorrows shall be lost in love.

LYCON.

Does Theseus burn with such unheard of pas-
sion?
And must not she with out-stretch'd arms receive
And with an equal ardour meet his vows,
The vows of one so dear! O righteous gods!
Why must the bleeding heart of Theseus bear
Such torturing pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accusing eyes on angry Heaven
Stedfastly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble shame,
Fixes her gloomy watery orbs to earth;
Now burst with swelling anguish, rends the skies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs?

THESEUS.

Wrong'd! Is she wrong'd? and lives he yet
who wrong'd her?

LYCON.

He lives, so great, so happy, so belov'd,
That Phædra scarce can hope, scarce wish revenge.

THESEUS.

Shall Theseus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! shall this arm, renown'd for righteous ven-
geance,
For quelling tyrants, and redressing wrongs,
Now fail? now first, when Phædra's injur'd, fail?
Speak, Lycon, haste, declare the secret villain,
The wretch so meanly base to injure Phædra,
So rashly brave to dare the sword of Theseus.

LYCON.

I dare not speak; but sure her wrongs are mighty:
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her sighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me suspect her monstrous grief will end her.

THESEUS.

End her? end Theseus first, and all mankind;
But most that villain, that detested slave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch!

LYCON.

O noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when in the midst of grief,
In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming sorrows,
She, groaning, still invoc'd, still call'd on Theseus.

THESEUS.
Did she then name me! Did the weeping
charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theseus?
Oh that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this stay? I come, I fly, oh Phædra!
Lead on—Now, dark disturber of my peace,
If now thou'rt known, what luxury of vengeance—
Haste, lead, conduct me.

LYCON.
Oh! I beg you stay.

THESEUS.
What! stay when Phædra calls?

LYCON.
Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you stay;
As you respect your peace, your life, your glory:
As Phædra's days are precious to your soul;
By all your love, by all her sorrows, stay.

THESEUS.
Where lies the danger? wherefore should I stay?
LYCON.

Your sudden presence would surprise her soul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her sorrow, indignation, shame;
And all your son would strike her from your eyes.

THESEUS.
My son!—But he's too good, too brave to
wrong her. [surprise,
—Whence then that shocking change, that strong
That fright that seiz'd him at the name of Phæ-
dra!

LYCON.
Was he surpris'd? that shew'd at least remorse.

THESEUS.
Remorse! for what? By Heavens, my trou-
bled thoughts

Prefage some dire attempt.—Say, what remorse!
LYCON.

I would not—yet I must.—This you com-
mand;
This Phædra orders; thrice her faltering tongue
Bade me unfold the guilty scene to Theseus;
Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my speed, and chid my rash obedience,
Lest the unwelcome tale should wound your peace.
At last, with looks serenely sad, she cry'd,
Go, tell it all; but in such artful words,
Such tender accents, and such melting sounds,
As may appease his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his son
A grievous fault, but still a fault of love.

THESEUS.
Of love! what strange suspicions rack my soul?
As you regard my peace, declare, what love!

LYCON.
So urg'd, I must declare; yet, pitying Heaven,
Why must I speak? Why must unwilling Lycon
Accuse the prince of impious love to Phædra?

THESEUS.
Love to his mother! to the wife of Theseus!

LYCON.
Yes, at the moment first he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,

His easy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he prest her with his passion.

THESEUS.
Then 'twas for this she banish'd him from
Crete:

I thought it hatred all: O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven; forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in secret have condemn'd thy justice.
Oh! 'twas all just, and Theseus shall revenge,
Ev'n on his son, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

LYCON.
What easy tools are these blunt honest heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the statesman's art prepares,
And post to ruin!—Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd justice on thy son,
Next on thyself, and both make way for Lycon.

[Aside.

THESEUS.
Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? perhaps 'tis ma-
lice.

Slave, make it clear, make good your accusation,
Or treble fury shall revenge my son.

LYCON.
Am I then doubted! and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge such execrable falsehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her truth? O godlike Theseus!
Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra!
Is this her hop'd-for aid! Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' un pitying heavens
With thy vain sorrows, since relentless Theseus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theseus, will not hear
thee!

THESEUS.
Not hear my Phædra! Not revenge her wrongs!
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom's as
fix'd

As when Jove speaks, and high Olympus shakes,
And Fate his voice obeys.

LYCON.
Bear witness, Heaven!
With what reluctance I produce this sword,
This fatal proof against th' unhappy prince,
Lest it should work your justice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force, as well as incest.

THESEUS.
Gods! 'tis illusion all! Is this the sword
By which Procrustes, Scyron, Pallas fell?
Is this the weapon which my darling son
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
Thy generous promise. O most injur'd Phædra!
Why did I trust to his deceitful form?
Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth?

LYCON.
Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lock'd in her dishevel'd hair,
That weapon glittering o'er her trembling bosom,
Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,
Entreating death, and rising to the wound.
Oh! had you seen her, when the frightened youth
Retir'd at your approach: had you then seen
her,
In the chaste transports of becoming fury,

Seize on the sword, to pierce her guiltless bosom :
Had you seen this, you could not doubt her
truth.

THESEUS.

Oh impious monster ! Oh forgive me, Phædra !
And may the gods inspire my injur'd soul
With equal vengeance that may suit his crimes.

LYCON.

For Phædra's sake, forbear to talk of vengeance ;
That, with new pains, would wound her tender
breast :

Send him away from Crete, and by his absence
Give Phædra quiet, and afford him mercy.

THESEUS.

Mercy ! for what ! Oh ! well has he rewarded
Poor Phædra's mercy.—Oh most barbarous
traitor !

To wrong such beauty, and insult such goodness.
Mercy ! what's that ? a virtue coin'd by villains,
Who praise the weakness which supports their
crimes.

Be mute, and fly, lest when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyself in vain implore my mercy.

LYCON.

Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou
dost,

More than I do the justice thou'rt so fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue ;
Now boast thy race, and laugh at earth-born Ly-
con. [Exit.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

THESEUS.

Yet can it be ?—Is this th' incestuous villain ?
How great his presence, how erect his look,
How every grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes !
Oh Neptune ! Oh, great founder of our race !
Why was he fram'd with such a godlike look ?
Why wears he not some most detested form,
Baleful to sight, as horrible to thought,
That I might act my justice without grief,
Punish the villain, nor regret the son ?

HIPPOLITUS.

May I presume to ask, what secret care
Broods in your breast, and clouds your royal
brow ?

Why dart your awful eyes those angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus, they us'd to cheer ?

THESEUS.

Answer me first : when call'd to wait on Phæ-
dra,

What sudden fear surpris'd your troubled soul ?
Why did your ebbing blood forsake your cheeks ?
Why did you hasten from your father's arms,
To shun the queen your duty bids you please ?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, to please the queen, I'm forc'd to
shun her,
And keep this hated object from her sight.

THESEUS.

Say, what's the cause of her inveterate hatred ?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, as yet I never gave her cause,

THESEUS.

Oh were it so ! [Aside.] When last did you at-
tend her ?

HIPPOLITUS.

When last attend her ?—Oh unhappy queen !
Your error's known, yet I disdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myself have caus'd. [Aside.
When last attend her ?—

THESEUS.

Answer me directly ;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, this very morn I saw the queen.

THESEUS.

What pass'd ?

HIPPOLITUS.

I ask'd permission to retire.

THESEUS.

And was that all ?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, I humbly beg,
With the most low submissions, ask no more.

THESEUS.

Yet you don't answer with your low submissions.
Answer, or never hope to see me more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling ;
And the poor queen's betray'd and lost for ever. [Aside.

THESEUS.

He changes, gods ! and falters at the question :
His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty.
[Aside.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why do you frown, my lord ? Why turn away,
As from some loathsome monster, not your son ?

THESEUS.

Thou art that monster, and no more my son.
Not one of those of the most horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.

HIPPOLITUS.

Where am I, gods ? Is that my father Theseus ?
Am I awake ? Am I Hippolitus ?

THESEUS.

Thou art that fiend.—Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art !—Oh fall ! Oh fatal stain to honour !
How had my vain imagination form'd thee !
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos just !
Sometimes it led me through the maze of war ;
There it survey'd thee ranging through the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction :
Sometimes with wholesome laws reforming states,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty ;
While you—

HIPPOLITUS.

With all my father's soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,
To hunt through bloody fields the chase of glory,
And bless your age with trophies like your own.
Gods ! How that warm'd me ! How my throbbing
heart

Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you should strain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with sobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confess your son !

How did I think my glorious toil o'er-paid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
With more than conquest crown'd? Go on, Hip-
politus,

Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practise the strictest and austere virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theseus, thy father Theseus, will reward thee.

THESEUS.

Reward thee?—Yes, as Minos would reward
thee.

Was Minos then thy pattern? And did Minos,
The great, the good, the just, the righteous Minos,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inspire adultery, force, and incest?

ISMENA appears.

ISMENA.

Ha! What's this?

[Aside.

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Incest!—

THESEUS.

Incest with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

This charge so unexpected, so amazing,
So new, so strange, impossible to thought,
Stuns my astonish'd soul, and ties my voice.

THESEUS.

Then let this wake thee, this once glorious
sword,

With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpose. Oh abandon'd slave!
Oh early villian! Most detested coward!
With this my instrument of youthful glory!
With this!—Oh noble entrance into arms!
With this t' invade the spotless Phædra's honour?
Phædra! My life! My better half, my queen!
That very Phædra, for whose just defence
The gods would claim thy sword.

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Death!

Heavens! Durst I raise the far-fam'd sword of
Theseus

Against his queen, against my mother's bosom.

THESEUS.

If not, declare when, where, and how you
lost it?

[silent.

How Phædra gain'd it? Oh all the gods! He's
Why was it barr'd? Whose bosom was it aim'd
at?

[cheeks,

What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing
Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! monstrous
villain!

HIPPOLITUS.

Is there no way, no thought, no beam of
light?

No clue to guide me through this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?
None! None, ye powers! And must I groan
beneath

This execrable load of foul dishonour?
Must Theseus suffer such unheard-of torture!
Theseus, my father! No, I'll break through all;
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,
I give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord!

Hear your wrong'd son. The sword—Oh fa-
tal vow!

Ensnaring oaths; and thou, rash thoughtless fool,
To bind thyself in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal trust continue firm!
Beneath disgrace, though infamous, yet honest.
Yet hear me, father, may the righteous gods
Shower all their curses on this wretched head.
Oh may they doom me!—

THESEUS.

Yes, the gods will doom thee.

The sword, the sword! Now swear, and call to
witness

Heaven, hell, and earth. I mark it not from one,
That breathes beneath such complicated guilt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms,
I sprang to meet you at your wish'd return?
Does this appear like guilt? When thus serene,
With eyes erect, and visage unapall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I stand the charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty,
Where are the conscious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the downcast haggard eyes,
Or fix'd on earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then sunk again with horror?

THESEUS.

This is for raw, untaught, unfinish'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom hast reach'd th' abhor'd per-
fection:

Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous stamp (oh Heavens!) of faultless
virtue,

While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
Oh harden'd fiend, can't such transcending crimes
Disturb thy soul, or ruffle thy smooth brow?
What, no remorse! No qualms! No pricking
pangs!

No feeble struggle of rebelling honour!

O 'twas thy joy! thy secret hoard of bliss,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing misers
Brood o'er their precious stores of secret gold.

HIPPOLITUS.

Must I not speak? Then say, unerring Hea-
ven,

Why was I born with such a thirst of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my dishonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

THESEUS.

Guilty indeed.

Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And such a father (O immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory;
When thou should'st rend the skies with clamo-
rous grief,

Beat thy sad breast, and tear thy starting hair;
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid lust t' insult my yet warm urn;
Make me the scorn of hell, the sport for fiends!
These are the funeral honours paid to Theseus,
These are the sorrows, these the hallow'd rites,
To which you'd call your father's hovering spi-
rit.

Enter ISMENA.

ISMENA.

Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom :

[Turning to Theseus.

Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

THESEUS.

Though thou'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Though even thy beauty's loathsome to my eyes,
Yet justice bids me hear thee.

ISMENA.

Thus I thank thee. [Kneels.

Then know, mistaken prince, his honest soul
Could ne'er be sway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles subdu'd his struggling heart;
For long his duty struggled with his love.

THESEUS.

Speak, is this true? On thy obedience, speak.

HIPPOLITUS.

So charg'd, I own the dangerous truth; I own,
Against her will, I lov'd the fair Ismena.

THESEUS.

Canst thou be only clear'd by disobedience,
And justify'd by crimes?—What! love my foe!
Love one descended from a race of tyrants,
Whose blood yet reeks on my avenging sword!
I'm curst each moment I delay thy fate:
Haste to the shades, and tell the happy Pallas
Ismena's flames, and let him taste such joys
As thou giv'st me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chattering ghosts, and hissing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell sound nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Ismena.

Enter CRATANDER.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty sword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at least, like Theseus' son.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

HIPPOLITUS.

Heavens! how that strikes me! How it wounds
my soul!

To think of your unutterable sorrows,
When you shall find Hippolitus was guiltless!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you shall mourn your son's unhappy fate,
Oh, I beseech you by the love you bore me,
With my last words (my words will then prevail)
Oh for my sake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theseus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys, survive
Fresh in your breast, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
Oh! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
Let me be honour'd still, but not deplor'd.

THESEUS.

Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
Oh blooming hypocrite! Oh young dissembler!
Well hast thou shewn the care thou tak'st of
Theseus,

Oh all ye gods! how this enflames my fury!
I scarce can hold my rage; my eager hands

VOL. VI.

Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd The-
seus!

Blot not thy fame with such a monster's blood.
Snatch him away.

HIPPOLITUS.

Lead on. Farewell, Ismena.

ISMENA.

Oh! take me with him, let me share his fate.
Oh awful Theseus! Yet revoke his doom:
See, see the very ministers of death,
Though bred to blood, yet shrink, and wish to
save him.

THESEUS.

Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her
arms off.

ISMENA.

Oh! tear me, cut me, till my sever'd limbs
Grow to my lord, and share the pains he suffers.

THESEUS.

Villains, away.

ISMENA.

O Theseus! Hear me, hear me.

THESEUS.

Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome touch.
Off, woman.

ISMENA.

Stay, oh stay! I'll tell you all. [Exit Theseus.
Already gone!—Tell it, ye conscious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Resound it, fame, with all your hundred tongues.
Oh hapless youth! All heaven conspires against
you.

The conscious walls conceal the fatal secret:
Th' untainted winds refuse th' infected load:
And fame itself is mute.—Nay, ev'n Ismena,
Thy own Ismena's sworn to thy destruction.

But still, whatever the cruel gods design,
In the same fate our equal stars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces
mine.

ACT V.

Enter PHÆDRA and LYCON.

LYCON.

Accuse yourself! Oh! on my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal message.
Heavens! Will you stand the dreaded rage of
Theseus? [Instruction?

And brand your fame, and work your own de-

PHÆDRA.

By thee I'm branded, and by thee destroy'd;
Thou bosom serpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet shan't you boast the miseries you cause,
Nor 'scape the ruin you have brought on all.

LYCON.

Was it not your command? Has faithful Lycon
E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd, contriv'd, or
acted?

Has he done aught without the queen's consent?

PHÆDRA.

Plead'st thou consent to what thou first in-
spir'dst?

Was that consent? O senseless politician!
 When adverse passion struggled in my breast,
 When anger, fear, love, sorrow, guilt, despair,
 Drove out my reason, and usurp'd my soul,
 Yet this consent you plead, O faithful Lycon!
 Oh! only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
 With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
 And what's my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
 What then is thine? Thou cool deliberate villain,
 Thou wise, forethinking, weighing politician!

LYCON.

Oh! 'twas so black, my frightened tongue re-
 coil'd
 At its own sound, and horror shook my soul.
 Yet still, though pierc'd with such amazing an-
 guish,
 Such was my zeal, so much I lov'd my queen,
 I broke through all, to save the life of Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

What's life? Oh all ye gods! can life atone
 For all the monstrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
 Or can I live? When thou, oh soul of honour!
 Oh early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
 Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
 Falls by the fordid hands of butchering villains;
 Now, now he bleeds, he dies—Oh perjur'd trai-
 tor!

See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
 And nature fallies in unbidden groans;
 Now mortal pangs distort his lovely form;
 His rosy beauties fade, his starry eyes
 Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams;
 Now in short gasps his labouring spirit heaves,
 And weakly flutters on his faltering tongue,
 And struggles into sound. Hear, monster, hear,
 With his last breath he curses perjur'd Phædra:
 He summons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
 Thou too shalt there appear; to torture thee,
 Whole hell shall be employ'd, and suffering
 Phædra

Shall find some ease to see thee still more wretched.

LYCON.

Oh all ye powers! Oh Phædra! Hear me,
 hear me,
 By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
 By those unhappy crimes I wrought to serve you,
 By these old wither'd limbs and hoary hairs,
 By all my tears!—Oh heavens! she minds me
 not, [con!
 She hears not my complaints. Oh wretched Ly-
 'To what art thou reserv'd?

PHÆDRA.

Reserv'd to all

The sharpest, slowest pains that earth can furnish,
 To all I wish—On Phædra—Guards, secure him.

[Lycon carried off.

Ha! Theseus, gods! My freezing blood congeals,
 And all my thoughts, designs, and words are lost.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Dost thou at last repent? Oh lovely Phædra!
 At last with equal ardour meet my vows:
 O dear-bought blessing! Yet I'll not complain,
 Since now my sharpest grief is all o'erpaid,

And only heightens joy.—Then haste, my charmer
 Let's feast our famish'd souls with amorous riot,
 With fiercest bliss atone for our delay,
 And in a moment love the age we've lost.

PHÆDRA.

Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly
 hence,
 Far as the distant skies, or deepest centre.

THESEUS.

Amazement! Death! Ye gods who guide the
 world,

What can this mean? So fierce a detestation,
 So strong abhorrence!—Speak, exquisite tor-
 mentor!

Was it for this your summons fill'd my soul
 With eager raptures, and tumultuous transports?
 Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliss.
 Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
 And fly with trembling haste to meet her arms?
 And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
 Was it for this you rouz'd my drowsy soul
 From the dull lethargy of hopeless love?
 And dost thou only shew those beauteous eyes
 To wake despair, and blast me with their beams?

PHÆDRA.

Oh! were that all to which the gods have
 doom'd me;

But angry Heaven has laid in store for Theseus
 Such perfect mischief, such transcendent woe,
 That the black image shocks my frightened soul,
 And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

THESEUS.

Fear not to speak it; that harmonious voice
 Will make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
 And charm the grief it brings.—Thus let me
 hear it.

Thus in thy sight; thus gazing on those eyes,
 I can support the utmost spite of fate, [fair!
 And stand the rage of heaven.—Approach my

PHÆDRA.

Off, or I fly for ever from thy sight:
 Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Forget the villain, drive him from your soul.

PHÆDRA.

Can I forget, or drive him from my soul!
 Oh! he will still be present to my eyes:
 His words will ever echo in my ears;
 Still will he be the torture of my days,
 Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

THESEUS.

And mine and all.—Oh most abandon'd vil-
 Oh lasting scandal to our godlike race! [lain!
 That could contrive a crime so foul as incest.

PHÆDRA.

Incest! Oh name it not!—
 The very mention shakes my inmost soul:
 The gods are startled in their peaceful mansions,
 And nature sickens at the shocking sound.
 Thou brutal wretch! Thou execrable monster!
 To break through all the laws that early flow
 From untaught reason, and distinguish man;
 Mix like the senseless herd with bestial lust,
 Mother and son preposterously wicked;
 To banish from thy soul the reverence due

To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one so great, so good as Theseus.

THESEUS.

To injure one so great, so good as Phædra;
O slave! to wrong such purity as thine,
Such dazzling brightness, such exalted virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Virtue! All-seeing gods, you know my virtue!
Must I support all this? O righteous Heaven?
Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have borne,
Pointed his satyr's stings, and edg'd his rage,
But to be prais'd—Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are slight to what I suffer,
And hell itself's relief.

THESEUS.

What's hell to thee?

What crimes could'st thou commit? or what reproaches

Could innocence so pure as Phædra's fear,
Oh, thou'rt the chastest matron of thy sex,
The fairest pattern of excelling virtue.
Our latest annals shall record thy glory,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
Each skilful artist shall express thy form,
In animated gold.—The threatening sword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy bosom;
Such heavenly beauty on thy face shall bloom,
As shall almost excuse the villain's crime;
But yet that firmness, that unshaken virtue,
As still shall make the monster more detested.
Where'er you pass, the crowded way shall sound
With joyful cries, and endless acclamations:
And when aspiring bards, in daring strains,
Shall raise some heavenly matron to the powers,
They'll say, she's great, she's true, she's chaste as
Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

This might have been.—But now, oh cruel stars!

Now, as I pass, the crowded way shall sound
With hissing scorn, and murmuring detestation:
The latest annals shall record my shame;
And when th' avenging Muse with pointed rage
Would sink some impious woman down to hell,
She'll say, she's false, she's base, she's foul as
Phædra.

THESEUS.

Hadst thou been foul, had horrid violation
Cast any stains on purity like thine,
They're wash'd already in the villain's blood:
The very sword, his instrument of horror,
Ere this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Has done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Alas! my lord,

Ere this the prince is dead.—I saw Cratander
Give him a sword.—I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast,
With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle.—A loud clamour follow'd:

And the surrounding soldiers hid from sight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?

THESEUS.

Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice,
I'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought
laurels.

PHÆDRA.

Then thou'rt renown'd indeed.—Oh happy
Theseus!

Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haste then, let's join our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.

THESEUS.

Wretched! For what? For what the world must
praise me;

For what the nations shall adore my justice;
A villain's death?

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus a villain!

Oh, he was all his godlike fire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

THESEUS.

What can this mean? declare, ambiguous
Phædra;

Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubtful speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vex'd by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd, and prais'd, detested, and deplor'd?

PHÆDRA.

Canst thou not guess?—

Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Could'st thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
Could'st thou not find it in the generous truth,
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his
face?

Could'st not perceive it in the chaste reserve?
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Could'st thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?

THESEUS.

Guiltless! Oh all ye gods! What can this
mean?

PHÆDRA.

Mean! That the guilt is mine, that virtuous
Phædra,

The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son;
And when deny'd, with impious accusation
Sully'd the lustre of his shining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
And with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that virtue
I try'd in vain to shake.

THESEUS.

Is he then guiltless?

Guiltless! Then what art thou? And oh just
Heaven!

What a detested parricide is Theseus?

Q q ij

PHÆDRA.

What am I? What indeed, but one more black
Than earth or hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest,
Perjury, murder; to arm the erring father
Against the guiltless son. O impious Lycon!
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

THESEUS.

Lycon! Here, guards!—Oh most abandon'd
villain! [ther.
Secure him, seize him, drag him piece-meal hi-

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS.

Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high dis-
pleasure?

THESEUS.

Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
Who can inspire such storms of rage, but Lycon?
Where has my sword left one so black, but Lycon?
Where! Wretched Theseus! in thy bed and heart,
The very darling of my soul and eyes!
Oh beauteous fiend! But trust not to thy form.
You too, my son, was fair; your manly beauties
Charm'd every heart! (O Heavens!) to your de-
struction.

You too were good, your virtuous soul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious
Phædra!

Incestuous fury! Execrable murth'refs!
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
Ev'n endless torture which thou shalt not suffer?

PHÆDRA.

And is there aught on earth I would not suffer?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
Thou need'st not claim it, most unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine: 'T' avenge thy fate,
I'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for tortures;
And Phædra's sufferings should atone for thine:
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

LYCON brought in.

Hast thou escap'd my wrath? Yet, impious
Lycon,
On thee I'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundless rage.

LYCON.

O! mercy, mercy!

THESEUS.

Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve,
Such as thy guilty soul can hope from Theseus;
Such as thou shew'dst to poor Hippolitus.

LYCON.

Oh chain me! whip me! Let me be the scorn
Of fordid rabbles, and insulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life most wretched.

PHÆDRA.

Art thou so base, so spiritless a slave?
Not so the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd.
Not so he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

THESEUS.

Oh, abject villain! Yet it gives me joy

To see the fears that shake thy guilty soul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou'lt howl thy fearful soul away;
While laughing crowds shall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their sport! Haste, hence,
away with him.

Drag him to all the torments earth can furnish;
Let him be rack'd and gash'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monster, fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the shouting crowds, and glut their
vengeance.

And is this all? And art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus!
Oh ungorg'd appetite! Oh ravenous thirst
Of a son's blood! What not a day, a moment!

PHÆDRA.

A day! A moment! Oh! thou should'st have
staid

Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch'd the life of that consummate youth.

THESEUS.

And yet with joy I flew to his destruction,
Boasted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs she sighing gave me
The last cold kisses from her trembling lips,
And reach'd her feeble wandering hands to mine:
When her last breath, now quivering at her
mouth,

Implor'd my goodness to her lovely son;
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! descends
An early victim to the lazy shades, [scends.
(Oh heaven and earth!) by Theseus doom'd, de-

PHÆDRA.

He's doom'd by Theseus, but accus'd by Phæ-
dra,

By Phædra's madness, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my frenzy,
And die for thee, my headlong rage destroy'd:
Thee I pursue (oh great ill-fated youth!)
Pursue thee still, but now with chaste desires:
Thee through the dismal waste of gloomy death;
Thee through the glimmering dawn, and purer
day,

Through all th' Elysian plains: O righteous Minos!
Elysian plains! There he and his Ismena
Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off shall howl
In lonely plains; while all the blackest ghosts
Shrink from the baleful sight of one more mon-
And more accurs'd than they. [strous,

THESEUS.

I too must go;

I too must once more see the burning shore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will release me now.

PHÆDRA.

Then why this stay? Come on, let's plunge to-
See hell sets wide its adamantine gates, [gether:
See through the sable gates the black Cocytus
In smoky circles rows its fiery waves:
Hear, hear the stunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of clashing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing shrieks
That wide through all its gloomy world resound.

How huge Mægara stalks! what streaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what serpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head!
Now, now she drags me to the bar of Minos.
See how the awful judges of the dead
Look steadfast hate, and horrible dismay!
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage chokes his struggling words: the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hands: O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here! Oh execrable villain!
Then am I still on earth? By hell I am,
A fury now, a scourge preserv'd for Lycon!
See, the just beings offer to my vengeance
That impious slave. Now, Lycon, for revenge;
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here.—I'll steal it to his
heart.

[Mistaking Theseus for Lycon, offers to stab him.

GUARDS.

Heavens! 'tis your lord.

PHÆDRA.

My lord! O equal Heaven!
Must each portentuous moment rise in crimes,
And fallying life go off in parricide?
Then trust not thy slow drugs. Thus sure of death
[Stabs herself.
Complete thy horrors—And if this suffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the rest.

THESEUS.

At length she's quiet,
And earth now bears not such a wretch as The-
Yet I'll obey Hippolitus and live; [seus;
Then to the wars; and as the Corybantines,
With clashing shields, and braying trumpets,
drown'd

The cries of infant Jove—I'll stifle conscience,
And nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? For whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
An endless round of still returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorse?
What torment's this?—Therefore, O greatly
thought,

Therefore do justice on thyself—and live;
Live above all most infinitely wretched.
Ismena too—Nay, then, avenging Heaven

ISMENA enters.

Has vented all its rage.—O wretched maid!
Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?
Why add to sorrows, and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recall to my afflicted soul
The sad remembrance of my godlike son,
Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

ISMENA.

Ruin'd!—O all ye powers! O awful The-
feus! [him?
Say, where's my lord? say, where has fate dispos'd
Oh speak! the fear distracts me.

THESEUS.

Gods! Can I speak?
Can I declare his fate to his Ismena?
Oh lovely maid! couldst thou admit of comfort,
Thou shouldst for ever be my only care,

Work of my life, and labour of my soul.
For thee alone, my sorrows, lull'd, shall cease;
Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd son:
For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,
Restore the crown of which it robb'd your race;
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of
empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd
Beneath thy easy yoke with pleasure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

ISMENA.

Must I then reign? Nay, must I live without
him?

Not so, oh godlike youth! you lov'd Ismena;
You for her sake refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentless hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have ease.
And thus I find it. [Offers to stab herself.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

O forbear, Ismena!
Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bo-
som;
Oh heaven and earth! should she resolve to die,
And snatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods! she'd fall a victim?
Was't for me she'd die? O heavenly virgin!
See, see thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

ISMENA.

Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead! is this Elysium!
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus—Ar't well?
Ar't thou not wounded?

THESEUS.

Oh unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, say, what god, what miracle preserv'd
thee?

Didst thou not strike thy father's cruel present,
My sword, into thy breast?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myself, and slew Cratander;
The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wish, and brought me to the king:
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theseus' sorrow, and Ismena's loss;
Therefore I hasten'd to your royal presence,
Here to receive my doom.

THESEUS.

Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Ismena's arms. [tues,
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling vir-
Your courage, truth, your innocence, and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that em-
pire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

ISMENA.

Oh killing joy!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh ecstacy of bliss!

Q q iij

Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?
Of that celestial maid, oh pitying gods!
How shall I thank your bounties for my sufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I've born?
Since 'twas to them I owe divine Ismena,
To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus.
Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra.

THESEUS.

Deep was her anguish; for the wrongs she did
you
She chose to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

HIPPOLITUS.

I've heard it all.
O! had not passion fully'd her renown,
None e'er on earth had shone with equal lustre;
So glorious liv'd, or so lamented dy'd.
Her faults were only faults of raging love,
Her virtues all her own.

ISMENA.

Unhappy Phædra!
Was there no other way, ye pitying powers,

No other way to crown Ismena's love!
Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And in the midst of my triumphant joy,
Ev'n in my hero's arms, confess some sorrow.

THESEUS.

O tender maid! forbear, with ill-tim'd grief,
To damp our blessings, and incense the gods:
But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our thanks
For all the wonders in our favour wrought;
That Heaven, whose mercy rescued erring Theseus
From execrable crimes, and endless woes.
Then learn from me, ye kings, that rule the world,
With equal poise let steady justice sway,
And flagrant crimes, with certain vengeance
pay,

But, till the proofs are clear, the stroke delay.

HIPPOLITUS.

The righteous gods, that innocence require,
Protect the goodness which themselves inspire.
Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuser dies.

[Exeunt omnes.]

P O E M S.

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES*.

JAM non vulgares, Isis, molire triumphos,
 Augustos Isis nunquam tacitura Stuartos.
 Tu quoties crebris cumulasti altaria donis
 Multa rogans numen, cui vineta jugalia curæ!
 At jam votivam Superis suspende tabellam;
 Sunt rata vota tibi, sævique oblita doloris
 Amplexu parvi gaudet Regina Jacobi.
 Languentes dudum priscus vigor afflat ocelos,
 Infans et caræ suspensus in oscula Matris
 Numine jam spirat blando, visumque tenellum
 Miscet parva quidem, sed vivida Patris imago.
 O etiam patrio vivat celebratus honore,
 Vivat canitie terris venerandus eadem!
 Omen habet certè superâ quod vespitur aurâ
 Tum primum, lætos æstas cum pandat honores,
 Omnia cum vireant, cum formosissimus annus.
 Et Vos felicitis optatâ prole Parentes!
 Quos nunc Parca piis respexit mota querelis:
 En! vestræ valuere preces; victrixque Deorum
 Fata movet pietas, quamvis nolentia flecti:
 Proles chara datur senio, inconcessa juventæ.
 Si citiùs soboles nullo miranda daretur
 Prodigio, sanctis vix digna Parentibus esset:
 O quæ vita dabit, cui dat miracula partus?
 I, Princeps, olim patrios imitare triumphos,
 Et semper magni vestigia Patris adora:
 Hic primâ nondum indutus lanugine malas
 Inviâs orbem per totum inclaruit armis.
 Illius ad tonitru Batavi tremuere; Jacobum
 Agnovit dominum summissis navita velis.
 Te quoque Belga tremat, metuat rediviva Jacobi
 Fulmina, cujus adhuc miserè conservat hiantes
 Ore cicatrices, vastæ et monumenta ruinæ.
 Subjectus famulas Nereus Tibi porrigat undas:
 Ipse tuo da jura mari.
 Cumque pater tandem divis miscebitur ipse
 Divus (at ô! tardè sacra ducite flamina, Parcæ!)
 Assere tu nostri jus immortale Monarchæ;
 Tu rege subjectum patriis virtutibus orbem.

* From the "Strenæ Natalitiæ Academiae Oxoniensis
 "In celsissimum Principem, Oxonii, e Theatro Sheldoniana-
 "no. An. Dom. 1688."

ON

THE INAUGURATION

OF

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY*.

MAURITII ingentis celso de sanguine natum,
 Mauritioque parem, solenni disere versu
 Te, Gulielmi, juvat: nuncô! mihi pectora flammâ
 Divinâ caleant, nunc me furor excitet idem,
 Qui Te, ingens heros, bello tot adire labores
 Instigat, mediosque ardentem impellit in hostes.
 Te tenero latè jaçtabat fama sub ævo:
 Cæpisti, quâ finis erat; maturaque virtus
 Edidit ante diem fructus, tardèque sequentes
 Annos præcurrit longè, et post terga reliquit.
 Jam Te, jam videor flagrantem cernere vultus,
 Dum primas ducis fervens in prælia turmas:
 Jam cerno oppositas acies, quanto impete præceps
 Tela per et gladios raperis; quo fulmine belli
 Adversum frangis cuneum, et media agmina
 mifces.
 Num ferus invadit Belgas Turrennius heros,
 Inviâs semper clarus Turrennius armis,
 Et, quacunque ruit, ferro bacchatur et igni?
 Tu primo vernans jucundæ flore juventæ
 Congrederis, ducente Deo, Deus ipse Batavis.
 Congrederis; non Te Gallorum immania terrent
 Agmina, non magni Turrennius agminis instar.
 Heu quas tum ferro strages, quæ funera latè
 Edideris, quântosque viros demiseris orco!
 Sic cum congestos struxere ad sidera montes
 Terrigenæ fratres, superos detrudere cælo
 Aggressi, positq; tum plectro intonsus Apollo
 Armata sumpsit fatalia spicula dextrâ:
 Tunc audax ruit in bellum, et furit acer in armis,
 Et Martem, atque ipsas longè anteit fulminis alas.
 Extremos ô quàm vellem memorare labores!
 Quàm vellem sævi superata pericula ponti!
 Cui meritò nunc jura dabis: quam flebile fatum
 Tristesque illorum exequias, quos obruit æquor
 Immeritos, canere; at jamjam sub pondere tanto
 Deficio, heroemque sequor non passibus æquis.

+ From the "Vota Oxoniensia pro serenissimis Gulielmo Rege et Maria Regina M. Britanniae, &c. nuncupata.
 "Oxonii, e Theatro Sheldoniana. An. Dom. 1689."

Sed fesso memoranda dies, quâ regna Britannum
Debita quâ sacros sceptri regalis honores
Accipies, cingensque aureo diademate frontem.
Anglos servasti; da jura volentibus Anglis.
Sic gravis Alcides humeris ingentibus olim
Fulcivit patrium, quem mox possedit, Olympum.

ON
THE RETURN

KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND.

*After the Battle of the Boyne.**

O INGENS Heros! O tot defuncte periclis!
Ergo iterum victor nostris allaberis oris?
Atque os belligerum, torvumque in praelia numen
Exuis, et blandâ componis regna quiete?
Ergo iterum placidâ moderaris voce Senatum?
Oraque divinum spirant jam mitia lumen?
Non sic cum trepidos ageres violentus Hibernos;
Cum bello exultans fremeres, ensisque rotares
Immani gyro, rubris bacchatus in arvis
Invitus: (neque enim crudeles edere strages
Te juvat, aut animis Ditem satiare Tuorum.)
Sic olim amplexus Semeles petiisse Tonantem
Fama est, terribilem nigranti fulmine et igni:
Maluit hic caris accumbere mitior ulnis,
Inque suam invitum trahit inscia Nympha ruinam.
Tu tamen, ô toties Wilhelmi afflueta triumphis
Calliope, ô nunquam Heroum non grata labori,
Wilhelmi immensos iterum enumerare triumphos
Incipe, et in notas iterum te attollere laudes.
Ut requiem, fœdæque ingloria tadia pacis
Exosus, rursusque ardens in Martia castra,
Sanguineasque acies, fulgentesque ære catervas,
In bellum ruit, atque iterum se misit in arma.
Gallus enim sævit, miserisque cruentus Hibernos
Sesvicio premit, et victâ dominatur Ierne.
Hinc Furcæ, Tormenta, Cruces, tractæque Catenæ
Horrendum strident: iterumque resurgere credas
Macquirum squalentem, atque Anglo sanguine
fœdum,
Exultantem immane, et vastâ clade superbum.
O gens lethifero nequicquam exempta veneno!
Frustra Bufô tuis, et Aranea cessit ab oris,
Dum pecus Ignatî invisum, fœdique cuculli,
Et Monachi sanctæ protenso abdomine tardi
Vipeream inspirant animam, inficiuntque veneno.
Assurgit tandem Schombergus, et emicat armis,
Qui juga captivo excutiat lervilia collo:
Sed frustra: securo hostis munimine valli
Aut latet, aut errat vagus, eluditque sequentem.
Augendis restat Gulielmi Celta triumphis;
Vindictis semper Gulielmi tata reservant
Et vincla eripere, et manibus divellere nodos.
Sic frustra Atrides, frustra Telamonius heros,
Ad Trojam frustra pugnarunt mille carinæ;

* From the "Academiae Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro
" exoptato Irenensi mi Regis Gulielmi ex Hibernia reditu.
" Oxoniae, e Theatro Schœnicæ, Anno Dom. 1690.

Nec nisi Achilleâ funduntur Fergama dextrâ.
Ergo, Boanda, tuis splendet Gulielmus in arvis,
Magna Boanda, ipsi famâ haud cessura Mosellæ.
Ut major graditur bello, ut jam gaudia in igneis
Scintillant oculis, et toto pectore fervent!
Quantum olli jubar affulget, quæ gratia frontis
Purpurei metuenda, et non inamabilis horror!
Sic cum dimissum fertur per nubila fulmen,
Et juvat, et nimîâ perstringit lumina flammâ.
Ut volat, ut longè primus rapidum insilet alveum!
Turbine quo præceps cunctantem tendit in hostem!
Dum vastas strages et multa cadavera passim
Amnis purpureo latè devolvit in alveo:
Dum pergenti obstat moles immensa suorum,
Et torpet misto concretum sanguine flumen.
Pergit atrox Heros; frustra olli tempora circum
Spicula mille canunt, luduntque in vertice flammæ:
Frustra hastatæ acies obstant, firmæque phalanges;
Frustra acres Celta: furit Ille, atque impiger
hostes.

Et fugat, et sternit, totoque agit agmina campo.
Versus retro hostis trepidè fugit, inque paludes,
Torpentesque lacus cæno, horrendoque recessus
Dumorum; et Cæci prodest injuria cæli.

Attamen ô, non sic fausto movet alite bellum
Schombergus; non sic nobis favet alca Martis.
Occidit heu! Schombergus iniqui crimine cæli;
Non illum vernans circum sua tempora laurus
Conservat, non arcet inevitabile fulmen.
At nunc ad cælum fugit, et pede sidera calcat,
Spectat et Heroes, ipse et spectandus ab illis.
Hunc dicet veniens ætas, serique nepotes,
Et quicunque Anglum aud erint rugire Leonem.
Cœpit enim rugire, et jamjam ad mœnia victor
Caletana fremit trux, Dunkirkumque reposcit.
Cressleas iterum lauros magnique tropæa
Henrici repetit: media Ledoicus in aula
Jamdudum tremit, et Gulielmi ad nomina pallet.

A POEM

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

TO A FRIEND.

SIR,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
The Bard who spread her fame to distant shores:
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauseous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd,
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled physic fail'd;
But since the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;

Fruitless our hopes, though pious our essays,
Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verse,
With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's herse;
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And, wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines:
His nervous verse great Boileau's strength tran-
scends,

And France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.

Oh! various bard, you all our powers control,
You now disturb, and now divert the soul:
Milton and Butler in thy muse combine;
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;
For, as I've seen, when rival wits contend,
One gaily charge, one gravely wise defend;
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
With dry rebukes, or sneering praise, replies.

So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style;
He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of great Cervantes reigns.

What sounding lines his abject themes express!
What shining words the pompous shilling dress!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her best light the Comic Muse appears,
When she, with borrow'd pride, the buskin wears.

So when nurse Nokes, to act young Ammon
tries,

With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes,
With dangling hands he strokes th' imperial robe,
And, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;
The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made

Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws;
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause:
When Orpheus sings, the ghosts no more com-
plain,

But, in his lulling music, lose their pain:

So charm the fallies of thy Georgic Muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse:
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire;
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams im-
prove,

Etruria's envy, and her Cosmo's love;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine.

Rise, rise, Roscommon, see the Blenheim Muse
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse;
See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions soar,
Where never English poet reach'd before:
See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,
By turns on Cosmo and the Bard attend;
Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes design'd;
In him the soul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty
mind;

To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our Spenser, first by Pisan poets taught,
To us their tales, their style, and numbers
brought.

To follow ours, now Tuscan bards descend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spenser lend,
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain;
They first on English bards impos'd the chain,
First by an English bard from rhyme their free-
dom gain.

Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime:
Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides:
I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
Procrustes like, the ax or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size:
At best a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the strong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the
close,

Oft rise to sustain, or descend to prose.

Your judgment, Philips, rul'd with steady sway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muse to stay,
To stop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rise:
When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends;
Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
Rail on at Milton's son, who wisely bold
Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
The ancient words the Majesty complete,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit's dress,
Old mystic emblems grace th' imperial vest,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna stands confest.

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's, and Batson's, and through Smithfield,
prais'd,

Cries out aloud—Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,
But paints in sustian, or in turn deplores;
With Bunyan's style profanes heroic songs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels
strain,

And in low prose dull Lucifer complain:
His envious Muse, by native dulness curst,
Damns the best poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his praise or blame thy works prevail
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakness hides;
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.

Thrice happy youth, whom noble Isis crowns!
Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns:
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The listening nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung:
But cits and fops the heaven-born music blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame:
Like her sweet voice, is thy harmonious song,
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.

Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,
How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread,
How opening Heavens their happy regions
shew, [glow,
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance
And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl be-
low:

Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in false pathetic phrase complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse?
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
Who now our Twyden's glorious fate shall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound,
Through streams of smoke, and adverse fire, he
rides,

While every shot is levell'd at his sides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front, amidst a slaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyll.

Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship
sway'd;

Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours past, not future prospects gain'd;
Not nicely choosing, though by all desir'd,
Though learn'd, not vain, and humble, though
admir'd;

Candid to all, but to himself severe,
In humour pliant, as in life austere.
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd:
To all sincere, though earnest to commend,
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirits, and their styles his
own;

Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason join'd.
Judicious physic's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping master
fail'd,

Nor goodness now, nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
And made him scorn the life they could not
save:

Else could he bear unmov'd, the fatal guest,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress'd,
The coughs that struggled from his weary
breast?

Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain?
Its slow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
In his last hours his easy wit display,
Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay?
Once on thy friends look down, lamented
shade,

And view the honours to thy ashes paid:
Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design,
With wit, and strength, that only yields to thine:
Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tuston's arms:
Thee, on the Po, kind Somerset deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores:
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows
rise.

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Display his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores

Sponte recurrit.

Quid prius nostris potiùsve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor

Mitto salutem?

Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor nostro novitatis ardor;

Tu quoque Scriptor.

Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli im-

pune stetisse.

Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
Anne? Ierneis potiora Gazis,
An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,

Scripta supersunt?

Cui legis nostras, relegisque chartas?

Cui meam laudas generositatem?

Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,

Mane salutas.

Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput stertit grave *Lambethanum*,
Quid *Comes Guildford*, quid habent novorum

Dawksque Dyerque.

Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam visit, lacrimansque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum

Funere *Rixon*.

Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hospitem notæ periisse *Mitræ*;

Narrat immersam prope limen urbis

Flumine cymbam.

Narrat—at portis meus *Hintot* astat,

Nuncius *Pricket* redit, advocat me

Sherwin, et scribendæ aliò requirunt

Mille tabellæ.

POCOCKIUS.

Dum cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum *Pococki* barbiton exigis,
Manésque Musam fastuosam

Sollicitant pretiosiores.

Alter virentum prorurat agmina

Sonora *Thracum*, donâque *Phillidi*

Agat puellas, heu decoris

Virginibus nimis invidenti.

Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius

Ardor ferendæ, sanctaque Veritas

Per saxa, per pontum, per hostes

Præcipitant *Asiæ* misertum:

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes
Quum sacras primum subit aut relinquit

Isidis arces,

Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quum cantu proprio strident
Missiles, et jam moneant adesse

Cornua, chartas,

Tale per nostrum jecur et medullas
Gaudium fluxit, simul ac reclusis
Vinculis vidi benè literati

Nomen amici.

Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Rettulit, sensu pavidus tremensque;
Sed fui, sumque, excipias timorem,

Cætera sospes.

Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
Consciam, et tristes nemoris tenebras,
Consulas lentè tabulas parantem

Te duce *Colum*.

Flebilis legi miseranda docti
Fata pictoris, sed et hóc iniqua
Damna consolor, superest perempto

Rixone Wildgoose.

Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præstabit, nisi fors Ierni

Hospita Cygni.

Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, simul ambulanti
Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Dave*

Mitto salutem.

Jenny, post *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
Qui tibi totus vacat, et vacabit,

Nec vetat *Uxor*.

Hæc ego lusi properante Musâ

Lesbiæ vatis numeros secutus;

Si novi quid sit, meliùs docebit

Sermo pedestris.

P. S.

“ Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,

“ Multa qui de te memorant cullos

“ Inter, et pulli, vice literarum,

“ Crus tibi mittunt.”

Cohors catenis quâ pia stridulis
Gemunt onusti, vel fude, trans sinum
Luctantur actâ, pendulive

Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.

Sentis ut edunt sibila, ut ardui

Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos

Intorquet unguis, ejulatque

In madido crocodilus antro

Vides lacunæ sulphure lividos

Ardere fluctus, quâ stetit impiæ

Moles *Gomorrhæ* mox procellâ

Haustra rubrâ, pluviisque flammis:

Quodd ista tellus si similes tibi

Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,

Adhuc stetisset, nec vibrato

Dextra Dei tonuisset igne,

Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
 Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
 Immane opus, crescentibusque
 Vertice sideribus propinquum.
 Nequicquam : Amici disparibus sonis
 Eludit aures nescius artifex,
 Linguasque miratur recentes
 In patriis peregrinus oris.
 Vestitur hinc tot sermo coloribus,
 Quot tu, Pococki, dissimilis tui
 Orator effers, quot vicissim
 Te memores celebrare gaudent.
 Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam senex
 Percurrit aestu raptus, ut arcibus
 Non jam superbis, et verendis
 Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.
 Quis corda pulsans tunc pavor hauserat
 Dolor quis arsit non sine gaudio,
 Cum busta Christi provolutus
 Ambiguus lacrymis rigaret !
 Sacratum arbor multa Pocockio,
 Locosque monstrans inquiet accola.
 Hæc quercus Hoseam supinum,
 Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus,
 Hæc audierunt gens venerabilem
 Ebraea Mosen, inde Pocockium
 Non ore, non annis minorem,
 Atque suam didicere linguam.
 Ac sicut albens perpetua nive
 Simul favillas, et cineres sinu
 Eruat ardentem, et pruinis
 Contiguas rotat Aetna flammæ;
 Sic te tremementem, te nive candidum
 Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
 Sequi reluctantem Ioclem
 Per tonitru, aëreæque nubes
 Annon pavefcis, dum ruba pallidum
 Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
 Caligat astrum, atque incubanti
 Terra nigrans tegitur sub umbrâ ?
 Quod agmen ! heu quæ turma sequacibus
 Tremenda flammis ! quis strepitantium
 Flicus rotarum est ! O Pococki
 Egrege, O animose Vatis
 Interpres abstrusi, O simili ferè
 Corrupte flammæ, te, quot imagine
 Crucis notantur, te, subactio
 Christicolæ gravis Ottomannus
 Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
 Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
 Plorat revulsis, et fragorosos
 Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
 Quæ Gesta nondum cognita Cæsaris,
 Quæ nec Matronis scripta, Pocockius
 Plorator ingens, et dolenda
 Nestoreæ brevis senectæ.

O D E,

FOR THE YEAR 1705.

I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
 So bright a scene of triumph rise ?

Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear,
 As crown'd the last auspicious year ?
 When first at Blenheim ANNE her ensigns
 spread,
 And Marlborough to the field the shouting
 squadrons led.
 In vain the hills and streams oppose,
 In vain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose.
 To the rough Danube's winding shore,
 His shatter'd foes the conquering hero bore.

II.

They see with staring haggard eyes
 The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise ;
 Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find,
 In Marlborough's arms, a surer fate behind.
 Now his red sword aloft impends,
 Now on their shrinking head descends :
 Wild and distracted with their fears,
 They justling plunge amidst the sounding deeps ;
 The flood away the struggling squadron sweeps,
 And men, and arms, and horses, whirling bears.
 The frighted Danube to the sea retreats,
 The Danube soon the flying ocean meets,
 Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway,
 Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
 And clouds of smoke involve the day.
 Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
 And Afric echoes from its distant shore.
 The French, unequal in the fight,
 In force superior, take their flight.
 Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
 In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
 The glories of her reign survey,
 Which shall o'er France her arms display,
 And kingdoms now her own subdue.
 Lewis, for oppression born ;
 Lewis in his turn, shall mourn,
 While his conquer'd happy swains,
 Shall hug their easy wish'd-for chains.
 Others, enslav'd by victory,
 Their subjects, as their foes, oppress ;
 ANNA conquers but to free,
 And governs but to bless.

O D E *.

ORMOND's glory, Marlborough's arms,
 All the mouths of Fame employ ;
 And th' applauding world around
 Echoes back the pleasing sound :
 Their courage warms ;
 Their conduct charms ;
 Yet the universal joy
 Feels a sensible alloy !

* This Ode, and that which follows it, were published
 anonymously at the time when they were written, and
 are now ascribed to Mr. Smith, on the authority of a note
 in manuscript by one of his contemporaries.

Mighty George †, the Senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's prayer!
While the stroke of fate we dread
Impending o'er thy sacred head,
The British youth for thee submit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear!

Let the noise of war and joy
Rend again the trembling sky;
Great George revives to calm our fears,
With prospect of more glorious years:
Deriv'd from Anne's auspicious smiles,
More cheerful airs refresh the British Isles.

Sound the trumpet; beat the drum;
Tremble France; we come, we come!
Almighty force our courage warms;
We feel the full, the powerful charms
Of Ormond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms!

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

In Five Parts,

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC;

*Performed at the Theatre in Oxford, on Friday
the 11th of July 1707.*

MUSIC, soft charm of Heaven and Earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date?
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate,
Ere the rude ponderous mass
Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang
The morning stars their anthems sang,
And nought in Heaven was heard but melody and
love.

† George Prince of Denmark, husband to the Queen.

2

Myriads of spirits, forms divine,
The Seraphim, with the bright host
Of Angels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,
Worship before th' Eternal Shrine;
Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems
boast,
In love and wonder pass their blissful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine
The massy orb in which we sluggards move
As if sequester'd from the arts divine:
Here's Music too,
As ours a rival were to th' world above.

Chorus, Five Voices.

Hark, how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling streams soft accents vent,
And all both time and measure know.
Ere since the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and forests how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature strives to bear a part; [yield.
And all but Death and Hell to conquering Music
But stay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peevish, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debase;
Perhaps because the sacred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dangerous 'tis to be perversely wise.
But be they ever in the wrong,
Who say the Prophet's harp e'er spoil'd the Poet's
song!

Grand Chorus, Five Parts.

To Athen's now, my Muse, retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit;
And in that safe and sweet retreat,
Amongst Apollo's sons inquire,
And see if any friend of thine be there:
But sure so near the Thespian spring
The humblest Bard may sit and sing:
Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever here.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
RICHARD DUKE.

'Containing his

REVIEW,
TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,



PROLOGUES,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,

Vol. Vol. Vol.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,
Still wondering, and still finding cause for more.
When Nisus and Euryalus we admire,
Their gentle friendship, and their martial fire,
We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,
And love their friendship, so much like our own.
But when to give our minds a feast indeed,
Horace, *best known and lov'd by thee*, we read,
Who can our transports, or our longings tell
To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well?

OTWAY'S EPISTLE TO DUKE.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF DUKE.

OF RICHARD DUKE very few particulars have descended to posterity. The accounts of his family are obscure and imperfect. Jacob says, his father was an eminent citizen of London, but does not mention his profession. The year of his birth is not known.

The earliest circumstance that has been recorded concerning him, is the date of his admission to Westminster-school, which appears to have been in 1670.

It is probable, he was admitted a scholar upon the foundation, as he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1675.

What indications of genius he displayed in his school exercises, cannot now be certainly known; but he appears, from his writings, to have been an accomplished classical scholar, and early addicted to the study of poetry.

On his coming to Cambridge, he enlisted himself among the wits of the university, and was distinguished in the literary and social circles, for the elegance of his taste, and the sprightliness of his conversation.

He lived in habits of familiar intimacy with Otway, who appears, from his Epistle to him, and the Answer to it, to have resided some time at Cambridge, after he left Oxford, though it cannot be ascertained by the register of the university that he studied there.

In 1679, he addressed a copy of Verses to Dryden, on the appearance of his "*Troilus and Cressida*," in which he calls him, "our Master Poet, great King of Verse," and himself, "an unknown, unheard-of private name,"

"A young beginner in the trade of wit."

In 1680, came out a translation of Ovid's Epistles, by Dryden, and other popular names, to which he contributed the Epistles of *Paris to Helen*, and *Acontius to Cydippe*.

The same year, he wrote a *Pastoral on the Death of Mary Duchess of Southampton*; a mode of writing which was then very fashionable among the wits on such occasions.

The year following, he attended the publication of "*Abalom and Achitophel*," with a poetical compliment to "the unknown Author," in whose "mighty and immortal lines" he recognises "the informing genius" and "divine flame" of his master, Dryden.

Soon after the appearance of "*Abalom and Achitophel*," he wrote a political poem, intituled *The Review*, which, though unfinished, is the most considerable of his original performances.

In an advertisement prefixed to it, the Editor says, "he was persuaded to undertake it by Mr. Sheridan, the secretary to the Duke of York; but Mr. Duke, finding that gentleman designed to make use of his pen to vent his spleen against several persons at Court that were of another party than that he was engaged in, broke off proceeding in it, and left it (imperfect) as it is now printed."

In 1682, he took his degree of Master of Arts, having been before a fellow of his college, or appointed to a fellowship soon after his graduation.

The same year, he wrote a poem on the *Marriage of George Prince of Denmark to Lady Anne*, which contains an elegant mixture of panegyric and poetry; the conclusion is eminently happy.

In 1684, he wrote a poem on the *Death of King Charles II.*, and the *Inauguration of King James*; in which his loyalty and wit are equally conspicuous. The character of Charles, though deficient

in truth, is a masterpiece of panegyric; and the compliment to James exhibits sufficient proofs of his poetical, but not of his prophetic power.

He was engaged, among other wits, in the version of Juvenal, that goes under the name of Dryden, and translated the *Fourth Satire*.

He contributed, also, several translations from Theocritus, Horace, and Virgil, to Dryden's Miscellany; in which most of his other poems were first published.

When he left the university, he entered into orders, as he humorously threatened, in the conclusion of his *Epistle to Otway*:

Else I shall grow —————
A greasy blockhead fellow in a gown,
With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
And wit, that at a quibble never fails.

From this time, he appears to have subdued his inclination to levity and conviviality; for he became a celebrated preacher, and obtained several ecclesiastical preferments; being made a prebendary of Gloucester, a proctor in the convocation for that church, and a chaplain to Queen Anne.

In 1710, he was presented by the Bishop of Winchester to the valuable living of Witney, in Oxfordshire, which he enjoyed but a few months. On February 1710-11, having returned from an entertainment, he was found dead the next morning.

This is all that is known of Duke; a man who enjoyed the friendship and praises of Dryden, Waller, Otway, Lee, Creech, and other contemporary wits; and who appears to have been a polite and accomplished scholar and a respectable, though not a great poet.

His Poems were collected and published by Tonson, in 8vo, 1717, with the poems of Roscommon and Buckingham, and have been reprinted in subsequent collections.

On his poetry much commendation cannot be bestowed. His *Translations* have nothing in them remarkable. Like the versions of his associates, they are generally licentious, without compensating for their freedom by their beauties. His *Political Verses* are not unskillfully written, though much debased by sentiments of servility and adulation. The *Review*, though imperfect, has some vigorous, and some happy lines. His *Songs* are not inferior to other compositions of that kind. His *Epistles* are easy and familiar. In all his pieces are to be found some elegancies of versification, and some felicities of diction.

His Sermons have been several times reprinted, and are ranked, by Dr. Felton, with the compositions of Tillotson and Sprat.

After commending the Bishop of Rochester, he says:

“ Mr. Duke may be also mentioned, under the double capacity of a poet and a divine. He is a bright example in the several parts of writing, whether we consider his *Originals*, his *Translations*, *Paraphrases*, or *Imitations*. But here I can only mention him as a divine, but with this peculiar commendation, that in his Sermons, besides liveliness of wit, purity and correctness of style, and justness of argument, we see many fine allusions to the ancients, several beautiful passages handsomely incorporated in the train of his own thoughts; and, to say all in a word, *classic learning* and a *Christian spirit*.”

His moral and poetical character is briefly, but judiciously and wittily given by Dr. Johnson; though it contains a supposition with regard to his later sentiments of some of his compositions, for which there is no foundation, as none of his verses, even the most light and airy, are offensive to virtue or decency.

“ He appears, from his writings, to have been not ill qualified for poetical compositions. His poems are not below mediocrity; nor have I found much in them to be praised. With the wit, he seems to have shared the dissoluteness of the times; for some of his compositions are such, as he must have reviewed with detestation in his latter days.

Perhaps, like some other foolish young men, he rather talked than lived viciously, in an age where he that would be thought a wit was afraid to say his prayers; and whatever might have been bad in the first part of his life, was surely condemned and reformed by his better judgment.”

P O E M S.

THE REVIEW.

“ Longa est injuria, longæ
“ Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.”
VIRG.

How have we wander'd a long dismal night,
Led through blind paths by each deluding light!
Now plung'd in mire, now by sharp brambles torn,
With tempests beat, and to the winds a scorn!
Lost, weary'd, spent! but see the eastern star
And glimmering light dawns kindly from afar:
Bright Goddess, hail! while we by thee survey
The various errors of our painful way;
While, guided by some clew of heavenly thread,
The labyrinth perplex'd we backward tread,
Through rulers' avarice, pride, ambition, hate,
Perverse cabals, and winding turns of state,
The senate's rage, and all the crooked lines
Of incoherent plots and wild designs;
Till, getting out where first we enter'd in,
A new bright race of glory we begin.

As, after Winter, Spring's glad face appears,
As the blest shore to shipwreck'd mariners,
Success to lovers, glory to the brave,
Health to the sick, or freedom to the slave;
Such was great Cæsar's day! the wondrous day,
That long in Fate's dark bosom hatching lay,
Heaven to absolve, and satisfaction bring,
For twenty years of misery and sin!
What shouts, what triumph, what unruly joy,
Swell'd every breast, did every tongue employ,
With rays direct, whilst on his people shone
The king triumphant from the martyr's throne!
Was ever prince like him to mortals given?
So much the joy of earth, and care of heaven!
Under the pressure of unequal fate,
Of so erect a mind, and soul so great!
So full of meekness, and so void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's highest tide!
Mercy, like heaven, 's his chief prerogative,
His joy to save, and glory to forgive.
All storms compos'd, and tempests rage asleep,
He, halcyon like, sat brooding o'er the deep.
He saw the royal bark securely ride,
No danger threatening from the peaceful tide;

And he who, when the winds and seas were high,
Oppos'd his skill, and did their rage defy,
No diminution to his honour thought,
T' enjoy the pleasure of the calm he brought.
(Should he alone be so the people's slave,
As not to share the blessings that he gave?)
But not till, full of providential care,
He chose a pilot in his place to steer:
One in his father's councils and his own
Long exercis'd, and grey in business grown;
Whose confirm'd judgment and sagacious wit
Knew all the sands on which rash monarchs split;
Of rising winds could, ere they blew, inform,
And from which quarter to expect the storm.
Such was, or such he seem'd, whom Cæsar chose,
And did all empire's cares in him repose,
That, after all his toils and dangers past,
He might lie down and taste some ease at last.

Now stands the statesman of the helm possesst,
On him alone three mighty nations rest;
Byrsa * his name, bred at the wrangling bar,
And skill'd in arms of that litigious war;
But more to Wit's peacefuller arts inclin'd,
Learning's Mæcenæ, and the Muses' friend;
Him every Muse in every age had sung,
His easy flowing wit and charming tongue,
Had not the treacherous voice of power inspir'd
His mounting thoughts, and wild ambition fir'd;
Disdaining less alliances to own,
He now sets up for kinsman of the throne;
And Anna, by the power her father gain'd,
Back'd with great Cæsar's absolute command,
On false pretence of former contracts made,
Is forc'd on brave † Britannicus's bed.

Thus rais'd, his insolence his wit out-vy'd,
And meanest avarice maintain'd his pride:
When Cæsar, to confirm his infant state,
Drown'd in oblivion all old names of hate,
By threatening many, but excepting none
That paid the purchase of oblivion.
Byrsa his master's free-given mercy sold,
And royal grace retail'd for rebel gold:
That new state-maxim he invented first,
(To aged Time's last revolution curst)

* Earl of Clarendon.

† Duke of York.

That teaches monarchs to oblige their foes,
 And their best friends to beggary expose;
 For these, he said, would still beg on and serve;
 'Tis the old badge of loyalty to starve:
 But harden'd rebels must by bribes be won,
 And paid for all the mighty ills they've done:
 When wealth and honour from their treasours flow,
 How can they choose but very loyal grow?
 This false ungrateful maxim Byrsa taught,
 Vast sums of wealth from thriving rebels brought;
 Titles and power to thieves and traitors sold,
 Swell'd his stretch'd coffers with o'erflowing gold.
 Hence all these tears—in these first seeds was sown
 His country's following ruin, and his own.

Of that accurst and sacrilegious crew,
 Which great by merit of rebellion grew,
 Had all unactive perish'd and unknown,
 The false * Antonius had suffic'd alone,
 To all succeeding ages to proclaim
 Of this state principle the guilt and shame.
 Antonius early in rebellious race
 Swiftly set out, nor slackening in his pace,
 The same ambition that his youthful heat
 Urg'd to all ills, the little daring brat
 With unabated ardour does engage,
 The loathsome dregs of his decrepit age;
 Bold, full of native and acquir'd deceit,
 Of sprightly cunning and malicious wit;
 Restless, projecting still some new design,
 Still drawing round the government his line,
 Bold on the walls, or busy in the mine:
 Lewd as the stew, but to the blinded eyes
 Of the dull crowd as Puritan precise;
 Before their sight he draws the juggler's cloud
 Of public interest, and the people's good.
 The working ferment of his active mind,
 In his weak body's cask with pain confin'd,
 Would burst the rotten vessel where 'tis pent,
 But that 'tis tapt to give the treason vent.

Such were the men that from the statesman's
 hand

Not pardon only, but promotion gain'd:
 All offices of dignity or power
 These swarming locusts greedily devour;
 Preferr'd to all the secrets of the state,
 These senseless sinners, in the council state,
 In their unjust deceitful balance laid,
 The great concerns of war and peace were weigh'd.

This wise † Lovisius knew, whose mighty mind
 Had universal empire long design'd;
 And when he all things found were bought and
 sold,

Thought nothing there impossible to gold:
 With mighty sums, through secret channels
 brought,

On the corrupted counsellors he wrought:
 Against the neighbouring Belgians they declare
 A hazardous and an expensive war.
 Their fresh affronts and matchless insolence
 To Cæsar's honour made a fair pretence;
 Mere outside this, but, ruling by his pay,
 Cunning Lovisius did this project lay,
 By mutual damages to weaken those
 Who only could his vast designs oppose.

* Earl of Shaftesbury. † French King.

But Cæsar, looking with a just disdain
 Upon their bold pretences to the main,
 Sent forth his royal brother from his side,
 To lash their insolence, and curb their pride:
 Britannicus, by whose high virtues grac'd,
 The present age contends with all the past;
 Him Heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
 Slow to advise, but eager to perform,
 In council calm, fierce as a storm in fight,
 Danger his sport, and labour his delight:
 To him the fleet and camp, the sea and field,
 Did equal harvests of bright glory yield.
 No less each civil virtue him commends,
 The best of subjects, brothers, masters, friends;
 To merit just, to needy virtue kind,
 True to his word, and constant to his friend;
 What's well resolv'd, as bravely he pursues,
 Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to choose.
 Honour was born, not planted in his heart,
 And Virtue came by nature, not by art:
 Where glory calls, and Cæsar gives command,
 He flies; his pointed thunder in his hand.
 The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
 The tempest of his fury to sustain:
 Shatter'd and torn, before his flags they fly
 Like doves that the exalted eagle spy,
 Ready to stoop and seize them from on high:
 He, Neptune like, when, from his watery bed
 Above the waves lifting his awful head,
 He smiles, and to his chariot gives the rein,
 In triumph rides o'er the asserted main,
 And now returns, the watery empire won,
 At Cæsar's feet to lay his trident down.
 But who the shouts and triumphs can relate
 Of the glad isle that his return did wait?
 Rejoicing crowds attend him on the strand,
 Loud as the sea, and numerous as the sand.
 A joy too great to be by words express'd,
 Shines in each eye, and beats in every breast:
 So joy the many, but the wiser few
 The godlike prince with silent wonder view.
 The grateful senate his high acts confess
 In a vast gift, but than his merit less.
 Britannicus is all the voice of Fame,
 Britannicus! she knows no other name;
 The people's darling, and the court's delight,
 Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
 Shall he, shall ever he, who now commands
 So many thousand hearts, and tongues, and hands;
 Shall ever he, by some strange crime of fate,
 Fall under the ignoble vulgar's hate?
 Who knows? the turns of Fortune who can tell?
 Who fix her globe, or stop the rolling wheel?
 The crowd's a sea, whose wants run high or low,
 According as the winds, their leaders, blow.
 All calm and smooth, till from some corner flies
 An envious blast, that makes the billows rise:
 The blast, that whence it comes, or where it goes,
 We know not; but where'er it lifts it blows.
 Was not of old the Jewish rabble's cry
 Hosanna first, and after crucify?

New Byrsa with full orb illustrious shone,
 With beams reflected from his glorious son;
 All power his own, but what was given to those
 That counsellors by him from rebels rose;

But, rais'd so far, each now disdains a first,
 The taste of power does but inflame the thirst.
 With envious eyes they Byrsa's glories see,
 Nor think they can be great, while less than he.
 Envy their cunning sharpen'd, and their wit,
 Enough before for treacherous councils fit:
 'T' accuse him openly not yet they dare,
 But subtly by degrees his fall prepare:
 They knew by long-experienc'd desert
 How near he grew rooted to Cæsar's heart;
 To move him hence, requir'd no common skill,
 But what is hard to a resolved will?
 They found his public actions all conspire,
 Wisely apply'd, to favour their desire:
 But one they want their venom to suggest,
 And make it gently slide to Cæsar's breast:
 Who fitter than * Villerius for this part?
 And him to gain requir'd but little art,
 For mischief was the darling of his heart.
 A compound of such parts as never yet
 In any one of all God's creatures met:
 Not sick men's dreams so various or so wild,
 Or of such disagreeing shapes compil'd;
 Yet, through all changes of his shifting scene,
 Still constant to buffoon and harlequin,
 As if he 'ad made a prayer, than his of old
 More foolish, that turn'd all he touch'd to gold.
 God granted him to play th' eternal fool,
 And all he handled turn to ridicule.
 Thus a new Midas truly he appears,
 And shews, through all disguise, his ass's ears.
 Did he the weightiest business of the state
 At council or in senate-house debate,
 King, country, all, he for a jest would quit,
 To catch some little flash of paltry wit:
 How full of gravity soe'er he struts,
 The ape in robes will scramble for his nuts:
 Did he all laws of heaven or earth defy,
 Blaspheme his God, or give his king the lie;
 Adultery, murders, or ev'n worse, commit,
 Still 'twas a jest, and nothing but sheer wit:
 At last this edg'd-tool wit, his darling sport,
 Wounded himself, and banish'd him the court:
 Like common jugglers, or like common whores,
 All his tricks shewn, he was kick'd out of doors.
 Not chang'd in humour by his change of place,
 He still found company to suit his grace;
 Mountebanks, quakers, chemists, trading varlets,
 Pimps, player's, city sheriffs, and suburb harlots;
 War his aversion, once he heard it roar,
 But, "Damn him if he ever hear it more!"
 And there you may believe him, though he
 swore.

But with play-houses, wars, immortal wars.
 He wag'd, and ten years rage produc'd a † farce.
 As many rolling years he did employ,
 And hands almost as many, to destroy
 Heroic rhyme, as Greece to ruin Troy.
 Once more, says Fame, for battle he prepares,
 And threatens rhymers with a second farce:
 But, if as long for this as that we stay,
 He'll finish Clevedon sooner than his play.

This precious tool did the new statesman use
 In Cæsar's breath their whispers to infuse:

* Duke of Buckingham. † The Rehearsal.

Suspicion's bred by gravity, beard, and gown;
 But who suspects the madman and buffoon?
 Drolling Villerius this advantage had,
 And all his jests sober impressions made:
 Besides, he knew to choose the softest hour,
 When Cæsar for a while forgot his power,
 And, coming tir'd from empire's grand affairs,
 In the free joys of wine relax'd his cares.
 'Twas then he play'd the fly successful fool,
 And serious mischief did in ridicule;
 Then he with jealous thoughts his prince could fill,
 And gild with mirth and glittering wit the pill.
 With a grave mien, discourse, and decent state,
 He pleasantly the ape could imitate;
 And soon as a contempt of him was bred,
 It made the way for hatred to succeed.

Gravities disguise
 The greatest jest of all, "he'd needs be wise—"

[Here the writer left off]

OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY V.

'Twas noon, when I, scorch'd with the double
 fire
 Of the hot sun and my more hot desire,
 Stretch'd on my downy couch at ease was laid,
 Big with expectation of the lovely maid.
 The curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
 Such as in shades of thickest groves is seen;
 Such as remains when the sun flies away,
 Or when night's gone, and yet it is not day.
 This light to modest maids must be allow'd,
 Where shame may hope its guilty head to shrowd.
 And now my love, Corinna, did appear,
 Loose on her neck fell her divided hair,
 Loose as her flowing gown, that wanton'd in
 the air.
 In such a garb, with such a grace and mien,
 To her rich bed approach'd th' Assyrian queen.
 So Laïs look'd, when all the youth of Greece,
 With adoration did her charms confess.
 Her envious gown to pull away I try'd,
 But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
 But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
 Unwilling to obtain the victory.
 So I at last an easy conquest had,
 Whilst my fair combatant herself betray'd:
 But, when she naked stood before my eyes,
 Gods! with what charms did she my soul surprise!
 What snowy arms did I both see and feel?
 With what rich globes did her soft bosom swell!
 Plump as ripe clusters rose each glowing breast,
 Courting the hand, and sueing to be prest?
 In every limb what various charms were spread,
 Where thousand little Loves and Graces play'd!
 One beauty did through her whole body shine.
 I saw, admir'd, and press'd it close to mine.
 The rest, who knows not? Thus entranc'd we
 lay,
 Till in each other's arms we dy'd away:
 O give me such a noon (ye gods) to every day.

R. r. iij

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV.*

BLUSH not, my friend, to own the love
Which thy fair captive's eyes do move :
Achilles, once the fierce, the brave,
Stoop'd to the beauties of a slave ;
Tecmessa's charms could overpower
Ajax, her lord and conqueror ;
Great Agamemnon, when success
Did all his arms with conquest bless,
When Hector's fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright captive virgin's eyes
Ev'n in the midst of triumph dies.
You know not to what mighty line
The lovely maid may make you join ;
See but the charms her sorrow wears,
No common cause could draw such tears :
Those streams sure that adorn her so
For loss of royal kindred flow :
Oh ! think not so divine a thing
Could from the bed of commons spring ;
Whose faith could so unmov'd remain,
And so averse to sordid gain,
Was never born of any race
That might the noblest love disgrace.
Her blooming face, her snowy arms,
Her well-shap'd legs, and all her charms
Of her body and her face,
I, poor I, may safely praise.
Suspect not, Love, the youthful rage
From Horace's declining age ;
But think, remov'd by forty years,
All his flames and all thy fears.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VIII.

If ever any injur'd power,
By which the false Bariné swore,
False, fair Bariné, on thy head
Had the least mark of vengeance shed ;
If but a tooth or nail of thee
Had suffer'd by thy perjury,
I should believe thy vows ; but thou
Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,
Of all our youth the public care,
Nor half so false as thou art fair.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead mother's sacred urn,
By heaven, and all the stars that shine
Without, and every god within :
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty vows does smile,
Her nymphs all smile, her little son
Does smile, and to his quiver run ;
Does smile, and fall to whet his darts,
To wound for thee fresh lovers hearts.
See all the youth does thee obey ;
Thy train of slaves grows every day ;
Nor leave thy former subjects thee,
Though oft they threaten to be free,

* See another Imitation of this Ode in Yaldep's Poems.

Though oft with vows false as thine are,
Their forsworn mistress they forswear.
Thee every careful mother fears
For her son's blooming tender years ;
Thee frugal fires, thee the young bride
In Hymen's fetters newly ty'd,
Lest thou detain by stronger charms
Th' expected husband from her arms.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

BOOK III. ODE IX.

HORACE.

WHILST I was welcome to your heart,
In which no happier youth had part,
And, full of more prevailing charms,
Threw round your neck his dearer arms,
I flourish'd richer and more blest
Than the great monarch of the east.

LYDIA.

Whilst all thy soul with me was fill'd,
Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,
Lydia, the celebrated name,
The only theme of verse and fame,
I flourish'd more than she renown'd,
Whose godlike son our Rome did found.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now, whom every Muse
And every Grace adorns, subdues ;
For whom I'd gladly die, to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely Calais does fire
With mutual flames of fierce desire ;
For whom I twice would die, to save
His youth more precious from the grave.

HORACE.

What if our former loves return,
And our first fires again should burn ;
If Chloe's banish'd, to make way
For the forsaken Lydia ?

LYDIA.

Though he is shining as a star,
Constant and kind as he is fair ;
Thou light as cork, rough as the sea,
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

THE CYCLOPS.

THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XI.

Inscribed to Dr. Short.

O SHORT, no herb, no salve was ever found
To ease a lover's heart, or heal his wound ;
No medicine this prevailing ill subdues,
None, but the charms of the condoling Muse :
Sweet to the sense, and easy to the mind,
The cure ; but hard, but very hard, to find.

This you well know, and surely none so well,
Who both in Physic's sacred art excel,
And in Wit's orb among the brightest shine,
The love of Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.

Thus sweetly sad of old, the Cyclops strove
To soften his uneasy hours of love.

Then, when hot youth urg'd him to fierce desire,
And Galatea's eyes kindled the raging fire,
His was no common flame, nor could he move
In the old arts and beaten paths of love;
Nor flowers nor fruits sent to oblige the fair,
Nor more to please curl'd his neglected hair;
His was all rage, all madness; to his mind
No other cares their wonted entrance find.

Oft from the field his flock return'd alone,
Unheeded, unobserv'd: he on some stone,
Or craggy cliff, to the deaf winds and sea;
Accusing Galatea's cruelty;

Till night, from the first dawn of opening day,
Consumes with inward heat, and melts away.

Yet then a cure, the only cure, he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding wound:

From a steep rock, from whence he might sur-
vey

The flood (the bed where his lov'd sea-nymph lay),
His drooping head with sorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful song.

" Fair Galatea, why is all my pain

" Rewarded thus?—soft love with sharp disdain?

" Fairer than falling snow or rising light,

" Soft to the touch as charming to the sight;

" Sprightly as unyok'd heifers, on whose head

" The tender crescents but begin to spread;

" Yet, cruel, you to harshness more incline,

" Than unripe grapes pluck'd from the savage
vine.

" Soon as my heavy eye-lids seal'd with sleep,

" Hither you come out from the foaming deep;

" But, when sleep leaves me, you together fly,

" And vanish swiftly from my opening eye,

" Swift as young lambs when the fierce wolf
they spy.

" I well remember the first fatal day

" That made my heart your beauty's easy prey,

" 'Twas when the flood you, with my mother, left,

" Of all its brightness, all its pride, bereft,

" To gather flowers from the steep mountain's
top;

" Of the high office proud, I led you up,

" To hyacinths and roses did you bring,

" And shew'd you all the treasures of the spring.

" But from that hour my soul has known no rest,

" Soft peace is banish'd from my tortur'd breast:

" I rage, I burn. Yet still regardless you

" Not the least sign of melting pity shew:

" No; by the gods that shall revenge my pain!

" No; you, the more I love, the more disdain.

" Ah! nymph, by every grace adorn'd, I know

" Why you despise and fly the Cyclops so;

" Because a shaggy brow from side to side,

" Stretch'd in a line, does my large forehead hide;

" And under that one only eye does shine,

" And my flat nose to my big lips does join.

" Such though I am, yet know, a thousand sheep,

" The pride of the Sicilian hills, I keep;

" With sweetest milk they fill my flowing pails,

" And my vast stock of cheeses never fails;

" In summer's heat, or winter's sharpest cold,

" My loaded shelves groan with the weight they
hold.

" With such soft notes I the shrill pipe inspire,

" That every listening Cyclops does admire;

" While with it often I all night proclaim

" Thy powerful charms, and my successful flame.

" For thee twelve does, all big with fawn, I feed;

" And four bear-cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.

" Ah! come to me, fair nymph! and you shall
find

" These are the smallest gifts for thee design'd.

" Ah! come, and leave the angry waves to roar,

" And break themselves against the sounding
shore. [be

" How much more pleasant would thy slumbers

" In the retir'd and peaceful cave with me!

" There the straight cypress and green laurel join,

" And creeping ivy clasps the cluster'd vine;

" There fresh, cool rills, from Ætna's purest snow,

" Dissolv'd into ambrosial liquor, flow.

" Who the wild waves and blackish sea could
choose, [refuse?

" And these still shades and these sweet streams

" But if you fear that I, o'ergrown with hair,

" Without a fire defy the winter air,

" Know I have mighty stores of wood, and know

" Perpetual fires on my bright hearth do glow.

" My soul, my life itself should burn for thee,

" And this one eye, as dear as life to me.

" Why was not I with fins, like fishes, made,

" That I, like them, might in the deep have
play'd?

" Then would I dive beneath the yielding tide,

" And kiss your hand, if you your lips deny'd.

" To thee I'd lilies and red poppies bear,

" And flowers that crown each season of the year.

" But I'm resolv'd I'll learn to swim and dive

" Of the next stranger that does here arrive,

" That th' undiscover'd pleasures I may know

" Which you enjoy in the deep flood below.

" Come forth, O nymph! and coming forth for-
get,

" Like me that on this rock unmindful sit

" (Of all things else unmindful but of thee),

" Home to return forget, and live with me.

" With me the sweet and pleasing labour choose,

" To feed the flock, and milk the burthen'd
ewes, [inuse.

" To press the cheese, and the sharp runnet to

" My mother does unkindly use her son,

" By her neglect the Cyclops is undone;

" For me she never labours to prevail,

" Nor whispers in your ear my amorous tale.

" No; though she knows I languish every day,

" And sees my body waste, and strength decay.

" But I more ill than what I feel will feign,

" And of my head and of my feet complain;

" That, in her breast if any pity lie,

" She may be sad, and griev'd, as well as I.

" O Cyclops, Cyclops, where's thy reason fled

" If your young lambs with new-pluck'd bog

" you fed,

' And watch'd your flock, would you not seem
 " more wise;
 " Milk what is next, pursue not that which flies.
 " Perhaps you may, since this proves so unkind,
 " Another fairer Galatea find.
 " Me many virgins as I pass invite
 " To waste with them in love's soft sports the
 " night;
 " And, if I but incline my listening ear,
 " New joys, new smiles, in all their looks appear.
 " Thus we, it seems, can be belov'd; and we,
 " It seems, are somebody as well as she!"

Thus did the Cyclops fan his raging fire,
 And sooth'd with gentle verse his fierce desire;
 Thus pass'd his hours with more delight and ease,
 Than if the riches of the world were his.

TO CÆLIA.

Fly swift, ye hours; ye sluggish minutes, fly;
 Bring back my love, or let her lover die.
 Make haste, O sun, and to my eyes once more,
 My Cælia brighter than thyself restore.
 In spite of thee, 'tis night when she's away,
 Her eyes alone can the glad beams display,
 That make my sky look clear, and guide my day.
 O when will she lift up her sacred light,
 And chase away the flying shades of night!
 With her how fast the flowing hours run on!
 But oh! how long they stay when she is gone!
 So slowly time when clogg'd with grief does move;
 So swift when borne upon the wings of love!
 Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are past;
 Yet 'tis an age since I beheld her last.
 O, my auspicious star, make haste to rise,
 To charm our hearts, and bless our longing eyes!
 O, how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
 And cheer my own with their reflected rays!
 How my impatient, thirsty soul does long
 To hear the charming music of thy tongue!
 Where pointed wit with solid judgment grows,
 And in one easy stream united flows.
 Whene'er you speak, with what delight we hear,
 You call up every soul to every ear!

Nature's too prodigal to womankind,
 Ev'n where she does neglect t' adorn the mind;
 Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,
 As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.
 But, oh! when wit and sense with beauty's join'd,
 The woman's sweetness with the manly mind;
 When nature with so just a hand does mix,
 The most engaging charms of either sex;
 And out of both that thus in one combine
 Does something form not human but divine,
 What's her command, but that we all adore
 The noblest work of her almighty power!
 Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,
 Since love's thy debt, nor is our choice, but fate.
 Where nature bids, worship I'm forc'd to pay,
 Nor have the liberty to disobey;
 And whensoever she does a poet make,
 She gives him verse but for thy beauty's sake.

Had I a pen that could at once impart
 Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art,
 Then the immortal Sacharissa's name
 Should be but second in the list of fame;
 Each grove, each shade, should with thy praise be
 fill'd,
 And the fam'd Penshurst to our Windsor yield.

SPOKEN TO THE QUEEN,

IN TRINITY COLLEGE NEW COURT.

Thou equal partner of the royal bed,
 That mak'st a crown sit soft on Charles's head;
 In whom, with greatness virtue takes her seat,
 Meekness with power, and piety with state;
 Whose goodness might ev'n factious crowds re-
 claim,
 Win the seditious, and the savage tame;
 Tyrants themselves to gentlest mercy bring,
 And only useless is on such a king!
 See, mighty princess, see how every breast
 With joy and wonder is at once possess'd:
 Such was the joy which the first mortals knew,
 When gods descended to the people's view,
 Such devout wonder did it then afford,
 To see those powers they had unseen ador'd,
 But they were feign'd; nor, if they had been true,
 Could shed more blessings on the earth than you:
 Our courts, enlarg'd, their former bounds disdain,
 To make reception for so great a train:
 Here may your sacred breast rejoice to see
 Your own age strive with ancient piety;
 Soon now, since blest by your auspicious eyes,
 To full perfection shall our fabric rise.
 Less powerful charms than yours of old could call
 The willing stones into the Theban wall,
 And ours, which now its rise to you shall owe,
 More fam'd than that by your great name shall
 grow.

FLORIANA,

A PASTORAL,

*Upon the Death of Her Grace Mary Duchess of
 Southampton, 1780.*

DAMON.

TELL me, my Thyrsis, tell thy Damon, why
 Does my lov'd swain in this sad posture lie?
 What mean these streams still falling from thine
 eyes,
 Fast as those sighs from thy swoln bosom rise?
 Has the fierce wolf broke through the fenced
 ground?
 Have thy lambs stray'd? or has Dorinda frown'd?
 THYRSIS. The wolf? Ah! let him come, for
 now he may:
 Have thy lambs stray'd? let them for ever stray:

Dorinda frown'd? No, she is ever mild;
 Nay, I remember but just now she smil'd:
 Alas! she smil'd; for to the lovely maid
 None had the fatal tidings yet convey'd.
 Tell me then, shepherd, tell me, canst thou find
 As long as thou art true, and she is kind,
 A grief so great, as may prevail above
 Ev'n Damon's friendship, or Dorinda's love?

DAM. Sure there is none. THYR. But, Damon,
 there may be.

What if the charming Floriana die? [true?

DAM. Far be the omen! THYR. But suppose it

DAM. Then should I grieve, my Thyrsis, more
 than you.

She is—THYR. Alas! she was, but is no more:
 Now, Damon, now, let thy swoln eyes run o'er:
 Here to this turf by thy sad Thyrsis grow,
 And, when my streams of grief too shallow flow,
 Let in thy tide to raise the torrent high,
 Till both a deluge make, and in it die.

DAM. Then, that to this wish'd height the
 flood might swell, [will tell,
 Friend, I will tell thee.—THYR. Friend, I thee
 How young, how good, how beautiful she fell. }
 Oh! she was all for which fond mothers pray,
 Blessing their babes when first they see the day.
 Beauty and she were one, for in her face
 Sat sweetness temper'd with majestic grace;
 Such powerful charms as might the proudest awe,
 Yet such attractive goodness as might draw }
 The humblest, and to both give equal law.
 How was she wonder'd at by every swain!
 The pride, the light, the goddess of the plain!
 On all she shin'd, and spreading glories cast
 Diffusive of herself, where'er she past,
 There breath'd an air sweet as the winds that
 blow

From the blest shores where fragrant spices grow:
 Ev'n me sometimes she with a smile would grace,
 Like the sun shining on the vilest place.
 Nor did Dorinda bar me the delight
 Of feasting on her eyes my longing sight:
 But to a being so sublime, so pure,
 Spar'd my devotion, of my love secure.

DAM. Her beauty such: but Nature did design }
 That only as an answerable shrine }
 To the divinity that's lodg'd within. }
 Her soul shin'd through, and made her form so
 bright,
 As clouds are gilt by the sun's piercing light.
 In her smooth forehead we might read express'd
 The even calmness of her gentle breast:
 And in her sparkling eyes as clear was writ
 The active vigour of her youthful wit.
 Each beauty of the body or the face
 Was but the shadow of some inward grace.
 Gay, sprightly, cheerful, free, and unconfin'd,
 As innocence could make it, was her mind;
 Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,
 Like those who, being dull, would grave appear;
 Who out of guilt do cheerfulness despise,
 And, being fullen, hope men think them wise.
 How would the listening shepherds round her
 throng,
 To catch the words fell from her charming tongue!

She all with her own spirit and soul inspir'd,
 Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
 Ev'n mighty Pan, whose powerful hand sustains
 The sovereign crook that mildly awes the plains,
 Of all his cares made her the tenderest part,
 And great Louisa lodg'd her in her heart.

THYR. Who would not now a solemn mourning
 keep,

When Pan himself and fair Louisa weep?
 When those blest eyes, by the kind gods design'd
 To cherish nature, and delight mankind,
 All drown'd in tears, melt into gentler showers
 Than April-drops upon the springing flowers?
 Such tears as Venus for Adonis shed,
 When at her feet the lovely youth lay dead;
 About her, all her little weeping Loves
 Ungirt her Cestus, and unyok'd her doves.

DAM. Come, pious nymphs, with fair Louisa
 come,

And visit gentle Floriana's tomb;
 And, as ye walk the melancholy round,
 Where no unhallow'd feet profane the ground,
 With your chaste hands fresh flowers and odours
 shed
 About her last obscure and silent bed;
 Still praying, as ye gently move your feet,
 "Soft be her pillow, and her slumber sweet!"

THYR. See where they come, a mournful lovely
 train

As ever wept on fair Arcadia's plain:
 Louisa, mournful far above the rest,
 In all the charms of beauteous sorrow drest;
 Just are her tears, when she reflects how soon }
 A beauty, second only to her own, }
 Flourish'd, look'd gay, was wither'd, and is
 gone!

DAM. O, she is gone! gone like a new-born
 flower,
 That deck'd some virgin queen's delicious bower;
 Torn from the stalk by some untimely blast,
 And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast:
 Yet flowers return, and coming springs disclose
 The lily whiter, and more fresh the rose;
 But no kind season back her charms can bring,
 And Floriana has no second spring.

THYR. O, she is set: set like the falling sun;
 Darkness is round us, and glad day is gone!
 Alas! the sun that's set, again will rise,
 And gild with richer beams the morning skies;
 But beauty, though as bright as they it shines,
 When its short glory to the West declines,
 O, there's no hope of the returning light;
 But all is long oblivion, and eternal night!

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF
 ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL*.

I THOUGHT, forgive my sin, the boasted fire
 Of poets' souls did long ago expire;
 Of folly or of madness did accuse [Muse;
 The wretch that thought himself possess'd with

* Dryden published it without his name.

Laugh'd at the god within, that did inspire
 With more than human thoughts the tuneful choir;
 But sure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
 Of rhymers slumbering by the Muses' stream.
 Some livelier spark of heaven, and more refin'd
 From earthy dross, fills the great Poet's mind:
 Witness these mighty and immortal lines,
 Through each of which th' informing genius shines:
 Scarce a diviner flame inspir'd the King,
 Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing:
 Not David's self could in a nobler verse
 His gloriously offending Son rehearse;
 Though in his breast the Prophet's fury met,
 The Father's fondness, and the Poet's wit.

Here all consent in wonder and in praise,
 And to the UNKNOWN POET altars raise:
 Which thou must needs accept with equal joy
 As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,
 Wrapt up himself in darkness, and unseen
 Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian queen.
 Sure thou already art secure of fame,
 Nor want'st new glories to exalt thy name:
 What father else would have refus'd to own
 So great a Son as godlike Absalom?

EPITHALAMIUM

UPON THE MARRIAGE OF

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BEDLOE.

" Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avena,
 " Arma virumque cano."

I, he, who sung of humble Oates before,
 Now sing a Captain and a Man of WAR.

GODDESS of Rhyme, that didst inspire
 The Captain with poetic fire,
 Adding fresh laurels to that brow
 Where those of victory did grow,
 And statelier ornaments may flourish now!
 If thou art well recovered since
 " The Excommunicated Prince * ;"
 For that important tragedy
 Would have kill'd any Muse but thee;
 Hither with speed, Oh! hither move;
 Pull buskins off, and, since to love
 The ground is holy that you tread in,
 Dance bare-foot at the Captain's wedding.

See where he comes, and by his side
 His charming fair angelic bride:
 Such, or less lovely, was the dame
 So much renown'd, Fulvia by name,
 With whom of old Tully did join
 Then when his art did undermine
 The horrid Popish plot of Catiline.
 Oh fairest nymph of all Great Britain!
 (Though thee my eyes I never set on)

* A Tragedy, by Captain Bedloe, 1681.

Blush not on thy great lord to smile,
 The second saviour of our isle;
 What nobler Captain could have led
 Thee to thy long'd-for marriage bed:
 For know that thy all-daring Will is
 As stout a hero as Achilles;
 And as great things for thee has done,
 As Palmerin or th' Knight of th' Sun,
 And is himself a whole romance alone.
 Let conscious Flanders speak, and be
 The witness of his chivalry.
 Yet that's not all, his very word
 Has slain as many as his sword:
 Though common bullies with their oaths
 Hurt little till they come to blows,
 Yet all his mouth-granadoes kill,
 And save the pains of drawing steel.
 This hero thy resistless charms
 Have won to fly into thy arms;
 For think not any mean design,
 Or the inglorious itch of coin,
 Could ever have his breast control'd,
 Or make him be a slave to gold;
 His love's as freely given to thee
 As to the king his loyalty.
 Then, oh, receive thy mighty prize
 With open arms and wishing eyes,
 Kiss that dear face, where may be seen
 His worth and parts that skulk within;
 That face, that justly styl'd may be
 As true a discoverer as he.
 Think not he ever false will prove,
 His well known truth secures his love;
 Do you a while divert his cares
 From his important grand affairs:
 Let him have respite now a while,
 From kindling the mad rabble's zeal:
 Zeal, that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
 Shows plainly where its birth-place we may
 find,
 In hell, where though dire flames for ever glow,
 Yet 'tis the place of utter darkness too.
 But to his bed be sure be true
 As he to all the world and you,
 He all your plots will else betray
 All ye She-Machiavels can lay.
 He all designs, you know, has found,
 Though hatch'd in hell or under ground;
 Oft to the world such secrets shew
 As scarce the plotters themselves knew;
 Yet, if by chance you hap to sin, [in,
 And Love, while Honour's napping, should creep
 Yet be discreet, and do not boast
 O' th' treason by the common post.
 So shalt thou still make him love on;
 All virtue's in discretion.
 So thou with him shalt shine, and be
 As great a patriot as he;
 And when, as now in Christmas, all
 For a new pack of cards do call,
 Another Popish pack comes out
 To please the cits, and charm the rout:
 Though, mighty queen, shalt a whole suit com-
 mand,
 A crown upon thy head, and sceptre in thy hand!

ON THE MARRIAGE OF
GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,

AND THE
LADY ANNE.

'Twas Love conducted through the British main,
On a more high design the royal Dane,
Than when of old with an invading hand
His fierce forefathers came to spoil the land:
And Love has gain'd him by a nobler way,
A braver conquest and a richer prey.

For battles won, and countries sav'd renown'd,
Shaded with laurels, and with honours crown'd,
From fields with slaughter strew'd, the hero came,
His arms neglected, to pursue his flame.
Like Mars returning from the noble chace
Of flying nations through the plains of Thrace,
When, deck'd with trophies and adorn'd with
spoils,

He meets the goddess that rewards his toils!
But, oh! what transports did his heart invade
When first he saw the lovely, royal maid!
Fame, that so high did her perfections raise,
Seem'd now detraction, and no longer praise!
All that could noblest minds to love engage,
Or into softness melt the soldier's rage,
All that could spread abroad resistless fire,
And eager wishes raise, and fierce desire,
All that was charming, all that was above
Ev'n poets fancies, though refin'd by love,
All native beauty dress'd by every grace
Of sweetest youth sat shining in her face!
Where, where is now the generous fury gone,
That through thick troops urg'd the wing'd war-
rior on?

Where now the spirit that aw'd the list'd field;
Created to command, untaught to yield?
It yields, it yields, to Anna's gentle sway,
And thinks it above triumphs to obey.
See at thy feet, illustrious princess, thrown
All the rich spoils the mighty hero won!
His fame, his laurels, are thy beauties due,
And all his conquests are outdone by you:
Ah! lovely nymph, accept the noble prize,
A tribute fit for those victorious eyes!
Ah! generous maid, pass not relentless by,
Nor let war's chief by cruel beauty die!
Though unexperienc'd, youth fond scruples move,
And blushes rise but at the name of love;
Though over all thy thoughts and every sense
The guard is plac'd of virgin innocence;
Yet from thy father's generous blood we know
Respect for valour in thy breast does glow;
'Tis but agreeing to thy royal birth,
To smile on virtue and heroic worth,
Love, in such noble seeds of honour sown,
The chasteft virgin need not blush to own.
Whom would thy royal father sooner find,
In thy lov'd arms to his high lineage join'd,
Than him, whom such exalted virtues crown,
That he might think them copy'd from his own?

Who to the field equal desires did bring,
Love to his brother, service to his king.
Who Denmark's crown, and the anointed head,
Rescued at once, and back in triumph led,
Forcing his passage through the slaughter'd Swede.
Such virtue him to thy great fire commends,
The best of princes, subjects, brothers, friends!
The people's wonder, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
What can such charms resist? The royal maid,
Loth to deny, is yet to grant afraid;
But love, still growing as her fears decay,
Consents at last, and gives her heart away.

Now with loud triumphs are the nuptials crown'd,
And with glad shouts the streets and palace sound!
Illustrious pair! see what a general joy
Does the whole land's united voice employ!
From you they omens take of happier years,
Recall lost hopes, and banish all their fears;
Let boding planets threaten from above,
And sullen Saturn join with angry Jove:
Your more auspicious flames, that here unite,
Vanquish the malice of their mingled light!
Heaven of its bounties now shall lavish grow,
And in full tides unenvy'd blessings flow!
The shaken throne more surely fix'd shall stand,
And curs'd rebellion fly the happy land!
At your blest union civil discords cease,
Confusion turns to order, rage to peace!
So, when at first in Chaos and old Night
Hot things with cold, and moist with dry did fight,
Love did the warring seeds to union bring,
And over all things stretch'd his peaceful wing,
The jarring elements no longer strove, [Love!
And a world started forth, the beauteous work of

ON THE
DEATH OF KING CHARLES II.

AND THE
INAUGURATION OF KING JAMES II.

If the indulgent Muse (the only cure
For all the ills afflicted minds endure,
That sweetens sorrow, and makes sadness please,
And heals the heart by telling its disease)
Vouchsafe her aid, we also will presume
With humble verse t' approach the sacred tomb:
There flowing streams of pious tears will shed,
Sweet incense burn, fresh flowers and odours
spread,

Our last sad offerings to the royal dead!
Dead is the king, who all our lives did bless!
Our strength in war, and our delight in peace!
Was ever prince like him to mortals given!
So much the joy of earth, and care of heaven?
Under the pressure of unequal fate,
Of so erect a mind and soul so great!
So full of meekness and so void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's highest tide!
His kindly beams on the ungrateful soil
Of this rebellious, stubborn, murmuring isle

Hatch'd plenty; ease and riches did bestow,
 And made the land with milk and honey flow!
 Less blest was Rome when mild Augustus sway'd,
 And the glad world for love, not fear, obey'd.
 Mercy, like heaven's, his chief prerogative!
 His joy to save, and glory to forgive!
 Who lives, but felt his influence, and did share
 His boundless goodness and paternal care?
 And, whilst with all th' endearing arts he strove
 On every subject's heart to seal his love,
 What breast so heard, what heart of human make,
 But, softening, did the kind impression take?
 Belov'd and loving! with such virtues grac'd,
 As might on common heads a crown have plac'd!
 How skill'd in all the mysteries of state!
 How fitting to sustain an empire's weight!
 How quick to know! how ready to advise!
 How timely to prevent! how more than senates
 wife!

His words how charming, affable, and sweet!
 How just his censure! and how sharp his wit!
 How did his charming conversation please
 The blest attenders on his hours of ease;
 When graciously he deign'd to condescend,
 Pleas'd to exalt a subject to a friend!
 To the most low how easy of access!
 Willing to hear, and longing to redress!
 His mercy knew no bounds of time or place,
 His reign was one continued act of grace!
 Good Titus could, but Charles could never say,
 Of all his royal life, "he lost a day."
 Excellent prince! O once our joy and care,
 Now our eternal grief and deep despair!
 O father! or if aught than father's more,
 How shall thy children their sad loss deplore?
 How grieve enough, when anxious thoughts recall
 The mournful story of their sovereign's fall?
 Oh! who that scene of sorrow can display;
 When, waiting death, the fearless monarch lay!
 Though great the pain and anguish that he bore,
 His friends' and subjects' grief afflict him more!
 Yet even that, and coming fate, he bears;
 But sinks and faints to see a brother's tears!
 The mighty grief, that swell'd his royal breast,
 Scarce reach'd by thought, can't be by words ex-
 press'd!

Grief for himself! for grief for Charles is vain,
 Who now begins a new triumphant reign,
 Welcom'd by all kind spirits and saints above,
 Who see themselves in him, and their own likeness
 love!

What godlike virtues must that prince adorn,
 Who can so please, while such a prince we mourn!
 Who else, but that great He, who now commands
 Th' united nation's voice, and hearts, and hands,
 Could so the love of a whole people gain,
 After so excellent a monarch's reign!
 Mean Virtues after Tyrants may succeed
 And please; but after Charles a James we need!
 This, this he, by whose high actions grac'd
 The present age contends with all the past:
 Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
 Slow to advise, but eager to perform:
 In council calm, fierce as a storm in fight!
 Danger his sport, and labour his delight.

To him the fleet and camp, the sea and field,
 Do equal harvests of bright glory yield!
 Who can forget, of royal blood how free,
 He did assert the empire of the sea?
 The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
 The tempest of his fury to sustain;
 Shatter'd and torn before his flag they fly
 Like doves, that the exalted eagle spy
 Ready to stoop and seize them from on high.
 He, Neptune-like (when from his watery bed
 Serene and calm he lifts his awful head,
 And smiles, and to his chariot gives the rein),
 In triumph rides o'er the asserted main!
 Rejoicing crowds attend him on the strand,
 Loud as the sea, and numerous as the sand;
 So joy the many: but the wiser few
 The godlike prince with silent wonder view:
 A joy, too great to be by voice express'd,
 Shines in each eye, and beats in every breast:
 They saw him destin'd for some greater day,
 And in his looks the omens read of his imperial
 sway!

Nor do his civil virtues less appear,
 To perfect the illustrious character;
 To merit just, to needy virtue kind,
 True to his word, and faithful to his friend!
 What's well resolv'd, as firmly he pursues;
 Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to choose!
 Honour was born, not planted in his heart;
 And virtue came by nature, not by art.
 Albion! forget thy sorrows, and adore
 That prince, who all the blessings does restore,
 That Charles, the saint, made thee enjoy before!
 'Tis done; with turrets crown'd, I see her rise,
 And tears are wip'd for ever from her eyes!

PROLOGUE

TO

N. LEE: LUSIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

LONG has the tribe of poets on the stage
 Groan'd under persecuting critics' rage,
 But with the sound of railing and of rhyme,
 Like bees united by the tinkling chime,
 The little stinging insects swarm the more,
 Their buzzing greater than it was before.
 But, oh! ye leading voters of the Pit,
 That infect others with your too much wit,
 That well-affected members do seduce,
 And with your malice poison half the house;
 Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway
 Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
 Rulers of abler conduct we will choose,
 And more indulgent to a trembling Muse;
 Women, for ends of government more fit,
 Women shall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
 Give laws to Love, and influence to Wit.
 Find me one man of sense in all your roll,
 Whom some one woman has not made a fool,
 Ev'n business, that intolerable load
 Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,

Much better they could manage would they please;
 'Tis not their want of wit, but love of ease.
 For, spite of art, more wit in them appears,
 Though we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs;
 Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,
 Set shallow in a hot and barren soil;
 But when transplanted to a richer ground,
 Has in their Eden its perfection found.
 And 'tis but just they should our wit invade,
 Whilst we set up their painting patching trade;
 As for our courage, to our shame 'tis known,
 As they can raise it, they can pull it down.
 At their own weapons they our bullies awe,
 Faith! let them make an anti-falick law;
 Prescribe to all Mankind, as well as plays,
 And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.
 A DETESTATION OF CIVIL WAR.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. VII.

Oh! whither do ye rush, and thus prepare
 To rouse again the sleeping war?
 Has then so little English blood been spilt
 On sea and land with equal guilt?
 Not that again we might our arms advance,
 To check the insolent pride of France;
 Not that once more we might in fetters bring
 An humble captive Gallic king?
 But, to the wish of the insulting Gaul,
 That we by our own hands should fall.
 Nor wolves nor lions bear so fierce a mind;
 They hurt not their own savage kind:
 Is it blind rage, or zeal, more blind and strong,
 Or guilt, yet stronger, drives you on?
 Answer! but none can answer; mute and pale
 They stand; guilt does o'er words prevail:
 'Tis so! heaven's justice threatens us from high;
 And a king's death from earth does cry;
 E'er since the martyr's innocent blood was shed,
 Upon our fathers, and on ours, and on our chil-
 dren's head.

TO MR. CREECH.
 ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

WHAT to begin would have been madness thought,
 Exceeds our praise when to perfection brought;
 Who could believe Lucretius' lofty song
 Could have been reach'd by any modern tongue?
 Of all the suitors to immortal fame,
 That by translations strove to raise a name,
 This was the test, this the Ulysses' bow,
 Too tough by any to be bent but you.
 Carus himself of the hard task complains,
 To fetter Grecian thoughts in Roman chains;
 Much harder thine, in an unlearned tongue
 To hold in bonds, so easy yet so strong,
 The Greek philosophy and Latin song.

If then he boasts that round his sacred head
 Fresh garlands grow, and branching laurels spread,
 Such as not all the mighty Nine before
 E'er gave, or any of their darlings wore; [due,
 What laurels should be thine, what crowns thy
 What garlands, mighty Poet, should be grac'd by
 you! [does flow,

Though deep, though wondrous deep, his sense
 Thy shining style does all its riches shew;
 So clear the stream, that through it we descry
 All the bright gems that at the bottom lie;
 Here you the troublers of your peace remove,
 Ignoble fear, and more ignoble love;
 Here we are taught how first our race begun,
 And by what steps our fathers climb'd to man;
 To man as now he is—with knowledge fill'd,
 In arts of peace and war, in manners skill'd,
 Equal before to fellow-grazers of the field!
 Nature's first state, which, well transpos'd and
 own'd

(For owners in all ages have been found),
 Has made a * modern wit so much renown'd,
 When thee we read, we find to be no more
 Than what was sung a thousand years before.

Thou only for this noble task wert fit,
 To shame thy age to a just sense of wit,
 By shewing how the learned Romans writ.
 To teach fat heavy clowns to know their trade,
 And not turn wits who were for porters made;
 But quit false claims to the poetic rage,
 For squibs and crackers, and a Smithfield stage.
 Had Providence e'er meant that, in despite
 Of art and nature, such dull clods should write,
 Bavius and Mævius had been sav'd by Fate
 For Settle and for Shadwell to translate,
 As it so many ages has for thee
 Preserv'd the mighty work that now we see.

VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE.

The Argument.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds,
 at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of
 Daphnis, who is supposed by the best critics to re-
 present Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his death;
 Menalcas proclaims his divinity. The whole
 Eclogue consisting of an Elegy, and an Apo-
 theosis.

MENALCAS.

MOPSUS, since chance does us together bring,
 And you so well can pipe, and I can sing,
 Why sit we not beneath this secret shade,
 By elms and hazels mingling branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your age commands respect; and I obey.
 Whether you in this lonely copse will stay,
 Where western winds the bending branches shake,
 And in their play the shades uncertain make:
 Or whether to that silent cave you go,
 The better choice! see how the wild vines grow

* Hobbes.

Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,
And in the cave their purple clusters shed!

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with Phœbus too?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin; whether the mournful flame
Of dying Phyllis, whether Aleon's fame,
Or Cordrus' brawls, thy willing Muse provoke;
Begin; young Tityrus will tend the flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad song repeat,
That on the beech's bark I lately writ,
And set to sweetest notes; yes, I'll begin,
And after that, bid you, Amyntas, sing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the most humble shrub that grows,
Yields to the beauteous blushes of the rose,
Or bending osiers to the olive tree;
So much, I judge, Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this discourse here put an end,
This is the cave; sit, and my verse attend.

MOPSUS.

When the sad fate of Daphnis reach'd their ears,
The pitying nymphs dissolv'd in pious tears.
Witness, ye hazels, for ye heard their cries;
Witness, ye floods, swoln with their weeping
eyes.

The mournful mother (oh his body cast)
The sad remains of her cold son embrac'd,
And of th' unequal tyranny they us'd,
The cruel gods and cruel stars accus'd.
Then did no swain mind how his flock did thrive,
Nor thirsty herds to the cold river drive;
The generous horse turn'd from fresh streams
his head,

And on the sweetest grass refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death ev'n fiercest lions mourn'd,
And hills and woods their cries and groans re-
turn'd.

Daphnis Armenian tigers' fierceness broke,
And brought them willing to the sacred yoke:
Daphnis to Bacchus' worship did ordain
The revels of his consecrated train;
The reeling priests with vines and ivy crown'd,
And their long spears with cluster'd branches
bound.

As vines the elm, as grapes the vine adorn,
As bulls the herd, as fields the ripen'd corn;
Such grace, such ornament, wert thou to all
That glory'd to be thine: since thy sad fall
No more Apollo his glad presence yields,
And Pales' self forsakes her hated fields.
Oft where the finest barley we did sow,
Barren wild oats and hurtful darnel grow;
And where soft violets did the vales adorn,
The thistle rises, and the prickly thorn.

Come, shepherds, strow with flowers the hal-
low'd ground,

The sacred fountains with thick boughs sur-
round;

Daphnis these rites requires: to Daphnis praise,
Shepherds, a tomb with this inscription raise—

"Here sam'd from earth to heaven I Daphnis lie;
"Fair was the flock I fed, but much more fair
"was I."

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd ears
Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful verse,
As to tir'd swains soft slumbers on the grass;
As freshest springs that through green meadows
pass,

To one that parch'd with thirst and summer's heat.
In thee thy master does his equal meet:

Whether your voice you try, or tune your reed,
Blest swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed!

Yet, as I can, I in return will sing:

I too thy Daphnis to the stars will bring,

I too thy Daphnis to the stars, with you,

Will raise; for Daphnis lov'd Menalcas too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more desire?
For neither can there be a subject higher,
Nor, if the praise of Stymphion be true,
Can it be better sung than 'tis by you.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now, wondering at the glorious shew,
Through heaven's bright pavement does trium-
phant go, [below

And sees the moving clouds, and the fix'd stars
Therefore new joys make glad the woods, the
plains,

Pan and the Dryads, and the cheerful swains:

The wolf no ambush for the flock does lay,

No cheating nets the harmless deer betray,

Daphnis a general peace commands, and Nature
does obey.

Hark! the glad mountains raise to heaven their
voice!

Hark! the hard rocks in mystic tunes rejoice!

Hark! through the thickets wondrous songs re-
sound,

A God! A God! Menalcas, he is crown'd!

O be propitious! O be good to thine!

See! here four hollow'd altars we design,

To Daphnis two, to Phœbus two we raise,

To pay the yearly tribute of our praise:

Sacred to thee, they each returning year

Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear:

Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise

Thy votaries' exalted thoughts to raise,

Rich Chian wines shall in full goblets flow,

And give a taste of Nectar here below.

Dametas shall with Licinian Ægon join,

To celebrate with songs the rites divine.

Alphisebæus with a reeling gait

Shall the wild Satyrs' dancing imitate:

When to the nymphs we vows and offerings pay,

When we with solemn rites our fields survey,

These honours ever shall be thine: the boar

Shall in the fields and hills delight no more;

No more in streams the fish, in flowers the bee,

Ere, Daphnis, we forget our songs to thee:

Offerings to thee the shepherds every year

Shall, as to Bacchus and to Ceres, bear:

To thee, as to those Gods, shall vows be made,

And vengeance wait on those by whom they are
not paid.

MOPHUS.

What present worth thy verse can Mophus
find?

Not the soft whispers of the southern wind
So much delight my ear, or charm my mind;
Not sounding shores beat by the murmuring tide,
Nor rivers that through stony vallies glide.

MENALCAS.

First you this pipe shall take; and 'tis the same
That play'd poor Corydon's * unhappy flame;
The same that taught me Melibœus' † sheep.

MOPHUS.

You then shall for my sake this shephook keep,
Adorn'd with brags, which I have oft deny'd
To young Antigenes in his beauty's pride:
And who could think he then in vain could sue?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

TO MR. WALLER,

*Upon the Copy of Verses made by himself on the last
Copy in his Book §.*

WHEN shame, for all my foolish youth had writ,
Advis'd 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit,
Time to grow wise, and be no more a wit—
The noble fire, that animates thy age,
Once more inflam'd me with poetic rage.
Kings, heroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the
young,

Have been the theme of thy immortal song:
A nobler argument at last thy Muse,
Two things divine, Thee and Herself, does choose.
Age, whose dull weight makes vulgar spirits bend,
Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward tend:
No more confin'd, above the starry skies,
Out from the body's broken cage it flies.
But, oh! vouchsafe, not wholly to retire,
To join with and complete th' etherial choir!
Still here remain; still on the threshold stand;
Still at this distance view the promis'd land;
Though thou may'st seem, so heavenly is thy sense,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

A S O N G.

I.

AFTER the fiercest pangs of hot desire,
Between Panthea's rising breasts
His bending breast Philander rests;
Though vanquish'd, yet unknowing to retire:
Close hugs the charmer, and asham'd to yield,
Though he has lost the day, yet keeps the field.

II.

When, with a sigh, the fair Panthea said,
What pity 'tis, ye gods, that all
The noblest warriors soonest fall!
Then with a kiss she gently rear'd his head,
Arm'd him again to fight, for nobly she
More lov'd the combat than the victory.

* Virg. Ecl. ii.

† See Waller's Poems.

‡ Ecl. iii.

III.

But, more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his strength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the war;
Nor ceas'd he till the noble prize he bore:
Ev'n her such wondrous courage did surprise;
She hugs the dart that wounded her, and dies.

A S O N G.

I.

THROUGH mournful shades, and solitary groves,
Fann'd with the sighs of unsuccessful loves,
Wild with despair, young Thyrsis strays,
Thinks over all Amyra's heavenly charms,
Thinks he now sees her in another's arms;
Then at some willow's root himself he lays,
The loveliest, most unhappy swain;
And thus to the wild woods he does complain:

II.

How art thou chang'd, O Thyrsis, since the time
When thou could'st love and hope without a crime;
When Nature's pride and Earth's delight,
As through her shady evening grove she past,
And a new day did all around her cast,
Could see, nor be offended at the sight,
The melting, sighing, wishing swain,
That now must never hope to wish again!

III.

Riches and titles! why should they prevail,
Where duty, love, and adoration, fail?
Lovely Amyra, shouldst thou prize
The empty noise that a fine title makes;
Or the vile trash that with the vulgar takes,
Before a heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
Unkind! but pity the poor swain
Your rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the slain.

A S O N G.

I.

SEE what a conquest love has made!
Beneath the myrtle's amorous shade
The charming fair Corinna lies
All melting in desire,
Quenching in tears those flowing eyes
That set the world on fire!

II.

What cannot tears and beauty do?
The youth by chance stood by, and knew
For whom those crystal streams did flow;
And though he ne'er before
To her eyes brightest rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

III.

So when the heavens serene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy light appear,
Each craggy rock, and every stone,
Their native rigour keep;
But when in rain the clouds fall down,
The hardest marble weep.

TO MR. HENRY DICKINSON,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF

Simon's Critical History of the Old Testament.

WHAT senseless loads have over-charg'd the press,
 Of French impertinence in English drefs!
 How many dull translators every day
 Bring new supplies of novel, farce, or play!
 Like damn'd French pensioners, with foreign aid
 Their native land with nonsense to invade,
 Till we're o'er-run more with the wit of France,
 Her nauseous wit, than with her Protestants.
 But, Sir, this noble piece obligeth more
 Than all their trash hath plagu'd the town before:
 With various learning, knowledge, strength of
 thought,
 Order and art, and solid judgment fraught;
 No less a piece than this could make amends
 For all the trumpery France amongst us sends.
 Nor let ill-grounded superstitious fear
 Fright any but the fools from reading here.
 The sacred oracles may well endure
 Th' exactest search, of their own truth secure;
 Though at this piece some noisy zealots bawl,
 And to their aid a numerous faction call
 With stretch'd-out arms, as if the ark could fall;
 Yet wiser heads will think so firm it stands,
 That, were it shook, 'twould need no mortal hands.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, 1679.

AND will our Master Poet then admit
 A young beginner in the trade of wit,
 To bring a plain and rustic Muse, to wait
 On his in all her glorious pomp and state?
 Can an unknown, unheard-of, private name,
 Add any lustre to so bright a fame?
 No! sooner planets to the sun may give
 That light which they themselves from him derive.
 Nor could my sickly fancy entertain
 A thought so foolish, or a pride so vain. [go,
 But, as when kings through crowds in triumphs
 The meanest wretch that gazes at the show,
 Though to that pomp his voice can add no more,
 Than when we drops into the ocean pour,
 Has leave his tongue in praises to employ
 (Th' accepted language of officious joy):
 So I in loud applauses may reveal
 To you, great King of Verse, my loyal zeal,
 May tell with what majestic grace and mien
 Your Muse displays herself in every scene;
 In what rich robes she has fair Cressid drest,
 And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breast.
 How when those fading eyes her aid implor'd,
 She all their sparkling lustre has restor'd,
 Added more charms, fresh beauties on them shed,
 And to new youth recall'd the lovely maid.

How nobly she the royal brothers draws;
 How great their quarrel, and how great their
 cause!

How justly rais'd! and by what just degrees,
 In a sweet calm does the rough tempest cease!
 Envy not now "the God-like Roman's rage;"
 Hector and Troilus, darlings of our age,
 Shall hand in hand with Brutus tread the stage.
 Shakespeare, 'tis true, this tale of Troy first
 told,

But, as with Ennius Virgil did of old,
 You found it dirt, but you have made it gold.
 A dark and undigested heap it lay,
 Like Chaos ere the dawn of infant day,
 But you did first the cheerful light display.
 Confus'd it was as Epicurus' world
 Of Atoms, by blind Chance together hurl'd,
 But you have made such order through it shine
 As loudly speaks the workmanship divine.

Boast then, O Troy! and triumph in thy flames,
 That make thee sung by three such mighty names.
 Had Ilium stood, Homer had ne'er been read,
 Nor the sweet Mantuan swan his wings display'd,
 Nor thou, the third, but equal in renown,
 Thy matchless skill in this great subject shown,
 Not Priam's self, nor all the Trojan state,
 Was worth the saving at so dear a rate.
 But they now flourish, by you mighty three,
 In verse more lasting than their walls could be:
 Which never, never shall like them decay,
 Being built by hands divine as well as they;
 Never till, our great Charles being sung by you,
 Old Troy shall grow less famous than the New.

PARIS TO HELEN.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

The Argument.

Paris, having failed to Sparta for the obtaining of
 Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the
 reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to
 her, was nobly there entertained by Menelaus,
 Helen's husband; but he, being called away to
 Crete, to take possession of what was left him
 by his grand-father Atreus, commends his guest
 to the care of his wife. In his absence Paris
 courts her, and writes to her the following
 epistle.

ALL health, fair nymph, thy Paris sends to thee,
 Though you, and only you, can give it me.
 Shall I then speak? or is it needless grown
 To tell a passion that itself has shown?
 Does not my love itself too open lay,
 And all I think in all I do betray?
 If not, oh! may it still in secret lie,
 Till Time with our kind wishes shall comply;
 Till all our joys may to us come sincere,
 Nor lose their price by the allay of fear!
 In vain I strive; who can that fire conceal,
 Which does itself by its own light reveal?
 But, if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
 Speak what my actions have declar'd so long,

I love; you've there the word that does impart
The truest message from my bleeding heart:
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confess
To you, my fair physician, my disease,
And with such looks this suppliant paper grace
As best become the beauties of that face.
May that smooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair,
Some pleasure 'tis to think these lines shall find
An entertainment at your hands so kind.
For this creates a hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That Venus promis'd you to me in vain:
For know, lest you through ignorance offend
The gods, 'tis heaven that me does hither send.
None of the meanest of the powers divine,
That first inspir'd, still favours my design.
Great is the prize I seek, I must confess,
But neither is my due or merit less:
Venus has promis'd she would you assign,
Fair as herself, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithless sea.
She, with a kind and an auspicious gale,
Drove the good ship, and stretch'd out every sail:
For she, who sprung out of the teeming deep,
Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep.
Still may she keep it! and as she with ease
Allays the wrath of the most angry seas,
So may she give my stormy mind some rest,
And calm the raging tempest of my breast,
And bring home all my sighs and all my vows
To their wish'd harbour and desir'd repose!

Hither my flames I brought, not found them
here;
I my whole course by their kind light did steer:
For I by no mistake or storm was tost
Against my will upon this happy coast.
Nor as a merchant did I plow the main
To venture life, like fordid fools, for gain.
No; may the gods preserve my present store,
And only give me you to make it more!
Nor to admire the place came I so far;
I have towns richer than your cities are.
'Tis you I seek, to me from Venus due;
You were my wish, before your charms I knew.
Bright images of you my mind did draw,
Long ere my eyes the lovely object saw.
Nor wonder that, with the swift winged dart,
At such a distance you could wound my heart:
So Fate ordain'd; and lest you fight with Fate,
Hear and believe the truth I shall relate.

Now in my mother's womb shut up I lay,
Her fatal burthen longing for the day,
When she in a mysterious dream was told,
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold;
Frighted she rises, and her vision she
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he;
They sing that I all Troy should set on fire:
But sure Fate meant the flames of my desire.
For fear of this, among the swains expos'd,
My native greatness every thing disclos'd.
Beauty, and strength, and courage, join'd in one,
Through all disguise, spoke me a monarch's son.

VOL. VI.

A place there is in Ida's thickest grove,
With oaks and fir-trees shaded all above,
The grass here grows untouch'd by bleating flocks
Or mountain goat, or the laborious ox.
From hence Troy's towers, magnificence, and pride,
Leaning against an aged oak, I spy'd.
When straight methought I heard the trembling
ground
With the strange noise of trampling feet resound.
In the same instant Jove's great messenger,
On all his wings borne through the yielding air,
Lighting before my wondering eyes did stand,
His golden rod shone in his sacred hand:
With him three charming goddesses there came,
Juno, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
With an unusual fear I stood amaz'd,
Till thus the god my sinking courage rais'd;
"Fear not; thou art Jove's substitute below,
"The prize of heavenly beauty to bestow;
"Contending goddesses appeal to you,
"Decide their strife." He spake, and up he flew.
Then, bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
And every one with curious eyes survey:
Each of them merited the victory,
And I their doubtful judge was griev'd to see,
That one must have it, when deserv'd by three.
But yet that one there was which most prevail'd,
And with more powerful charms my heart assail'd:
Ah! would you know who thus my breast could
move?

Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love?
With mighty bribes they all for conquest strive,
Juno will empires, Pallas valour give,
Whilst I stand doubting which I should prefer,
Empire's soft ease, or glorious toils of war:
But Venus gently smil'd, and thus she spake:
"They're dangerous gifts: O do not, do not take!
"I'll make thee Love's immortal pleasures know,
"And joys that in full tides for ever flow.
"For, if you judge the conquest to be mine,
"Fair Leda's fairer daughter shall be thine."
She spake; and I gave her the conquest due,
Both to her beauty, and her gift of you.

Meanwhile (my angry stars more gentle grown)
I am acknowledg'd royal Priam's son.
All the glad court, all Troy does celebrate,
With a new festival, my change of fate.
And as I now languish and die for thee,
So did the beauties of all Troy for me.
You o'er a heart with sovereign power do reign;
For which a thousand virgins sigh'd in vain:
Nor did queens only fly to my embrace,
But nymphs of form divine, and heavenly race.
I all their loves with cold disdain repress,
Since hopes of you first fir'd my longing breast.
Your charming form all day my fancy drew,
And when night came, my dreams were all of you.
What pleasures then must you yourself impart,
Whose shadows only so surpris'd my heart!
And oh! how did I burn approaching nigher,
That was so scorch'd by so remote a fire!

For now no longer could my hopes refrain
From seeking their wish'd object through the main.
I feel the stately pine, and every tree
That best was fit to cut the yielding sea,

S f

Fetch'd from Gargarian hills, tall firs I cleave,
 And Ida naked to the winds I leave,
 Stiff oaks I bend, and solid planks I form,
 And every ship with well-knit ribs I arm.
 To the tall mast I sails and streamers join,
 And the gay poops with painted gods do shine.
 But on my ship does only Venus stand
 With little Cupid smiling in her hand,
 Guide of the way she did herself command.
 My fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
 I long to plow the vast *Ægæan* sea;
 My anxious parents my desires withstand,
 And both with pious tears my stay command.
 Cassandra too, with loose dishevel'd hair,
 Just as our hasty ships to sail prepare,
 Full of prophetic fury cries aloud,
 "O whither steers my brother through the flood?"
 "Little, ah! little dost thou know or heed
 "To what a raging fire these waters lead!"
 True were her fears, and in my breast I feel
 The scorching flames her fury did foretel.
 Yet out I sail, and, favour'd by the wind,
 On your blest shore my wish'd-for haven find;
 Your husband then, so heaven, kind heaven ordains,
 In his own house his rival entertains,
 Shews me whate'er in Sparta does delight
 The curious traveller's inquiring sight:
 But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
 Could taste no pleasure in the idle shew.
 But at thy sight, oh! where was then my heart!
 Out from my breast it gave a sudden start,
 Sprung forth and met half way the fatal dart.
 Such or less charming was the Queen of Love,
 When with her rival goddesses she strove.
 But, fairest, hadst thou come among the three,
 Ev'n she the prize must have resign'd to thee.
 Your beauty is the only theme of fame,
 And all the world sounds with fair Helen's name:
 Nor lives there she whom pride itself can raise
 To claim with you an equal share of praise.
 Do I speak false? Rather Report does so,
 Detracting from you in a praise too low.
 More here I find than that could ever tell,
 So much your beauty does your fame excel.
 Well then might Theseus, he who all things
 knew,
 Think none was worthy of his theft but you;
 I this bold theft admire; but wonder more
 He ever would so dear a prize restore:
 Ah! would these hands have ever let you go?
 Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
 No; sooner I with life itself could part,
 Than e'er see you torn from my bleeding heart.
 But could I do as he, and give you back,
 Yet sure some taste of love I first would take,
 Would first, in all your blooming excellence
 And virgin sweets, feast my luxurious sense;
 Or if you would not let that treasure go,
 Kisses at least you should, you would bestow,
 And let me smell the flower as it did grow.
 Come then into my longing arms, and try
 My lasting, fix'd, eternal constancy,
 Which never till my funeral pile shall waste;
 My present fire shall mingle with my last.

Sceptres and crowns for you I did disdain,
 With which great Juno tempted me in vain.
 And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare,
 One soft embrace from you I did prefer
 To courage, strength, and all the pomp of war.
 Nor shall I ever think my choice was ill,
 My judgment's settled, and approves it still.
 Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true,
 As they were plac'd above all things but you.
 I am, as well as you, of heavenly race,
 Nor will my birth your mighty line disgrace.
 Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,
 And them a race of godlike kings succeed.
 All Asia's sceptres to my father bow,
 And half the spacious East his power allow.
 There you shall see the houses roof'd with gold,
 And temples glorious as the gods they hold.
 Troy you shall see, and walls divine admire,
 Built to the concert of Apollo's lyre.
 What need I the vast flood of people tell,
 That over its wide banks does almost swell?
 You shall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,
 And Trojan wives shining in every street.
 How often then will you yourself confess
 The emptiness and poverty of Greece!
 How often will you say, one palace there
 Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!
 I speak not this, your Sparta to disgrace,
 For wherefoe'er your life began its race
 Must be to me the happiest, dearest place.
 Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that should be drest
 In all the riches of the shining East,
 Should understand how ill that sordid place
 Suits with the beauty of your charming face;
 That face with costly dress and rich attire
 Should shine, and make the gazing world admire.
 When you the habit of my Trojans see,
 What, think you, must that of their ladies be?
 Oh! then be kind, fair Spartan, nor disdain
 A Trojan in your bed to entertain.
 He was a Trojan, and of our great line,
 That to the gods does mix immortal wine;
 Tithonus too, whom to her rosy bed
 The goddess of the Morning blushing led;
 So was Anchises of our Trojan race,
 Yet Venus' self to his desir'd embrace,
 With all her train of little Loves, did fly,
 And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.
 Nor do I think that Menelaus can,
 Compar'd with me, appear the greater man.
 I'm sure my father never made the sun
 With frighted steeds from his dire banquet run:
 No grandfather of mine is stain'd with blood,
 Or with his crime names the Myrtoan flood.
 None of our race does in the Stygian lake
 Snatch at those apples he wants power to take.
 But stay; since you with such a husband join,
 Your father Jove is forc'd to grace his line.
 He (gods!) a wretch unworthy of those charms
 Does all the night lie melting in your arms,
 Does every minute to new joys improve,
 And riots in the luscious sweets of love.
 I but at table one short view can gain,
 And that too, only to increase my pain:

O may such feasts my worst of foes attend,
 As often I at your spread table find.
 I loathe my food, when my tormented eye
 Sees his rude hand in your soft bosom lie.
 I burst with envy when I him behold
 Your tender limbs in his loose robe infold.
 When he your lips with melting kisses seal'd,
 Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
 When you with him in strict embraces close,
 My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.
 Oft have I sigh'd, then sigh'd again, to see
 That sigh with scornful smiles repaid by thee.
 Oft I with wine would quench my hot desire.
 In vain; for so I added fire to fire.
 Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
 You straight recall'd my longing eyes again.
 What shall I do? Your sports with grief I see,
 But it's a greater, not to look on thee.
 With all my art I strive my flames to hide,
 But through the thin disguise they are descri'd,
 Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,
 And O that they were so to you alone!
 How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
 Lest he the cause should ask, and I betray!
 What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine,
 To your dear face applying every line!
 In borrow'd names I my own passion shew:
 They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.
 Sometimes, more freedom in discourse to gain,
 For my excuse I drunkenness would feign.
 Once I remember your loose garment fell,
 And did your naked, swelling breasts reveal,
 Breasts white as snow, or the false down of Jove,
 When to your mother the kind Swan made love:
 Whilst, with the sight surpris'd, I gazing stand,
 The cup I held dropt from my careless hand.
 If you your young Hermione but kiss,
 Straight from her lips I snatch the envy'd bliss.
 Sometimes supinely laid, love songs I sing,
 And wasted kisses from my fingers fling.
 Your women to my aid I try to move
 With all the powerful rhetoric of love;
 But they, alas! speak nothing but despair,
 And in the midst leave my neglected prayer.
 Oh! that by some great prize you might be won,
 And your possession might the victor crown,
 As Pelops his Hippodamia won:
 Then had you seen what I for you had done:
 But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
 And myself prostrate at your feet to lay.
 O thou, thy house's glory, brighter far
 Than thy two shining brothers' friendly star!
 O worthy of the bed of Heaven's great King,
 If aught so fair but from himself could spring!
 Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,
 Or here a wretched banish'd lover die.
 With no slight wound my tender breast does smart,
 My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart:
 I find my sister true did prophecy,
 I with a heavenly dart should wounded die:
 Despise not then a love by heaven design'd,
 So may the gods still to your vows be kind!
 Much I could say; but what, will best be
 known
 In your apartment, when we are alone.

You blush, and, with a superstitious dread,
 Fear to defile the sacred marriage bed:
 Ah! Helen, can you then so simple be,
 To think such beauty can from faults be free?
 Or change that face, or you must needs be kind:
 Beauty and Virtue seldom have been join'd.
 Jove and bright Venus do our thefts approve,
 Such thefts as these gave you your father Jove.
 And if in you aught of your parents last,
 Can Jove and Leda's daughter well be chaste?
 Yet then be chaste when we to Troy shall go
 (For she who sins with one alone, is so):
 But let us now enjoy that pleasing sin,
 Then marry, and be innocent again.
 Ev'n your own husband doth the same persuade,
 Silent himself, yet all his actions plead:
 For me they plead; and he, good man! because
 He'll spoil no sport, officiously withdraws.
 Had he no other time to visit Crete?
 Oh! how prodigious is a husband's wit!
 He went; and, as he went, he cry'd, "My dear,
 "Instead of me, you of your guest take care!"
 But you forget your lord's command, I see,
 Nor take you any care of Love or Me.
 And think you such a thing as he does know
 The treasure that he holds in holding you?
 No; did he understand but half your charms,
 He durst not trust them in a stranger's arms.
 If neither his nor my request can move,
 We're forc'd by opportunity to love;
 We should be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,
 Should so secure a time unactive be.
 Alone these tedious winter nights you lie
 In a cold widow'd bed, and so do I.
 Let mutual joys our willing bodies join,
 That happy night shall the mid-day outshine.
 Then will I swear by all the powers above,
 And in their awful presence seal my love.
 Then, if my wishes may aspire so high,
 I wish our flight shall win you to comply;
 But, if nice honour little scruples frame,
 The force I'll use shall vindicate your fame.
 Of Theseus and your brothers I can learn,
 No precedents so nearly you concern:
 You Theseus, they Leucippus' daughter stole;
 I'll be the fourth in the illustrious roll. [Stay,
 Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my fleet does
 And waiting winds murmur at our delay.
 Through Troy's throng'd streets you shall in tri-
 umph go,
 Ador'd as some new goddesses here below.
 Where'er you tread, spices and gums shall smoke,
 And victims fall beneath the fatal stroke.
 My father, mother, all the joyful court,
 All Troy, to you with presents shall resort.
 Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have said;
 What there you'll find, shall what I write exceed.
 Nor fear, lest war pursue our hasty flight,
 And angry Greece should all her force unite.
 What ravish'd maid did ever wars regain?
 Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.
 The Thracians Orithya stole from far,
 Yet Thrace ne'er heard the noise of following war.
 Jason too stole away the Colchian maid,
 Yet Colchos did not Thessaly invade.

He who stole you, stole Ariadne too,
 Yet Minos did not with all Crete pursue.
 Fear in these cases than the danger's more,
 And, when the threatening tempest once is o'er,
 Our shame's then greater than our fear before.
 But say from Greece a threaten'd war pursue,
 Know I have strength and wounding weapons
 too.

In men and horse more numerous than Greece
 Our empire is, nor in its compass less.
 Nor does your husband Paris aught excel
 In generous courage, or in martial skill.
 Ev'n but a boy, from my slain foes I gain'd
 My stolen herd, and a new name attain'd;
 Ev'n then, o'ercome by me, I could produce
 Deiphobus and great Ilioneus.
 Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,
 Than when from far my certain arrows fly.
 You for his youth can no such actions feign,
 Nor can he e'er my envy'd skill attain.
 But could he, Hector's your security,
 And he alone an army is to me.
 You know me not, nor the hid prowess find
 Of him that heaven has for your bed design'd.
 Either no war from Greece shall follow thee,
 Or, if it does, shall be repell'd by me.
 Nor think I fear to fight for such a wife,
 That prize would give the coward's courage life.
 All after-ages shall your fame admire,
 If you alone set the whole world on fire.
 To sea, to sea, while all the gods are kind,
 And all I promise you in Troy shall find.

THE EPISTLE

OF

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

The Argument.

Acontius, in the temple of Diana at Delos (famous for the resort of the most beautiful virgins of all Greece), fell in love with Cydippe, a lady of quality much above his own: not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her; he writes, upon the fairest apple that could be procured, a couple of verses to this effect:

"I swear, by chaste Diana, I will be
 "In sacred wedlock ever join'd to thee:"

and throws it at the feet of the young lady: she, suspecting not the deceit, takes it up, and reads it, and therein promises herself in marriage to Acontius; there being a law there in force, that whatever any person should swear in the temple of Diana of Delos, should stand good, and be inviolably observed: but her father, not knowing what had past, and having not long after promised her to another, just as the solemnities of marriage were to be perform-

ed, she was taken with a sudden and violent fever, which Acontius endeavours to persuade her was sent from Diana, as a punishment of the breach of the vow made in her presence. And this, with the rest of the arguments which on such occasion would occur to a lover, is the subject of the following epistle.

READ boldly this; here you shall swear no more,
 For that's enough which you have sworn before.
 Read it; so may that violent disease,
 Which thy dear body, but my soul doth seize,
 Forget its too-long practis'd cruelty,
 And health to you restore, and you to me.
 Why do you blush? for blush you do, I fear,
 As when you first did in the temple swear:
 Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim,
 And truth can never be the cause of shame:
 Shame lives with guilt; but you your virtue prove
 In favouring mine, for mine's a husband's love.
 Ah! to yourself those binding words repeat
 That once your wishing eyes ev'n long'd to
 meet, [feet.]
 When th' apple brought them dancing to your
 There you will find the solemn vow you made,
 Which if your health or mine can aught persuade,
 You to perform should rather mindful be,
 Than great Diana to revenge on thee.
 My fears for you increase with my desire,
 And Hope blows that already raging fire;
 For hope you gave, nor can you this deny,
 For the great Goddess of the fane was by;
 She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd shrine
 A sudden kind auspicious light did shine:
 Her statue seem'd to nod its awful head,
 And give its glad consent to what you said:
 Now, if you please, accuse my prosperous cheat,
 Yet still confess 'twas Love that taught me it:
 In that deceit what did I else design,
 But with your own consent to make you mine?
 What you my crime, I call my innocence,
 Since loving you has been my sole offence.
 Nor Nature gave me, nor has practice taught,
 The nets with which young virgins' hearts are
 caught.
 You my accuser taught me to deceive,
 And Love, with you, did his assistance give;
 For Love stood by, and smiling bad me write
 The cunning words he did himself indite:
 Again, you see, I write by his command,
 He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand;
 Again such kind, such loving words I send,
 As makes me fear that I again offend:
 Yet, if my love's my crime, I must confess,
 Great is my guilt, but never shall be less.
 Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,
 In finding out new paths to reach thy love!
 A thousand ways to that steep mountain lead,
 Though hard to find, and difficult to tread.
 All these will I find out, and break through all,
 For which, my flames compar'd, the danger's
 small.
 The gods alone know what the end will be;
 Yet, if we mortals any thing foresee,
 One way or other you must yield to me,

If all my arts should fail, to arms I'll fly,
And snatch by force what you my prayers deny:
I all those heroes' mighty acts applaud,
Who first have led me this illustrious road.
I too—but hold, death the reward will be;
Death be it then!—

For to lose you is more than death to me.

Were you less fair, I'd use the vulgar way
Of tedious courtship, and of dull delay.
But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
And something wondrous as itself inspires:
Those eyes that all the heavenly lights outshine,
(Which, oh! may'st thou behold and love in
mine!)

Those snowy arms, which on my neck should fall,
If you the vows you made regard at all;

That modest sweetness and becoming grace,
That paints with living red your blushing face;
Those feet, with which they only can compare,
That through the silver flood bright Thetis bear;
Do all conspire my madness to excite,

With all the rest that is deny'd to fight;

Which could I praise, alike I then were blest,

And all the storms of my vex'd soul at rest;

No wonder then, if, with such beauty fir'd,

I of your love the sacred pledge desir'd.

Rage now, and be as angry as you will,

Your very frowns all others' smiles excel;

But give me leave that anger to appease,

By my submission that my love did raise.

Your pardon prostrate at your feet I'll crave,

The humble posture of your guilty slave.

With falling tears your fiery rage I'll cool,

And lay the rising tempest of your soul.

Why in my absence are you thus severe?

Summon'd at your tribunal to appear

For all my crimes, I'd gladly suffer there,

With pride whatever you inflict receive, [give.

And love the wounds those hands vouchsafe to

Your fetters too—but they, alas! are vain,

For Love has bound me, and I hug my chain;

Your hardest laws with patience I'll obey,

Till you yourself at last relent, and say,

"When all my sufferings you with pity see,

"He that can love so well, is worthy me!"

But, if all this should unsuccessful prove,

Diana claims for me your promis'd love.

O may my fears be false! yet she delights

In just revenge of her abused rites.

I dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread,

Lest you should think that for myself I plead.

Yet out it must:—"Tis this, 'tis surely this,

That is the fuel to your hot disease:

When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,

Her fatal messenger the goddess sends;

And when you would to his kind call consent,

This fever does your perjury prevent.

Forbear, forbear, thus to provoke her rage,

Which you so easily may yet assuage:

Forbear to make that lovely charming face

The prey to every envious disease:

Preserve those looks to be enjoy'd by me,

Which none should ever but with wonder see:

Let that fresh colour to your cheeks return,

Whose glowing flame did all beholders burn:

But let on him, th' unhappy cause of all

The ills that from Diana's anger fall,

No greater torments light than those I feel,

When you, my dearest, tenderest part, are ill:

For, oh! with what dire tortures am I rack'd,

Whom different griefs successively distract!

Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow,

To think that I have caus'd so much to you.

Then, great Diana's witness, how I pray

That all our crimes on me alone she'd lay!

Sometimes to your lov'd doors disguis'd I come,

And all around them up and down I roam;

Till I your woman coming from you spy,

With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.

With silent steps, like some sad ghost, I steal

Close up to her, and urge her to reveal

More than new questions suffer her to tell:

How you had slept, what diet you had us'd?

And oft the vain physician's art accus'd.

He every hour (oh, were I blest as he!)

Does all the turns of your distemper see.

Why sit not I by your bed-side all day,

My mournful head in your warm bosom lay,

Till with my tears the inward fires decay?

Why press not I your melting hand in mine,

And from your pulse of my own health divine!

But, oh! these wishes all are vain; and he

Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee,

Forgetful as thou art of heaven and me.

He that lov'd hand doth press, and oft doth feign

Some new excuse to feel thy beating vein.

Then his bold hand up to your arm doth slide,

And in your panting breast itself does hide;

Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,

For his officious care too great a fee.

Robber, who gave thee leave to taste that lip,

And the ripe harvest of my kisses reap?

For they are mine, so is that bosom too,

Which false as 'tis, shall never harbour you:

Take, take away those thy adulterous hands,

For know, another lord that breast commands.

'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee,

But heaven and she first gave herself to me:

And you in justice therefore should decline

Your claim to that which is already mine.

This is the man, Cydippe, that excites

Diana's rage, to vindicate her rites.

Command him then not to approach thy door;

This done, the danger of your death is o'er.

For fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,

Which great Diana heard, and did allow.

And she who took it, will thy health restore,

And be propitious as she was before.

" 'Tis not the steam of a slain heifer's blood

"That can allay the anger of a God:

" 'Tis truth, and justice to your vows, appease

"Their angry deities; and without these

"No slaughter'd beast their fury can divert,

"For that's a sacrifice without a heart."

Some, bitter potions patiently endure, [cure:

And kiss the wounding lance that works their

You have no need these cruel cures to feel,

Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.

Why let you still your pious parents weep.

Whom you in ignorance of your promise keep

Oh! to your mother all our story tell,
And the whole progress of our love reveal:
Tell her how first, at great Diana's shrine,
I fix'd my eyes, my wondering eyes, on thine:
How like the statues there I stood amaz'd,
Whilst on thy face intemperately I gaz'd.
She will herself, when you my tale repeat,
Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.
Marry, she'll say, whom heaven commends to thee,

He, who has pleas'd Diana, pleases me.
But should she ask from what descent I came,
My country, and my parents, and my name;
Tell her, that none of these deserve my shame.
Had you not sworn, you such a one might choose;
But, were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse.
This in my dreams Diana had me write,
And when I wak'd, sent Cupid to indite.
Obey them both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity see,
She too will soon relent that wounded thee.
Then to our joys with eager haste we'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love:
To the great temple we'll in triumph go,
And with our offerings at the altar bow.
A golden image there I'll consecrate,
Of the false Apple's innocent deceit;
And write below the happy verse that came
The messenger of my successful flame.
"Let all the world this from Acontius know,
"Cydispe has been faithful to her vow."

More I could write! but, since thy illness reigns,
And racks thy tender limbs with sharpest pains,
My pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,
Although for me too little, yet too much for thee

JUVENAL, SAT. IV.

The Argument.

The Poet in this satire first brings in Crispinus, whom he had a lash at in his first satire, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous prodigality and luxury, in giving the price of an estate for a barbel: and from thence takes occasion to introduce the principal subject and true design of this satire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous story of a turbot presented to Domitian, of so vast a bigness, that all the Emperor's scullery had not a dish large enough to hold it: Upon which the senate in all haste is summoned, to consult in this exigency, what is fittest to be done. The Poet gives us a particular of the senators' names, their distinct characters, and speeches, and advice; and, after much and wise consultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the senate, and concludes the satire.

ONCE more Crispinus call'd upon the stage
(Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my rage:
A monster, to whom every vice lays claim,
Without one virtue to redeem his name.

Feeble and sick, yet strong in lust alone,
The rank adulterer preys on all the town,
All but the widows' nauseous charms go down.
What matter then how stately is the arch
Where his tir'd mules flow with their burden
march?

What matter then how thick and long the shade
Through which he is by sweating slaves convey'd?
How many acres near the city walls
Or new-built palaces, his own he calls?
No ill man's happy; least of all is he
Whose study 'tis to corrupt chastity;
Th' incestuous brute, who the veil'd vestal maid
But lately to his impious bed betray'd,
Who for his crime, if laws their course might have,
Ought to descend alive into the grave*.

But now of slighter faults; and yet the same
By others done, the censor's justice claim.
For what good men ignoble count and base,
Is virtue here, and does Crispinus grace:
In this he's safe, whate'er we write of him,
The person is more odious than the crime.
And so all satire's lost. The lavish slave
Six thousand pieces† for a barbel gave:
A sesterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they
Gave out, that hear great things, but greater
say.

If, by this bribe well plac'd, he would ensnare
Some sapless usurer that wants an heir,
Or if this present the sly courtier meant
Should to some punk of quality be sent,
That in her easy chair in state does ride,
The glasses all drawn up on every side,
I'd praise his cunning; but expect not this,
For his own gut he bought the stately fish.
Now even Apicius‡ frugal seems, and poor,
Outv'y'd in luxury unknown before.

Gave you, Crispinus, you this mighty sum;
You that, for want of other rags, did come
In your own country paper wrapp'd, to Rome?
Do scales and fins bear price to this excess?
You might have bought the fisherman for less.
For less some provinces whole acres sell;
Nay, in Apulia§, if you bargain well,
A manor would cost less than such a meal.

What think we then of this luxurious lord?
What banquets loaded that imperial board?
When, in one dish, that, taken from the rest,
His constant table would have hardly miss'd,
So many sesterces were swallow'd down,
To stuff one scarlet-coated court buffoon,
Whom Rome of all her knights now chiefest greets,
From crying stinking fish about her streets.

Begin, Calliope, but not to sing:
Plain, honest truth we for our subject bring.
Help then, ye young Pierian maids, to tell
A downright narrative of what befell.
Afford me willingly your sacred aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have
styl'd you maids.

* Crispinus had seduced a vestal virgin; and, by the law of Numa, should have been buried alive.

† Roman Sesterii.

‡ Famous for gluttony, even to a proverb.

§ Where land was remarkably cheap.

¶ Domitian.

When he, with whom the Flavian race decay'd*,
The groaning world with iron sceptre sway'd,
When a bald Nero† reign'd, and servile Rome
obey'd,

Where Venus' shrine does fair Ancona grace,
A turbot taken, of prodigious space,
Fill'd the extended net, not less than those
That dull Mæotis does with ice enclose;
Till, conquer'd by the sun's prevailing ray,
It opens to the Pontic Sea their way;
And throws them out unwieldy with their growth,
Fat with long ease, and a whole winter's sloth:
The wise commander of the boat and lines,
For our high priest § the stately prey designs;
For who that lordly fish durst sell or buy,
So many spies and court-informers nigh:
No shore but of this vermin swarms does bear,
Searchers of mud and sea-weed: that would swear
The fish had long in Cæsar's ponds been fed,
And from its lord undutifully fled;
So, justly ought to be again restor'd:
Nay, if you credit sage Palphurius' ¶ word,
Or dare rely on Armillatus' ¶ skill,
Whatever fish the vulgar fry excel
Belong to Cæsar, wherefoe'er they swim,
By their own worth confiscated to him.

The boatman then shall a wise present make,
And give the fish before the seizers take.

Now sickly Autumn to dry frosts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and fresh preserv'd the prey;
Yet with such haste the busy fishes flew,
As if a hot south-wind corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the lake, where what remains
Of Alba still her ancient rites retains,
Still worships Vesta, though an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay. [resort,

The wondering crowd, that to strange fights
And chok'd a while his passage to the court,
At length gives way; ope flies the palace-gate,
The turbot enters in, without the Fathers** wait;
The boatman straight does to Atrides press,
And thus presents his fish, and his address:

Accept, dread Sir, this tribute from the main,
Too great for private kitchens to contain.
To your glad genius sacrifice this day,
Let common meats respectfully give way.
Haste to unload your stomachs, to receive
This turbot, that for you did only live.
So long preserv'd to be imperial food,
Glad of the net, and to be taken proud. [well,

How fullsome this! how gross! yet this takes
And the vain Prince with empty pride does swell.
Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,
When to his face the worthless wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile court-flattery to a god has rais'd.

But oh, hard fate! the palace stores no dish
Afford, capacious of the mighty fish.
To sage debate are summon'd all the peers,
His trusty and much-hated counsellors,

In whose pale looks that ghastly terror sat,
That haunts the dangerous friendships of the great.

The loud Liburnian*, that the senate call'd,
"Run, run; he's set, he's set!" no sooner bawl'd,
But, with his robe snatcht up in haste, does come
Pegasus†, bailiff of affrighted Rome.

What more were præfects then? The best he was,
And faithfullest expounder of the laws.
Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd best,
When Justice exercis'd her sword the least.

Old Crispus § next, pleasant though old, ap-
pears,

His wit nor humour yielding to his years.
His temper mild, good-nature join'd with sense,
And manners charming as his eloquence.
Who fitter for a useful friend than he,
To the great Ruler of the earth and sea,

If, as his thoughts were just, his tongue were free?
If it were safe to vent his generous mind
To Rome's dire plague, and terror of mankind;
If cruel Power could softening counsel bear.

But what's so tender as a tyrant's ear;
With whom whoever, though a favourite, spake,
At every sentence set his life at stake,
Though the discourse were of no weightier things,
Than sultry summers, or unhealthful springs?
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
With his weak arms to stem the stronger tide.
Nor did all Rome, grown spiritless, supply
A man that for bold truth durst bravely die.
So, safe by wise complying silence, he
Ev'n in that court did fourscore summers see.

Next him Acilius, though his age the same,
With eager haste to the grand council came:
With him a youth, unworthy of the fate
That did too near his growing virtues wait,
Urg'd by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate.

(But 'tis long since old age began to be
In noble blood no less than prodigy,
When 'tis I'd rather be of giants' birth ||,
A pigmy brother to those sons of earth.)
Unhappy youth! whom from his destin'd end,
No well-dissembled madness could defend;
When naked in the Alban theatre,
In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting spear.
Who sees not now through the Lord's thin dis-
guise,

That long seem'd fool to prove at last more wise?
That stale court trick is now too open laid:
Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd ¶?
Those honest times might swallow this pretence,
When the King's beard was deeper than his sense.

Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,
With equal marks of terror in his face.
Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward shame
Of an old crime that is not fit to name.
Worse, yet in scandal taking more delight,
Than the vile pathick* that durst satire write.

Montanus' belly next, advancing slow
Before the sweating senator, did go.

* Domitian was the last and worst of that family.

† Domitian, from his cruelty, was called a second Nero; and, from his baldness, Calvus.

§ A title often assumed by the Emperors.

¶ Both of consular degree, yet spies and informers.

** The Senate, or Patres Conscripti.

* The Roman criers were usually of this country.

† A learned lawyer, and præfect of Rome.

‡ Who made the jest on Domitian's killing flies.

|| Of an obscure and unknown family.

¶ In counterfeiting madness.

* Nero, who charged his own crimes on Quintianus.

Crispinus after, but much sweeter comes,
Scented with costly oils and eastern gums,
More than would serve two funerals for per-
fumes.

Then Pompey, none more skill'd in the court-
game

Of cutting throats with a soft whisper, came.

Next Fuscus *, he who many a peaceful day
For Dacian vultures was reserv'd a prey,
Till, having study'd war enough at home,
He led abroad th' unhappy arms of Rome.

Cunning Vejento next, and by his side
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide,
Decrepit, yet a furious lover he,
And deeply smit with charms he could not see.
A monster, that ev'n this worst age outvies,
Conspicuous, and above the common size.

A blind base flatterer, from some bridge or gate †,
Rais'd to a murdering minister of state.

Deserving still to beg upon the road,
And bless each passing waggon and its load.
None more admir'd the fish; he in its praise
With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raise;
But to the left all his fine things did say,
Whilst on his right the unseen turbot lay.

So he the fam'd Cilician fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with wonder seem'd amaz'd:
So did the scenes and stage machines admire,
And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire.

Nor came Vejento short; but, as inspir'd
By thee, Bellona, by thy fury fir'd,
Turns prophet. See the mighty omen, see,
He cries of some illustrious victory!
Some captive king thee his new lord shall own;
Or from his British chariot headlong thrown
The proud Arviragus come tumbling down!
The monster's foreign. Mark the pointed spears
That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears!
Who nobler could, or plainer things presage?
Yet one thing 'scap'd him, the prophetic rage
Shew'd not the turbot's country, nor its age.

At length by Cæsar the grand question's put:
My lords, your judgment; shall the fish be cut?
Far be it, far from us, Montanus cries;
Let's not dishonour thus the noble prize!
A pot of finest earth, thin, deep, and wide,
Some skilful quick Prometheus must provide.
Clay and the forming wheel prepare with speed.
But, Cæsar, be it from henceforth decreed,
That potters on the royal progress wait,
To assist in these emergencies of state.

This counsel pleas'd; nor could it fail to take,
So fit, so worthy of the man that spake.
The old court riots he remember'd well;
Could tales of Nero's midnight suppers tell,
When Falern wines the labouring lungs did fire,
And to new dainties kindled false desire.
In arts of eating, none more early train'd,
None in my time had equal skill attain'd.
He, whether Circe's rock his oysters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian shore,
Knew at first taste, nay at first sight could tell
A crab or lobster's country by its shell,

* Cornelius Fuscus, who was slain in Dacia.

† The common stands for beggars.

They rise; and straight all, with respectful awe,
At the word given, obsequiously withdraw,
Whom, full of eager haste, surprise, and fear,
Our mighty prince had summon'd to appear;
As if some news he'd of the Catti tell,
Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel:
As if expresses from all parts had come
With fresh alarms threatening the fate of Rome.

What folly this! But oh! that all the rest
Of his dire reign had thus been spent in jest;
And all that time such trifles had employ'd
In which so many robes he destroy'd;
He safe, they unreveng'd, to the disgrace
Of the surviving, tame, Patrician race!
But, when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
Him, whom so many lords had slain, they flew.

DAMON AND ALEXIS.

DAMON.

TELL me, Alexis, whence these sorrows grow?
From what hid spring do these salt torrents flow?
Why hangs the head of my afflicted swain;
Like bending lilies overcharg'd with rain?

ALEXIS.

Ah, Damon, if what you already see,
Can move thy gentle breast to pity me;
How would thy sighs with mine in concert join,
How would thy tears swell up the tide of mine?
Couldst thou but see (but, oh, no light is there,
But blackest clouds of darkness and despair!)
Couldst thou but see the torments that within
Lie deeply lodg'd, and view the horrid scene,
View all the wounds, and every fatal dart
That sticks and rankles in my bleeding heart!
No more, ye swains, Love's harmless anger fear,
For he has empty'd all his quiver here.
Nor thou, kind Damon, ask me why I grieve,
But rather wonder, wonder that I live.

DAMON.

Unhappy youth! too well, alas! I know
The pangs despairing lovers undergo!

[Imperfect.]

CÆLIA AND DORINDA.

WHEN first the young Alexis saw
Cælia to all the plain give law,
The haughty Cælia, in whose face
Love dwelt with Fear, and Pride with Grace;
When every swain he saw submit
To her commanding eyes and wit,
How could th' ambitious youth aspire
To perish by a nobler fire?
With all the power of verse he strove
The lovely shepherdess to move:
Verse, in which the Gods delight,
That makes nymphs love, and heroes fight;
Verse, that once rul'd all the plain,
Verse, the wishes of a swain.

How oft has Thyrsis' pipe prevail'd,
Where Egon's flocks and herds have fail'd?
Fair Amaryllis, was thy mind
Ever to Damon's wealth inclin'd;
Whilst Lycidas's gentle breast,
With Love, and with a Muse possess'd,
Breath'd forth in verse his soft desire,
Kindling in thee his gentle fire?

[Imperfect.]

CÆLIA'S SOLILOQUY.

MISTRESS of all my senses can invite,
Free as the air, and unconfin'd as light;
Queen of a thousand slaves that fawn and bow,
And, with submissive fear, my power allow,
Should I exchange this noble state of life,
To gain the vile detested name of Wife;
Should I my native liberty betray,
Call him my lord, who at my footstool lay?
No: thanks, kind Heaven, that hast my soul employ'd,
With my great sex's useful virtue, Pride.
That generous pride, that noble just disdain,
That scorns the slave that would presume to reign.
Let the raw amorous scribbler of the times
Call me his Cælia in insipid rhymes;
I hate and scorn you all, proud that I am
T' revenge my sex's injuries on man.
Compar'd to all the plagues in marriage dwell,
It were preferment to lead apes in hell.

T O

SOME DISBANDED OFFICERS,

Upon the late Vote of the House of Commons.

HAVE we for this serv'd full nine hard campaigns?
Is this the recompence for all our pains?
Have we to the remotest parts been sent,
Bravely expos'd our lives, our fortunes spent,
To be undone at last by Parliament?
Must colonels and corporals now be equal made,
And flaming sword turn'd pruning knife and spade?
T—b, S—, F—, and thousands more,
Must now return to what they were before.
No more in glittering coaches shall they ride,
No more the feather's shew the coxcombs' pride.
For thee, poor —! my Muse does kindly weep,
To see disbanded colonels grown so cheap.
So younger brothers with fat jointures fed,
Go despicable, once their widows dead.
No ship, by tempest from her anchor torn,
Is half so lost a thing, and so forlorn.
On every stall, in every broker's shop,
Hang up the plumes of the dismantled fop;
Trophies like these we read not of in story,
By other ways the Romans got their glory.
But in this, as in all things, there's a doom,
Some die i' th' field, and others starve at home.

ROMAN CATHOLIC UPON MARRIAGE.

CENSURE and penances, excommunication,
Are bug-bear words to fright a bigot nation;
But 'tis the Church's more substantial curse,
To damn us all for better and for worse.
Falsely your Church seven sacraments does frame,
Penance and Matrimony are the same.

A FRAGMENT.

—AND yet he fears to use them, and be free;
Yet some have ventur'd, and why should not all?
Let villains, perjur'd, envious, and malicious,
The wretched miser and the midnight murderer;
Betrayers of their country, or their friend,
(And every guilty breast) fear endless torment,
Blue lakes of brimstone, unextinguish'd fires,
Scorpions and whips, and all that guilt deserves;
Let these, and only these, thus plague themselves.
For though they fear what neither shall nor can be,
'Tis punishment enough it makes them live,
Live, to endure the dreadful apprehension
Of death, to them so dreadful; but why dreadful,
At least to virtuous minds?—To be at rest,
To sleep, and never hear of trouble more,
Say, is this dreadful? Heart, wouldst thou be
at quiet?
Dost thou thus beat for rest, and long for ease,
And not command thy friendly hand to help thee?
What hand can be so easy as thy own,
To apply the medicine that cures all diseases!

AN EPISTLE * TO MR. OTWAY.

DEAR TOM, how melancholy I am grown
Since thou hast left this learned dirty town †,
To thee by this dull letter be it known.
Whilst all my comfort, under all this care,
Are duns, and puns, and logic, and small beer.
Thou seest I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
Or the top scene that Settle ever writ:
The sprightly Court that wander up and down
From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
All, all are fled; but them I well can spare,
For I'm so dull I have no business there.
I have forgot whatever there I knew,
Why men one stocking tie with ribbon blue:
Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
That at their breasts hang dangling by a string;
(Yet stay, I think that I to mind recal,
For once ¶ a squirt was rais'd by Windsor wall).
I know no officer of court; nay more,
No dog of court, their favourite before.
Should Veny fawn, I should not understand her,
Nor who committed incest for Legander.

* In answer to one in Otway's Poems,
† Mr. Duke was then at Cambridge,
¶ Sir Samuel Moreland.

Unpolish'd thus, an errant scholar grown,
 What should I do but sit and coo alone,
 And thee, my absent mate, for ever moan,
 Thus 'tis sometimes, and sorrow plays its part,
 Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.
 For, whilst with wit, with women, and with
 wine,
 Thy glad heart beats, and noble face does shine,
 Thy joys we at this distance feel and know;
 Thou kindly wishest it with us were so.
 Then thee we name; this heard, cries James,
 For him,
 Leap up, thou sparkling wine, and kiss the brim:
 Crosses attend the man who dares to flinch,
 Great as that man deserves who drinks not Finch.
 But these are empty joys, without you two,
 We drink your names, alas! but where are you?
 My dear, whom I more cherish in my breast
 Than by thy own soft Muse can be express;
 True to thy word, afford one visit more,
 Else I shall grow, from him thou lov'dst before,
 A greasy blockhead fellow in a gown,
 (Such as is, Sir, a cousin of your own;)
 With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
 And wit that at a quibble never fails.

AD THOMAM OTWAY.

MUSARUM nostrumque decus, charissime Thoma,
 O animæ melior pars, Otæ, meæ;
 Accipere quæ sacri tristes ad littora Cami
 Avulsi vestro flevimus à gremio.
 Quot mihi tunc gemitus ex imo pectore ducti,
 Perque meas lacrymæ quot cecidere genas,
 Et salices testes, et plurima testis arundo,
 Et Camus pigro tristior amne fluens.
 Audiit ipse etenim Deus, et misera dolores
 Lubrica paulisper constitit unda meos.
 Tunc ego; vos nymphæ viridi circumlita musco
 Atria quæ colitis, tuque, verende Deus,
 Audite O qualem absentem ploramus amicum,
 Audite ut lacrymis auctior amnis eat.
 Pectoris is candore nives, constantibus arcti
 Stellam animis, certâ fata vel ipsa fide;

Ille et Amore columbas, ille et Marte leones
 Vincit, Pierias ingenioque Deas,
 Sive vocat jocus, et charites, et libera vini
 Gaudia, cumque suâ matre sonandus Amor.
 Ille potest etiam numeros æquare canendo
 Sive tuos, Ovidi, sive, Catulle, tuos.
 Sive admirantis moderatur fræna theatri,
 Itque cothurnato Musa superba pede,
 Fulmina vel Sophoclis Lycophrontæasve tenebras,
 Carminis aut fastus, Æschyle magne, tui,
 Vincit munditiis et majestate decorâ,
 Tam bene naturam pingere docta manus,
 Hæc ego, cum spectans labentia flumina, versus
 Venere in mentem, magne poeta tui.

"Who for Preferments," &c. [See Otway's Poems.]

"Premia quis meritis ingrata expectet ab Aulâ,
 Omnis ubi exiguum captat simul Aulicus escam
 Gobio? quis piscis sapientior illa vadosa
 Fulminis angustî coloret loca, pisciculorum
 Esurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervum,
 Qui dum quisque micat medicatam ut glutiat offam,
 Trudunt, impellunt, truduntur, et impelluntur;
 Nec potius, latum gremio quâ flumen aperto
 Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis, [tus
 Et requiem, et muscos virides, pulchramque voca-
 Ad libertatem prono delabitur alveo?"

Quos tibi pro tali persolvam carmine grates,
 O animi interpres, magne Poeta, mei!
 Nos neque sollicitæ Natura effluxit ad urbis
 Officia, aut fraudes, Aula delosa, tuas:
 Nos procul à cæno, et strepitu, fumoque remotos,
 Cum Venere et Musis myrtea scena tegat?
 Nos paribus cantare animis permittat Apollo
 Flammæ meque tuas, teque, Otæ, meas.
 Ergone me penitus vestris hæere medullis,
 Ergone sincerus me tibi junxit Amor?
 Tu quoque, tu nostris habitas, mea vita, medullis,
 Teque meo æternus pectore figit Amor.

In another place.

Qualia tu scribis, vel qualia Carolus ille
 Noster, amor, Phæbi, Pieridumque decus.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM KING, L.L.D.

Containing his

ART OF COOKERY,
ART OF LOVE,
THE FURMETARY,
MULLY OF MOUNTOWN,
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,



RUFINUS,
THE EAGLE AND ROBIN,
OLD CAT'S PROPHECY,
BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM,
TALES,

Uc. Uc. Uc.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I sing the various chances of the world,
Through which men are by fate or fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no scheme, or method that I go ;
But paint in verse my notions as they flow.
With heat the wanton images pursue,
Fond of the old, yet still creating new ;
Fancy myself in some secure retreat,
Resolve to be content, and to be great.

VERSES found in Dr. King's pocket-book at his death.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

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WILLIAM KING, LL.D.

Containing his

REVENUE,
THE EAGLE AND ROBIN,
OLD CAT'S PROVERBS,
REVENUE, FALLS, &c.
TALISMAN

ART OF COOKERY,
ART OF LOVE,
THE FURNITURE,
THE ART OF MORTUARY,
GRACEFUL AND ELEGANT,
TALISMAN

BY W. W. W.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I beg the reader's pardon of the world,
Through which, when I am by late or former hand,
I'm by no means, or method that I go;
But point to verse my notions as they flow,
With least the woman's images pursue,
Fond of the old, yet still creating new;
I'm myself in some degree retired,
Resolute to be content, and to be free.
VERSES found in Dr. King's pocket-book at his death.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1791.

THE LIFE OF KING.

WILLIAM KING was born in London in the year 1663. His father, Ezekiel King, was of the rank of gentleman, and allied to the family of Clarendon.

He was educated at Westminster school, upon the foundation, under the care of Dr. Busby; from whence, at the age of eighteen, he was elected to Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1681.

It appears, from his *Adversaria*, that he prosecuted his studies with so much intenseness and activity, that, before he was eight years in the university, he had read over, and made reflections on, twenty-two thousand books and manuscripts; but this account may be reasonably doubted.

In 1688, he took the degree of Master of Arts, in the most expensive manner, as a grand compounder; whence it has been supposed, that he inherited a considerable fortune.

The same year, he published a Confutation of Varillas's Account of Wickliffe; and, engaging in the study of the civil law, became Doctor in 1692, and, by the favour of Archbishop Tillotson, was admitted of Doctors Commons, where he practised with very great reputation.

He had already made some translations from the French, and written a great number of humorous and satirical pieces, which it would be tedious to enumerate.

In 1694, he undertook to confute Lord Moleworth's "Account of Denmark;" because he did not like his Lordship's principles of government; and his "Animadversions" were so much approved by Prince George, consort to the Princess Anne, that he was soon after appointed Secretary to her Royal Highness.

In 1697, he engaged in the controversy between Boyle and Bentley, concerning the Epistles of Phalaris; the issue of which has shewn the impotence of wit in opposition to learning, on a question that learning only could decide.

In 1699, he published *A Journey to London*, in the manner of Dr. Lister's "Journey to Paris;" And in 1700, two dialogues, entitled *The Transactioneer*; the design of which was to ridicule Sir Hans Sloane's writings in the "Transactions of the Royal Society," of which he was then secretary.

The expence of his pleasures had now lessened his revenues, without stimulating his industry; for he hated business, especially that of an advocate, because he could not bear the fatigue of wrangling, and because it interrupted his dreams of voluptuousness, and forced him to rouse from that indulgence in which he delighted.

Notwithstanding his habitual indolence, his reputation as a civilian was yet maintained, by the discernment and ability which he discovered in his judgments in the courts of delegates, and raised very high by the address and knowledge which he displayed in the House of Lords in 1701, when he defended the Earl of Anglesea against his lady, afterwards Duchess of Buckinghamshire, who sued for a divorce, on a charge of cruelty, and obtained it.

The reputation of his abilities procured him the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke, Lord High Admiral of England, by whose interest, and that of his relation, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he was, in 1702, made judge of the admiralty in Ireland, commissioner of the prizes, keeper of the records in Bermingham's Tower, and vicar-general to Dr. Marsh, the primate.

He had now an opportunity of accumulating wealth beyond the usual fortune of a poet; but he neglected his interest, and deserted his duty, for the company of Judge Upton, a man as idle and

thoughtless as himself, who had a pleasant house, called Mountown, near Dublin, at which he spent most of his time, in convivial indulgence and poetical amusement.

Here he made a red cow, called *Mully*, which gave him milk, the subject of a pastoral poem, which, at that time, was supposed to be a political allegory, though it originally meant no more than it expressed.

In 1708, when the Earl of Wharton was appointed to the government of Ireland, and Addison his secretary, made keeper of the records, he returned to England, with no other treasure than his wit, and a few merry poems and humorous essays.

He was now again to subsist on his fellowship in Christ Church College, which had been his chief resource against poverty when he was a regular advocate in the courts of the civil and canon law; and his indolence left him nothing to desire beyond the ease and tranquillity it secured to him.

Soon after his return from Ireland, he wrote the *Art of Love*, a poem, in imitation of Ovid's *De Arte Amandi*, which was well received; and, in 1709, published the *Art of Cookery*, in imitation of Horace's *De Arte Poetica*, with some letters to Dr. Lister, on his publishing the works of Apicius Coelius, concerning the soups and sauces of the ancients, which completely established his reputation for wit and learning.

In 1710, he appeared as a zealous Tory and High-churchman, on the side of Dr. Sacheverel, concurred in the projection and conduct of "the Examiner," animadverted on Dr. Kennet's sermon on the death of the Duke of Devonshire, and shared in the opposition that was given to all the operations of the Whigs.

In 1711, he published the *History of the Heathen Gods*, a book composed for schools, particularly that of Westminster, the general use of which was afterwards supplied by "The Pantheon," written by Tooke of the Charterhouse, a man of inferior abilities.

The same year, he published an historical essay, intitled *Rufinus*, a harsh satire on the Duke of Marlborough and the Whigs, and a poem imitated from Claudian, with the same title, dictated by party rage rather than truth, and intended to reconcile the nation to the measures of the new ministry.

These services were not long unrewarded; for, the same year, without the trouble of attendance, or the mortification of a request, Swift, Prior, Friend, and other men of the same party, brought him the key of the Gazetteer's office, from Mr. Secretary St. John, together with another key, for the use of the paper office. Competence, if not plenty, was now again in his power, and again thrown away; for an act of insolvency having made his employment at that time particularly troublesome, he impatiently resigned it, and returned to his former indigence.

About midsummer 1712, he retired to a friend's house at Lambeth, where he amused himself in mortifying Dr. Tension, the Archbishop, by regaling the populace with ale, on the surrender of Dunkirk to Hill.

In the autumn, his health declined, and growing weaker by degrees, he was removed by the kindness of Lord Clarendon, to a lodging he had provided for him in the Strand, opposite Somerset-house, where he died on Christmas-day, in the 49th year of his age.

Though his life had not been without irregularity, his death was exemplary. He yielded up his breath with the patience of a philosopher, and the piety of a Christian.

His noble relation took care of his funeral, and had him decently interred in the North Cloisters of Westminster Abbey, but erected no monument or grave-stone, to mark the place of his dust.

His character united some striking contrarieties. He was a man of eminent learning and singular piety; but more zealous for the cause than the appearance of religion. His chief pleasure consisted in trifles, and he was never happier than when he thought he was hid from the world. Few people pleased him in conversation; and it was a proof of his liking them, if his behaviour was tolerably agreeable. His discourse was cheerful, and his wit pleasant and entertaining. His philosophy and good sense prevailed over his natural temper, which was sullen, morose, and peevish; but he was of a timorous disposition, and the least slight or neglect would throw him into a melan-

choly state of despondency. He would say a great many ill-natured things, but never do one. He was made up of tenderness and pity, and tears would fall from him on the smallest occasion.

His poems have been often printed, and are generally known. Most of his tales, and other levities and pieces of humour, came abroad in manuscript, at various times, as they happened to be finished, and were collected and published, with other pieces, in his "Miscellanies," without a date, and afterwards reprinted in Lintot's "Miscellaneous Poems and Translations," 2 vols., 1722.

His *Remains* were published from the original manuscripts in the possession of his sister, by Joseph Brown, M. D., 1732, and reprinted, under the title of "Posthumous Works," in 1734 and 1739.

A complete collection of his "Original Works, in Prose and Verse," was published, in 3 vols., 8vo., 1776, by John Nichols, the learned printer of "the Gentleman's Magazine" a man who merits the praise of the compiler of these little narratives, for his zeal in restoring the noblest monuments of the dead; and who deserves the gratitude of every man of letters, for his laborious and useful researches in topographical history, and his numerous and valuable additions to the poetical and literary biography of his country.

His Poems, distinctly considered, do not seem unworthy of his reputation; neither do they appear to entitle him to rank among our best poets. He seems to have cultivated the grotesque and familiar style, without aiming at seriousness or sublimity. His *Imitations* and *Tales*, therefore, do not display that boldness of invention and vivacity of fancy which characterise the higher poetry, but are chiefly distinguished by their sprightliness, familiarity, and ease. His *Art of Cookery* is an ingenious and skilful imitation of Horace, and justly reckoned an admirable satirico-didactic poem. His *Art of Love* is remarkable, notwithstanding its title, for purity of sentiment, and chaste description. It is divided into fourteen books, most of which end with some remarkable fable, or interesting novel. His *Tales* have obtained general approbation. They are facetious and familiar. The language is easy, but seldom gross, and the versification smooth, without appearance of study. It is not known, whether he was the original author of any of them. Some of them are undoubtedly older than his time: But the art of telling them is his own, and that is the chief merit of such trifling compositions. His *Political Verses*, dictated by party rage, and designed to asperse the friends of the Revolution and the Protestant succession, may be permitted to perish, without any diminution of his fame.

"His poems," says Dr. Johnson, "were rather the amusements of idleness, than efforts of study. He endeavoured rather to divert than astonish; his thought seldom aspired to sublimity; if his verse was easy, and his images familiar, he attained what he desired. His purpose is to be merry; but, perhaps, to enjoy his mirth, it may be sometimes necessary to think well of his opinions."

chief state of dependence. He would say a great many of natural things but never do one. He was made up of tenderness and pity, and tears would fall from him on the smallest occasion.

The poems have been often printed, and are generally known. A few of his tales, and other pieces and pieces of humor, came abroad in manuscript, at various times, as they happened to be found, and were collected and published, with other pieces, in his "Miscellaneous Works," without a date, and afterwards republished in "Lambert's" "Miscellaneous Poems and Translations," 2 vols., 1772.

His Works were published from the original manuscripts in the possession of his friend, Joseph Brown, M. D., 1771, and republished under the title of "Poems, &c.," in 1774, and 1775.

A complete collection of his "Original Works, in Prose and Verse," was published, in 3 vols., 1780, by John Nichols, the learned printer of "the Gentleman's Magazine," a man who seems the possessor of the count of these little narratives, for his zeal in restoring the neglected remains of the dead; and who deserves the gratitude of every man of letters for his labors and critical researches in topographical history, and his numerous and valuable additions to the poetical and literary biography of his country.

His Poems, distinctly considered, do not form a worthy part of his reputation; neither do they appear to excite him to rank among our best poets. He seems to have cultivated the prose and familiar style, without aiming at ornaments or sublimity. His verses and tales, therefore, do not display that boldness of invention and vivacity of fancy which characterize the highest poetry, but are chiefly distinguished by their ingenuity, facility, and ease. His style, indeed, is an ingenious and familiar imitation of Horace, and justly reckoned an admirable Latin-didactic poem. His style is remarkable, notwithstanding the title, for purity of sentiment, and choice of diction. It is divided into four books, most of which end with some remarkable tale, or interesting novel. His tales have obtained general approbation. They are innocent and familiar. The language is easy, but seldom gross, and the versification smooth, without appearance of study. It is not known, whether he was the original author of any of them. Some of them are undoubtedly older than his time. But the art of telling them is his own, and that is the chief merit of such trifling compositions. His Poems, Verse, dictated by party rage, and designed to support the friends of the Revolution and the Protestant succession, may be permitted to perish, without any consideration of his fame.

His Poems, says Dr. Johnson, "were rather the suggestions of idleness, than efforts of study. He endeavored rather to divert than amuse; his thoughts seldom soared to sublimity; his style was easy, and his images familiar; he aimed what he desired. His purpose is to be merry, and perhaps, to enjoy his health, it may be sometimes necessary to think well of his poems."

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THE
ART OF COOKERY:

IN IMITATION OF
HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME
LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

Occasioned principally by

THE TITLE OF A BOOK PUBLISHED BY THE DOCTOR,

Being the

Works of APICIUS COELIUS, concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients.

WITH

AN EXTRACT OF THE GREATEST CURIOSITIES CONTAINED IN THAT BOOK.

Humbly inscribed to

THE HONOURABLE BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1708.

OF Dr. Lister's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was reprinted at Amsterdam, in 1709, by Theod. Janf. Almeloveen, under the title of "Apicii Cœlii de Opsoniis et Condimentis, five Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. cum Annotationibus Martini Lister, è Medicis Domesticis Serenissimæ Majestatis Reginae Annæ, et Notis selectioribus, variisque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, Reinesii, A Van Der Linden, et aliorum, ut et variorum Lectionum Libello, Editio Secunda." Dr. Askew had a copy of each edition.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is now-a-days the hard fate of such as pretend to be authors, that they are not permitted to be masters of their own works; for, if such papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a servant or any other means, come to the hands of a bookseller, he never considers whether it be for the person's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his sentiments, whether to his style or correctness, or whether he has for some time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, so he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be so used, and printed with as much imperfection and as many mistakes as a bookseller that has common sense could imagine should pass upon the town, especially in an age so polite and critical as the present.

These following Letters and Poem were at the press some time before the other paper pretending to the same title was crept out: and they had else, as the learned say, groaned under the press till such time as the sheets had one by one been perused and corrected, not only by the author, but his friends; whose judgment, as he is sensible he wants, so is he proud to own that they sometimes condescend to afford him.

For many faults, that at first seem small, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the verse turns upon the harshness of a syllable; and

the laying a stress upon improper words will make the most correct piece ridiculous. False concord, senses and grammar, nonsense, impropriety, and confusion, may go down with some persons; but it should not be in the power of a bookseller to lampoon an author, and tell him, "You did write all this: I have got it; and you shall stand to the scandal, and I will have the benefit." Yet this is the present case, notwithstanding there are above three score faults of this nature; verses transposed, some added, others altered, or rather that should have been altered; and near forty omitted. The author does not value himself upon the whole: but, if he shews his esteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke persons to read so useful a treatise; if he shews his aversion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old British hospitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muskets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chase" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he desires little farther, than that the reader would for the future give all such booksellers as are before spoken of no manner of encouragement.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1702.

Of Dr. Lister's book only 120 copies were printed in 1702. It was reprinted at Amsterdam, in 1709, by Thod. Joul Almeloveer, under the title of "Apian Cœlli de Opibus et Conditionibus" "five Arts Copieuses, Libri Decem cum Annotationibus Martini Lister, & Medicis Domesticiis" "Serenissime Majestatis Regine Anne, et Nobis selectioribus, varisque Lectionibus integris, Hæ- melbergii, Barthol. Reinoldi, A. Van Der Linde, et aliorum, et ex variorum Lectionum Libello. Editio Secunda." Dr. Atkeson had a copy of each edition.

THE WORKS OF KING
LETTER
TO
DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. ———,

DEAR SIR,

THE happiness of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I must confess, most of my other friends are so much taken up with politics or speculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leisure to peruse such parts of learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the closets of the curious. How blest are you at London, where you have new books of all sorts! whilst we at a greater distance, being destitute of such improvements, must content ourselves with the old store, and thumb the classics as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the edition of a book by the ingenious Dr. Lister, which you say is a treatise *De Condimentis et Opsoniis Veterum*, "Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to use an expression, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occasion is just and proper: You have made my mouth water, but have not sent me where-withal to satisfy my appetite.

I have raised a thousand notions to myself, only from the title. Where could such a treasure lay hid? What manuscripts have been collated? Under what emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious, and in some things fantastical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of eating?

Consider, dear Sir, in what uncertainties we must remain at present. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned antiquary. I shewed him your letter; which threw him into such a dubiousness, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durst not put any *catchup* in his *fish-sauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, lest, before he had seen Dr. Lister's book, he might transgress in using something not common to the ancients.

Dispatch it, therefore, to us with all speed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you: I hope, in the first place, it will, in some measure, remove the barbarity of our present education: for what hopes can there be of any progress in learning, whilst our gentlemen suffer their sons, at Westminster, Eaton, and Winchester, to eat nothing but *salt* with their *mutton*, and *vinegar* with their *roast beef*, upon holidays? what extensiveness can there be in their souls; especially when, upon their going thence to the university, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is seldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the same; and as to *saucés*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wished, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, besides his being groom, gardener, butler, and valet, you would see that he is endued with a greater accomplishment; for, according to our ancient author, *Quot Galli, totidem coqui*, "As many Frenchmen as you have, so many cooks you may depend upon;" which is very useful, where there is a numerous issue. And I doubt not, but, with such tutors, and good housekeepers to provide *cake* and *sweetmeats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to see that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I say, but we may have a warlike and frugal gentry, a temperate and austere clergy; and such persons of quality, in all stations, as may best undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break off abruptly: for I am going to Monsieur D'Avaux, a person famous for easing the tooth-ach by *exulsion*. He has promised to shew me how to strike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, so as the blood may issue thence with the greatest effusion; and then will instantly perform the operation of *stewing* it in its own blood, in the presence of myself and several more virtuosi. But, let him use what *claret* he will in the performance, I will secure enough to drink your health and the rest of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

T t ij

LETTER II.

To Mr. ———.

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promise, in your last obliging letter, to obtain the happiness of my correspondence with Dr. Lister; and to that end have sent you the enclosed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

LETTER III.

To Dr. LISTER, present.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never use compliments; but I must tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the ancients concerning *dentificalps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the use of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the instinct of Nature, which is the best mistress upon all occasions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their philosophical and mathematical observations: they searched into all the springs of action; and, though I must condemn their superstition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vast district that worshipped the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whose jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and his habitation and business lying most in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whitfishers** in Southwark, had a very good stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain, that he had the water of Nile always ready, and consequently the opportunity of washing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occasion for other instruments to cleanse his teeth, which are ferrate, or like a saw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *icbneumon*, which performs this office, and is so maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, seeing such an useful sagacity in the *crocodile*, which they so much revered, soon began to imitate it, great examples easily drawing the multitude; so that it became their constant custom to pick their teeth, and wash their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marsham's "Dynasties," nor in the "Fragments of Manethon," what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) so venerable an usage first began; for it is the fault of great philologers, to omit such things as are most material. Whether Sesostris, in his large conquests, might extend the use of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of those ages lay

* Whose tenter-grounds are now almost all built upon.

very much in the dark. It is very probable, that the public use of them came in about the same time that the Egyptians made use of *juries*. I find, in the preface to the "Third Part of Mo-dern Reports," that "the Chaldees had a great esteem for the number TWELVE, because there were so many signs of the Zodiack: from them this number came to the Egyptians, and so to Greece, where Mars himself was tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *stone* that I have seen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is most likely that he did; for he was a quarrelsome sort of a person, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count Koningsmark. Now the custom of *juries* dining at an eating-house, and having glasses of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion swimming at the top, being still continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at least as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed so grossly, that they seem to have had more occasion for *scawers* than *goose-quills*. He is very tedious in describing a smith's forge and anvil; whereas he might have been more polite, in setting out the *tooth-pick-case* or painted *snuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been so barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but consider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flourished most in sumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire, from Augustus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curiosities and *toy-shops*; neither had their senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the universe, like *raffing* sometimes at Colonel Parson's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conquests into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Caffre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made use of any such instrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyssinian empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall shew in my Treatise of "Forks and Napkins," of which I shall send you an Essay with all expedition. I shall in that Treatise fully illustrate or confute this passage of Dr. Heylin, in the third book of his "Cosmography," where he says of the Chinese, "That they eat their meat with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; not touching it with their hands at all, and therefore no great foulers of linen. The use of silver forks with us, by some of our spruce gallants taken up of late, came from hence into Italy, and from thence into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of these particulars. For, first, the use of these *sticks* is not so much to *save linen*, as out of pure necessity, which arises from the length of their nails, which persons of great quality in those countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working, or being serviceable to themselves or others; and therefore, if they

would, they could not easily feed themselves with those claws: and I have very good authority, that in the East, and especially in Japan, the princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Besides, these sticks are of no use but for *their* sort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags. But what would those sticks signify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef*? therefore our *forks* are of quite different shape: the steel ones are bibental and the silver generally resembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain, that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into the East-Indies; and he gives a large account, how, at the court of an Indian prince, he was admired for his neatness in that particular, and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife* before he returned them to their respective repositories. I could wish Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his "Modern Learning," would shew us how much we are improved since Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are suffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewise of *silver* and *gold knives*, brought in with the desert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indispensable necessity of a *silver knife* at the side-board, to mingle *sallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatise called *Acetaria*, concerning "Dressing of Sallads." A noble work! But I transgress—

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almost forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is so remarkable. I think I may be positive, from this verse of Juvenal, where he speaks of the Egyptians,

"Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morfu,"

that it was "sacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion." Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonstration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier's sauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which sauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull inn in Bishopsgate-street, which runs thus:

"Take seven Spoonfuls of spring-water; slice two onions of moderate size into a large saucer, and put in as much salt as you can hold at thrice betwixt your fore-finger and thumb, if large, and serve it up." *Probatum est.*

HOBSON, Carrier to the University of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy person remain still at that inn; and I dare say, not only Hobson, but old Birch, and many others of that musical and delightful profession, would rather have been labourers at the pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increase of learning, and more especially your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. _____.

SIR,

I AM now very seriously employed in a work that, I hope, may be useful to the public, which is a Poem of the "Art of Cookery," in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," inscribed to Dr. Lister, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live so long. I have, in the mean time, sent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to supper, which is the Fifth Epistle of his First Book. Perhaps you will find so many faults in this, that you may save me the trouble of my other proposal; but, however, take it as it is.

If Bellvill can his generous soul confine
To a small room, few dishes, and some wine,
I shall expect my happiness at nine.
Two bottles of smooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight;
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely ask;
But the Champagne is to each man his flask.
I tell you with what force I keep the field;
And, if you can exceed it, speak: I'll yield.
The snow-white damask ensigns are display'd,
And glittering salvers on the side-board laid.
Thus we'll disperse all busy thoughts and cares,
The general's counsels, and the statesman's fears:
Nor shall sleep reign in that precedent night,
Whose joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
Sacred to British worth in Blenheim's fight.
The blessings of good-fortune seem refus'd,
Unless sometimes with generous freedom us'd.
'Tis madness, not frugality, prepares
A vast excess of wealth for squandering heirs.
Must I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
Lest the censorious world should call me rake?
Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
E'er spoke bold truths, or fram'd a great design?
That makes us fancy every face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;
Sees care disburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wish enjoy'd.

This I'll perform, and promise you shall see
A cleanliness from affectation free:
No noise, no hurry, when the meat's set on,
Or, when the dish is chang'd, the servants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch;
Whate'er you want is in the master's reach.
Then for the company, I'll see it chose;
Their emblematic signal is the Rose.
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd;
What can you hope for better from a crowd?
But I shall not prescribe. Consult your ease;
Write back your men, and number as you please;
Try your back-stairs, and let the lobby wait:
A stratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

T t iij

LETTER V.

To Mr. ———.

I HERE send you what I promised, "A Discourse of Cookery," after the method which Horace has taken in his "Art of Poetry," which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an author to be imitated in the delivery of *precepts* for any art or *science*. He is indeed severe upon our sort of learning in some of his *Satires*; but even there he instructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, ver. 13.

"Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
"Ut succi melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
"Ponere: namque marem cohibent callosa vitellum."

"Choose eggs oblong; remember they'll be found
"Of sweeter taste, and whiter than the round:
"The firmness of that shell includes the male."

I am much of his opinion, and could only wish that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roasted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with *eggs* in the *shell*. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much easier they will sit upon your stomach. The worthy person who recommended it to me made many proselytes; and I have the vanity to think, that I have not been altogether unsuccessful.

I have in this Poem used a plain, easy, familiar style, as most fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an imitator of Horace, as he himself directs. I have not consulted any of his translators; neither Mr. Oldham, whose copiousness runs into Paraphrase; nor Ben Jonson, who is admirable for his close following of the original; nor yet the Lord Roscommon, so excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very design and soul of that Author. I considered that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myself upon it so much as Lucretius did, yet I dare say it is more innocent and inoffensive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and sententious, I have so far taken liberty as to pass over some of them; for I consider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the most patient disposition, as their under-servants too often experience. I wish I might prevail with them to moderate their passions, which will be the greater conquest, seeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidst the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which is one of the most accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a secret connexion in reality, though he doth not express it too plainly; and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. I such as shall condescend to read this

Poem would at the same time consult Horace's original Latin, or some of the aforementioned Translators, they would find at least this benefit, that they would recollect those excellent instructions which he delivers to us in such elegant language.

I could wish the Master and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem to be read with due consideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, seeing it contains many useful instructions for human life. It is true, that some of these rules may seem more principally to respect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the Butler. But the Cook being the principal person, without whom all the rest will be little regarded, they are directed to him: and the work being designed for the universal good, it will accomplish some part of its intent, if those sort of people will improve by it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of art, that there may be some terms not obvious to common readers; but they are not many. The reader may not have a just idea of a *favoured mutton*, which is a sheep roasted in its wool, to save the labour of flaying. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are something unusual; but, since *sprout-tarts* and *pistachio-tarts* are much the same thing, and to be seen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," those persons who have a desire for them may easily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Danish dish; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient family of Leigh, to carry a dish of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf-pye* was prepared for King James the First, when Jeffery his dwarf rose out of one armed with a sword and buckler; and is so recorded in history, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fish*, *hippocraes*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in cookery; yet *terrenes* are not so usual, being a silver vessel filled with the most costly dainties, after the manner of an *oglio*. A *surprise* is likewise a dish not so very common; which, promising little from its first appearance, when open, abounds with all sorts of variety; which I cannot better resemble than to the fifth act of one of our modern comedies. Lest *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Talieffin*, and *Bossu*, should be taken for dishes of rarities; it may be known, that Monteth was a gentleman with a scalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-inn-fields, Talieffin was one of the most ancient bards amongst the Britons, and Bossu one of the most certain instructors in criticism that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the wits, that I call my cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why cooks may not be as well read as any other persons. I am sure their apprentices, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the first pretences to literature have been very liberal, and sent in their contributions very largely. They have been very serviceable both to *spit* and *oven*; and for these twelve months past, whilst Dr. Wotton with his "Modern Learning" was defending *pye-crust* from scorching, his dear friend Dr. Bent-

ley, with his "Phalaris," has been finging of *capons*. Not that this was occasioned by any superfluity or tediousness of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two doctors*, as far as possible, to become useful to the public.

Indeed, cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the highest stations of human life. The great philosopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden Verses," shews himself to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abstain from *beans*. The noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage; for, when the Samnite ambassadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dressing *turnips* for his repast, they immediately returned with this sentence, "That it was impossible to prevail upon him that could be contented with such a *supper*." In short, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made use of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemagne, that the great cook of the palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies: so true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal skill required to bring an army into the field, and to set forth a magnificent entertainment; since the one was as far as possible to annoy your enemy, and the other to please your friend." In short, as for all persons that have not a due regard for the learned, industrious, moral, upright, and warlike profession of cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Islands, where, they being so barbarous as to make the most contemptible person to be their *butcher*, they had likewise their *meat* served up *raw*, because they had no fire to dress it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conscience!

As this small essay finds acceptance, I shall be encouraged to pursue a great design I have in hand, of publishing a *Bibliotheca Culinaria*, or the "Cook's Complete Library," which shall begin with a translation, or at least an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian feast. He shall be published, with all his *comments*, *useful glosses*, and *indexes*, of a vast copiousness, with cuts of the *basting ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *subterranean skultery*. I design to have all authors in all languages upon that subject; therefore pray consult what oriental manuscripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his notes upon Locman's Fables (whom I take to be the same person with Æsop), gives us an admirable receipt for making the *four milk*, that is, the *bony clabber*, of the Arabians. I should be glad to know how Mahomet used to have his *shoulder of mutton* dressed. I have heard he was a great lover of that joint;

and that a maid of an inn poisoned him with one saying, "If he is a prophet, he will discover it; if he is an impostor, no matter what becomes of him." I shall have occasion for the assistance of all my friends in this great work. I some posts ago desired a friend to inquire what manuscripts Sol. Harding, a famous cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He says, he finds among his executors several admirable *bills of fare* for *Aristotle's* suppers, and entertainments of country strangers, with certain prices, according to their several seasons. He says, some pages have large black crosses drawn over them; but for the greater part the books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to search Cooks' hall; what manuscripts they may have in their archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *custard* in the sword-bearer's office: how many tun he, a common cryer, or a common hunt, may eat in their life-time. But I transgress the bounds of a letter, and have strayed from my subject, which should have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be most favourable to your friend; for else they will never be able to endure your just censure. I rely upon your goodnature; and I am

Your most obliged, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the discourse I had with you the other day, and, upon serious consideration, find that the true understanding of the whole "Art of Cookery" will be useful to all persons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and especially to poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the cooks, but it is rather the fault of their masters, that poets are not so well acquainted with good eating, as otherwise they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's presence, this I would be bound to say, "That a good dinner is brother to a good poem:" only it is something more substantial; and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

I have known a supper make the most diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton, in "The Libertine," has set very gravely with the leg of a chicken; but I have seen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of pease and buttered eggs, under the table. The Host, in "The Villain," who carries tables, stools, furniture, and provisions, all about him, gives great content to the spectators, when, from the crown of his hat, he produces his cold capon: so Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The Rehearsal," with her wine in her spear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that slobbers his beard with sack-poffet, in "The Man's the Master," have, in my opi-

* A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

† A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

‡ A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

nion, made the most diverting part of the action. These embellishments we have received from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unusual entertainments and dishes given him by Nasidienus; and with his raillery upon garlic in his Third Epode. The Supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the most lively description of Nero's luxury. Juvenal spends a whole Satire, about the price and dressing of a single fish, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether serious or jocose, good eating is made the subject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all poets agree that Episodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the greatest nicety of art; and so it is the same thing at a good table: and yet I have seen a very good Episode (give me leave to call it so) made by sending out the leg of a goose, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know that Critics with a good stomach have been offended that the unity of action should be so far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, so at our common tables, many Episodes are allowed, as slicing of cucumbers, dressing of sallad, seasoning the inside of a furlöin of beef, breaking lobsters' claws, stewing wild ducks, toasting of cheese, legs of larks, and several others.

A poet, who, by proper expressions and pleasing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of necessary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarously, unless he has some knowledge of this "Art of Cookery," and the progress of it. Would it not sound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his cannon to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his mortar-pieces? or to have Statira talk of *tapestry-bangings*, which, all the learned know, were many years after her death first hung up in the hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falstaff complain of having dirtied his *silk stockings*, or Anne of Boleyn, call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the first that had her *coach* or wore *silk stockings*? Neither can a poet put *bops* in an Englishman's drink before *heresy* came in: nor can he serve him with a dish of *carp* before the time: he might as well give King James the First a dish of *asparagus* upon his first coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tutor present Queen Catharine with a *sugar-loaf*, whereas he might as easily have given her a diamond as large, seeing the *icing of cakes* at Wood-street Corner, and the *refining of sugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years standing, and before that time our ancestors sweetened and garnished all with *boney*, of which there are some remains in *Windfor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *simnels*, sent for presents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would shew his reading, if the poet put a *hen-turkey* upon a table in a tragedy; and therefore I would advise it in Hamlet, instead of their painted trifles; and I be-

lieve it would give more satisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the sisters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *hen-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their stateliness of gate, reservedness in conversation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the most improper meat in the world for a comedy; for melancholy and distress require a different sort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleased to say, "that, if she were upon a strange road, and driven to great necessity, she believed she might for once be able to sup upon a *sack-poffet* and a *fat capon*."

I am sure poets, as well as cooks, are for having all words nicely chosen, and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would shew the same regret that I do, to hear persons of some rank and quality say, "Pray cut up that goose. Help me to some of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;" not considering how indiscreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whose proper terms are, "*Break that goose*;"—" *frust that chicken*;"—" *spoil that hen*;"—" *sauce that capon*;"—" *mince that plover*."—If they are so much out in common things, how much more will they be with *bitterns*, *herons*, *cranes*, and *peacocks*? But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unless we lend our helping hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greatest author of dramatic poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made use of the mysteries of this art in the prologues to two of his plays, one a tragedy, the other a comedy; in which he has shewn his greatest art, and proved most successful. I had not seen the play for some years, before I hit upon almost the same words that he has in the following prologue to "All for Love:"

"Fops may have leave to level all they can,
"As pigmies would be glad to top a man.
"Half-wits are fleas, so little, and so light,
"We scarce could know they live, but that they
"bite.
"But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
"For change, become their next poor tenant's
"guests,
"Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
"And snatch the homely rasber from the coals;
"So you, retiring from much better cheer,
"For once may venture to do penance here;
"And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
"Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your
"taste,
"Take in good part from our poor poet's board
"Such shrivel'd fruit as Winter can afford."

How *fops* and *fleas* should come together, I cannot easily account for; but I doubt not but his *ale*, *rasber*, *grapes*, *peaches*, and *shriveled apples*, might "pit, box, and gallery," it well enough. His prologue to "Sir Martin Mar-all" is such an exquisite poem, taken from the same art, that

I could wish it translated into Latin, to be prefixed to Dr. Lister's work. The whole is as follows :

PROLOGUE.

"Fools, which each man meets in his dish
"each day,
"Are yet the great regalia of a play;
"In which to poets you but just appear,
"To prize that highest which cost them so dear.
"Fops in the town more easily will pass,
"One story makes a statutable ass;
"But such in plays must be much thicker sown,
"Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
"Observing poets all their walks invade,
"As men watch woodcocks gliding through a
"glade;
"And when they have enough for comedy,
"They stow their several bodies in a pyc.
"The poet's but a cook to fashion it,
"For, gallants, you yourselves have found the wit.
"To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong:
"None welcome those who bring their cheer
"along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a poet) is so extremely lively, and well painted, that methinks I see the whole audience with a dish of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock-pye in the other. I hope I may be excused, after so great an example; for I declare I have no design but to encourage learning, and am very far from any designs against it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who said that the "Journey to London" ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a book, that, if received, would discourage ingenuity, would be pleased not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate-street, for fear of endangering the booksellers' shops and the Cathedral.

I have abundance more to say upon these subjects; but I am afraid my first course is so tedious, that you will excuse me both the second course and the desert, and call for pipes and a candle. But consider, the papers come from an old friend; and spare them out of compassion to,

SIR, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. —

SIR,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappiness in the loss of you here. The occasion of this is, to desire your assistance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of some friends; but, unless they help me, it will be impossible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune to—write; but,

* Some critics read it *chair*.

what is worse, I have never considered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been so very bad as to design to reprint; but then a wicked thought came across me, with "Who will buy?" For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will destroy it: "The Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry; with some familiar Letters to Dr. Lister and others, occasioned principally by the Title of a Book, published by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients." To this a beau will cry, "Phough! what have I to do with kitchen stuff?" To which I answer, "Buy it, and give it to your servants." For I hope to live to see the day when every mistress of a family, and every steward shall call up their children and servants, with, "Come, Miss Betty, how much have you got of your *Art of Cookery*?"—"Where did you leave off, Miss Isabel?"—"Miss Kitty, are you no farther than *King Henry and the Miller*?"—"Yes, Madam, I am come to

—His name shall be enroll'd

"In Escourt's book, whose gridiron's fram'd of
"gold."

Pray, mother, is that our Master Escourt?"—

"Well, child, if you mind this, you shall not be put to your *Assembly Catechism* next Saturday." What a glorious sight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to see the butler out-learning the steward, and the painful scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping house-keeper! I am told, that, if a book is any thing useful, the printers have a way of pirating on one another, and printing other persons' copies; which is very barbarous. And then shall I be forced to come out with "The true Art of Cookery is only to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a patten-maker's, under St. Dunstan's Church, with the Author's seal at the title-page, being three sauce-pans, in a bend proper, on a cook's apron, argent. Beware of counterfeits." And be forced to put out advertisements, with "Strops for razors, and the best spectacles are to be had only at the Archimedes, &c."

I design proposals, which I must get delivered to the Cocks' Company, for the making an order that every apprentice shall have the "Art of Cookery" when he is bound, which he shall say by heart before he is made free; and then he shall have Dr. Lister's book of "Soups and Sauces" delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindness you may shew me, I shall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power.

I am yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. —

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your perusal a late exquisite comedy, called "The Lawyer's For-

condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to represent him. There is a scene of the greatest horror, and most moving to compassion, of any thing that I have seen amongst the moderns: "Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or "bisks of fish," is nothing to it; for here we see an innocent person, unless punished for his mother's and housekeeper's extravagance, as was said before, in their mushrooms, mangoes, bamboons, ketchup, and anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *cheese without bread*, and having no other drink but water. For he and his boy, with two saddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confused trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk across the desert at a distance, and yet they venture in; where Valentine accosts his boy with these lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:

"Hang up thy wallet on that tree,
"And creep thou in this hollow place with me;
"Let's here repose our wearied limbs till they
"more wearied be!"

"Boy. There is nothing left in the wallet but
"one piece of cheese. What shall we do for
"bread?"

"VAL. When we have slept, we will seek out
"Some roots that shall supply that
doubt.

"Boy. But no drink, Master?"

"VAL. Under that rock a spring I see,
"Which shall refresh my thirst and
"thee."

So the act closes; and it is dismal for the audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it seems, had a coming stomach, should continue there all the time the music was playing, and longer. But, to ease them of their pain, by an invention which the poets call *catastrophe*, Valentine, though with a *long beard*, and very weak with fasting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, says, "I doubt I have offended him too much; but I will attend him home, cherish him with cordials, make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wish she had Dr. Lister's book to help her!) "anoint his limbs, and

"be a nurse, a tender nurse, to him." Nor do blessings come alone; for the good mother, having refreshed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the house, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, "to get the best entertainment she ever yet provided, to consider what she has and what she wants, and to get all ready in few hours." And so this most regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the comedy. Some persons may admire your meagre tragedies; but give me a play where there is a prospect of good meat or good wine stirring in every act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before the "Art of Cookery" was thought of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to see how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I should be heartily glad, for the sake of the public, if our Poets, for the future, would make use of so good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we shall observe it.

I have just now met with a surprising happiness; a Friend that has seen two of Dr. Lister's Works, one "De Buccinis Fluvialibus et Marinis Exercitatio," an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fish; in which, he says, some of the chiefest rarities are the *pizzle* and *spermatic vessels* of a Snail, delineated by a microscope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *sub-erocœan testicle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Fernelius, and Harvey, were never masters of. The other curiosity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, "De Opsonis et Conditæ mentis, five Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem," being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this so important affair is not sufficiently communicative. My Friend says, he has a promise of leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Most humble servant, &c.

THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like brawn;
With wings of Turkey, and with feet of calf;
Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you
laugh!

Such is, good Sir, the figure of a feast,
By some rich farmer's wife and sister drest;
Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
That syllabubs come first, and soups the last.
Not but that cooks and poets still were free,
To use their power in nice variety;
Hence, mackarel seem delightful to the eyes,
Though dress'd with incoherent gooseberries.
Crabs, salmon, lobsters, are with Fennel spread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
Yet no man lards salt pork with orange-peel,
Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcock'd eel.

A cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress'd:
What signify Scotch-collops to a feast?
Or you can make whipp'd cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a sailor who wants beef;
Who, lately shipwreck'd, never can have ease,
Till re-establish'd in his pork and pease?
When once begun, let industry ne'er cease
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your desert bright pewter comes too late,
When your first course was all serv'd up in plate.

Most knowing Sir! the greatest part of cooks,
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey-poults fresh'd, from th' egg in batter fried:

Others, to shew the largeness of their soul,
Prepare you muttons swol'd, and oxen whole.
To vary the same things, some think is art:
By larding of hogs-feet and bacon-tart,
The taste is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault,
In Covent-Garden did a tailor dwell,
Who might deserve a place in his own hell:
Give him a single coat to make, he'd do't;
A vest, or breeches, singly: but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a suit:
Rather than frame a supper like such clothes,
I'd have fine eyes and teeth, without my nose.

You that from pliant paste would fabrics raise,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praise,
Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to
dough;

Choose your materials right, your seasoning fix,
And with your fruit resplendent sugar mix:
From thence of course the figure will arise,
And elegance adorn the surface of your pies.

Beauty from order springs: the judging eye
Will tell you if one single plate's awry,
The cook must still regard the present time;
T' omit what's just in season is a crime.
Your infant pease t' asparagus prefer,
Which to the supper you may best defer.

Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations should at least be rare;
Yet credit to the artist will accrue, [new.
Who in known things still makes th' appearance
Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffic known,
And now by constant use familiar grown.

What lord of old would bid his cook prepare
 Mangoes, potargo, chamignons, caveare
 Or would our thrum-capp'd ancestors find fault,
 For want of sugar-tongs, or spoons for salt?
 New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
 Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.
 The seasons change us all. By Autumn's frost,
 The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost.
 But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,
 And from the teeming earth new buds arise.
 So stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen
 Upon the spit; next May produces green.
 The fate of things lies always in the dark:
 What cavalier would know St. James's Park*?
 For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring;
 And wild-ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;
 A princely palace on that space does rise,
 Where Sedley's noble Mule found mulberries†.
 Since places alter thus, what constant thought
 Of filling various dishes can be taught?
 For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
 Who'd fix those things where fashion is a rule.

King Hardicute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,
 Carouz'd in nut-brown ale, and din'd on grout;
 Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
 And, when each prince is crown'd, in splendour reigns.

By northern custom, duty was express'd,
 To friends departed, by their funeral feast.
 Though I've consulted Holinshed and Stow,
 I find it very difficult to know
 Who, to refresh th' attendants to a grave,
 Burnt-claret first or Naples biscuit gave.

Trotter from quince and apples first did frame
 A pye, which still retains his proper name:
 Though common grown, yet, with white sugar
 strow'd,
 And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.

As wealth flow'd in, and plenty sprang from
 peace,
 Good-humour reign'd, and pleasures found increase.
 'Twas usual then the banquet to prolong
 By music's charm, and some delightful song;
 Where every youth in pleasing accents strove
 To tell the stratagems and cares of love;
 How some successful were, how others crost;
 Then to the sparkling glass would give his toast,
 Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
 To relish both the music and the wine.

Why am I styl'd a cook, if I'm so loth
 To marinate my fish, or season broth,
 Or send up what I roast with pleasing froth;
 If I my master's *gusto* won't discern,
 But, through my bashful folly, scorn to learn?

When among friends good humour takes its
 birth,
 'Tis not a tedious feast prolongs the mirth;

* In the time of King Henry VIII. the park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, inclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-inclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II.; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds, for water-fowl.

† A comedy called, "The Mulberry Garden."

But 'tis not reason therefore you should spare,
 When, as their future burghers, you prepare
 For a fat corporation and their mayor.
 All things should find their room in proper place;
 And what adorns this treat, would that disgrace.
 Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
 And have excessive doings at their wake:
 Ev'n tailors at their yearly feasts look great,
 And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.
 A prince, who in a forest rides astray,
 And, weary, to some cottage finds the way,
 Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or bisks of fish, [dish;
 But, hungry, sups his cream serv'd up in earthen
 Quenches his thirst with ale in nut-brown bowls,
 And takes the hasty rasber from the coals:
 Pleas'd as King Henry with the miller free,
 Who thought himself as good a man as he.

Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie,
 Who cares for all the crinkling of the pye?
 If you would have me merry with your cheer,
 Be so yourself, or so at least appear.

The things we eat by various juice control
 The narrowness or largeness of our soul.
 Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep;
 The tender lettuce brings on softer sleep;
 Eat beef or pye-crust if you'd serious be;
 Your shell-fish raises Venus from the sea;
 For nature, that inclines to ill or good,
 Still nourishes our passions by our food.

Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
 To whom she much has given, and much denied:
 With abstinence all delicacies he sees,
 And can regale himself with toast and cheese:

Your betters will despise you, if they see
 Things that are far surpassing your degree;
 Therefore beyond your substance never treat;
 'Tis plenty, in small fortune, to be neat.
 'Tis certain that a steward can't afford
 An entertainment equal with his Lord.
 Old age is frugal; gay youth will abound
 With heat, and see the flowing cup go round.
 A widow has cold pye; nurse gives you cake;
 From generous merchants ham or sturgeon take.
 The farmer has brown bread as fresh as day,
 And butter fragrant as the dew of May.
 Cornwall squab-pye, and Devon white-pot brings;
 And Leicester beans and bacon, food of kings!

At Christmas-time, be careful of your fame,
 See the old tenants' table be the same;
 Then, if you would send up the brawner's head,
 Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread:
 His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
 Or midst those thundering spears an orange place;
 Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,
 The roguish mustard, dangerous to the nose.
 Sack and the well-spiced hippocras the wine,
 Wassail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
 Porridge with plums, and turkeys with the
 chine.

If you perhaps would try some dish unknown,
 Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
 Like ancient sailors still regard the coast,
 By venturing out too far you may be lost.
 By roasting that which your forefathers boil'd,
 And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.

That cook to British palates is complete,
Whose savoury hand gives turns to common meat.

Though cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceness of their subject, few have writ.
In what an awkward sound that ballad ran,
Which with this blustering paragraph began:

*There was a prince of Lubberland
A potentate of high command,
Ten thousand bakers did attend him,
Ten thousand brenners did befriend him:
These brought him kissing-crusts, and these
Brought him small-beer, before he rose.*

The author raises mountains seeming full,
But all the cry produces little wool:
So, if you sue a beggar for a house,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A Louse!
Homer, more modest, if we search his books,
Will shew us that his heroes all were cooks;
How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the ox, and spit the loins.
Oh could that poet live! could he rehearse
Thy journey, *Lister*, in immortal verse!

*Muse, sing the man that did to Paris go,
That he might taste their soups, and mushrooms know!*

Oh, how would Homer praise their dancing dogs,
Their stinking cheese, and fricasee of frogs!
He'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lye,
Of boys with custard chok'd at Newberry;
But their whole courses you'd entirely see,
How all their parts from first to last agree.

If you all sorts of persons would engage,
Suit well your eatables to every age.

The favourite child, that just begins to prattle,
And throws away his silver bells and rattle,
Is very humourfome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has windows on his bread and butter:
He for repeated supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell mammy what he'd have, or why.

The smooth-fac'd youth, that has new guar-
dians chose,
From play-house steps to supper at the Rose,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating must be little, costly, nice.

Maturer age, to this delight grown strange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour rising from a sheriff's wealth:
Unless he some insurance dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by still intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Morose, perverse in humour, diffident,
The more he still abounds, the less content;
His larder and his kitchen too observes,
And now, lest he should want hereafter, starves;
Thinks scorn of all the present age can give,
And none these threescore years knew how to live.
But now the cook must pass through all degrees,
And by his art discordant tempers please,
And minister to health and to disease.

Far from the parlour have your kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd,
In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,
And from your eels their slimy substance wipe.

Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the sight.

Next, let discretion moderate your cost,
And, when you treat, three courses be the most.
Let never fresh machines your pastry try,
Unless grandees or magistrates are by:
Then you may put a dwarf into a pyc.
Or, if you'd fright an alderman and mayor,
Within a pasty lodge a living hare;
Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.

Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than seven, and never less than three.

'Tis the desert that graces all the feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest:

A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.

Make your transparent sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian sugar and Arabian spice:
And let your various creams encircled be
With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.
Let plates and dishes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.
The feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth pursued.
The cheerful master, 'midst his jovial friends,
His glass "to their best wishes" recommends.
The grace-cup follows to his sovereign's health,
And to his country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."
Performing then the piety of grace,
Each man that pleases re-assumes his place;
While at his gate, from such abundant store,
He showers his godlike blessings on the poor.

In days of old, our fathers went to war,
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
And in their basket-hilts their beverage brew'd.
Some officer perhaps may give consent,
To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every soldier got,
Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But, when our conquests were extensive grown,
And through the world our British worth was
known,

Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign sparkled equal with their lace;
Quails, Beccofico's, Ortolans, were sent,
To grace the levee of a general's tent;
In their gilt plate all delicacies were seen,
And what was earth before became a rich terrene.

When the young players once get to Islington,
They fondly think that all the world's their
own:

Prentices, parish-clerks, and hectors meet;
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the treat.
Their talk is loose; and o'er the bouncing ale
At constables and justices they rail;
Not thinking custard such a serious thing,
That common-council-men 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With softening mead and cheese-cake ends the
strife. [discourse,
Ev'n squires come there, and, with their mean
Render the kitchen, which they sit in, worse.

Midwives demure, and chamber-maids most gay,
Foremen that pick the box, and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In cream and codlings revelling with delight.
What these approve, the great men will dislike:
But here's the art, if you the palate strike;
By management of common things so well,
That what was thought the meanest shall excel;
While others strive in vain, all persons own
Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.

When straiten'd in your time, and servants few,
You'll rightly then compose an *ambigue*;
Where first and second course, and your desert,
All in one single table have their part.
From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raise a structure grateful to the sight.

Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footsteps tread:
The French our relish help, and well supply
The want of things too gross by decency.
Our fathers most admir'd their sauces sweet,
And often ask'd for sugar with their meat;
They butter'd currants on fat veal bestow'd,
And rumps of beef with virgin-honey strew'd.
Insipid taste, old friend, to them who Paris know,
Where rocombole, shallot, and the rank garlic,
grow.

Tom Bold did first begin the strolling mart,
And drove about his turnips in a cart;
Sometimes his wife the citizens would please,
And from the same machine sell pecks of pease;
Then pippins did in wheel-barrows abound,
And oranges in whimsy-boards went round:
Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her cherries on a stall;
Her currants there and gooseberries were spread,
With the enticing gold of gingerbread:
But flounders, sprats, and cucumbers, were cried,
And every sound and every voice was tried.
At last the Law this hideous din suppress'd,
And order'd that the Sunday should have rest;
And that no nymph her noisy food should sell,
Except it were new milk or mackarel.

There is no dish but what our cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade. [Spain,
Not French kickshaws, or nglios brought from
Alone have found improvement from their brain;
But pudding, brawn, and white-pots, own'd to be
Th' effects of native ingenuity.

Our British fleet, which now commands the
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain, [main,
Would they take time; would they with leisure
work; [pork;
With care would salt their beef, and cure their
Would boil their liquor well where'er they brew,
Their conquest half is to the victualler due.

Because that thrift and abstinence are good,
As many things if rightly understood:
Old Cross condemns all persons to be fops,
That can't regale themselves with mutton-chops.
He often for stult beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean rummer, as the pesthouse, shuns.
Sometimes poor jack and onions are his dish,
And then he faints those friars who stink of fish.

As for myself, I take him to abstain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely set,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when season's past,
What's stale, what choice, what plentiful, what
waste;
And lead him through the various maze of taste.

The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious cooks *the relish* call;
For, when the market sends in loads of food,
They all are tasteless till *that* makes them good.
Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:
You'd please a friend, or reconcile a brother,
A testy father, or a haughty mother;
Would mollify a judge, would cram a squire,
Or else some smiles from court you may desire;
Or would, perhaps, some hasty supper give,
To shew the splendid state in which you live.
Pursuant to that interest you propose,
Must all your wine and all your meat be chose.
Let men and manners every dish adapt:
Who'd force his pepper where his guests are *clopt*?
A cauldron of fat beef and stoop of ale
On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the nicest art
Ragouts of peacocks brains, or filbert-tart.

The French by soups and *baut-gouts* glory raise,
And their desires all terminate in praise.
The thrifty maxim of the weary Dutch
Is, to save all the money they can touch:
"Hans," cries the father, "see a pin lies there;
"A pin a day will fetch a groat a-year.
"To your five farthings join three farthings
"more;
"And they, if added, make your halfpence four."
Thus may your stock by management increase,
Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's
peace.

Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail,
What hopes of sugar'd cakes or butter'd ale?

Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill:
Clog not your constant meals; for dishes few
Increase the appetite, when choice and new.
Ev'n they, who will extravagance profess,
Have still an inward hatred for excess:
Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
Few care for earning trifles in disguise,
Or that fantastic dish some call *surprise*.
When pleasures to the eye and palate meet,
That cook has render'd his great work complete;
His glory far, like *surleain* knighthood, flies;
Immortal made, as *Kit-cat* by his pyes.

Good-nature must some failings overlook,
Not wilfulness, but errors of the cook.
A string won't always give the sound design'd
By the musician's touch and heavenly mind:
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the destin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no salt is thrown about the dish,
Or no fried parsley scatter'd on the fish;
Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my cook deny,

For things which carelessness might oversee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?
I with compassion once may overlook
A skewer sent to table by my cook:
But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
That he should daily the same fault permit
For fear the rascal send me up the spit!

Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all, yet never could excel
In any thing but stuffing of his veal:
But, when that dish was in perfection seen,
And that alone would it not move your spleen?
'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
And gently sink the artist into sleep.
Ev'n Lamb himself, at the most solemn feast,
Might have some chargers not exactly drest.

Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,
Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
Where ease may all their *delicacy* command:
Some should be mov'd when broken; others last
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the kitchen call'd his eldest son:
"Though wise thyself," says he, "though taught
"by me,

"Yet fix this sentence in thy memory:
"There are some certain things that don't excel,
"And yet we say are *tolerably well*:
"There's many worthy men a lawyer prize,
"Whom they distinguish as of *middle size*,
"For pleading well at bar, or turning books;
"But this is not, my son, the fate of cooks,
"From whose mysterious art true pleasures springs
"To *fall* of garter, and to *throne* of kings.
"A simple scene, a disobliging song,
"Which no way to the main design belong,
"Or were they absent never would be miss'd,
"Have made a well wrought comedy be hiss'd:
"So in a feast no intermediate fault
"Will be allow'd; but, if not best, 'tis naught."

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
From nine pins, coits, and from trap-ball, ab-
stains;
Cudgels avoids, and shuns the wrestling place,
Left vinegar resound his loud disgrace.
But every one to cookery pretends;
Nor maid nor mistress e'er consult their friends.
But, Sir, if you would roast a pig, be free:
Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We'll see when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout;
But, if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,
Not by the drudging-box to be recall'd.

Our Cambrian fathers, sparing in their food,
First boil'd their hunted goats on bars of wood.
Sharp hunger was their seasoning, or they took
Such salt as issued from the native rock.
Their sallading was never far to seek,
The poignant water-grafs, or savoury leek;
Until the British bards adorn'd this isle,
And taught them how to roast, and how to boil:
Then Talieffin rose, and sweetly strung
His British harp, instructing whilst he sung:

Taught them that honesty they still possess,
Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress,
Duty to kindred, constancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends;
Contempt of wealth and pleasure, to appear
To all mankind with hospitable cheer.

In after ages, Arthur and his knights
At his round table to record their fights,
Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monsters subdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inspir'd that Cambrian soul which ne'er can
yield.

Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future heroes due example set,
By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the spirits rise, and strength of war.
The present age, to gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beef-steak;
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Estcourt's book*, whose gridiron's fram'd of
gold.

Scorn not these lines, design'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd table flow.

'Tis a sage question, if the art of cooks
Is lodg'd by nature, or attain'd by books:
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whose whole dependence lies in some receipt:
Then by pure nature every thing is spoil'd,
She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and
boil'd.

When art and nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *ragout*, or charming *fricasee*.
The lad that would his genius so advance,
That on the rope he might securely dance,
From tender years enures himself to pains,
To Summer's parching heat, and Winter's rains,
And from the fire of wine and love abstains;
No artist can his hautboy's stops command,
Unless some skilful master form his hand.
But gentry take their cooks though never tried.
It seems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus shew him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at school.

Ox-check when hot, and wardens bak'd some cry;
But 'tis with an intention men should buy.
Others abound with such a plenteous store,
That, if you'll let them treat, they'll ask no more:
And 'tis the vast ambition of their soul,
To see their port admir'd, and table full.
But then, amidst that cringing fawning crowd,
Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
Who with such grace his honour's actions praise,
How well he fences, dances, sings, and plays;
Tell him his livery's rich, his chariot's fine,
How choice his meat, and delicate his wine;

* That is, "be admitted a member of The Beef-steak Club."—Richard Estcourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as possessed of a sprightly wit, and an easy and natural politeness. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-steak Club was first instituted, he had the office of of Providence assigned him; and, as a mark of distinction, used to wear a small gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green silk ribband. He died in the year 1713.

Surrounded thus, how should the youth descry
The happiness of friendship from a lie?
Friends act with cautious temper when sincere;
But flattering impudence is void of care:
So at an Irish funeral appears
A train of drabs with mercenary tears;
Who, wringing oft their hands, with hideous moan,
Know not his name for whom they seem to groan;
While real grief with silent steps proceeds,
And love unfeign'd with inward passion bleeds.
Hard fate of wealth! Were lords as butchers wife,
They from their meat would banish all the flies!
The Persian kings, with wine and maffy bowl,
Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul;
That, so laid open, no one might pretend,
Unless a man of worth, to be their friend.
But now the guests their patrons undermine;
And slander them, for giving them their wine.
Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
Unless by these instructions they'll be taught,
They spread the net, and will themselves be }
caught.

Were Horace, that great master, now alive,
A feast with wit and judgment he'd contrive.
As thus — Supposing that you would rehearse
A labour'd work, and every dish a verse;
He'd say, "Mend this, and t'other line, and this."
If after trial it were still amiss,
He'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
Or set some dish more curious in its place.
If you persist, he would not strive to move
A passion so delightful as self-love.

We should submit our treats to critics' view,
And every prudent cook should read Bosſu.
Judgment provides the meat in season fit,
Which by the genius dress'd, its sauce is wit.
Good beef for men. Pudding for youth and age,
Come up to the decorum of the stage.
The critic strikes out all that is not just,
And 'tis ev'n so the butler chips his crust.
Poets and pastry-cooks will be the same,
Since both of them their images must frame.
Chimæras from the poet's fancies flow:
The cook contrives his shapes in real dough.

When truth commands, there's no man can
offend,
That with a modest love corrects his friend,
Though 'tis in toasting bread, or buttering pease,
So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease.
But why should we reprove when faults are small?
Because 'tis better to have none at all.
There's often weight in things that seem the least,
And our most trifling follies raise the jest.

'Tis by his cleanliness a cook must please;
A kitchen will admit of no disease.
The fowler and the huntsman both may run
Amidst that dirt which he must nicely shun.
Empedocles, a sage of old, would raise
A name immortal by unusual ways;
At last his fancies grew so very odd,
He thought by *roasting* to be made a god.
Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldy stuff
In *Ætna's* flames, so to have fire enough.
Were my cook fat, and I a slander-by,
I'd rather than himself his fish should fry.

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There are some persons so excessive rude,
That to your private table they'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast;
Turn like a fox, they'll catch you at the last.
You must, since bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your house as in a pestilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,
And, as you're scampering, stop you in your coach,
Then think of all your sins, and you will see
How right your guilt and punishment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw some debtor into goal.
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curse,
You are detain'd by something that is worse.

Were it in my election, I should choose,
To meet a revenous wolf or bear got loose.
He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
No quarter from the parasite you'll get;
But, like a leech well fix'd, he'll suck what's good,
And never part till satisfied with blood.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. —

DEAR SIR,
I MUST communicate my happiness to you, because you are so much my friend as to rejoice at it. I some days ago met with an old acquaintance, a curious person, of whom I enquired if he had seen the book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very slight view of it, the person who was master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a rarity out of his closet. I desired him to give me what account he could of it. He says, that it is a very handsome octavo; for, ever since the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an author strangely; that there is a copious index; and at the end a catalogue of all the doctor's works, concerning cockles, English beetles, snails, spiders that get up into the air and throw us down cobwebs, a monster vomited up by a baker, and such like; which, if carefully perused, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it seems, no manuscript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; so that this impression is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my friend says, he does not believe contrived it himself, because the things are so very much out of the way, that it is not probable any learned man would set himself seriously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the editor "That, whatever manuscripts there might have been, they must have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being written out by the cooks themselves, or some of their friends or servants, who are not always the most accurate." And then, as my friend observed, if the cook had used it much, it might be sullied; the cook, perhaps, not always licking his fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no improvident matter for the state to order a select

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scrivener to transcribe receipts, lest ignorant women and housekeepers should impose upon future ages by ill-spelt and uncorrect receipts for potting of lobsters, or pickling of turkeys. Cælius Apicius, it seems, passes for the author of this treatise; whose science, learning, and discipline, were extremely contemned, and almost abhorred, by Seneca and the stoics, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and so lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to physic, to which a learned author, called Donatus, says, that "the kitchen is a handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every respect come up to the ancients, that, by a very good author, an old gentleman is introduced as making use of three doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent physicians; and, if kept at a constant pension, their fees will not be very costly.

It seems, as my friend has learned, there were two persons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the republic, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs that related to eating," and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of amulets and pancakes. Nor were emperors less contributors to so great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius, Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whose imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts, the last of which emperors had the peculiar glory of first making sausages of shrimps, crabs, oysters, sprawns, and lobsters. And these sausages being mentioned by the author which the editor publishes, from that and many other arguments the learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the book, as now printed could not be transcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, austere, and solid virtue. And, it seems, under his administration, a person that found out a new soup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding out a new Continent. My friend says, the editor tells us of unheard-of dainties; how "Æsopus had a supper of the tongues of birds that could speak;" and that "his daughter regaled on pearls," though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how "Hortensius left ten thousand pipes of wine in his cellar, for his heir's drinking;" how "Vedius Pollio fed his fish-ponds with man's flesh;" and how "Cæsar bought six thousand weight of lampreys for his triumphal supper." He says, the editor proves equally to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the dinners of the emperors were ordered by their physicians; and that the *recipe* was taken by the cook, as the collegiate doctors would do their bills, to a modern apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the Western Empire; and that they, by use, exercise, and

necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of cheese and venison without those additional sauces, which the physicians of old found out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by an excess of luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus's book of *Endive*, Glaucus Lorrensis of *Cow-beel*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dionysius of *Sugar sops*, Agis of *Pickled broom-buds*, Epinctus of *Sack-poffet*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dumplings*, Hegisippus of *Black-pudding*, Crito of *Soruced Mackarel*, Stephanus of *Lemon-cream*, Archites of *Hog's Harshet*, Acestius of *Quince-marmalade*, Nickefius of *Potted Pigeons*, Diocles of *Sweet Breads*, and Philistion of *Oat cakes*, and several other such authors, the great Humelbergius composed his annotations upon Apicius; whose receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and lost, were preserved in the utmost parts of Transylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious editor. Latinus Latinus finds fault with several dishes of Apicius, and is pleased to say they are nauseous; but our editor defends that great person, by shewing the difference of our customs; how Plutarch says, "the ancients used no pepper," whereas all, or at least five or six hundred, of Apicius's delicacies were seasoned with it. For we may as well admire that some West Indians should abstain from salt, as that we should be able to bear the bitterness of hops in our common drink: and therefore we should not be averse to rue, cummin, parsley-seed, marsh-mallows, or nettles, with our common meat; or to have pepper, honey, salt, vinegar, raisins, mustard, and oil, rue, mastic, and cardamums, strown promiscuously over our dinner when it comes to table. My friend tells me of some short observations he made out of the annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in some things he may mistake, because it is not wilfully, as, that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of custard: that the "*tetrapharmacum*, a dish much admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexander Severus, was made of pheasant, peacock, a wild sow's hock and udder, with a bread pudding over it; and that the name and reason of so odd a dish are to be sought for among the physicians."

The work is divided into ten books; of which the first treats of soups and pickles, and amongst other things shews that sauce pans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian used a glass of bitter in a morning; that the ancients scalded their wine; and that burnt claret, as now practised, with spice and sugar, is pernicious; that the adulteration of wine was as ancient as Cato; that *Brawn* was a Roman dish, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its sauce then was mustard and honey, before the frequent use of sugar: nor were sowced hogs-feet, cheeks, and ears, unknown to those ages. It is very probable, they were not so superstitious as to have so great a delicate only at Christmas. It were worth a dissertation between two learned persons, so it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or

whether Cæsar introduced it into Britain: and it is strange he should take no notice of it; where as he has recorded that they did not eat hare's flesh; that the ancients used to *marinate* their fish, by frying them in oil, and, the moment they were taken out, pouring boiling vinegar upon them. The learned annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the liquor in oysters, is, by laying the deep shell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed oysters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, since made use of at Colchester with most admirable success! What estates might Brawn or Locket have got in these days, when Apicius, only for broiling sprouts after a new fashion, deservedly came into the good graces of Drusus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The first book having treated of sauces or standing pickles for relish, which are used in most of the succeeding receipts; the second has a glorious subject, of sausages, both with skins and without, which contains matters no less remarkable than the former. The ancients that were delicate in their eating, prepared their own mushrooms with an amber, or at least a silver knife; where the annotator shews elegantly, against Hardouinus, that the whole knife, and not only the handle, was of amber, or silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are outdone by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The third book is of such edibles as are produced in gardens. The Romans used *nitre*, to make their herbs look green; the annotator shews our saltpetre at present to differ from the ancient *nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them first with oil and salt, and so boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the present receipt is, To let the water boil well; throw in salt and a bit of hutter; and so not only sprouts, but spinage, will be green. There is a most extraordinary observation of the editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that walnut trees, like Russian wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and stones are used by boys and others to get the fruit down, the walnut tree being so very high they could not otherwise reach it, rather out of kindness to themselves, than any regard to the tree that bears it. As for asparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a hundred of them weighed thirty; that cucumbers are apt to rise in the stomach, unless pared, or boiled with oil, vinegar, and honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule for them to have always boiled cabbage for their first dish at supper; that the best way to roast onions is in colewort leaves, for fear of burning them; that beets are good for smiths, because they, working at the fire are generally costive; that

Petronius has recorded a little old woman, who sold the *agreste olus* of the ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to those who in our days cry nettle tops, elder-buds, and cliver, in spring-time very wholesome.

The fourth book contains the universal art of cookery. As Mathæus Sylvaticus composed the Pandects of Physic, and Justinian those of Law; so Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this book which bears that inscription. The first chapter contains the admirable receipt of a *salacacaby* of Apicius. Bruise in a mortar parsley-seed, dried pennyroyal, dried mint, ginger, green coriander, raisins stoned, honey, vinegar, oil, and wine; put them into a *cacabulum*; three crusts of pycentine bread, the flesh of a pullet, goat-stones, vestine cheese, pine kernels, cucumbers, dried onions minced small; pour a soup over it, garnish it with snow, and send it up in the *cacabulum*. This *cacabulum* being an unusual vessel, my friend went to his dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the whimsicalness of the composition, and the fantasticalness of snow for its garniture, that the properest vessel for a physician to prescribe, to send to table upon that occasion, might be a bed-pan. There are some admirable remarks and annotations to the second chapter, concerning the dialogue of Asellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between mushrooms, *chats*, or *beccofficos*, oysters, and redwings; a work that ought to be published: for the same annotator observes, that this island is not destitute of redwings, though coming to us only in the hardest weather, and therefore seldom brought fat to our tables; that the *chats* come to us in April, and breed, and about autumn return to Afric; that experience shews us they may be kept in cages, fed with beef or wedder mutton, figs, grapes, and minced filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of such as would preserve our British dishes; the first delighting in hodge-podge, gallimaufreys, forced meats, jussels, and salmagundies; the latter in spear-ribs, surloins, chines, and barons; and thence our terms of art, both as to dressing and carving, become very different; for they, lying upon a sort of couch, could not have carved those dishes which our ancestors when they sat upon forms used to do. But, since the use of cushions and elbow-chairs, and the editions of good books and authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them: For indeed hitherto we have been something to blame; and I believe few of us have seen a dish of capon-stones at table (lamb-stones is acknowledged by the learned annotator that we have); for the art of making capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning off their spurs; which, occasioning their sterility, makes them capons in effect, though those parts thereby became more large and tender.

The fifth book is of pease-porridge; under which are included, frumetary, water-gruel, milk-porridge, rice-milk, flumary, stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *Au-*

sprios; but my friend was pleased to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a name used by Rabelais, an eminent physician. There are some very remarkable things in it; as, the emperor Julianus had seldom any thing but spoon-meat at supper: that the herb fenugreek, with pickles, oil, and wine, was a Roman dainty; upon which the annotator observes, that it is not used in our kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterness that it has; and that it is plainly a physical diet, that will give a stool; and that, mixed with oats, it is the best purge for horses: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be lost; for what the Lord did not eat, he might send to his stable!

The sixth book treats of wild-fowl; how to dress ostridges (the biggest, grossest, and most difficult of digestion, of any bird), phoenixes, parrots, &c.

The seventh book treats of things *sumptuous* and *costly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *bog-meat*; in which the Romans came to that excess, that the laws forbade the usage of hogs-harlet, sweet-breads, cheeks, &c. at their public suppers; and Cato, when censor, sought to restrain the extravagant use of Brawn, by several of his orations. So much regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we see it took place in the thoughts of the wisest men, and bore a part in their most important councils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our present age is such, that I believe few besides the annotator know the excellency of a virgin sow, especially of the *black* kind brought from China; and how to make the most of her liver, lights, brains, and pettitoes; and to vary her into those fifty dishes which Pliny says were usually made of that delicious creature. Besides, Galen tells us more of its excellencies: "That fellow " that eats bacon for two or three days before he " is to box or wrestle, shall be much stronger " than if he should eat the best roast beef or bag " pudding in the parish."

The eighth book treats of such dainties as *four-footed* beasts afford us; as, 1. the *wild boar*, which they used to boil with all its bristles on. 2. The *deer*, dressed with broth made with pepper, wine, honey, oil, and stewed damsons, &c. 3. The *wild sheep*, of which there are "innumerable in " the mountains of Yorkshire and Westmorland, " that will let nobody handle them;" but, if they are caught, they are to be sent up with an " elegant sauce, prescribed after a physical manner, " in form of an electuary, made of pepper, rue, " parsley-seed, juniper, thyme dried, mint, penny- " royal, honey, &c." with which any apothecary in that country can furnish you. 4. *Beef*, with onion sauce, and commended by Celsus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, because the Greeks scarce knew how to *make oxen*, and *porc-ordering tubs* were in very few families: for physicians have been very peculiar in their diet in all ages; otherwise Galen would scarce have found out that young foxes were in season in autumn. 5. The *sucking pig* boiled in paper. 6. The *bare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties*; its blood being

the sweetest of any animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the emperor and nobility had parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had sent him one, or a pig, he would make it last him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which must have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite animal was reserved for the last chapter; and that was the *dormouse*, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from cooks and physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for those poor creatures; some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *bogs-guts*, and so boiled for fau-fages. In ancient times, people made it their business to fatten them. Aristotle rightly observes, that sleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us, that sleep was their only nourishment. But the annotator has cleared that point: he, good man, has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds that it does not sleep all the winter, as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast then rolls itself up in a ball to sleep. This dormouse, according to the author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other dormice do so, I cannot tell, because Bamboufelbergius's Treatise " of " Fattening Dormice" is lost. Though very costly, they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd receipt for dressing them, and serving them up with poppies and honey; which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as owl-pye to such as want a nap after dinner. The fondness of the Romans came to be so excessive towards them, that, as Pliny says, " the censorian laws, and " Marcus Scaurus in his consulship, got them " prohibited from public entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their subjects in so reasonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewise, that "*scales* were brought to table in " those ages, to weigh curious fishes, birds, and " dormice," to see whether they were at the standard of excellence and perfection, and sometimes, I suppose, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The annotator takes hold of this occasion, to shew " of how great use scales would " be at the tables of our nobility," especially upon the bringing up of a dish of wild-fowl: " For, " if twelve larks (says he) should weigh below " twelve ounces, they would be very lean, and " scarce tolerable; if twelve, and down weight, " they would be very well; but, if thirteen, they " would be fat to perfection." We see upon how nice and exact a balance the happiness of eating depends!

I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse, at such exactness and such dainties; and told my friend, that those scales would be of extraordinary use at Dunstable; and that, if the annotator had

not prescribed his dormouse, I should upon the first occasion be glad to visit it, if I knew its visiting days and hours, so as not to disturb it.

My friend said, there remained but two books more, one of sea, and the other of river fish; in the account of which he would not be long, seeing his memory began to fail him almost as much as my patience.

" 'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
" And gently sink the artist into sleep";

especially when treating of dormice.

The ninth book is concerning sea fish; where, amongst other learned annotations, is recorded that famous voyage of Apicius, who, having spent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were lobsters of a vast and unusual bigness in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on shipboard the same day; and, having suffered much at sea, came at last to the coast. But the fame of so great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the fishermen sailed out to meet him, and presented him with their fairest lobsters. He asked, if they had no larger. They answered, "Their sea produced nothing more excellent than what they had brought." This honest freedom of theirs, with his disappointment, so disgusted him, that he took pet, and bade the master return home again immediately: and so, it seems, Africa lost the breed of one monster more than it had before†. There are many receipts in the book, to dress cramp-fish, that numb the hands of those that touch them; the cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the pourcontrol, or many-feet; the sea-urchin, or hedge-hog; with several others, whose sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us moderns, the ancients often ate their oysters alive, and spread hard eggs minced over their sprats as we do now over our salt-fish. There is one thing very curious concerning herrings: It seems, the ancients were very fantastical, in making one thing pass for another; so, at Petronius's supper, the cook sent up a fat goose, fish, and wild-fowl of all sorts to appearance, but still all were made out of the several parts of one single porker. The great Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his cook: the king was extremely affected with fresh herrings; (as indeed who is not?) but, being far up in Asia from the sea-coast, his whole wealth could not have purchased one; but his cook contrived some sort of meat, which, put into a frame, so resembled a herring, that it was extremely satisfactory both to this prince's eyes and *gusto*. My friend told me, that, to the honour of the city of London, he had seen a thing of this nature there; that is, a herring, or rather a talmogundy, with the head and tail so neatly laid, that it surprized him. He says, many of the *species* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as

giving an excellent relish to Burton ale, and not costing above sixpence, an inconsiderable price for so imperial a dainty!

The tenth book, as my friend tells me, is concerning *fish sauces*, which consist of variety of ingredients, amongst which is generally a kind of frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any person who would boil fish exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at present is said to be a Dutch receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It seems, Seneca the philosopher (a man from whose morose temper little good in the art of cookery could be expected), in his third book of Natural Questions, correcting the luxury of the times, says, the Romans were come to that daintiness, that they would not eat a fish unless upon the same day it was taken, "that it might taste of the sea," as they expressed it; and therefore had them brought by persons who rode post, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an usual expression for a Roman to say, "In other matters I may confide in you; but in a thing of this weight, it is not consistent with my gravity and prudence. I will trust nothing but my own eyes. Bring the fish hither, let me see him breathe his last." And, when the poor fish was brought to table swimming and gasping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying mullet!" My friend says, the annotator looks upon these "as jests made by the stoics, and spoken absurdly and beyond nature;" though the annotator at the same time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the fishermen should not wash their fish, but bring them as they came out of the sea. Happy were the Athenians in good laws, and the Romans in great examples! But I believe our Britons need wish their friends no longer life, than till they see London served with live herrings and gasping mackerel. It is true, we are not quite so barbarous but that we throw our crabs alive into scalding water, and tie our lobsters to the spit to hear them squeak when they are roasted; our eels use the same peristaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their skin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occasion to the admirable remark of some persons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My friend said, that the mention of eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the annotator, "That they who amongst the Sybarites would fish for eels, or sell them, should be free from all taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I shortly intend a history, shewing how they deservedly banished cocks for waking them in a morning, and smiths for being useful; how one cried out because one of the rose-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their horses to dance; and so their enemies, coming against them with *guitars* and *harpsichords*, set them so upon their *round-o's* and *minuets*, that the form of their battle

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* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

† Lord Lyttelton's Nineteenth "Dialogue of the Dead" (perhaps the most humorous in that admirable collection) seems to have been entirely founded on the hints suggested by Dr. King.

THE ART OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE DE ARTE AMANDI.

TO THE

LORD HERBERT*,

Eldest Son of his Excellency the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Caerdiff, Rofs of Kendal, Parr, Fitzhugh Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shutland, Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

My Lord,

THE following lines are written on a subject that will naturally be protected by the goodness and temper of your lordship: for, as the advantages of your mind and person must kindle the flames of love in the coldest breast; so you are of an age most susceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all those accomplishments at home, which others are forced to seek abroad; and have given the world assurance, by such beginnings, that you will soon be qualified to fill the highest offices of

the crown with the same universal applause that has constantly attended your illustrious father in the discharge of them. For the good of your posterity, may you ever be happy in the choice of what you love! And though these rules will be of small use to you that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them to your service, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your Lordship; and that I am most entirely

Your Lordship's

Most faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

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* Henry Lord Herbert succeeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1742.

P R E F A C E.

It is endeavoured, in the following poems, to give the readers of both sexes some ideas of the art of love; such a love as is innocent and virtuous, and whose desires terminate in present happiness and that of posterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the ancients, amongst whom none has touched that passion more tenderly and justly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the mastership in that art; and therefore, in the fourth book *De Tristibus*, when he would give some account of himself to future ages, he calls himself "*Tenerorum Lufor Amorum*," as if he gloried principally in the descriptions he had made of that passion.

The present imitation of him is at least such a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "to be an endeavour of a later poet to write like one who has written before him on the same subject; that is, not to translate his words, or be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age and in our country. But he dares not say that Sir John Denham, or Mr. Cowley, have carried this libertine way, as the latter calls it, so far as this definition reaches." But, alas! the present imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote upon lasting foundations; but the present subject being love, it would be unreasonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the passion and grounds of it will continue the same through all ages; yet there will be many little modes, fashions, and graces, ways of complaisance and address, entertainments and diversions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and persons will write, and the ancients have so great a fund of learning; whom can the moderns take better to copy than such originals? It is most likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thousand to one but their imitation is better than any clumsy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing, has as much reason to understand the true scope, genius, and force of the expressions of his author, as a li-

teral translator: and, after all, he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and, if there is any thing that may seem pardonable, the *Latiu** at the bottom shews to whom he is engaged for it. An imitator and his author stand much upon the same terms as Ben does with his father in the comedy†:

"What thof he be my father, I an't bound prentice to 'em."

There were many reasons why the imitator transposed several verses of Ovid, and has divided the whole into fourteen parts, rather than keep it in three books. These may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the rest, some were, that matters of the same subject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthensome; and therefore (if small matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his "*Georgics*," so here most of the parts end with some remarkable fable, which carries with it some moral: yet, if any persons please to take the six first parts as the first book, and divide the eight last, they may make three books of them again. There have by chance some twenty lines crept into the poem out of the "*Remedy of Love*," which (as inanimate things are generally the most wayward and provoking) since they would stay, have been suffered to stand there. But as for the love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be prescribed for it, but the speedy obtaining of what it desires. Should the imitator's style seem not to be sufficiently restrained, should he not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be considered, that perhaps even in that he desired to imitate his author, and would not peruse them; lest, as some of Ovid's works were, so these might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the reader to do, if he pleases, when he has bought them.

* In the first editions of the "*Art of Cookery*," and of the "*Art of Love*," Dr. King printed the original under the respective pages of his translations.

† Love for Love.

THE ART OF LOVE.

PART I.

Whoever knows not what it is to love,
 Let him but read these verses, and improve.
 Swift ships are rul'd by art, and oars, and sails :
 Skill guides our chariots; Wit o'er Love prevails.
 Automedon with reins let loose could fly;
 Tiphys with Argo's ship cut waves and sky.
 In love affairs I'm charioteer of Truth,
 And surest pilot to incautious youth.
 Love's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy;
 But then consider he is but a boy.
 Chiron with pleasing harp Achilles tam'd,
 And his rough manners with soft music fram'd :
 Though he'd in council storm, in battle rage,
 He bore a secret reverence for age.
 Chiron's command with strict obedience ties
 The finewy arm by which brave Hector dies :
 That was *his* task, but fiercer love is mine :
 They both are boys, and sprung from race divine.
 The stiff-neck'd bull does to the yoke submit,
 And the most fiery courser champs the bit.
 So Love shall yield. I own, I've been his slave;
 But conquer'd where my enemy was brave;
 And now he darts his flames without a wound,
 And all his whistling arrows die in sound.
 Nor will I raise my fame by hidden art;
 In what I teach, sound reason shall have part :
 For Nature's passion cannot be destroy'd,
 But moves in Virtue's path when well employ'd.
 Yet still 'twill be convenient to remove
 The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
 May infant Chastity, grave matron's pride,
 A parent's wish, and blushes of a bride,
 Protect this work; so guard it, that no rhyme
 In syllable or thought may vent a crime!
 The soldier, that Love's armour would defy,
 Will find his greatest courage is to fly :
 When Beauty's amorous glances parley beat,
 The only conquest then is to retreat :
 But, if the treacherous Fair pretend to yield,
 'Tis present death, unless you quit the field.
 Whilst youth and vanity would make you range,
 Think on some beauty may prevent your change :
 But such by falling skies are never caught;
 No happiness is found but what is fought.
 The huntsman learns where does trip o'er the
 lawn,
 And where the foaming boar secures his brawn.
 The fowler's low-bell robs the lark of sleep;
 And they who hope for fish must search the deep :

And he, that fuel seeks for chaste desire,
 Must search where Virtue may that flame inspire.
 To foreign parts there is no need to roam :
 The blessing may be met with nearer home.
 From India some, others from neighbouring
 France,

Bring tawny skins, and puppets that can dance.
 The seat of British empire does contain
 Beauties that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
 As fruitful fields with plenty bless the sight,
 And as the milky way adorns the night;
 So *that* does with those graceful nymphs abound,
 Whose dove-like softness is with roses crown'd.
 There tenderest blooms inviting softness spread,
 Whilst by their smallest twine the captive's led.
 There youth advanc'd in majesty does shine,
 Fit to be mother to a race divine.

No age in matrons, no decay appears;
 By prudence only there you guess at years.

Sometimes you'll see these beauties seek the
 By lofty trees in royal gardens made; [shade,
 Or at St. James's, where a noble care
 Makes all things pleasing like himself appear;
 Or Kensington, sweet air and blest retreat
 Of him, that owns a sovereign, though most great*.

Sometimes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
 They view the noble stag and tripping fawn.
 On Hyde-park's circles if you chance to gaze,
 The lights revolving strike you with amaze.

To Bath and Tunbridge they sometimes retreat,
 With waters to dispel the parching heat :

But youth with reason there may oft admire
 That which may raise in him a nobler fire;
 Till the kind Fair relieves what he endures,
 Caus'd at that water which all others cures.

Sometimes at marriage-rites you may espy
 Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
 Where to blest music they in dances move,
 With innocence and grace commanding love.
 But yearly when that solemn night returns,
 When grateful incense on the altar burns,
 For closing the most glorious day e'er seen,
 That first gave light to happy Britain's queen ;

* George Prince of Denmark, consort to the Queen, greatly admired these fine gardens. They were purchased by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch, were enlarged by Queen Mary, and improved by Queen Anne, who was so pleased with the place, that she frequently supped during the summer in the green-house. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their present size, three miles and a half in compass.

Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of nymphs ador'd, and goddesses of old,
Equal those beauties who that circle frame;
A subject fit for never-dying fame; [thrown,
Whose gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them
Yet still can add no lustre to their own.

But when their queen does to the senate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the shew,
Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cause;
Lest the submissive part should fall to you,
And they who suppliants help be forc'd to sue.
Then may their yielding hearts compassion take,
And grant your wishes, for your country's sake:
Ease to their beauties' wounds may goodness give;
And, since you make all happy, let you live.

Sometimes these beauties on Newmarket plains,
Ruling their gentle pads with filken reins,
Behold the conflicts of the generous steeds,
Sprung from true blood, and well-attested breeds.
There youth may justly with discerning eye
Through riding Amazonian habit spy
That which his swiftest courser cannot fly.

It is no treacherous or base piece of art,
T' approve the side with which the Fair takes part:
For equal passion equal minds will strike,
Either in commendation or dislike:

For, when two fencers ready stand to fight,
And we're spectators of the bloody fight,
Our nimble passion Love has soon design'd
The man to whom we must and will be kind.
We think the other is not fit to win:
This is our conqueror ere fight begin.

If danger dares approach him, how we start!
Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
He takes the wounds, but we endure the smart.

And Nature by such instances does prove,
That we fear most for that which most we love.
Therefore, if chance should make her saddle slide,
Or any thing should slip, or be untied,
Oh, think it not a too officious care
With eagerness to run and help the Fair.
We offer small things to the powers above:
'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.

So when Eliza, whose propitious days
Revolving Heaven does seem again to raise,
Whose ruling genius shew'd a master-stroke
In every thing she did, and all she spoke,
Was stepping o'er a passage, which the rain
Had fill'd, and seem'd as stepping back again,
Young Raleigh scorn'd to see his queen retreat,
And threw his velvet cloak beneath her feet.
The queen approv'd the thought, and made him
great.

Mark when the queen her thanks divine would
Midst acclamations, that she *long may live*; [give
To whom kind Heaven the blessing has bestow'd,
To let her arms succeed for Europe's good;
No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns,
Nor are the captives dragg'd with ponderous
chains;

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his rise at court.

But all declare the British subjects' ease,
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace,
Then, whilst the pomp of majesty proceeds
With stately steps, and eight well-chosen steeds,
From every palace beauties may be seen,
That will acknowledge none but her for Queen.
Then, if kind chance a lovely maid has thrown
Next to a youth with graces like her own,
Much she would learn, and many questions ask:
The answers are the lover's pleasing task.

"Is that the *man* who made the French to fly?"

"What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?"

"Where was't that he with sword victorious
"stood, [flood?"

"And made their trembling squadrons choose the

"What is the *gold* adorns this royal state?"

"Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?"

"Don't it require a most prodigious care

"To manage treasures in the height of war?"

"Must he not be of calmest truth posselt,

"Presides o'er councils of the royal breast?"

"Sea-fights are surely dismal scenes of war!"

"Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?"

"Has not the emperor got some envoy here?"

"Won't Danish, Swedish, Prussian lords ap-
"pear?"

"Who represents the line of Hanover?"

"Don't the States General assist them all?"

"Should we not be in danger, if they fall?"

"If Savoy's duke and prince Eugene could meet

"In this solemnity, 'twould be complete.

"Think you that Barcelona could have stood

"Without the hazard of our noblest blood?"

"At Ramilies what ensigns did you get?"

"Did many towns in Flanders then submit?"

"Was it the conqueror's business to destroy,

"Or was he met by all of them with joy?"

"Oh, could my wish but fame eternal give,

"The laurel on those brows should ever live!"

The British worth in nothing need despair,
When it has such assistance from the Fair.

As Virtue merits, it expects regard;

And Valour flies, where Beauty's the reward.

PART II.

In love affairs the theatre has part,
That wise and most instructing scene of art,
Where Vice is punish'd with a just reward,
And Virtue meets with suitable regard;
Where mutual Love and Friendship find return,
But treacherous Insolence is hiss'd with scorn,
And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn.
This without blushes whilst a virgin sees,
Upon some brave spectator Love may seize,
Who, till *she* sends it, never can have ease.

As things that were the best at first,

By their corruption grow the worst;

The modern stage takes liberties

Unseen by our forefathers' eyes.

As bees from hive, from mole-hill ants;

So swarm the females and gallants,

All crowding to the comedy,
For to be seen, and not to see.
But, though these females are to blame,
Yet still they have some native shame:
They all are silent till they're ask'd,
And ev'n their impudence is mask'd:
For Nature would be modest still,
And there's reluctancy in will.

Sporting and plays had harmless been,
And might by any one be seen,
Till Romulus began to spoil them,
Who kept a palace, call'd Asylum;
Where bastards, pimps, and thieves, and pan-

dars,
Were list'd all to be commanders.
But then the rascals were so poor,
They could not change a rogue for whore;
And neighbouring jades resolv'd to tarry,
Rather than with such scrubs they'd marry.
But, for to cheat them, and be wiv'd,
They knavishly a farce contriv'd.
No gilded pillars there were seen,
Nor was the cloth they trod on green.

No ghosts came from the cellar crying,
Nor angels from the garret flying.
The house was made of sticks and bushes,
And all the floor was strew'd with rushes:
The seats were rais'd with turf and fods,
Whence heroes might be view'd, and gods.
Paris and Helen was the play,
And how both of them ran away.

Romulus bade his varlets go
Invite the Sabines to his shew.

Unto this opera no rate is:
They all were free to come in *gratis*:
And they, as girls will seldom miss
A merry meeting, came to this.
There was much wishing, sighing, thinking,
Not without whispering, and winking.

Their pipes had then no shaking touch:
Their song and dance were like the Dutch:
The whole performance was by men,
Because they had no eunuchs then.

But, whilst the music briskly play'd,
Romulus at his cue display'd
The sign for each man to his maid.

"Huzza!" they cry; then seize: some trem-
ble

In real fact, though most dissemble.
Some are attempting an escape,
And others softly cry, "A rape!"
While some bawl out, "That they had rather
"Than twenty pound lose an old father."

Some look extremely pale, and others red,
Some wish they'd ne'er been born, or now
were dead,
And others fairly wish themselves a-bed.

Some rant, tear, run; whilst some sit still,
To shew they're ravish'd much against their will.

Thus Rome began; and now at last,
After so many ages past,
Their rapes and lewdness without shame;
Their vice and villainy's the same,

Ill be their fate who would corrupt the stage,
And spoil the true corrector of the age!

PART III.

Now learn those arts which teach you to obtain
Those beauties which you see divinely reign.

Though they by nature are transcendent bright,
And would be seen ev'n through the gloom of
night;

Yet they their greatest lustre still display,
In the meridian pitch of calmest day.
'Tis then we purple view, and costly gem,
And with more admiration gaze on them.
Faults seek the dark; they who by moon-light woo,
May find their fair-one as inconstant too.

When modesty supported is by truth,
There is a boldness that becomes your youth.
In gentle sounds disclose a lover's care,
'Tis better than your sighing and despair.
Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The hare grown bold may face the dogs again,
When beauty don't in virtue's arms rejoice,
Since harmony in love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd impudence sometimes will try
At things which justice cannot but deny.
Then, what that says is insolence and pride,
Is prudence, with firm honour for its guide.

The lady's counsels often are betray'd
By trusting secrets to a servile maid,
The whole intrigues of whose insidious brain
Are base, and only terminate in gain.
Let them take care of too diffusive mirth;
Suspicious thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Simon's craft it had not been destroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean songs, and free discourse,
With sly insinuations, may prove worse
To tender females than the Trojan horse.

Take care how you from virtue stray;
For scandal follows the same way,
And more than truth it will devise.
Old poets did delight in lies,
Which modern ones now call *surprise*.
Some say that Myrrha lov'd her father,
That Byblis lik'd her brother rather.
And in such tales old Greece did glory:
Amongst the which, pray take this story.

Crete was an isle, whose fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,
And there upon Mount Ida stood
A venerable spacious wood,
Within whose centre was a grove
Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:
In vales below a bull was fed,
Whom all the king obey'd as head;
Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
But all the rest of him was driven snow.

(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
At the same time one Justice Minos,
That liv'd hard by, was married lately;
And, that his bride might show more stately,
When through her pedigree he run,
Found she was daughter to the Sun.
Her name Pasiphaë was high,
And, as her father, she was bright.

This lady took up an odd fancy,
That with this bull she fain would dance ye.
Shew'd mow him grafs, and cut him boughs,
On which his stateliness might browse.

Whilst thus she hedges breaks and climbs,
Sure Minos must have happy times!

She never car'd for going fine,
She'd rather trudge among the kine.

Then at her toilet she would say,

"Methinks I look *bizarre* to day.

"Sure my glafs lies, I'm not so fair:

"Oh, were this face o'ergrown with hair!

"I never was for top knots born;

"My favourites should each be horn.

"But now I'm liker to a fow,

"Than, what I wish to be, a cow—

"What would I give that I could lough!

"My bull-y cares for none of those

"That are afraid to spoil their clothes:

"Did he but love me, he'd not fail

"To take me with my draggle tail."

Then tears would fall, and then she'd run,
As would the devil upon Dun.

When she some handsome cow did spy,
She'd scan her form with jealous eye;

Say, "How she frisks it o'er the plain,

"Runs on, and then turns back again!

"She seems a bear resolv'd to prance,

"Or a she-ass that tries to dance.

"In vain she thinks herself so fine:

"She can't please bull-y; for his mine.

"But 'tis revenge alone assuages

"My envy when the passion rages.

"Here, rascal, quickly yoke that cow,

"And see the shrivel'd carrion plough.

"But second counsel's best: she dies:

"I'll make immediate sacrifice,

"And with the victim feast my eyes.

" 'Tis thus my rivals I'll remove

"Who interpose 'twixt me and what I love.

"So in Egypt's worship'd now,

"Since Jove transform'd her to a cow.

" 'Twas on a bull Europa came

"To that blest land which bears her name.

"Who knows what fate's ordain'd for me

"The languishing Pasiphae, I

"Had I a bull as kind as she!"

When madness rages with unusual fire,

'Tis not in Nature's power to quench desire;

Then vice transforms man's reason into beast,

And so the monster's made the poet's jest.

PART IV.

LET youth avoid the noxious heat of wine:

Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill design.

The grape, when scatter'd on the wings of love,

So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move.

The boy, who otherwise would fleeting stray,

Reels, trembles, lies, and is enforc'd to stay.

Then courage rises, when the spirit's fir'd,

And rages to possess the thing desir'd:

Care vanishes through the exalted blood,

And sorrow passes in the purple flood;

Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a soul,
Whose thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.

Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart

Plain simple truth from a dissembling heart.

Then to some wanton passion he must run,

Which his discreeter hours would gladly shun;

Where he the time in thoughtless ease may pass;

And write his *billet-doux* upon the glafs;

Whilst sinking eyes with languishment profess

Follies his tongue refuses to confess.

Then his good-nature will take t' other sup,

If she'll first kiss, that he may kiss the cup.

Then something nice and costly he could eat,

Supposing still that she will carve the meat.

But, if a brother or a husband's by,

Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a spy,

He thinks it not below him to pretend

The open heartedness of a true friend;

Gives him respect surpassing his degree:

The person that is meant by all is *she*.

'Tis thought the safest way to hide a passion,

And therefore call'd the friendship now in fashion.

By secret signs and enigmatic stealth,

She is the toast belongs to every health:

And all the lover's business is to keep

His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from sleep:

He'll laugh ye, dance ye, sing ye, vault, look
gay,

And ruffle all the ladies in his play.

But still the gentleman's extremely fine;

There's nothing apish in him but the wine.

Many a mortal has been bit

By marrying in a drunken fit.

To lay the matter plain before ye,

Pray hearken whilst I tell my story.

It happen'd about break of day

Gnossis a girl had lost her way,

And wander'd up and down the Strand,

Whereabouts now York Buildings stand:

And half awak'd she roar'd as bad

As if she really had been mad;

Unlac'd her bodlice, and her gown

And petticoats hung dangling down:

Her shoes were flipt, her ancles bare,

And all around her flew her yellow hair.

Oh, cruel Theseus! can you go,

And leave your little Gnossis so?

You in your scull' did promise carriage,

And gave me proofs of future marriage;

But then last night away did creep,

And basely left me fast asleep.

Then she is falling in a fit:

But don't grow uglier one bit.

The flood of tears rather supplies

The native rheum about her eyes.

The bobbies then are beat again:

Women in passion feel no pain.

What will become of me? oh, what

Will come of me! oh, tell me that!

Bacco was drawer at the Sun,

And had his belly like his tun:

For blubber-lips and cheeks all bloated,

And frizzled pate, the youth was noted,

He, as his custom was, got drunk,

And then went strolling for a punk.

Six links and lanterns, 'cause 'twas dark yet,
 He press'd from Covent-Garden market :
 Then his next captives were the waits,
 Who play'd, lest he should break their pates.
 But, as along in state he passes,
 He met a fellow driving asses :
 For there are several folks whose trade is
 To milk them for consumptive ladies.
 Nothing would serve but get astride,
 And the old bell-man too must ride,
 What with their hooting shouting yell,
 The scene had something in 't of hell.
 And who should all this rabble meet,
 But Gnossey drabbling in the street ?
 The fright destroy'd her speech and colour,
 And all remembrance of her sculler.
 Her conduct thrice bade her be flying :
 Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
 Like bullrushes on side of brook,
 Or aspin leaves, her joints all shook.
 Bacco cry'd out, " I'm come, my dear ;
 " I'll soon disperse all thoughts of fear :
 " Nothing but joys shall revel here."
 Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
 Protested, " She should have no harm :
 " But rather would assure her, he
 " Rejoic'd in opportunity
 " Of meeting such a one as she :
 " And that, encircled all around
 " With glass and candles many a pound,
 " She should with bells command the bar,
 " And call her rooms, Sun, Moon, and Star :
 " That the good company were met,
 " And should not want a wedding-treat."
 In short, they married, and both made ye,
 He a free landlord, she a kind landlady.

The Spartan lords their villains would invite
 To an excess of drink in children's fight.
 The parent thus their innocence would save,
 And to the load of wine condemn the slave.

P A R T V.

THE season must be mark'd for nice address :
 A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour less.
 Not the wise gardener more discretion needs
 To manage tender plants and hopeful seeds,
 To know when rain, when warmth, must guard
 his flowers, [hours.
 Than lovers do to watch their most auspicious
 As the judicious pilot views from far
 The influences of each rising star,
 Where signs of future calms or storms appear,
 When fitting to be bold, and when to fear ;
 So love's attendant by long art describes
 The rise of growing passion from the eyes.
 Love has its festival as well as fast,
 Nor does its carnival for ever last.
 What was a visit, now is to intrude ;
 What's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.
 Small signs denote great things : the happy man
 That can retrieve a glove, or falling fan,
 With grateful joy the benefit receives,
 Whilst with desponding care his rival grieves.

Whene'er it may seem proper you should write,
 Let Ovid the prevailing words indite :
 By Scrope *, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be
 taught,
 And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.
 Submissive voice and words do best agree
 To their hard fortune who must suppliants be.
 It was by speech like this great Priam won
 Achilles' soul, and so obtain'd his son.

Hope is an useful goddess in your case,
 And will increase your speed in Cupid's race.
 Though in its promises it fail sometimes,
 Yet with fresh resolution still it climbs.
 Though much is lost at play ; yet Hope at last
 Drives on, and meets with some successful cast.
 Why then make haste ; on paper ting'd with gold,
 By quill of dove, thy love-sick tale unfold.
 Move sprightly, knowing 'tis for life you push :
 Your letter will not, though yourself might blush.
 'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
 The British youth—to study rules of speech :
 That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
 Gives secret strength to justice in a cause.
 To that the crowd, the judge, the senate, yield :
 'Gainst that ev'n beauty can't maintain the field.
 Conceal your art, and let your words appear
 Common, not vulgar ; not too plain, though clear.
 Shew not your eloquence at the first fight ;
 But from your shade rise by degrees of light.
 Dress thoughts as if love's silence first were broke,
 And wounded heart with trembling passion spoke.

Suppose that your first letter is sent back ;
 Yet she may yield upon the next attack.
 If not ; by art a diamond rough in hue
 Shall brighten up all glorious to the view.
 Soft water drops the marble will destroy,
 And ten years' siege prove conqueror of Troy.

Suppose sh'has read, but then no answer gave :
 It is sufficient she admits her slave.
 Write on ; for time the freedom may obtain
 Of having mutual love sent back again.

Perhaps she writes, but 'tis to bid you cease,
 And that your lines but discompose her peace.
 This is a stratagem of Cupid's war :
 She'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
 And by this art your constancy would try :
 She's nearest much when seeming thus to fly.
 Pursue the fair disdain through every place
 That with her presence she vouchsafes to grace.
 If to the play she goes, be there, and see
 How love rewarded makes the comedy.
 Fly to the park, if thither she'd retire ;
 Perhaps some gentle breeze may fan the fire.
 But if to court, then follow, where you'll find
 Majestic truth with sacred Hymen join'd.

It is in vain some study to profess
 Their inclination by too nice a dress,
 As not content with manly cleanliness.
 Mien, shape, or manner, no addition needs :
 There's something careless that all art exceeds.
 Adonis from his lonely solitudes,
 Rough Theseus landing from the briny floods,
 Hippolitus fresh hunting from the woods,

* Sir Car Scrope.

O'er heroines of race divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd wig and snuff-box might have
fail'd.

No youth that's wife will to his figure trust,
As if so fine to be accosted first.
Distress must ask, and gratefully receive:
'Tis heaven and beauty's honour, they can give.
There's some have thought that looking pale and
wan,

With a submission that is less than man,
Might gain their end; but sunk in the attempt,
And found, that which they merited, contempt.

Gain but admittance, half your story's told:
There's nothing then remains but to be bold.
Venus and Fortune will assist your claim;
And Cupid dart the breast at which you aim.
No need of studied speech, or skilful rules:
Love has an eloquence beyond the schools;
Where softest words and accents will be found
All flowing in, to form the charming sound.
Of her you love bright images you'll raise:
When just, they are not flattery, but praise.
What can be said too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is virtue's food?

For nine years' space Egypt had fruitless stood,
Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood;
Then Thraus said, "That blessing to regain,
The gods require a stranger should be slain."
"Be thou the man," (the fierce Busris cries:)
"I'll make th' adviser his own sacrifice;
Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."

Perillus, first and last of's trade,
For Phalaris a bull had made:
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the brasier in the pot,
And gave him, like an honest fellow,
Precedence in his bull to bellow.

The tyrants both did right: No law more just
Than, "He that thinks of ill, should feel it first."
Curst be their arts, unstudied be their trade,
Who female truth by falsehood would invade:
That can betray a friend or kinsman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames:
Whose eager passion finds its sure relief,
When terminating in another's grief:
Careless hereafter what they promise now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow;
Then cite th' example of the faithless Jove,
Whod laughs, they say, at perjury in love.
They think they have a thousand ways to please,
Ten thousand more to rob the mind of ease.
For, as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantastic rounds;
Like Proteus, can be lion, river, bear,
A tree, or any thing that's fram'd of air.
Thus they lay snares, thus they set off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit.

But they, who through this course of mischief run,
Will find that fraud is various, Virtue one

Achilles, a gigantic boy,
Was wanted at the siege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the generals did desire him:
For discord, you must know, had thrown
An apple where 'twas two to one;

But, if a stir was made about it,
Two of the three must go without it:
And so it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who resolv'd to have it.
(The story here would be too long:
But you may find it in the song.)
Venus, although not over-virtuous,
Yet still designing to be courteous,
Resolv'd to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot;
First stol'n by one she would not stay with,
Then married to be run away with.
Her Paris carried to his mother;
And thence in Greece arose that pothee,
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
And Chancer, make us such a cant.

It was a just and noble cause,
The breach of hospitable laws:
Though done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to seek relief.
But, when they sought the country round,
There's no Achilles could be found.
His mother was afraid t'have lost him,
And therefore thus she did accost him:
"My pretty dear, let me persuade ye
This once for to become a lady.
This petticoat and mantua take,
And wear this nightrail for my sake.
I've made your knots all of the smallest,
Because you're something of the tallest.
I'd have you never go unlac'd,
For fear of spoiling of your waist.
Now languish on me—scorn me now—
Smile—frown—run—laugh—I see 'twill do.
You'd perfect all you now begin,
Only for poking out your chin."

Him thus instructed soon she sends
To Lycomedes, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a friend's,
Who, grown full large by country feeding,
Was sent to her, to mend her breeding.
Herself had now no child, nor no man
To trust but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter,
If he would use her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Psyche and Phillis, she took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and express'd
Much kindness for his topping guest:
Shew'd her his girls; said, "Whilst she'd stay,
His Zoe should be us'd as they."
At first there much reserv'dness past:
But, when acquaintance grew at last,
They'd jest, and every one would shew
Her works, which she could never do.
One said, her fingers were most fitting
For the most fiddling work of knitting.
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all must help her for love's sake.
Zoe, undrest in night-gown tawdry,
With clumsy fist must work embroidery;
Whilst others try her greasy clunches
With stoning currants in whole bunches.
But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
Mistrusted something by the by,

And, sighing, thus one night she said,
 "Why, Zoe may'nt we go to bed?"
 "Soon as you please, good mistress Ded."
 The fleeting months soon roll about;
 Time came when murder all must out.
 Zoe, for fear of the old man,
 Into the army quickly ran;
 And sav'd the slitting of his nose,
 By timely changing of her clothes.

Thus, whilst we glory's dictates shun,
 Into the snares of vice we run;
 And he that should his country serve,
 And beauty by his worth deserve,
 In female softness wanton stays,
 And what he should adore betrays.

PART VI.

BUT now, O happy youth, thy prize is found,
 And all thy wishes with success are crown'd.
 Not Io Pæans, when Apollo's prais'd;
 Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd;
 Not acclamations of exalted Rome,
 To welcome peace with her Augustus home;
 Can more delight a brave and generous mind,
 Than it must you to see a beauty kind:
 The bays to me with gratitude you'll give,
 Like Hesiod and like Homer make me live.
 Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
 Hippodamy, with his life's danger bought.
 Thus prosperous Jason, rich with golden fleece,
 On Argos' vocal timber sail'd to Greece,

But stay, fond youth; the danger is not past:
 You're not arriv'd in port, nor anchor cast.
 From you my heart may still more bays deserve,
 If what by me you gain'd, by me you shall pre-
 serve.

Nor than the conquest is the glory less,
 To fix the throne on that which you possess.
 Now, Erata, divinest, softest Muse,
 Whose name and office both do love infuse,
 Assist my great design: If Venus' son,
 That vagabond, would from his mother run,
 And then, with soaring wings and body light,
 Through the vast world's extent would take his
 flight;

By artful bonds let me secure his stay,
 And make his universal power obey.

Whilst I my art would thus improve,
 And fondly thought to shackle love,
 Two neighbours that were standing by,
 Tormented both with jealousy,
 Told me it was in vain to try.

When one began his tale, as thus:

"Perhaps you've heard of Dædalus,
 "When Minos would have made him stay,
 "How through the clouds he found his way.
 "He was a workman wise and good,
 "Building was what he understood,
 "Like to the house where we act plays,
 "He made a turning winding maze,
 "Fitting to harbour acts of sin,
 "And put a whore and bastard in.

"I've done your work; and now my trust is,
 "Good Sir, that you will do me justice.
 "'Tis true I hither fled for murder;
 "Let my misfortunes go no further;
 "Some end all punishments should have,
 "Birth to the wretch my country gave:
 "Let it afford me now a grave.
 "Dismiss my son; at least, if rather
 "You'd keep the boy, dismiss his father.
 "This he might say, and more, or so;
 "But Minos would not let him go.
 "At this he was enrag'd, and cried,
 "It is in danger wit is tried:
 "Minos possesses earth and sea;
 "The sky and fire are left for me.
 "Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,
 "If I approach your seats above.
 "It is necessity that draws
 "A new-invented rule for nature's laws.
 "Thus he began: Full many a feather
 "With twine of thread he stitch'd together:
 "(Abundance more than are enough
 "To make your wife and mine a muff.)
 "Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
 "To fix the whole, but melted wax:
 "That was the work of the young boy,
 "Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy;
 "Not guessing, ere he was much older,
 "He should have one upon each shoulder.
 "To whom his father: Here's the ship
 "By which we must from Minos slip.
 "Child, follow me, just as I fly on,
 "And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
 "I'll be your guide; and never fear,
 "Conducted by a father's care.
 "The Virgin and Bootes shun,
 "Take heed lest you approach the sun;
 "His flaming influence will be felt,
 "And the diffusive wax will melt.
 "The sea by rising fogs discover;
 "O'er that, be sure, you never hover:
 "It would be difficult to drag
 "Your wetted pinions, should they flag.
 "Between them both the sky is fair,
 "No winds or hurricanes are there,
 "But you may fan the fleeting air.
 "Thus speaking, he with whipcord-strings
 "Fastens, and then extends, the wings:
 "And, when the youth's completely drest,
 "Just as the eagle from her nest
 "By gentle flights her eaglet tries
 "To dare the sun, and mount the skies;
 "The father so his boy prepares,
 "Not without kiss and falling tears.
 "In a large plain, a rising height
 "Give some assistance to their flight.
 "With a quick spring and fluttering noise,
 "They in the sky their bodies poise.
 "Back on his son the father looks,
 "Praising his swift and even strokes.
 "Now dreadless, with bold art supplied,
 "He does on airy billows ride,
 "And soar with an ambitious pride.
 "Mortals, who by the limpid flood
 "With patient angle long have stood,

" On the smooth water's shining face
 " See the amazing creatures pass,
 " Look up astonish'd, whilst the reed
 " Drops from the hand whose sense is dead.
 " Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haste
 " They Samos now and Naxos past,
 " Faros, and Delos blest abode
 " And parent of the Clarian God:
 " Lebinthus on their right hand lies,
 " And sweet Calydne's groves arise,
 " And fam'd Aftypalæa's fens
 " Breed shoals of fish in owzy dens:
 " When the unwary boy, whose growing years
 " Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
 " Mounts an æthereal hill, whence he might spy
 " The lofty regions of a brighter sky;
 " Far from his father's call and aid
 " His wings in glittering fire display'd,
 " Whose ambient heat their plume involves,
 " And all their liquid bands dissolves.
 " He sees his loosen'd pinions drop;
 " On naked arms lies all his hope.
 " From the vast concave precipice he finds
 " A swift destruction, sinking with the winds.
 " Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
 " Whose womb is equally as steep.
 " Then, " Father! father!" he'd have cried:
 " Tempests the trembling sounds divide,
 " Whilst dismal fear contracts his breath,
 " And the rough wave completes his death.
 " My son! my son!" long might the father cry:
 " There is no track to seek him in the sky.
 " By floating wings his body found
 " Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
 " His art, though not successful, has its fame,
 " And the Icarian seas preserve his name."

If men from Minos could escape,
 And into birds transform their shape,
 And there was nothing that could hold them,
 Provided feathers might be sold them,
 The thought from madness surely springs
 To fix a god that's born with wings.

Quoth t'other man, " Sir, if you'll tarry,
 " I'll tell you a tale of my boy Harry,
 " Would make a man afraid to marry.
 " This boy does oft from paper white
 " In miniature produce a kite.
 " With tender hands the wood he bends,
 " On which the body he extends:
 " Paste made of flour with water mix'd
 " Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd:
 " Then scissars from the maid he'll borrow,
 " With promise of return to-morrow.
 " With those he paper nicely cuts,
 " Which on the sides for wings he puts.
 " The tail, that's an essential part,
 " He manages with equal art;
 " With paper shreds at distance tied,
 " As not too near, nor yet too wide,
 " Which he to fitting length extends,
 " Till with a tuft the fabric ends.
 " Next packthread of the evenest twine,
 " Or sometimes silk, he'll to it join,
 " Which, by the guidance of his hand,
 " Its rise or downfall may command,

" Or carry messengers to see
 " If all above in order be.
 " Then wanton zephyrs fan it till it rise, [skies.
 " And through æthereal rills ploughs up the azure
 " Sometimes in silent shade of night
 " He'll make it shine with wondrous light
 " By lantern with transparent folds,
 " Which flaming wax in safety holds.
 " This glittering with mysterious rays,
 " Does all the neighbourhood amaze.
 " Then comes the conjuror o' th' place,
 " With legs askint and crooked face,
 " Who with his spying-pole from far
 " Pronounces it a blazing star;
 " That wheat shall fall, and oats be dear,
 " And barley shall not spring that year;
 " That murrain shall infect all kine,
 " And measles will destroy the swine:
 " That fair maids' sweethearts shall fall dead
 " Before they lose their maidenhead,
 " And widows shall be forc'd to tarry
 " A month at least before they marry.
 " But, whilst the fool his thought enjoys,
 " The whole contrivance was my boy's.
 " Now, mark me, 'twas from such-like things
 " The poets fram'd our Cupid's wings.
 " If a child's nature thus can soar,
 " And all this lies within his power,
 " His mother surely can do more.
 " Pray tell me what is to be done,
 " If she'll with cuckold-makers run.
 " No watchful care of jealous eye
 " Can hinder, if escape she'll try;
 " The kite will to her carrion fly."

Where native modesty the mind secures,
 The husband has no need of locks and doors;
 The specious comet, fram'd by Jealousy,
 Will prove delusion all, and all a lie.

PART VII.

Not all the herbs by sage Medea found,
 Not Marfan drugs, though mixt with magic sound,
 Not philtres studied by Thessalian art,
 Can fix the mind, and constancy impart.
 Could these prevail, Jason had felt their charms;
 Ulysses still had died in Circe's arms.
 Continue lovely, if you'll be belov'd:
 Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
 Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay;
 By time the blooming outside will decay.
 See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
 And only thorns upon the rose-tree left.
 Then lay up stores of learning and of wit,
 Whose fame shall scorn the Acherontic pit,
 And, whilst those fleeting shadows vainly fly,
 Adorn the better part which cannot die.

Ulysses had no magic in his face;
 But then his eloquence had charming grace,
 Such as could force itself to be believ'd,
 And all the watery goddesses deceiv'd;
 To whom Calypso from her widow'd shore
 Sends him these sighs, which furious tempests bore.

" Your passage often I by art delay'd,
 " Oblig'd you more, the more to be betray'd.
 " Here you have often on this rolling sand
 " Describ'd your scene of war with slender wand.
 " Here's Troy, and this circumference its walls:
 " Here Simois gently in the ocean falls:
 " Here lies my camp: these are the spacious fields
 " Where to this sword the crafty Dolon yields.
 " This of Sithonian Rhesus is the tent.—
 " On with the pleasing tale your language went,
 " When a tenth wave did with one flash destroy
 " The platform of imaginary Troy.
 " By fear like this I would enforce your stay,
 " To see what names the waters toils'd away.
 " I took you cast up helpless by the sea:
 " Thousands of happy hours you pass'd with me;
 " No mention made of old Penelope.
 " On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
 " But write our benefits upon the wave.
 " Why then be gone, the seas uncertain trust;
 " As I found *you*, so may you find them just.
 " Dying Calypso must be left behind,
 " And all your vows be wafted with the wind."
 Fond are the hopes he should be constant now,
 Who to his tenderest part had broke his vow.
 By artful charms the mistress strives in vain
 The loose inconstant wanderer to gain:
 Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

PART VIII.

INDULGENCE soon takes with a noble mind:
 Who can be harsh, that sees another kind?
 Most times the greatest art is to comply
 In granting that which justice might deny.
 We form our tender plants by soft degrees,
 And from a warping stem raise stately trees.
 To cut th' opposing waves, we strive in vain;
 But, if we rise with them, and fall again,
 The wish'd-for land with ease we may attain.
 Such complaisance will a rough humour bend,
 And yielding to one failure save a friend.
 Mildness and temper have a force divine,
 To make ev'n passion with their nature join.
 The hawk we hate, as living still in arms,
 And wolves assiduous in the shepherd's harms.
 The sociable swallow has no fears:
 Upon our towers the dove her nest prepares;
 And both of them live free from human snares.
 Far from loud rage and echoing noise of fights,
 The softest Love in gentle sound delights.
 Smooth mirth, bright smiles, calm peace, and flow-
 ing joy,
 Are the companions of the Paphian boy:
 Such as when Hymen first his mantle spread
 All o'er the sacred down which made the bridal
 bed.
 These blandishments keep love upon the wing,
 His presence fresh, and always in the spring:
 This makes a prospect endless to the view,
 With light that rises still, and still is new;
 At your approach, find every thing serene,
 Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian queen,
 VOL. VI.

Who brings along her daughter harmony,
 With muses sprung from Jove, and graces three.
 Birds shot by you, fish by your angle caught,
 The golden apples from Hesperia brought,
 The blushing peach, the fragrant nectareens,
 Laid in fresh beds of flowers and scented greens,
 Fair lilies strew'd with bloody mulberries,
 Or grapes whose juice made Bacchus reach the skies,
 May oftentimes a grateful present make,
 Not for the value, but the giver's sake.

Perhaps she may at vacant hours peruse
 The happy product of your easy muse.
 Far from intrigue and scandal be your verse;
 But praise of virgin-modesty rehearse;
 Mausolus by his consort deified;
 How for Admetus blest Alceste died.
 Since Overbury's "wife", no poets seem
 To have chose a wiser or a nobler theme.

You'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer;
 Pardon a servant, let all come from her.
 Thus what you grant, if she must recommend,
 'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
 So, when pale Want is craving at the door,
 We send our favourite son to help the poor,
 Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may
 live,
 And find what heavenly pleasure 'tis to give.
 Praise all her actions, think her dress is fine;
 Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join;
 Your wealth does best, when plac'd on beauty,
 shine.

If she in tabby waves encircled be,
 Think Amphytrite rises from the sea;
 If by her the purpureal velvet's worn,
 Think that she rises like the blush of morn;
 And, when her silks afar from Indus come,
 Wrought in Chinese or in the Persian loom,
 Think that she then like Pallas is array'd,
 By whose mysterious art the wheel was made:
 Each day admire her different graceful air,
 In which she winds her bright and flowing hair:
 With her, when dancing, let your genius fly;
 When in her song the note expires, then die.

If in the autumn, when the wasting year
 Its plenty shews, that soon must disappear;
 When swelling grape and peach, with lovely
 hue,

And pear and apple, fresh with fragrant dew,
 By tempting look and taste perhaps invite
 That which we seldom rule, our appetite;
 When noxious heat and sudden cold divides
 The time o'er which bale influence presides;
 Her feverish blood should pulse unusual find,
 Or vaporous damps of spleen should sink her mind;
 Then is the time to shew a lover's cares:
 Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears;
 Give the salubrious draughts with your own hand;
 Persuasion has the force of a command.
 Watch, and attend; then your reward will prove,
 When she recovers, full increase of love.

Far from this love is haughty pride,
 Which ancient fables best deride;

* This poem, supposed to have been written for his
 friend the Earl of Somerset, is printed with his characters,
 &c. and had gone through sixteen editions in 1638.

Women imperious, void of shame,
And careless of their lover's fame,
Who of tyrannic follies boast,
Tormenting him that loves them most.

When Hercules, by labours done,
Had prov'd himself to be Jove's son,
By peace which he to earth had given,
Deserv'd to have his rest in heaven,
Envy, that strives to be unjust,
Resolv'd to mortify him first;
And, that he should enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphale,
Who should his heroism expose
By spinning hemp in women's clothes.
Her mind she did vouchsafe one day
Thus to her lover to display:

"Come quickly, Sir, off with this skin:
"Think you I'll let a tanner in?
"If you of lions talk, or boars,
"You certainly turn out of doors.
"Your club's abundantly too thick
"For one shall move a fiddle-stick.
"What should you do with all those arrows?
"I will have nothing kill'd but sparrows.
"Heccy, this day you may remember;
"For you shall see a lady's chamber.
"Let me be rightly understood:
"What I intend is for your good.
"In boddice I design to lace ye,
"And so among my maids I'll place ye.
"When you're genteeler grown, and thinner,
"May be I'll call you up to dinner.
"With arms so brawny, fists so red,
"You'll scrub the rooms, or make the bed.
"You can't flick pins, or frieze my hair.
"Bless me! you've nothing of an air.
"You'll ne'er come up to working point:
"Your fingers all seem out of joint.
"Then, besides, Heccy, I must tell ye,
"An idle hand has empty belly:
"Therefore this morning I'll begin,
"Try how your clumsiness will spin.
"You are my shadow, do you see:
"Your hope, your thought, your wish, all be
"Invented and controll'd by me.
"Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
"With trembling horror, if I frown.
"Say as I say: servants can't lie.
"Your truth is my propriety.
"Nay, you should be to torture brought,
"Were I but jealous you transgress in thought;
"Or if from Jove your single wish should crave
"The fate of not continuing still my slave.

"There is no lover that is wise
"Pretends to win at cards or dice.
"'Tis for his mistress all is thrown:
"Th' ill fortune his, the good her own.
"Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
"Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
"Whom every beauty did adorn
"Fresh as Aurora's blushing morn,
"Into the horrid woods is run,
"Where he ne'er sees the ray of sun,
"Nor to his palace dares return,
"Where he for Psyche's love did burn,

"And found correction at her hands
"For disobeying just commands;
"But must his silent penance do
"For once not buckling of her shoe:
"A good example, child, for you.
"Which shews you, when we have our fool,
"We've policy enough to rule.
"I might have made you such a fellow,
"As should have carried my umbrella,
"Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
"And bade the mob not come too near;
"Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
"Nay, been a helper in the stable,
"To my commands obedience pay
"At dead of night, or break of day.
"Speed is your province; if 'tis I
"That bid you run, you ought to fly.
"He that love's nimble passion feels
"Will soon outstrip my chariot wheels.
"Through dog-star's heat he'll tripping go,
"Nor leaves he print upon the snow.
"The wind itself to him is flow.
"He that in Cupid's wars would fight,
"Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
"A bed of earth midst showers of rain,
"After no supper, are his gain.
"Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
"And in a little cottage lay:
"All this he did for fear of Jove;
"And who would not do more for love?
"If entrance is by locks denied,
"Then through the roof or window slide.
"Leander each night swam the seas,
"That he might thereby Hero please.
"Perhaps I may be pleas'd to see
"Your life in danger, when for me.
"You'll find my servants in a row;
"Remember then you make your bow;
"For they are your superiors now.
"No matter if you do engage
"My porter, woman, favourite page,
"My dog, my parrot, monkey, black,
"Or any thing that does partake
"Of that admittance which you lack.
"But after all you mayn't prevail,
"And your most glittering hopes may fail:
"For Ceres does not always yield
"The crop intrusted to the field.
"Fair gales may bring you to a coast
"Where you'll by hidden rocks be lost.
"Love is tenacious of its joys,
"Gives small reward for great employs;
"But has as many griefs in store
"As shells by Neptune cast on shore,
"As Athos hares, as Hybla bees,
"Olives on the Palladian trees;
"And, when his angry arrows fall,
"They're not sound ting'd with common gall.
"You're told I'm not at home, 'tis true:
"I may be there, but not for you;
"And I may let you see it too.
"Perhaps I bid you come at night:
"If the door's shut, stay till 'tis light.
"Perhaps my maid shall bid you go:
"A thing she knows you dare not do.

"Your rival shall admission gain,
 "And laugh to see his foe in pain.
 "All this and more you must endure,
 "If you from me expect a cure.
 "'Tis fitting I should search the wound,
 "Lest all your danger be not found."

When easy fondness meets with woman's pride,
 Nothing which *that* can ask must be denied.
 He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
 Is pleas'd to seem a female and a slave:
 'The hero, number'd with the gods before,
 Is so debas'd as to be man no more.

PART IX.

NOR by the sail with which you put to sea,
 Can you where Thetis swells conducted be;
 To the same port you'll different passage find,
 And fill your sheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
 You nurs'd the fawn, now grown stag wondrous
 big,

And sleep beneath the shade you knew a twig.
 The bubbling spring, increas'd by floods and rain,
 Rolls with impetuous stream, and foams the main:
 So Love augments in just degrees; at length
 By nutrimental fires it gains its strength.
 Daily till midnight let kind looks or song,
 Or tales of love, the pleasing hours prolong.
 No weariness upon their bliss attends, [friends.
 Whom marriage-vows have render'd more than
 So Philomels, of equal mates possest,
 With a congenial heat, and downy rest,
 And care incessant, hover o'er their nest:
 Hence from their eggs (small worlds whence all
 things spring)

Produce a race by nature taught to sing;
 Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come,
 Had their parental love stray'd far from home.
 By a short absence mutual joys increase:
 'Tis from the toils of war we value peace.
 When Joye a while the fruitful shower restrains,
 The field on his return a brighter verdure gains.
 So let not grief too much disturb those hearts,
 Which for a while the war or business parts.
 'Twas hard to let Protefilaus go,
 Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
 Ulysses made indeed a tedious stay,
 His twenty winters' absence was delay;
 But happiness revives with his return,
 And Hymen's altars with fresh incense burn:
 Tales of his ship, her web, they both recount,
 Pleas'd that their wedlock faith all dangers could
 surmount.

Make thou speed back; haste to her longing
 She may have real or impending harms. [arms:
 There are no minutes in a lover's fears:
 They measure all their time by months and years.

Poets are always virtue's friends:
 'Tis what their muse still recommends:
 But then the fatal track it shews
 Where devious vice through trouble goes.

*They tell us, how a husband's care
 Neglected leaves a wife too fair*

In hands of a young spark, call'd Paris;
 And how the beauteous trust miscarries.
 With kindness he receives the youth,
 Whose modest looks might promise truth:

Then gives him opportunity
 To throw the specious vizard by.
 The man had things to be adjusted,
 With which the wife should not be trusted;
 And, whilst he gave himself the loose,
 Left her at home to keep the house.

When Helen saw his back was turn'd,
 The devil a bit the gipsy mourn'd.
 Says she, "'Tis his fault to be gone;

"It sha'n't be mine to lie alone.

"A vacant pillow's such a jest,

"That with it I could never rest.

"He ne'er consider'd his own danger,

"To leave me with a handsome stranger.

"Wolves would give good account of sheep,

"Left to their vigilance to keep.

"Pray who, except 'twere geese or wid-
 geons,

"Would hire a hawk to guard their pigeons?

"Supposing then it might be said

"That Menelaus now were dead:

"A pretty figure I should make

"To go in mourning for his sake.

"She that in widow's garb appears,

"Especially when at my years,

"May seem to be at her last prayers.

"But I'll still have my heart divided

"'Twixt one to lose, and one provided.

"He that is gone, is gone: less fear

"Of wanting him that I have here."

The sequel was the fire of Troy
 Brought to destruction by this boy.

They tell us, how a wife provok'd,

And to a brutish husband yok'd,

Who, by distracting passion led,

Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,

When on her rival she has seiz'd,

Seems with a secret horror pleas'd.

They then describe her like some boat

Plunging his tusk in mastiff's gore;

Or lioness, whose ravish'd whelp

Roars for his mother's furious help;

Or basilisk when rous'd, whose breath,

Teeth, sting, and eye-balls, all are death;

Like frantics struck by magic rod

Of some despis'd avenging god:

Make her through blood for vengeance run,

Like Progne sacrifice her son,

And like Medea dart those fires

By which Creusa's ghost expires.

Then let her with exalted rage

Her grief with the same crimes assuage.

To heighten and improve the curse,

Because he's bad, they make her worse.

So Tyndaris dissolves in tears,

When first she of Chryseis hears;

But, when Lyrnessis captive's led,

And ravish'd to defile her bed,

Her patience lessens by degrees;

But, when at last she Priameis sees,
 Revenge does to Ægyptus fly for ease,

X x ij

In his adulterous arms does plots disclose,
Which fill Mycenæ with stupendous woes,
And parricide and hell around her throws.

Ye heavenly Powers! the female truth preserve,

And let it not from native goodness swerve,
And let no wanton toys become the cause
Why men should break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let such fables and such crimes remain
Only as fictions of the poet's brain;
Yet marks set up to shun those dangerous shelves
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themselves!

PART X.

At first, the stars, the air, the earth, and deep,
In all confus'd in one unorder'd heap;
Till Love Eternal did each being strike
With voice divine, to march, and seek its like.
Then seeds of heavens, then air of vaporous sound,
Then fertile earth circled with waters round,
On which the bird, the beast, the fish, might move
All center'd in that Universal Love.

Then man was fram'd with soul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler share of love than they:
To him was woman, crown'd with virtue, given,
The most immediate work and care of Heaven.

Whilst thus my darling thoughts in raptures
Apollo to my sight in vision sprung. [sung,
His lyre with golden strings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flourish in his hands.

Says he, "You bard that of love's precepts treat,
Your art at Delphi you will best complete.

"There's a short maxim, prais'd when understood,

"Useful in practice, and divinely good,

"*Let each man know himself*: strive to excel:

"The pleasure of the blest is doing well.

" 'Tis wisdom to display the ruling grace.

"Some men are happy in a charming face:

"Know it, but be not vain. Some manly shew

"By the exploded gun and nervous bow.

"There let them prove their skill; perhaps some
"heart

"May find that every shot is Cupid's dart.

"The prudent lover, if his talent lies

"In eloquence, e'nt talkative, but wise,

"So mixes words delicious to the ear,

"That all must be persuaded who can hear.

"He that can sing, let him with pleasing sound,

"Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.

"Let not a poet my own art refuse:

"I'll come, and bring assistance to his muse."

But never by ill means your fortune push,
Nor raise your credit by another's blush.

The secret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what gods in Samothracia reign.

'Tis virtue by grave silence to conceal

What talk without discretion would reveal.

For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midst of fruits and water, starv'd and dry.

But Cytherea's modesty requires
Most care to cover all her lambent fires.

Love has a pleasing turn, makes that seem best
Of which our lawful wishes are possess.

Andromeda, of Lybic hue and blood,

Was chain'd a prey to monsters of the flood:

Wing'd Perseus saw her beauty through that
cloud.

Andromache had large majestic charms; [arms.

Therefore was fittest grace to godlike Hector's

Beauties in smaller airs bear like commands,

And wondrous magic acts by slenderest wands.

Like Cybele some bear a mother's sway,

Whilst infant gods and heroines obey.

Some rule like stars by guidance of their eyes,

And others please when like Minerva wise.

Love will from heaven, art, nature, fancy, raise

Something that may exalt its consort's praise.

There will be little jealousies,

By which Love's art its subjects tries.

They think it languishes with rest,

But rises, like the palm, oppress.

And as too much prosperity

Often makes way for luxury,

Till we, by turn of fortune taught,

Have wisdom by experience bought:

So, when the hoary ashes grow

Around love's coals, 'tis time to blow:

And then its craftiness is shewn,

To raise your cares, to hide its own;

And have you by a rival cross,

Only in hopes you mayn't be lost.

Sometimes they say that you are faulty,

And that they know where you were naughty;

And then perhaps your eyes they'd tear,

Or else dilacerate your hair,

Not so much for revenge as fear.

But she perhaps too far may run,

And do what she would have you shun,

Of which there's a poetic story,

That, if you please, I'll lay before you.

Old Juno made her Jove comply

For fear, not asking when or why,

Unto a certain sort of matter,

Marrying her son unto his daughter:

And so to bed the couple went,

Not with their own, but friend's consent.

This Vulcan was a smith, they tell us,

That first invented tongs and bellows;

For breath and fingers did their works

(We'd fingers long before we'd forks);

Which made his hands both hard and brawny,

When wash'd, of colour orange-tawny.

His whole complexion was a fallow,

Where black had not destroy'd the yellow.

One foot was clump'd, which was the stronger

'T'other spiny, though much longer;

So both to the proportion come

Of the fore-finger and the thumb.

In short, the whole of him was nasty,

Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, hasty:

Deformity alike took place

Both in his manners and his face.

Venus had perfect shape and size;

But then she was not over wise:

For sometimes she her knee is crimping,

To imitate th' old man in limping.

Sometimes his dirty paws she scorns,
 Whilst her fair fingers shew his horns.
 But Mars, the bully of the place, is
 The chiefest spark in her good graces.
 At first they're shy, at last grow bolder,
 And conjugal affection colder.
 They car'd not what was said or done,
 Till impudence defy'd the Sun.

Vulcan was told of this: quoth he,
 "Is there such roguery? I'll see!"
 He then an iron net prepar'd,
 Which he to the bed's tester rear'd;
 Which, when a pully gave a snap,
 Would fall, and make a cuckold's trap.
 All those he plac'd in the best room,
 Then feign'd that he must go from home;
 For he at Lemnos forges had,
 And none but he to mind the trade.

Love was too eager to beware
 Of falling into any snare.
 They went to bed, and so were caught;
 And then they of repentance thought.
 The shew being ready to begin,
 Vulcan would call his neighbours in.
 Jove should be there, that does make bold
 With Juno, that notorious scold;
 Neptune, first bargeman on the water;
 Thetis, the oyster-woman's daughter;
 Plato, that chimney-sweeping sloven;
 With Proserpine hot from her oven:
 And Mercury, that's sharp and cunning
 In stealing customs and in running;
 And Dy the midwife, though a virgin;
 And Æsculapius, the surgeon;
 Apollo, who might be physician,
 Or serve them else for a musician;
 The piper Pan, to play her up;
 And Bacchus, with his chirping cup;
 And Hercules should bring his club in,
 To give the rogue a lusty drubbing;
 And all the Cupids should be by,
 To see their mother's infamy.

One Momus cried, "You're hugely pleas'd;
 "I hope your mind will soon be eas'd:
 "For, when so publicly you find it,
 "People, you know, will little mind it.
 "They love to tell what no one knows,
 "And they themselves only suppose.
 "Not every husband can afford
 "To be a cuckold on record;
 "Nor should he be a cuckold styl'd,
 "That once or so has been beguild
 "Unless he makes it demonstration,
 "Then puts it in some proclamation,
 "With general voice of all the nation."

The company were come, when Vulcan hopping,
 And for his key in left side pocket groping,
 Cries, "'Tis but opening of that door,
 "To prove myself a cuckold, her a whore."
 They all desir'd his leave that they might go;
 They were not curious of so vile a shew:
 Persons concern'd might one another see,
 And they'd believe since witnesses were three.
 And they, thus prov'd to be such foolish elves,
 Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn them-
 selves.

Discretion covers that which it would blame,
 Until some secret blush and hidden shame
 Have cur'd the fault without the noise of fame.

The work is done, and now let Ovid have
 Some gratitude attending on his grave;
 Th' aspiring palm, the verdant laurel strow,
 And sweets of myrtle wreaths around it throw.
 In physic's art as Podalirius skill'd,
 Nestor in court, Achilles in the field;
 As Ajax had in single combat force,
 And as Automedon best rul'd the horse;
 As Chalcas vers'd in prophecies from Jove,
 So Ovid has the mastership of love.

The poet's honour will be much the less
 Than thar which by his means you may possess
 In choice of beauty's lasting happiness.
 But, when the Amazonian quits the field,
 Let this be wrote on the triumphant shield,
 That she, by Ovid's art, was brought to yield.

When Ovid's thoughts in British style you
 see,
 Which mayn't so sounding as the Roman be;
 Yet then admittance grant: 'tis fame to me.

PART XI.

I who the art of war to Danaans gave,
 Will make Penthesilia's force as brave;
 That both, becoming glorious to the sight,
 With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.
 What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' shield,
 My Amazonian darts shall make him yield.
 A myrtle crown with victory attends
 Those who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
 When beauty has so many arms in store,
 (Some men will say) why should you give it more?
 Tell me who, when Penelope appears
 With constancy maintain'd for twenty years,
 Who can the fair Laodamia see
 In her lord's arms expire as well as he;
 Can view Alcestis, who with joy removes
 From earth, instead of him she so much loves;
 Can hear of bright Evadne, who, in fires
 For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd, expires;
 When virtue has itself a female name,
 So Truth, so Goodness, Piety, and Fame,
 Would headstrong fight, and would not con-
 quer'd be,

Or stoop to so much generosity?
 'Tis not with sword, or fire, or stren-
 gth of bow,
 That female warriors to their battle go:
 They have no stratagem, or subtle wile;
 Their native innocence can ne'er beguile
 The fox's various maze, bear's cruel den.
 They leave to fierceness and the craft of men,
 'Twas Jason that transferr'd his broken vows
 From kind Medea to another spouse:
 Theseus left Gnossis on the sands, to be
 Prey to the birds, and monsters of the sea:
 Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
 Return, and let his Phyllis name the shore.
 Æneas wrackt, and hospitably us'd,
 Fam'd for his piety, yet still refus'd

To stay where lov'd, but left the dangerous sword
By which she died to whom he broke his word.
Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
If my instructions had not come too late:
For then their art and prudence had retain'd
What first victorious rays of beauty gain'd.
Whilst thus I thought, not without grief to find
Defenceless virtue meet with fate unkind,
Bright Cytherea's sacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus she bade me teach:

"What had the harmless maid deserv'd from
"thee?"
"Thou hast given weapons to her enemy;
"Whilst in the field she must defenceless stand,
"With want of skill, and more unable hand.
"Stefichorus, who would no subject find [blind:
"But harm to maids, was by the gods struck
"But, when his song did with their glories rise,
"He had his own restor'd, to praise their eyes.
"Be rul'd by me, and arms defensive give;
"'Tis by the ladies' favours you must live."

She then one mystic leaf with berries four
(Pluckt from her myrtle crown) bade me with
speed devour.

I find the power inspir'd; through purer sky
My bread dissolves in verse, to make young lo-
vers die.

Here Modesty and Innocence shall learn [cern.
How they may truth from flattering speech dis-
But come with speed; lose not the flying day:
See how the crowding waves roll down away.
And neither, though at love's command, will
stay.

These waves and time we never can recal;
But, as the minutes pass, must lose them all.
Nor like what's past are days succeeding good,
But slide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, although a goddess, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year;
Whilst glistening snakes, by casting off their skin,
Fresh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.
The eagles cast their bills, the stag its horn;
But beauty to that blessing is not born.

Thus Nature prompts its use to froward Love,
Grac'd by examples of the powers above.
Endymion pierc'd the chaste Diana's heart,
And cool Aurora felt love's fiery dart.

PART XII.

A PERSON of some quality
Happen'd, they say, in love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither say him No or Ay;
Nor would she have him go his way.
This lady thought it best to send
For some experienc'd trusty friend,
To whom she might her mind impart,
T' unchain her own, and bind his heart;
A tire-woman by occupation,
A useful and a choice vocation.
She saw all, heard all, never idle;
Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle;

Diverting with a kind of wit,
Aiming at all, would sometimes hit;
Though in her sort of rambling way
She many a serious truth would say.
Thus in much talk among the rest
The oracle itself exprest:

"I've heard some cry, Well, I profess
"There's nothing to be gain'd by dress!
"They might as well say that a field,
"Uncultivated, yet would yield
"As good a crop as that which skill
"With utmost diligence should till;
"Our vintage would be very fine,
"If nobody should prune their vine!
"Good shape and air, it is confess'd,
"Is given to such as heaven has blest;
"But all folks have not the same graces:
"There is distinction in our faces.
"There was a time I'd not repine
"For any thing amiss in mine,
"Which, though I say it, still seems fair;
"Thanks to my art as well as care!
"Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore
"Their fardingale and their bandore,
"Their pinnars, forehead-cloth, and ruff,
"Content with their own cloth and stuff;
"With hats upon their pates like hives;
"Things might become such soldiers wives;
"Thought their own faces still would last them
"In the same mould which Nature cast them.
"Dark paper buildings then stood thick;
"No palaces of stone or brick:
"And then, alas! were no exchanges:
"But see how time and fashion changes!
"I hate old things and age. I see,
"Thank Heaven, times good enough for me.
"Your goldsmiths now are mighty neat:
"I love the air of Lombard-street.
"Whate'er a ship from India brings,
"Pearls, diamonds, silks, are pretty things.
"The cabinet, the screen, the fan,
"Please me extremely, if Japan:
"And, what affects me still the more,
"They had none of them heretofore.
"When you're unmarried, never load ye
"With jewels; they may incommode ye.
"Lovers mayn't dare approach; but mostly
"They'll fear when married you'll be costly.
"Fine rings and lockets best are tried,
"When given to you as a bride,
"In the mean time you shew your sense
"By going fine at small expence.
"Sometimes your hair you upwards furl,
"Sometimes lay down in favourite curl:
"All must through twenty fiddlings pass,
"Which none can teach you but your glass:
"Sometimes they must dishevel'd lie
"On neck of polish'd ivory:
"Sometimes with strings of pearl they're fix'd,
"And the united beauty mix'd;
"Or, when you won't their grace unfold,
"Secure them with a bar of gold.
"Humour and fashion change each day;
"Not birds in forests, flowers in May,
"Would sooner number'd be than they."

" There is a sort of negligence,
 " Which some esteem as excellence,
 " Your art with so much art to hide,
 " That nothing of it be descried;
 " To make your careless tresses flow
 " With so much air, that none should know }
 " Whether they had been comb'd or no.
 " But, in this so neglected hair,
 " Many a heart has found its snare.
 " Nature indeed has kindly sent
 " Us many things; more we invent:
 " Little enough, as I may say,
 " To keep our beauty from decay.
 " As leaves that with fierce winds engage,
 " Our curling tresses fall with age.
 " But then by German herbs we find
 " Colour, for locks to grey inclin'd.
 " Sometimes we purchase hair; and why?
 " Is not all *that* our own we buy?
 " You buy it publicly, say they:
 " Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
 " Of French *pomades* the town is full:
 " Praise Heaven, no want of Spanish wool!
 " Let them look flusht, let them look dead,
 " That can't afford the white and red.
 " In Covent Garden you buy posies,
 " There we our lilies and our roses.
 " Who would a charming eyebrow lack,
 " Who can get any thing that's black?
 " Let not these boxes open lie:
 " Some folks are too much given to pry.
 " Art not dissembled would disgrace
 " The purchas'd beauties of our face:
 " This if such persons should discover,
 " 'Twould rather lose than gain a lover.
 " Who is there now but understands
 " Searchcloths to flea the face or hands?
 " Though the idea's not so taking,
 " And the skin seems but odd in making,
 " Yet, when 'twill with fresh lustre shine,
 " Her spark will tell you 'tis divine.
 " That picture there your eyes does strike;
 " It is the work of great Van Dycke,
 " Which by a Roman would be fainted:
 " What was't but canvas till 'twas painted?
 " There's several things should not be known:
 " O'er these there is a curtain drawn, }
 " Till 'tis their season to be shewn.
 " Your door on fit occasions keep
 " Fast shut: who knows but your're asleep?
 " When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes, }
 " And what else at the toilet lies,
 " Are all put on, we're said to rise.
 " There was a lady whom I knew,
 " That must be nameless, 'cause 'tis true,
 " Who had the dimest mischance
 " I've heard of since I was in France:
 " I do protest the thoughts of it
 " Have almost put me in a fit.
 " Old Lady Meanwell's chamber-door,
 " Just on the stairs of the first floor,
 " Stood open: and pray who should come,
 " But Knowall flouncing in the room?
 " No single hair upon her head:
 " I thought she would have fell down dead.

" At last she found a cap of hair,
 " Which she put on with such an air,
 " That every lock was out of place,
 " And all hung dangling down her face.
 " I would not mortify one so,
 " Except some twenty that I know.
 " Her carelessness and her defect
 " Were laid to Mistress Prue's neglect
 " And much ill-nature was betray'd,
 " By noise and scolding with the maid.
 " The young look on such things as stuff,
 " Thinking their bloom has art enough.
 " When smooth, we matter it not at all;
 " 'Tis when the Thames is rough, we squall.
 " But, whate'er it is may be pretended,
 " No face or shape but may be mended.
 " All have our faults, and must abide them,
 " We therefore should take care to hide them.
 " You're short; sit still, you'll taller seem:
 " You're only shorter from the stem.
 " By looser garb your leanness is conceal'd;
 " By want of stays the grosser shape's reveal'd.
 " The more the blemishes upon the feet,
 " The greater care the lace and shoes be neat.
 " Some backs and sides are wav'd like billows:
 " These holes are best made up with pillows.
 " Thick fingers always should command
 " Without the stretching out the hand.
 " Who has bad teeth should never see
 " A play, unless a tragedy:
 " For we can teach you how to simper,
 " And when 'tis proper you should whimper.
 " Think that your grace and wit is now
 " Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.
 " Let room for something more than breath
 " Just shew the ends of milk-white teeth.
 " There is a *ja n' sei quoi* is found
 " In a soft smooth affected sound:
 " But there's a shrieking crying tone,
 " Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done;
 " And there are some, who laugh like men,
 " As ne'er to shut their mouths again;
 " So very loud and *mal-proper*,
 " They seem like hautboys to a shew.
 " But now for the reverse: 'tis skill
 " To let your tears flow when you will.
 " It is of use when people die;
 " Or else to have the spleen, and cry, }
 " Because you have no reason why. }
 " Now for your talk—Come, let me see:
 " Here lose your *H*, here drop your *T*,
 " Despise that *R*: your speech is better
 " Much for destroying of one letter.
 " Now lisp, and have a sort of pride
 " To seem as if your tongue were tied:
 " This is such a becoming fault,
 " Rather than want, it should be taught.
 " And now, that you have learnt to talk,
 " Pray let me see if you can walk.
 " There's many dancing masters treat
 " Of management of ladies feet.
 " There's some their mincing gait have chose
 " Treading without their heel or toes.

" She that reads Tasso or Malherbe *,
 " Chooses a step that is *superbe*.
 " Some giddy creatures, as if shunning
 " Something dislik'd, are always running.
 " Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride
 " As our life-guards men, all astride.
 " But each of these have decoration
 " According to their affectation.
 " That dance is graceful, and will please,
 " Where all the motions glide with ease.
 " We to the skillful theatre
 " This seeming want of art prefer.
 " 'Tis no small art to give direction
 " How to suit knots to each complexion,
 " How to adorn the breast and head,
 " With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
 " As the morn rises, so that day
 " Wear purple, sky-colour, or grey :
 " Your black at lent, your green in May ;
 " Your filamot when leaves decay.
 " All colours in the summer shine :
 " The nymphs should be like gardens fine.
 " It is the fashion now-a-days,
 " That almost every lady plays.
 " Basset and Piquet grow to be
 " The subject of our comedy :
 " But whether we diversion seek
 " In these, in comet, or in glee,
 " Or Ombre, where true judgment can
 " Disclose the sentiments of man ;
 " Let's have a care how we discover,
 " Especially before a lover,
 " Some passions which we should conceal,
 " But heats of of play too oft reveal ;
 " For, be the matter small or great,
 " There's like abhorrence for a cheat.
 " There's nothing spoils a woman's graces
 " Like peevishness and making faces :
 " Then angry words and rude discourse,
 " You may be sure, become them worse.
 " With hopes of gain when we're beset,
 " We do too commonly forget
 " Such guards as screen us from these eyes
 " Which may observe us, and despise.
 " I'd burn the cards, rather than know
 " Of any of my friends did so :
 " I've heard of some such things ; but I,
 " Thanks to my stars, was never by.
 " Thus we may pass our time : the men
 " A thousand ways divert their spleen,
 " Whilst we sit peevishly within ;
 " Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
 " Fuddling, swimming, fencing, smoking ;
 " And little thinking how poor we
 " Must vent our scandal o'er our tea.
 " I see no reason but we may
 " Be brisk, and equally as gay.
 " Whene'er our gentlemen would range,
 " We'll take our chariot for the 'Change :
 " If they're disposing for the play,
 " We'll hasten to the opera :

* By the manner in which Tasso and Malherbe are
 mentioned by Dr. King, they seem not to have been the
 most fashionable authors of that age. Our author has
 translated what he calls " An admirable Ode of Malherbe."

" Or when they'll lustily carouse,
 " We'll surely to the Indian house :
 " And at such cost whilst thus we roam,
 " For cheapness sake they'll stay at home.
 " Few wise men's thoughts e'er yet pursued
 " That which their eyes had never view'd ;
 " And so our never being seen
 " Is the same thing as not t'have been.
 " Grandeur itself and poverty
 " Were equal if no witness by :
 " And they who always sing alone
 " Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
 " Had Danaë been shut up still,
 " She'd been a maid against her will,
 " And might have grown prodigious old,
 " And never had her story told.
 " 'Tis fit fair maids should run a-gadding,
 " To set the amorous beaux a-madding.
 " To many a sheep the wolf has gone
 " Ere it can nearly seize on one ;
 " And many a partridge escapes away
 " Before the hawk can pounce its prey :
 " And so, if pretty damsels rove,
 " They'll find out *one* perhaps may love ;
 " If they no diligence will spare,
 " And in their dressing still take care.
 " The fisher baits his hook all night,
 " In hopes by chance some eel may bite.
 " Each with their different grace appears,
 " Virgins with blush, widows with tears,
 " Which gain new husbands tender-hearted,
 " To think how such a couple parted.
 " But then there are some soppish beaux
 " Like us in all things but their clothes ;
 " That we may seem the more robust,
 " And fittest to accost them first :
 " With powder, paint, false locks, and hair,
 " They give themselves a female air ;
 " Who, having all their tale by rote,
 " And harping still on the same note,
 " Will tell us that, and nothing more
 " Than what a thousand heard before.
 " Though they all marks of love pretend,
 " There's nothing which they less intend :
 " And, 'midst a thousand hideous oaths,
 " With jewels false and borrow'd clothes,
 " Our easiness may give belief
 " To one that is an arrant thief."

The spark was coming ; she, undrest,
 Scuttles away as if possesst.
 The governess cries, " Where d'ye run ?"
 " Why, Madam, I've but just begun."
 She bawls ; the other nothing hears,
 But leaves her prattling to the chairs.

Virtue, without these little arts,
 At first subdues, then keeps our hearts ;
 And though more gracefully it shews
 When it from lovely persons flows,
 Yet often goodness most prevails
 When beauty in perfection fails.
 Though every feature may'nt be well,
 Yet altogether may excel.
 There's nothing but will easy prove,
 When all the rest's made up by love.

PART XIII.

VIRGINS should not unskill'd in music be;
 For what's more like themselves than harmony?
 Let not vice use it only to betray,
 As Syrens by their songs entice their prey.
 Let it with sense, with voice, and beauty join,
 Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the mind divine:
 For there's a double grace when pleasing strings
 Are touch'd by her that more delightful sings.
 Thus Orpheus did the rage of deserts quell,
 And charm'd the monstrous instruments of hell.
 New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
 Whilst to the work officious marble ran.
 Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode
 On the mute fish safe through the rolling flood.

Nor are the essays of the female wit
 Less charming in the verses they have writ.
 From ancient ages, love has found the way
 Its bashful thoughts by letters to convey;
 Which sometimes run in such engaging strain,
 That pity makes the fair write back again.
 What's thus intended, some small time delay:
 His passion strengthens rather by our stay.
 Then with a cautious wit your pen withhold,
 Lest a too free expression make him bold;
 Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
 And in reproof let tenderness appear.
 As he deserves it, give him hopes of life:
 A cruel mistress makes a froward wife.
 Affect not foreign words: Love will impart
 A gentle style more excellent than art.
 Aftrea's * lines flow on with so much ease,
 That she who writes like them must surely please.
 Orinda's † works, with courtly graces stor'd,
 True sense in nice expressions will afford:
 Whilst Chudleigh's ‡ words seraphic thoughts ex-
 press

In lofty grandeur, but without excess.
 Oh, had not beauty parts enough to wound,
 But it must pierce us with poetic sound;
 Whilst Phœbus suffers female powers to tear
 Wreaths from his Daphne, which they justly wear!

If greater things to lesser we compare,
 The skill of love is like the art of war.
 The general says, "Let him the horse command:
 "You by that ensign, you that cannon stand:
 "Where danger calls, let t'other bring supplies."
 With pleasure all obey, in hopes to rise.
 So, if you have a servant skill'd in laws,
 Send him with moving speech to plead your cause.
 He that has native unaffected voice,
 In singing what you bid him, will rejoice.

* A name assumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn. She was authoress of seventeen plays, two volumes of novels, several translations, and many poems.

† The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She was born in London 1631; was married to James Philips, of the priory of Cardigan, Esq. about the year 1647; and died June 1664. Her poems have been several times printed. She was also the writer of a volume of letters, intitled, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus."

‡ This lady was the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, Bart. of Aiton, Devonshire. She died Dec. 15. 1710. Her poems were twice printed in her lifetime in one volume 8vo. the second edition in 1709. She also published a volume of essays upon several subjects, in prose and verse, 1710.

And wealth, as beauty orders it bestow'd,
 Would make ev'n misers in expences proud.
 But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts }
 The most susceptible of lovers' smart,
 And, like their god, so they feel Cupid's darts:
 The gods and kings are by their labours prais'd;
 And they again by them to honour rais'd:
 For none to heaven or majesty express
 Their duty well, but in return were blest.
 Nor did the mighty Scipio think it scorn,
 That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born,
 His wars, retirements, councils, should attend,
 In all distinguish'd by the name of friend.
 He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept.
 Without consulting Homer never slept.
 The poet's cares all terminate in fame;
 As they obtain, they give, a lasting name.
 Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia rise,
 And Berenice's hair adorns the skies.
 The sacred bard no treacherous craft displays,
 But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays.
 Far from ambition and wealth's sordid care,
 In him good-nature and content appear:
 And far from courts, from studious parties free,
 He sighs forth Laura's charms beneath some tree;
 Despairing of the valued prize he loves,
 Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.

Poets have quick desire and passion strong;
 Where once it lights, there it continues long.
 They know that truth is the perpetual band,
 By which the world and heaven of love must stand.
 The poet's art softens their tempers so,
 That manners easy as their verses flow.
 Oh could they but just retribution find,
 And as themselves what they adore be kind!
 In vain they boast of their celestial fire, [aspire!
 Whilst there remains a heaven to which they can't
 Apelles first brought Venus to our view,
 With blooming charms and graces ever new,
 Who else unknown to mortals might remain,
 Hid in the caverns of her native main:
 And with the painter now the poets join
 To make the mother and her boy divine.
 Therefore attend, and from their music learn
 That which their minds inspir'd could best discern.

First see how Sidney, then how Cowley mov'd,
 And with what art it was that Waller lov'd.
 Forget not Dorset, in whose generous mind
 Love, sense, wit, honour, every grace combin'd;
 And if for me you one kind wish would spare,
 Answer a poet to his friendly prayer.
 Take Stepney's verse, with candour ever blest;
 For love will there still with his ashes rest.
 There let warm spice and fragrant odours burn,
 And everlasting sweets perfume his urn.

Not that the living Muse is to be scorn'd:
 Britain with equal worth is still adorn'd.
 See Halifax, where sense and honour mixt
 Upon the merits just reward have fixt:
 And read their works, who, writing in his praise,
 To their own verse immortal laurels raise.
 Learn prior's lines; for they can teach you more
 Than sacred Ben, or Spenser, did before:
 And mark him well that uncouth phyc's art
 Can in the softest tune of wit impart.

See Pastorella o'er Florello's grave,
See Iamerlane make Bajazet his slave;
And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave.
Through Rapin's nurseries and gardens walk,
And find how nymphs transform'd by amorous
colours talk.

Pomona see with Milton's grandeur rise,
The most delicious fruit of Paradise,
With apples might the first-born man deceive,
And more persuasive voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has still in store,
Whom would I number up, I must outrun
The longest course of the laborious sun.

P A R T XIV.

Our manners like our countenance should be;
They always candid, and the other free:
But, when our mind by anger is possess'd,
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beast.
No feature then its wonted grace retains,
When the blood blackens in the swelling veins:
The eye-balls shoot out fiery darts, would kill
Th' opposer, if the gorgon had its will.
When Pallas in a river saw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks, she let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face,
Which in that passion once consults her glass.
Let beauty ne'er be with this torment seiz'd,
But ever rest serene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and sullen brow seems to reprove
The first advances that are made to love,
'To which there's nothing more averse than pride.
Men without speaking often are denied:
And a disdainful look too oft' reveals
Those seeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.
When eyes meet eyes, and smiles to smiles return,
'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
And by their mutual passion soon will know
That all are darts, and shot from Cupid's bow.
But, when some lovely form does strike your eyes,
Be cautious still how you admit surprise.
What you would love, with quick discretion view:
The object may deceive by being new.
You may submit to a too hasty fate,
And would shake off the yoke when 'tis too late:
We often into our destruction sink,
By not allowing time enough to think.
Resist at first: for help in vain we pray,
When ills have gain'd full strength by long delay.
Be speedy; lest perhaps the growing hour
Put what is now within, beyond our power.
Love, as a fire in cities finds increase,
Proceeds, and till the whole's destroy'd won't cease.
It with allurements does, like rivers, rise
From little springs, enlarg'd by vast supplies.
Had Mirrha kept this guard, she had not stood
A monumental crime in weeping wood.
Because that love is pleasing in its pain,
We not without reluctance health obtain.
Physic may tarry till to-morrow's sun,
Whilst the curs'd poisons through the vitals run.

The tree not to be shook has pierc'd the ground;
And death must follow the neglected wound.

O'er different ages love bears different sway,
Takes various turns to make all sorts obey.
The colt unback'd we sooth with gentle trace;
We feed the runner destin'd for the race;
And 'tis with time and masters we prepare
The manag'd coursers rushing to the war.
Ambitious youth will have some sparks of pride,
And not without impatience be denied.
If to his love a rival you afford,
You then present a trial for his sword:
His eager warmth disdains to be perplex'd,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and sense,
And, as they seldom give, so seldom take offence:
For he that knows resistance is in vain,
Knows likewise struggling will increase his pain.
Like wood that's lately cut in Paphian grove,
Time makes him a fit sacrifice for love.
By slow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
Till perseverance makes the flame aspire.
This love's more sure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves, whilst this is forc'd to stay.
There are some tempers which you must oblige,
Not by a quick surrender, but a siege;
That most are pleas'd, when driven to despair
By what they're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think, unless their usage has been hard,
Their conquest loses part of its reward.
Thus some raise spleen from their abounding wealth,
And, clog'd with sweets, from acids seek their
health.

And many a boat does its destruction find
By having scanty sails, too full of wind.

Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?
Is it not folly to afford
Our enemy a naked sword?
Yet 'tis my weakness to confess
What puts men often in distress:
But then it is such beaux as be
Possess'd with so much vanity,
To think that wherefoe'er they turn,
Whoever looks on them must burn.
What they desire they think is true,
With small encouragement from you.
They will a single look improve,
And take civilities for love.

"We all expected you to play:
"Was't not a mistress made you stay?"
The beau is fir'd, cries, "Now I find
"I out of pity must be kind:
"She sigh'd, impatient till I came."
Thus, soaring to the lively flame,
We see the vain ambitious fly
Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.

Both sexes have their jealousy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has given a sudden vent to grief,
Occasion'd by some persons lying,
To set an easy wife a-crying:
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy case.

There is a Mount, Hymettus styl'd,
Where pinks and rosemary are wild,
Where strawberries and myrtles grow,
And violets make a purple show;
Where the sweet bays and laurel shine,
All shaded by the lofty pine;
Where Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,
Have all the leaves at their devotion.
Here Cephalus, who hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,
And all his dusty labour done,
In the meridian of the sun,
Into some secret hedge would creep,
And sing, and hum himself asleep.
But commonly being hot and dry,
He thus would for some cooler cry:

"O now, if some
Cooler would come!
Dearest, rarest,
Loveliest, fairest,
Cooler, come!
Oh, Air,
Fresh and rare;
Dearest, rarest,
Loveliest, fairest, [come!"
Cooler, come; coller, come; cooler,

A woman, that had heard him sing,
Soon had her malice on the wing:
For females usually don't want
A fellow-gossip that will cant;
Who still is pleas'd with others ails,
And therefore carries spiteful tales.
She thought that she might raise some strife
By telling something to his wife:
That once upon a time she stood
In such a place, in such a wood,
On such a day, and such a year,
There did, at least there did appear
(Cause for the world she would not lye,
As she must tell her by the bye)
Her husband; first more loudly bawling,
And afterwards more softly calling
A person not of the best fame,
And Mistress Cooler was her name.
"Now, Gossip, why should she come thither?"
"But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,
And though her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs sent forth sudden flashes,
Her cheeks and lips were pale as ashes.
Then, "Woe the day that she was born!"
The nightrail innocent was torn:
Many a thump was given the breast,
And she, oh, she should never rest!

"She straight would heigh her to the wood,
And he'd repent it—that he should."
With eager haste away she moves,
Never regarding scarf or gloves:
Into the grotto soon she creeps,
And into every thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
And now (she cries) I plainly see
How time and place, and all agree:
But here's a covert, where I'll lie,
And I shall have them by and by."

'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as last time,
Heated and ruffled with his pastime,
Came to the very self-same place
Where he was us'd to wash his face;
And then he sung, and then he hum'd,
And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.
When Crissy found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted air,
Saw what device was took to fool her,
And no such one as Mistress Cooler;
Mistrusting then no future harms,
She would have rush'd into his arms;
But, as the leaves began to rustle,
He thought some beast had made the bustle.
He shot, then cried, "I've kill'd my deer."—
"Ay, so you have," (says Cris) "I fear."—
"Why, Crissy, pray what made you here?"
"By Gossip Trot, I understood
You kept a small girl in this wood."
Quoth Ceph, "'Tis pity thou should'st die
For this thy foolish jealousy:
For 'tis a passion that does move
Too often from excess of love."
But, when they sought for wound full sore,
The petticoat was only tore,
And she had got a lusty thump,
Which in some measure bruise'd her rump.
Then home most lovingly they went:
Neither had reason to repent.
Their following years pass'd in content;
And Crissy made him the best wife
For the remainder of his life. [trude,

The Muse has done, nor will more laws ob-
Lest she, by being tedious, should be rude.
Unbrace love's swans, let them unharnes'd stray,
And eat ambrosia through the milky way.
Give liberty to every Paphian dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove.
But, when the Amazonian trophies rise
With monuments of their past victories;
With what discretion and what are they fought;
Let them record, "They were by OVID taught."

AN INCOMPARABLE ODE

OF

MALHERBE'S*.

Written by him when the Marriage was on foot between the King of France†
and Anne of Austria.

Translated by a great admirer of the Easiness of French Poetry.

*Cette Anne si belle,
Qu'on vante si fort,
Pourquoy ne vient elle?
Vrayment, elle a tort!
Son Louis soupire
Après ses appas:
Que veut elle dire,
Que elle ne vient pas?
Si il ne la possède,
Il s'en va mourir;
Donnons y remède,
Allons la querir.*

This Anna so fair,
So talk'd of by fame,
Why don't she appear?
Indeed, she's to blame!
Lewis sighs for the sake
Of her charms, as they say;
What excuse can she make
For not coming away?
If he does not possess,
He dies with despair;
Let's give him redress,
And go find out the fair.

* The Translator propos'd to turn this Ode with all imaginable exactness; and he hopes he has been pretty just to Malherbe: only in the sixth line he has made a small addition of these three words, "as they say;" which he thinks is excusable, if we consider the French poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's passion, as if the king himself had owned it to him. The Translator thinks it more mannerly and respectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearsay.

† Lewis the Fourteenth.

THE FURMETARY,

A VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM*,

IN THREE CANTOS.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1699.

P R E F A C E.

THE author of the following poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applause of the town: but he wholly disowns it; for he writes only for the public good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known, that *grave senators* have often, at the palace-yard, refreshed themselves with barley-broth in a morning, which has had a very solid influence on their counsels; it is therefore hoped that other persons may use it with the like success. No man can be ignorant, how of late years coffee and tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, cold waters have obtained their commendation; and wells are sprung up from Acton to Islington, and cross the water to Lambeth. These liquors have several eminent champions of all professions. But there have not been wanting persons, in all ages, that have shewn a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as water-gruel, milk-porridge, rice-milk, and especially furmetary both with plums and without. To this end, several worthy persons have encouraged the eating such wholesome diet in the morning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have desired several matrons to stand at Smithfield-bars, Leadenhall-market, Stocks-market, and di-

vers other noted places in the city, especially at Fleet-ditch; there to *dispenſe* furmetary to labouring people, and the poor, at reasonable rates, at three-half-pence and two-pence a dish, which is not dear, the plums being considered.

The places are generally styled furmetaries, because that food has got the general esteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the most remarkable, and therefore I have styled it, "The Furmetary;" and could easily have had a certificate of the usefulness of this furmetary, signed by several eminent carmen, gardeners, journeymen-tailors, and basket-women, who have promised to contribute to the maintenance of the same, in case the coffee-houses should proceed to oppose it.

I have thought this a very proper subject for an heroic poem; and endeavoured to be as smooth in my verse, and as inoffensive in my character, as was possible. It is my case with Lucretius, that I write upon a subject not treated of by the ancients. But, "the greater labour, the greater glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I stand upon my own legs, without any support from abroad. I therefore shall have more occasion for the reader's favour, who, from the kind acceptance of this, may expect the description of other furmetaries about this city, from his most humble servant,

AND PER SE AND

* Written to please a gentleman who thought nothing smooth or lofty could be written upon a mean subject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon "The Dispensary," which has deservedly gained a lasting reputation.

THE FURMETARY.

CANTO I.

No sooner did the grey-ey'd morning peep,
And yawning mortals stretch themselves from
sleep;

Finders of gold were now but newly past,
And basket-women did to market haste;
The watchmen were but just returning home,
To give the thieves more liberty to roam;
When from a hill by growing beams of light,
A stately pile was offer'd to the sight;
Three spacious doors let passengers go through,
And distant stones did terminate their view:
Just here, as ancient poets sing, there stood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
His image now appears in Portland stone,
Each side supported by a god-like son*:
But, underneath, all the three heroes shine,
In living colours, drawn upon a sign,
Which shews the way to ale, but not to wine.

Near is a place enclos'd with iron bars,
Where many mortals curse their cruel stars,
When brought by usurers into distress,
For having little still must live on less:
Stern avarice there keeps the relentless door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
Hence hunger rises, dismally he stalks,
And takes each single prisoner in his walks:
This duty done, the meagre monster stares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers:

"Thou, Goddess Famine, that canst send us
" blights,
" With parching heat by day, and storm by nights,
" Assist me now: so many lands be thine,
" And shoals of orphans at thy altars pine!
" Long may thy reign continue on each shore,
" Where-ever peace and plenty reign'd before!
" I must confess, that to thy gracious hand
" I widows owe, that are at my command;
" I joy to hear their numerous children's cries;
" And blest thy power, to find they've no supplies.
" I thank thee for those martyrs, who would flee
" From superstitious rites and tyranny,
" And find their fullness of reward in me.
" But 'tis with much humility I own,
" That generous favour you have lately shown,
" When men, that bravely have their country
" serv'd,
" Receiv'd the just reward that they deserv'd
" And are preferr'd to me, and shall be starv'd.

* Ludgate,

" I can, but with regret, I can despise
" Innumerable of the London-eries, [found,
" When pease, and mackarel, with their harsher
" The tender organs of my ears confound;
" But that which makes my projects all miscarry,
" Is this inhuman, fatal FURMETARY.
" Not far from hence, just by the bridge of Fleet,
" With spoons and porringers, and napkin neat,
" A faithless Syren does entice the sense,
" By fumes of viands, which she does dispense }
" To mortal stomachs, for rewarding pence;
" Whilst each man's earliest thoughts would ba-
" nish me,
" Who have no other oracle but thee."

CANTO II.

WHILST such-like prayers keen hunger would ad-
vance,

Fainting and weakness threw him in a trance:
Famine took pity on her careful slave,
And kindly to him this assistance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd maid,
Who many years had for a husband staid; }
And, coming near to hunger, thus she said:
" My darling son, whilst peace and plenty smile,
" And happiness would over-run this isle,
" I joy to see, by this thy present care,
" I've still some friends remaining since the war:
" In spite of us, A does on venison feed,
" And bread and butter is for B decreed;
" C D combines with E F's generous soul,
" To pass their minutes with the sparkling bowl;
" H I's good nature, from his endless store, }
" Is still conferring blessings on the poor,
" For none, except 'tis K, regards them more.
" L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great,
" And squanders half his substance in a treat.
" Nice eating by R, S, is understood;
" T's supper, though but little, yet is good;
" U's conversation's equal to his wine,
" You sup with W, when'er you dine:
" X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd,
" Ramble to the next eating-house they find;
" Pleasant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay, }
" Sometimes with music, and sometimes with
" play,
" Prolong their pleasures till th' approaching day.

" AND PER SE AND alone, as poets use,
 " The starving dictates of my rules pursues;
 " No swinging coachman does afore him shine,
 " Nor has he any constant place to dine,
 " But all his notions of a meal are mine.
 " Haste, haste, to him, a blessing give from me,
 " And bid him write sharp things on FURMETRY.
 " But I would have thee to Coffedro go,
 " And let Tobacco too thy business know;
 " With famous Teedrums in this case advise,
 " Rely on Sagoe, who is always wise.
 " Amidst such counsel, banish all despair;
 " Trust me, you shall succeed in this affair:
 " That project which they FURMETARY call,
 " Before next breakfast-time shall surely fall!"
 This said, she quickly vanish'd in a wind
 Had long within her body been confin'd.
 Thus Hercules, when he his mistress found,
 Soon knew her by her scent, and by her sound.

CANTO III.

HUNGER rejoic'd to hear the blest command,
 That FURMETARY should no longer stand;
 With speed he to Coffedro's mansion flies,
 And bids the pale-fac'd mortal quickly rise.

" Arise, my friend; for upon thee do wait
 " Dismal events and prodigies of fate!
 " 'Tis break of day, thy sooty broth prepare,
 " And all thy other liquors for a war:
 " Rouse up Tobacco, whose delicious sight,
 " Illuminated round with beams of light,
 " To my impatient mind will cause delight.
 " How will he conquer nostrils that presume
 " To stand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
 " Let handsome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
 " For he has courage in the midst of charms:
 " Sagoe with counsel fills his wakeful brains,
 " But then his wisdom countervails his pains;
 " 'Tis he shall be your guide, he shall effect
 " That glorious conquest which we all expect:
 " The brave Hectorvus shall command this
 " force; [worse,
 " He'll meet Tubcarrio's foot, or, which is
 " Oppose the fury of Carmanniel's horse.
 " For his reward, this he shall have each day,
 " Drink coffee, then strut out, and never pay."
 It was not long ere the grandees were met,
 And round news-papers in full order set.
 Then Sagoe, rising, said, "I hope you hear
 " Hunger's advice with an obedient ear;
 " Our great design admits of no delay,
 " Famine commands, and we must all obey:

" That Syren which does FURMETARY keep
 " Long since is risen from the bands of sleep;
 " Her spoons and porringers, with art display'd,
 " Many of Hunger's subjects have betray'd."
 " To arms," Hectorvus cried: "Coffedro stout,
 " Issue forth liquor from thy scalding spout!"
 Great One-and-all-i gives the first alarms;
 Then each man snatches up offensive arms.
 To Ditch of Fleet courageously they run,
 Quicker than thought; the battle is begun:
 Hectorvus first Tubcarrio does attack,
 And by surprise soon lays him on his back;
 Thirsto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
 Soon overthrow two magazines of beer.

The innocent Syrena little thought
 That all these arms against herself were brought;
 Nor that in her defence the drink was spilt:
 How could she fear, that never yet knew guilt?
 Her fragrant juice, and her delicious plums,
 She does dispense (with gold upon her thumbs):
 Virgins and youths around her stood; she sate,
 Environ'd with a wooden chair of state.

In the mean time, Tobacco strives to vex
 A numerous squadron of the tender sex; [breath,
 With what strong smoke, and with his stronger
 He finks Basketia and her son to death.

Coffedro then, with Teedrums and the band
 Who carried scalding liquors in their hand,
 Throw watery amunition in their eyes;
 On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
 Carmannio straight drives up a bulwark strong,
 And horse opposes to Coffedro's throng.
 Coledrivo stands for bright Syrena's guard,
 And all her rallied forces are prepar'd;
 Carmannio then to Teedrums' squadron makes,
 And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
 Not Teedrums' arts Carmannio could beseech,
 But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
 Syrena, though surpris'd, resolv'd to be
 The great Bonduca of her FURMETRY:
 Before her throne courageously she stands,
 Managing ladles-full with both her hands.
 The numerous plums like hail-shot flew about,
 And plenty soon dispers'd the meagre rout.

So have I seen, at fair that's nam'd from Horn,
 Many a ladle's blow by prentice borne;
 In vain he strives their passions to assuage, [gaze
 With threats would frighten, with soft words en-
 Until, through milky gauntlet soundly beat,
 His prudent heels secure a quick retreat.

" Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
 " Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas:"

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN*.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

I.
MOUNTOWN†! thou sweet retreat from Dublin
cares,

Be famous for thy apples and thy pears;
For turnips, carrots, lettuce, beans, and pease;
For Peggy's butter, and for Peggy's cheese.
May clouds of pigeons round about thee fly!
But condescend sometimes to make a pye.
May fat geese gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want gooseberries or apple-sauce!
Ducks in thy ponds, and chicken in thy pens,
And be thy turkeys numerous as thy hens!
May thy black pigs lie warm in little sty,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die!
Mountown! the muse's most delicious theme;
Oh! may thy codlins ever swim in cream!
The rasp and straw-berries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!
Thy white-wine, sugar, milk, together club,
To make that gentle viand syllabub.
Thy tarts to tarts, cheese-cakes to cheese-cakes join,
To spoil the relish of the flowing wine.
But to the fading palate bring relief,
By thy Westphalian ham, or Belgic beef;
And, to complete thy blessings, in a word,
May still thy soil be generous as its lord ||.

II.
Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goest to brew,
Consider well what you're about to do;
Be very wise, very sedately think
That what you're going now to make is *drink*;
Consider who must drink that drink; and then,
What 'tis to have the praise of *bonest* men:
For surely, Peggy, while that drink does last,
'Tis Peggy will be *toasted* or *disgrac'd*.
Then, if thy ale in *glass* thou would'st confine,
'To make its sparkling rays in beauty shine,
Let thy clean bottle be entirely dry,
Lest a white substance to the surface fly,
And, floating there, disturb the curious eye.

* It was taken for a state poem, and to have many
mysteries in it; though it was only made, as well as "Or-
pheus and Eurydice," for country diversion.

† A pleasant villa to the south of Dublin, near the sea.
|| Judge Upton.

But this great maxim must be understood,
"Be sure, nay very sure, thy *cork* be good!"
Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,
That nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* ale so well.

III.
How fleet is air! how many things have breath,
Which in a moment they resign to death;
Depriv'd of light, and all their happiest state,
Not by their fault, but some o'er-ruling fate!
Although fair flowers, that justly might invite,
Are cropt, nay torn away, for man's delight;
Yet still those flowers, alas! can make no moan,
Nor has Narcissus now a power to groan!
But all those things which breathe in different
frame,
By tie of common breath, man's pity claim.
A gentle lamb has rhetoric to plead,
And, when she sees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed:
But cruel gain, and luxury of taste,
With pride, still lays man's *fellow mortals* waste:
What earth and waters breed, or air inspires,
Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.

Mully, a cow, sprung from a beauteous race,
With spreading front, did Mountown's pasture
grace.

Gentle she was, and, with a gentle stream,
Each morn and night gave milk that equal'd cream.
Offending none, of none she stood in dread,
Much less of persons which she daily *fed*:
"But innocence cannot itself defend
"Gainst treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of
"friend."

Robin of Derby-shire, whose temper shocks
The constitution of his native rocks;
Born in a place §, which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a blushing modesty ashamed:
He with indulgence kindly did *appear*
To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
But inwardly this sullen churlish thief
Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's beef;
His fancy fed on her; and thus he'd cry,
"Mully, as sure as I'm alive, you die!"

§ The Devil's Arse of Peak.

" 'Tis a brave cow. O, Sirs, when Christmas
" comes, [plums;

" These shins shall make the porridge grac'd with

" Then, 'midst our cups, whilst we profusely *dine*,

" This blade shall enter deep in Mully's chine.

" What ribs, what rumps, what bak'd, boil'd,
" stew'd, and roast!

" There shan't one single tripe of her be lost!"

When Peggy, nymph of Mountown, heard these
sounds,

She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.

" What crime," said she, " has gentle Mully done?"

" Witness the rising and the setting sun,

" That knows what milk she constantly would give!

" Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live."

Daniel, a sprightly swain, that us'd to flash

The vigorous steeds that drew his lord's calash,

To Peggy's side inclin'd; for 'twas well known

How well he lov'd those cattle of his own.

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Then Terence spoke, oraculous and fly,

He'd neither grant the question nor deny;

Pleading for milk, his thoughts were on mince-
pye:

But all his arguments so dubious were,

That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.

" You've spoke," says Robin; " but now, let me

" tell ye,

" 'Tis not fair spoken words that fill the belly:

" Pudding and beef I love; and cannot stoop

" To recommend your bonny-clapper soup.

" You say she's innocent: but what of that?

" 'Tis more than crime sufficient that she's fat!

" And that which is prevailing in this case

" Is, there's another cow to fill her place.

" And, granting Mully to have milk in store,

" Yet still this other cow will give us more.

" She dies."—Stop here, my muse: forbear the rest:

And veil that grief which cannot be express'd!

Y y

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

As poets say, one Orpheus went
To hell upon an odd intent.
First tell the story, then let's know,
If any one will do so now.

This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
Born long before the siege of Troy;
His parents found the lad was sharp,
And taught him on the Irish harp;
And, when grown fit for marriage-life,
Gave him Eurydice for wife;
And they, as soon as match was made,
Set up the ballad singing trade.

The cunning varlet could devise,
For country folks, ten thousand lies;
Affirming all those monstrous things
Were done by force of *harp* and *strings*;
Could make a tiger in a trice
Tame as a cat, and catch your mice;
Could make a lion's courage flag,
And straight could animate a stag,
And, by the help of pleasing ditties,
Make mill-stones run, and build up cities;
Each had the use of fluent tongue,
If Dicé scolded, Orpheus sung.
And so, by discord without strife,
Compos'd one harmony of life;
And thus, as all their matters stood,
They got an honest livelihood.

Happy were mortals, could they be
From any sudden danger free!
Happy were poets, could their song
The feeble thread of life prolong!

But, as these two went strolling on,
Poor Dicé's scene of life was done:
Away her fleeting breath must fly,
Yet no one knows wherefore, or why.

This caus'd the general lamentation,
To all that knew her in her station;
How brisk she was still to advance
The harper's gain, and lead the dance,
In every tune observe her thrill,
Sing on, yet change the money still.

Orpheus best knew what loss he had,
And, thinking on't, fell almost mad,
And in despair to Linus ran,
Who was esteem'd a cunning-man;
Cried, "He again must Dicé have,
"Or else be buried in her grave."

Quoth Linus, "Soft, refrain your sorrow:
"What fails to-day, may speed to morrow.
"Thank you the gods for whate'er happens,
"But don't fall out with your fat capons.
"'Tis many an honest man's petition,
"That he may be in your condition.
"If such a blessing might be had,
"To change a living wife for dead,
"I'd be your chapman; nay, I'd do't,
"Though I gave forty pounds to boot.
"Consider first, you save her diet;
"Consider next, you keep her quiet:
"For, pray, what was she all along,
"Except the burthen of your song?
"What, though your Dicé's under ground;
"Yet many a woman may be found,
"Who, in your gains if she may part take,
"Trust me, will quickly make your heart ach:
"Then rest content, as widowers should—
"The gods best know what's for our good!"

Orpheus no longer could endure
Such wounds where he expected cure.

"Is't possible!" cried he: "and can
"That noble creature, married man,
"In such a cause be so profane?
"I'll fly thee far as I would death,
"Who from my Dicé took her breath."

Which said, he soon outstript the wind,
Whilst puffing Boreas lagg'd behind;
And to Urganda's cave he came,
A lady of prodigious fame,
Whose hollow eyes and hopper breech
Made common people call her witch;
Down at her feet he prostrate lies,
With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.

"Tell me," said he, "for sure you know
 "The powers above, and those below,
 "Where does Eurydice remain?
 "How shall I fetch her back again?"
 She smilingly replied, "I'll tell
 "This easily without a spell:
 "The wife you look for's gone to hell—
 "Nay, never start, man, for 'tis so;
 "Except one ill-bred wife or two,
 "The fashion is, for all to go.
 "Not that she will be damn'd; ne'er fear
 "But she may get preferment there.
 "Indeed, she might be fried in pitch,
 "If she had been a bitter bitch;
 "If she had leapt athwart a sword,
 "And afterwards had broke her word.
 "But your Eurydice, poor soul!
 "Was a good-natur'd harmless fool;
 "Except a little catervawling,
 "Was always painful in her calling;
 "And, I dare trust old Pluto for't,
 "She will find favour in his court:
 "But then to fetch her back, that still
 "Remains, and may be past my skill;
 "For, 'tis too sad a thing to jest on,
 "You're the first man e'er ask'd the question;
 "For husbands are such selfish elves,
 "They care for little but themselves.
 "And then one rogue cries to another,
 "Since this wife's gone, e'en get another:
 "Though most men let such thoughts alone,
 "And swear they've had enough of one.
 "But, since you are so kind to Dicé,
 "Follow the course which I advise ye;
 "E'en go to hell yourself, and try,
 "Th' effect of music's harmony;
 "For you will hardly find a friend,
 "Whom you in such a case might send:
 "Besides, their Proserpine has been
 "The briskest dancer on the green,
 "Before old Pluto ravish'd her
 "Took her to Hell—and you may swear,
 "She had but little music there;
 "For, since she last beheld the sun,
 "Her merry dancing days are done:
 "She has a colt's-tooth still, I warrant,
 "And will not disapprove your errand.
 "Then your request does reason seem,
 "For what's one single ghost to them?
 "Though thousand *phantoms* should invade ye,
 "Pass on—Faint heart ne'er won fair lady:
 "The bold a way will find, or make;
 "Remember, 'tis for Dicé's sake."
 Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half so well,
 As news that he must go to hell.
 Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
 As most folks seek their own undoing;
 Ne'er thought of what he left behind;
 Never consider'd he should find
 Scarce any passenger beside
 Himself, nor could he hire a guide.
 "Will music do't?" cried he. "Ne'er heed:
 "My harp shall make the marble bleed;
 "My harp all dangers shall remove,
 "And dare all flames, but those of love."

Then, kneeling, begs, in terms most civil,
 Urganda's passport to the devil.
 Her pass she kindly to him gave,
 Then bade him 'noint himself with salve;
 Such as those hardy people use,
 Who walk on fire without their shoes,
 Who, on occasion, in a dark hole,
 Can gormandize on lighted charcoal,
 And drink eight quarts of flaming fuel,
 As men in flux do water-gruel.
 She bade him then go to those caves,
 Where conjurers keep fairy slaves,
 Such sort of creatures as will baste ye
 A kitchen wench, for being nasty,
 But, if she neatly scour her pewter,
 Give her the money that is due t' her.

Orpheus went down a narrow hole,
 That wat as dark as any coal;
 He did at length some glimmering spy,
 By which, at least, he might descry
 Ten thousand little fairy elves,
 Who there were solacing themselves.

All ran about him, cried, "Oh, dear!
 "Who thought to have seen Orpheus here?
 "'Tis that queen's birth day which you see
 "And you are come as luckily;
 "You had no ballad but we bought it,
 "Paid Dicé when she little thought it;
 "When you beneath the ewe-tree sat,
 "We've come, and all danc'd round your hat;
 "But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
 "She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."
 "These little chits would make one swear."
 "Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt disdain and fear.
 "And dare these urchins jeer my crosses,
 "And laugh at mine and Dicé's losses?
 "Hands off—the monkeys hold the faster;
 "Sirrahs, I'm going to your master!"
 "Good words," quoth Oberon, "don't flinch;
 "For every time you stir, I'll pinch;
 "But, if you decently sit down,
 "I'll first equip you with a crown;
 "Then for each dance, and for each song,
 "Our pence a-piece the whole night long."

Orpheus, who found no remedy,
 Made virtue of necessity;
 Though all was out of tune, their dance
 Would only hinder his advance.
 Each note that from his fingers fell
 Seem'd to be Dicé's passing bell;
 At last, night let him ease his crupper,
 Get on his legs to go to supper.

Quoth Nab, "We here have strangers seldom,
 "But, Sir, to what we have you're welcome."
 "Madam, they seem of light digestion.
 "Is it not rude to ask a question,
 "What they may be, fish, flesh, or fruit?
 "For I ne'er saw things so minute."

Sir,

"A roasted ant, that's nicely done,
 "By one small atom of the sun.
 "These are flies' eggs, in moon-shine poach'd;
 "This a flea's thigh in collops scotch'd,

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" 'Twas hunted yesterday i' th' park,
 " And like t' have 'scap'd us in the dark.
 " This is a dish entirely new,
 " Butterflies' brains dissolv'd in dew;
 " These lovers' vows, these courtiers' hopes,
 " Things to be eat by microscopes;
 " These sucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,
 " This a delicious rainbow-tart!"
 " Madam, I find they're very nice,
 " And will digest within a trice;
 " I see there's nothing you esteem,
 " That's half so gross as our whipt cream;
 " And I infer, from all these meats,
 " That such light suppers keep clean sheets."
 " But, Sir," said she, "perhaps you're dry!"
 " Then, speaking to a fairy by,
 " You've taken care, my dear Endia,
 " All's ready for my Ratifia."

" SIR,

" A drop of water, newly torn
 " Fresh from the rosy-finger'd morn;
 " A pearl of milk, that's gently prest
 " From blooming Hebe's early breast;
 " With half a one of Cupid's tears,
 " When he in embryo first appears;
 " And honey from an infant bee:
 " Makes liquor for the gods and me!"
 " Madam," says he, "an't please your Grace,
 " I'm going to a drouthy place;
 " And if I an't too bold, pray charge her,
 " The draught I have be somewhat larger."
 " Fetch me," said she, "a mighty bowl,
 " Like Oberon's capacious soul,
 " And then fill up the burnish'd gold
 " With juice that makes the Britons bold.
 " This from seven barley-corns I drew,
 " Its years are seven, and to the view
 " 'Tis clear, and sparkles fit for you."

" But stay——
 " When I by fate was last time huff'd,
 " To act my pranks in t' other world,
 " I saw some sparks, as they were drinking,
 " With mighty mirth and little thinking,
 " Their jests were *supernaculum*,
 " And snatch'd the rubies from each thumb,
 " And in this crystal have them here,
 " Perhaps you'll like it more than beer."
 Wine and late hours dissolv'd the feast,
 And men and fairies went to rest.

The bed where Orpheus was to lie
 Was all stuff'd full of harmony:
 Purling streams and amorous rills,
 Dying sound that never kills,
 Zepherus breathing love delighting,
 Joy to slumber soft inviting,
 Trembling sounds that make no noise,
 And songs to please without a voice,
 Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
 When he became a swan for love.

'Twas night, and nature's self lay dead,
 Nodding upon a feather-bed;
 The mountains seem'd to bend their tops,
 And shutters clos'd the milleners' shops,
 Excluding both the punks and fops;

No ruffled streams to mill do come,
 The silent fish were still more dumb;
 Look in the chimney, not a spark there,
 And darkness did itself grow darker.

But Orpheus could not sleep a wink,
 He had too many things to think:
 But, in the dark, his harp he strung,
 And to the listening fairies sung.

Prince Prim, who pitied so much youth
 Join'd with so much constancy and truth
 Soon gave him thus to understand;

" Sir, I last night receiv'd command
 " To see you out of Fairy Land,
 " Into the realm of Nofnotbocai;
 " But let not fear of sulphur choke ye;
 " For he's a fiend of sense and wit,
 " And has got many rooms to let."

As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpse,
 Out walk the fidler and the prince.
 They soon arrive, find Bocai brewing
 Of claret for a vintner's stewing.

" I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.

" 'Fis well," quoth Bocai, "what from
 " him?"

" Why, something strange; this honest man
 " Had his wife died; now, if he can,
 " He says, he'd have her back again."

Then Bocai, smiling, cried, "You see,
 " Orpheus, you'd better stay with me.
 " For, let me tell you, Sir, this place,
 " Although it has an ugly face,
 " Is to its value it were sold,
 " Is worth ten thousand ton of gold;
 " And very famous in all story,
 " Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
 " For when some ages shall have run,
 " And Truth by Falsehood be undone,
 " Shall rise the Whore of Babylon;
 " And this same whore shall be a man,
 " Who, by his lies and cheating, can
 " Be such a trader in all evil,
 " As to outdo our friend the devil;

" He and his pimps shall say, that when
 " A man is dying, thither then
 " The devil comes to take the soul,
 " And carry him down to this hole;
 " But, if a man have store of wealth,
 " To get some prayers for his soul's health,
 " The devil has then no more to do,
 " But must be forc'd to let him go.

" But we are no more fools than they,
 " Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
 " By these same pious frauds and lies,
 " Shall many monasteries rise:
 " Friars shall get good meat and beer,
 " To pray folks out that ne'er came here;
 " Pans, pots, and kettles shall be given,
 " To fetch a man from hence to heaven.
 " Suppose a man has taken purses,
 " Or stolen sheep, or cows, or horses,
 " And chances to be hang'd, you'd cry,
 " Let him be hang'd, and so good-by.
 " Hold, says the friar, let me alone,
 " He's but to purgatory gone:
 " And if you'll let our convent keep
 " Those purses, cows, horses, and sheep,

" The fellow shall find no more pain,
 " Than if he were alive again."
 Here Orpheus sigh'd, began to take on,
 Cried, " Could I find the whore you spake
 " on,

" I'd give him my best flitch of bacon :
 " I'd give him cake and sugar'd sack,
 " If he would bring my Dicé back :
 " Rather than she should longer stay,
 " I'd find some lusty man to pray.
 " And then poor Dicé, let him try her,
 " I dare say, would requite the friar."

Great Nosnotbocai smil'd to see
 Such goodness and simplicity.

Then kindly led them to a cell,
 An outward granary of hell ;
 A filthy place, that's seldom swept,
 Where seeds of villany are kept.

" Orpheus," said he, I'd have you take
 " Some of these seeds here, for my sake ;
 " Which, if they are discreetly hurl'd
 " Throughout the parts of t'other world,
 " They may oblige the fiend you sue to,
 " And fill the palace of old Pluto.

" So pride-seed uppermost ; then above
 " Envy and scandal, and plant self-love.

" Here take revenge and malice without cause,
 " And here contempt of honesty and laws ;
 " This hot seed's anger, and this hotter lust,
 " Best sown with breach of friendship, and of
 " trust :

" These storm, hail, plague, and tempest seeds ;
 " And this a quintessence of weeds ;

" This is the worst sort of artichoke,

" A plant that Pluto himself bespoke,

" Nourish it well, 'tis useful treachery ;

" This is a choice, though little seed, a lie :

" Here take some now from these prodigious
 " loads

" Of tender things, that look like toads :

" In future times, these, finely drest,

" Shall each invade a prince's breast ;

" 'Tis flattery seed ; though thinly sown,

" It is a mighty plant when grown,

" When rooted deep, and fully blown ;

" Now see these things like bubbles fly ;

" These are the seeds of vanity.

" Take tyrant acorns, which will best advance,

" If sown in eastern climates, or in France ;

" But these are things of most prodigious hopes,

" They're Jesuit bulbs tied up with ropes,

" And these the devil's grafts for future popes.

" Which with fanaticism are join'd so clean,

" You'd scarce believe a knife had pass'd be-
 " tween.

" False-witness seed had almost been forgot,

" 'Twill be your making, should there be a
 " plot.

" And now, dear Orpheus, scatter these but well ;

" And you'll deserve the gratitude of hell."

Quoth Orpheus, " You will be obey'd

" In every thing that you have said,

" For mischief is the poet's trade :

" And whatsoever they shall bring,

" You may assure yourself I'll sing.

" But pray what poets shall we have,

" At my returning from the grave?"

" Sad dogs," quoth Bocai,—" let me see—

" But, since what I say cannot shame them,

" I'll e'en resolve to never name them."

" But, now," says Bocai, " Sir, you may

" Long to be going on your way,

" Unless you'll drink some arsenic claret :

" 'Tis burnt, you see ; but Sam can spare it."

Orpheus replied, " Kind Sir, 'tis neither

" Brandy nor whets that brought me hither ;

" But love, and I an instance can be,

" Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy ;

" Yet, gentle Sir, you may command

" A tune from a departing hand ;

" The style and passion both are good,

" 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood*."

He sang ; and pains themselves found ease ;

For griefs, when well express'd, can please.

When he describ'd the children's loss,

And how the robins cover'd them with moss ;

To hear the pity of those birds,

Ev'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words,
 &c.

Y iij

RUFINUS;

OR,

THE FAVOURITE*.

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

ORT, as I wondering stand, a secret doubt
Puzzles my reason, and disturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.

When I survey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature lives immutably the same;
How stated bounds and ambient shores restrain
The rolling surges of the briny main;
How constant time revolves the circling year;
How day and night alternately appear;
Then am I well convinc'd some secret soul,
Some first informing power directs the whole;
Some great intelligence, who turns the spheres,
Who rules the steady motions of the stars,
Who decks with borrow'd light the waning moon,
And fills with native light th' unchanging sun,
Who hangs the earth amidst surrounding skies,
And bids her various fruits in various seasons rise.

But, soon as I reflect on human state,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate;
How ill men, crown'd with blessings, smoothly
A golden circle of delightful days; [pass
How good men bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endless cares, to endless strife;
Then I am lost again; religion fails;
Then Epicurus' bolder scheme prevails, [dance,
Which through the void makes wandering atoms
And calls the medley world the work of chance,
Which God's eternal Providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the distant skies.

At length Rufinus' fate my doubt removes,
And God's existence and his justice proves.
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
The wicked flourish, and triumphant reign;
Since they to fortune's heights are rais'd alone,
To rush with greater ruin headlong down.

* The Essay, to which this Poem was originally annexed, was written in 1711, as a harsh satire on the Duke of Marlborough. It is printed in Dr. King's Works, vol. ii. p. 430.

But here instruct thy bard, Pierian dame,
Whence, and of whom, the dire contagion came.
Alecto's breast with rage and envy glows,
To see the world possess'd of sweet repose.
Down to the dreary realms below she bends,
There summons a cabal of sister fiends;
Thither unnumber'd plagues direct their flight,
The cursed progeny of hell and night.
First discord rears her head, the nurse of war;
Next famine fiercely stalks with haughty air;
Then age scarce drags her limbs, scarce draws her
breath,
But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring death;
Here grows disease, with inbred tortures worn;
There envy snarls, and others' good does
mourn;
There sorrow sighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear skulks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But rashness headlong thrusts her front of brass;
Then luxury, wealth's bane, profusely shines,
Whilst want, attending in a cloud, repines.
A train of sleepless self-tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre avarice, appears;
Who, as round her wither'd neck they cling,
Confess the parent hag from whence they spring.
Here ills of each malignant kind resort,
A thousand monsters guard the dreadful court.
Amidst th' infernal crowd, Alecto stands,
And a deep silence awfully commands;
Then, in tumultuous terms like these, express'd
A passion long had swell'd within her breast:
" Shall we supine permit these peaceful days,
" So smooth, so gay, so undisturb'd, to pass?
" Shall pity melt, shall clemency controul,
" A fury's fierce and unrelenting soul?
" What do our iron whips, our brands, avail;
" What all the horrid implements of hell;
" Since mighty Jove debars us of his skies,
" Since Theodosius too his earth denies?"

" Such were the days, and so their tenor ran,
 " When the first happy golden age began :
 " Virtue and concord, with their heavenly train,
 " With piety and faith, securely reign ;
 " Nay, justice, in imperial pomp array'd,
 " Boldly explores this everlasting shade ;
 " Me she, insulting, menaces and awes ;
 " Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
 " And shall we then, neglected and forlorn,
 " From every region banish'd, idly mourn ?
 " Assert yourselves ; know what, and whence

" you are : [care ;

" Attempt some glorious mischief worth your }
 " Involve the universe in endless war. }
 " Oh ! that I could in Stygian vapour rise,
 " Darken the sun, pollute the balmy skies ;
 " Let loose the rivers, deluge every plain, }
 " Break down the barriers of the roaring main, }
 " And flatter nature into chaos once again : "

So rag'd the fiend, and toss'd her vipers round,
 Which hissing pour'd their poison on the ground.
 A murmur through the jarring audience rung,
 Different resolves from different reasons sprung.
 So when the fury of the storm is past,
 When the rough winds in softer murmurs waste ;
 So sounds, so fluctuates, the troubled sea,
 As the expiring tempest plows its way.

Megara, rising then, address'd the throng,
 To whom sedition, tumult, rage belong :
 Whose food is entrails of the guiltless dead,
 Whose drink is children's blood by parents shed.
 She scorch'd Alcides with a frantic flame,
 She broke the bow, the savage world did tame ;
 She nerv'd the arm, she flung the deadly dart,
 When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart :
 She prompted Agamemnon's monstrous wife
 To take her injur'd lord's devoted life :
 She breath'd revenge and rage into the son,
 So did the mother's blood the fire's atone :
 She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
 Forc'd him incestuous to a mother's arms :
 She strung Thyestes, and his fury fed :
 She taught him to pollute a daughter's bed.
 Such was her dreadful speech :

" Your schemes not practical nor lawful are,
 " With Heaven and Jove to wage unequal war :
 " But, if the peace of man you would invade,
 " If o'er the ravag'd earth destruction spread ;
 " Then shall Rufinus, fram'd for every ill,
 " With your own vengeance execute your will ;
 " A prodigy from savage parents sprung,
 " Impetuous as a tigress new with young ;
 " Fierce as the hydra, fickle as the flood,
 " And keen as meagre harpies for their food.

" Soon as the infant drew the vital air,
 " I first receiv'd him to my nursing care ;
 " And often he when tender yet and young,
 " Cried for the tear, and on my bosom hung :
 " Whilst my horn'd serpents round his visage play'd,
 " His features form'd, and there their venom shed ;
 " Whilst I, infusing, breath'd into his heart
 " Deceit and craft, and every hurtful art ;
 " Taught him t' involve his soul in secret clouds,
 " With false dissembling smiles to veil his frauds.

" Not dying patriots' tortures can assuage
 " His inborn cruelty, his native rage :

" Not Tagus' yellow torrent can suffice
 " His boundless and unsated avarice :
 " Nor all the metal of Pactolus' streams,
 " Nor Hermus glittering as the solar beams.
 " If you the stratagem propos'd approve,
 " Let us to court this bane of crowns remove.
 " There shall be soon, with his intriguing art,
 " Guide uncontroll'd the willing prince's heart.
 " Not Numa's wisdom shall that heart defend,
 " When the false favourite acts the faithful
 " friend."

Soon as she ended, the surrounding crowd
 With peals of joy the black design applaud.

Now with an adamant her hair she bound,
 With a blue serpent girt her vest around ;
 Then hastes to to Phlegethon's impetuous stream,
 Whose pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame ;
 There lights a torch, and straight, with wings
 display'd,

Shoots swiftly through the dun Tartarian glade.

A place on Gallia's utmost verge there lies,
 Extended to the sea and southern skies ;
 Where once Ulysses, as old fables tell,
 Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of hell ;
 Where oft, with staring eyes, the trembling hind
 Sees airy phantoms skim before the wind :
 Hence springs the fury into upper skies,
 Infecting all the region as she flies :
 She roars, and shakes the atmosphere around,
 And earth and sea rebellow to the sound,
 Then straight transform'd her snakes to silver
 And like an old decrepid sage appears ; [hairs,
 Slowly she creeps along with trembling gait,
 Scarce can her languid limbs sustain her weight.
 At length, arriving at Rufinus' cell,
 Which, from his monstrous birth, she knew so well,
 She mildly thus hell's darling hope address'd,
 Sooth'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breast :

" Can sloth dissolve Rufinus ; canst thou pass
 " Thy sprightly youth in soft inglorious ease ?
 " Know that thy better fate, thy kinder star,
 " Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
 " If thou an old man's counsel canst obey,
 " The subject world shall own thy sovereign
 " sway :

" For my enlighten'd soul, my conscious breast,
 " Of magic's secret science is possess'd.
 " Oft have I forc'd, with mystic midnight spells,
 " Pale spectres from their subterranean cells ;
 " Old Hecate attends my powerful song,
 " Powerful to hasten fate, or to prolong ;
 " Powerful the rooted stubborn oak to move,
 " To stop the thunder bursting from above,
 " To make the rapid flood's descending stream
 " Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.
 " Nor doubt my truth—behold, with just surprise,
 " An effort of my art—a palace rise."

She said ; and lo ! a palace towering seems,
 With Parian pillars and metallic beams.
 Rufinus, ravish'd with the vast delight,
 Gorges his avarice, and gluts his sight.
 Such was his transport, such his sudden pride,
 When Midas first his golden wish enjoy'd :
 But, as his stiffening food to metal turn'd,
 He found his rashness, and his ruin mourn'd.

"Be thou or man or god," Rufinus said,
"I follow wheresoe'er thy dictates lead."

Then from his hut he flies, assumes the state
Propounded by the fiend, prepar'd by fate.
Ambition soon began to lift her head,
Soaring, she mounts with restless pinions spread;
But justice, conscious, shuns the poison'd air,
Where only prostituted tools repair;
Where Stilico and Virtue not avail;
Where royal favours stand expos'd to sale;
Where now Rufinus, scandalously great,
Loads labouring nations with oppressive weight;
Keeps the obsequious world depending still
On the proud dictates of his lawless will;
Advances those, whose fierce and factious zeal
Prompts ever to resist, and to rebel;
But those impeaches, who their prince commend,
Who, dauntless, dare his sacred rights defend;
Expounds small riots into highest crimes,
Brands loyalty as treason to the times.
An haughty minion, mad with empire grown,
Enslaves the subjects, and insults the throne.

A thousand disemboguing rivers pay
Their everlasting homage to the sea;
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour constant down their tributary streams:
But yet the sea confesses no increase,
For all is swallow'd in the deep abyss.

In craving, still Rufinus' soul remains. [gains;
Though fed with showers of gold, and floods of
For he despoils and ravages the land,
No state is free from his rapacious hand;
Treasures immense he hoards; erects a tower,
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected store:
Unmeasur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his
power.

Oh! whether would'st thou rove, mistaken man?
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquisitions vain:
For now, suppose thy avarice possess'd
Of all the splendour of the glittering east,
Of Croesus' mass of wealth, of Cyrus' crown,
Suppose the ocean's treasure all thy own;
Still would thy soul repine, still ask for more,
Unblest with plenty, with abundance poor.

Fabricius, in himself, in virtue great,
Disdain'd a monarch's bribe, despis'd his state.
Serranus, as he grac'd the consul's chair,
So could he guide the plough's laborious share.
The fam'd, the warlike, Curii deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.
Such a retreat to me's more glorious far,
Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:
Give me my solitary native home,
Take thou thy rising tower, thy lofty dome;
Though there thy furniture of radiant dye
Abstracts and ravishes the curious eye;
Though each apartment, every spacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian loom;
Yet here I view a more delightful scene,
Where nature's freshest bloom and beauties reign;
Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,
Playing, diffuses an eternal spring;
Though there thy lewd lascivious limbs are laid
On a rich downy couch, or golden bed;
Yet here, extended on the flowery grass,
More free from care, my guiltless hours I pass:

Though there thy sycophants, a servile race,
Cringe at thy levees, and resound thy praise;
Yet here a murmuring stream, or warbling bird,
To me does sweeter harmony afford.

Nature on all the power of bliss bestows,
Which from her bounteous source perpetual flows.
But he alone with happiness is blest,
Who knows to use it rightly when possess'd:
A doctrine, if well pois'd in Reason's scale,
Nor luxury nor want would thus prevail;
Nor would our fleets so frequent plow the main,
Nor our embattled armies strew the plain.

But, oh! Rufinus is to reason blind!
A strange hydropic thirst inflames his mind.
No bribes his growing appetite can satiate;
For new possessions new desires create.
No sense of shame, no modesty, restrains,
Where avarice or where ambition reigns.
When with strict oaths his proffer'd faith he binds,
False are his vows, and treacherous his designs.

Now, should a patriot rise, his power oppose,
Should he assert a sinking nation's cause,
He stirs a vengeance nothing can control,
Such is the rancour of his haughty soul;
Fell as a lioness in Libya's plain,
When tortur'd with the javelin's pointed pain;
Or a spurn'd serpent, as she shoots along, [tongue,
With lightning in her eyes, and poison in her
Nor will those families craz'd suffice;
But provinces and cities he destroys:
Urg'd on with blind revenge and settled hate,
He labours the confusion of the state;
Subverts the nation's old-establish'd frame,
Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.

If e'er in mercy he pretends to save
A man, pursu'd by faction, from the grave;
Then he invents new punishments, new pains,
Condemns to silence, and from truth restrains*;
Then racks and pillories, and bonds and bars,
Then ruin and impeachments he prepares.
O dreadful mercy! more than death severe!
That doubly tortures whom it seems to spare!

All seem enslav'd, all bow to him alone;
Nor dare their hate their just resentments own;
But inward grieve, their sighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with convulsive sorrow tear the mind.
Envy is mute—'tis treason to disclose
The baneful source of their eternal woes.

But Stilico's superior soul appears
Unshock'd, unmov'd, by base ignoble fears.
He is the polar star, directs the state,
When parties rage, and public tempests beat;
He is the safe retreat, the sweet repose,
Can sooth and calm afflicted virtue's woes;
He is the solid, firm, unshaken force,
That only knows to stem th' invader's course.

So when a river, swell'd with winter's rains,
The limits of its wonted shore disdains;
Bridges, and stones, and trees, in vain oppose;
With unresisted rage the torrent flows:
But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,
Whose fix'd foundations can repel the shock,
Elided surges roar in eddies round,
The rock, unmov'd, reverberates the sound.

* Alluding to the sentence then recently passed on Dr. Sagueverell.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN*,

AN APOLOGUE;

Translated from the Original of Æsop, written Two Thousand Years since,
and now rendered in Familiar Verse, by H. G. L. MAG.

Good precepts and true gold are more valuable for their antiquity. And here I present my good reader with one, delivered by the first founder of mythology, Æsop himself. Maximus Planudes takes notice of it, as a very excellent part of his production; and Phædrus, Camerarius, and others, seem to agree, that his eagle, and five others not yet translated, are equal to any of his that are handed down to us. Though Mr. Ogleby and Sir Roger L'Estrange had the unhappiness to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the good fortune to discover them by the removal of my old library, which has made me amends for the trouble of getting to where I now teach. They were written, or dictated at least, by Æsop, in the fifty-fourth Olympiad: and though I designed them chiefly for the use of my school (this being translated by a youth designed for a Greek professor), yet no man is so wise as not to need instruction, aye, and by the way of fable too; since the Holy

Scriptures themselves, the best instructors, teach us by way of parable, symbol, image, and figure; and David was more moved with Nathan's "Thou art the man," than all the most rigid lectures in the world would have done. Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing this version with the original, let them begin at the tenth line, and they will find it metaphrastically done, *verbum verbo*, as the best way of justice to the author. Those that are mere adorers of *ψίλοι λόγοι* will not be angry that it is in this sort of metre, for which I gave leave, the lad having a turn to this sort of measure, which is pleasant and agreeable, though not lofty. For my own part, I concur with my master Aristotle, that *ῥυθμός καὶ ἁρμονία* are very far from being unnecessary or unpleasant. May this be of use to thee; and it will please thine in all good wishes,

HORAT. GRAM.

A LADY liv'd in former days,
That well deserv'd the utmost praise;
For greatness, birth, and justice fam'd,
And every virtue could be nam'd;
Which made her course of life so even,
That she's a faint (if dead) in heaven.

This lady had a little seat
Just like a palace, 'twas so neat,
From aught (but goodness) her retreat.

* The political moral of this little apologue is too evident to need any other comment, than barely mentioning that the lady was Queen Anne; desiring the reader to recollect the change which she made in her ministry in 1709, the year in which this poem was written; and referring to "Bulfinch."

One morning, in her giving way,
As was her custom every day,
To cheer the poor, the sick, and cold,
Or with apparel, food, or gold,
There came a gazing stranger by,
On whom she quickly cast an eye.

The man admiring, made a stand;
He had a bird upon his hand:
"What's that, says she, that hangs its head,
Sinking and faint? 'Tis almost dead."
"Madam, a red-breast that I found,
By this wet season almost drown'd."
"Oh! bring him in and keep him warm;
Robins do never any harm."
They soon obey'd, and chopt him meat,
Gave him whatever he would eat;

The lady care herself did take,
And made a nest for Robin's sake:
But he perkt up into her chair,
In which he plenteously did fare,
Assuming quite another air.
The neighbours thought, when this they spy'd,
The world well mended on his side.

With well-tun'd throat he whistled long,
And every body lik'd his song.

"At last, said they, this little thing
Will kill itself, so long to sing;
We'll closet him among the rest
Of those my lady loves the best."
They little thought, that saw him come,
That Robins were so quarrelsome:
The door they open'd, in he pops,
And to the highest perch he hops;
The party-colour'd birds he chose,
The gold-finches, and such as those;
With them he'd peck, and bill, and feed,
And very well (at times) agreed:
Canary-birds were his delight,
With them he'd *tête-à-tête* all night;
But the brown linnets went to pot,
He kill'd them all upon the spot.

The servants were employ'd each day,
Instead of work, to part some fray.
And wish'd the awkward fellow curst
That brought him to my lady first.
At last they all resolv'd upon't,
Some way to tell my lady on't.

Meanwhile he'd had a noble swing,
And rul'd just like the Gallic king;
Having kill'd or wounded all,
Unless the eagle in the hall;
With whom he durst but only jar,
He being the very soul of war,
But hated him for his desert,
And bore him malice at his heart.

This eagle was my lady's pride,
The guardian safety of her side:
He often brought home foreign prey,
Which humbly at her feet he lay.
For colour, pinions, and stature,
The fairest workmanship of nature;
'Twould do one good to see him move,
So full of grandeur, grace, and love:
He was indeed a bird for Jove.
He soar'd aloft in Brucan's field,
A thousand kites and vultures kill'd;
Which made him dear to all that flew,
Unless to Robin and his crew.

One day poor Bob, puff'd up with pride,
Thinking the combat to abide,
A goose-quill on for weapon ty'd,
Knowing by use, that, now and then,
A sword less hurt does than a pen.

As for example—What at home
You've well contriv'd to do at Rome,
A pen blows up—before you come.
You are suppos'd to undermine
The foe—in some immense design.
A pen can bite you with a line;
There's forty ways to give a sign.

Well—all on fire away he stalk'd,
Till come to—where the eagle walk'd.

Bob did not shill—I shall-I go,
Nor said one word of friend or foe;
But flirting at him made a blow,
As game cocks with their gauntlets do.
At which the eagle gracefully
Cast a disdain, sparkling eye;
As who should say—What's this, a lie?
But no revenge at all did take,
He spar'd him for their lady's sake,
Who ponder'd these things in her mind,
And took the conduct of the eagle kind.
Upon reflection now—to shew
What harm the least of things may do,
Mad Robin, with his curst flirt,
One of the eagle's *eyes had hurt;
Inflam'd it, made it red and sore:
But the affront inflam'd it more.
Oh, how the family did tear!
To fire the house, could scarce forbear:
With scorn, not pain, the eagle fir'd,
Murmur'd disdain, and so retir'd.

Robin, to offer some relief,
In words like these would heal their grief:
"Should th' eagle die (which heaven forbid!)
We ought some other to provide.
I do not say that any now

Are fit, but in a year or two:
And should this mighty warrior fall,
They should not want a general."

As men have long observ'd, that one
Misfortune seldom comes alone;
Just in the moment this was done,
Ten thousand foes in fight were come:
Vultures, and kites, and birds of prey,
In flocks so thick—they darken'd day.
A long concerted force and strong,
Vermin of all kinds made the throng;
Foxes were in the faction join'd,
Who waited their approach to ground.

By every hand, from common fame,
The frightful face of danger came.
One cries, "What help now—who can tell?
I'm glad the eagle's here, and well!"
Another out of breath with fear,
Says, "Thousands more near sea appear;
They'll swop our chicken from the door;
We never were so set before:
We're glad the eagle will forget,
And the invaders kill or beat."

Reserv'd and great, his noble mind,
Above all petty things inclin'd,
Abhor'd the thoughts of any thing,
But what his lady's peace could bring:
Who bless'd him first, and bade him do
As he was wont, and beat the foe.

Burning and restless as the sun,
Until this willing work was done;
He whets his talons, stretch'd his wings,
His lightning darts, and terror flings;
Towers with a flight into the sky,
These million monsters to defy,
Prepar'd to conquer, or to die.

The party, that so far was come,
Thought not the eagle was at home:

* *ὄφθαλμος* amongst the Greeks, signifies "Honour as
"tender as the eye."

To fame and danger us'd in field,
 They knew he'd quickly make them yield :
 But, on assurance he was near,
 Incumber'd, faint, and dead with fear,
 They made with hurry towards the lakes ;
 And he his pinions o'er them shakes.
 They had not (with such horror fill'd)
 The courage to let one be kill'd :
 They fled, and left no foe behind,
 Unless it were the fleeting wind :
 Only—a man by water took
 Two fine young merlins and a rook.

The family had now repose :
 But with the sun the eagle rose ;
 Th' imperial bird pursu'd the foe,
 More toil than rest inur'd to know.
 He wing'd his way to Latian land,
 Where first was hatch'd this murdering band ;
 He darted death where'er he came,
 Some of them dying at his name.
 Their mighty foe—a fatal pledge,
 Their bowels tore through every hedge :
 They flutter, shriek, and caw, and hiss ;
 Their strength decays, and fears increase :
 But most the chevaliers the geese.
 So many slaughter'd fowl there was,
 Their carcases block'd up the ways ;
 The rest he drove, half spent, pell-mell,
 Quite to the walls of Pontifell.

Robin at home, though mad to hear
 He should so conquer every where,
 Expostulated thus with fear :

“ Ungrateful I, that so have stirr'd
 Against this generous, noble bird,
 Wast thou not first by him prefer'd ?
 Let's leave him in his gall to burn,
 And back to Pontifell return.”

There some to chimney-tops aspire,
 To turrets some that could fly higher ;
 Some 'bove a hundred miles were gone,
 To roost them at Byzantium.
 Alas ! in vain was their pretence,
 He broke through all their strong defence :

Down went their fences, wires, and all ;
 Perches and birds together fall.

None hop'd his power to withstand,
 But gave the nest to his command :
 They told him of ten thousand more,
 In flocks along the Ganges' shore,
 Safe in their furrows, free from trouble,
 Like partridges among the stubble.
 He spreads himself, and cuts the air,
 And steady flight soon brought him there.
 Lord, how deceiv'd and vex'd he was !
 To find they were but mere jackdaws.
 A hundred thousand all in light,
 They all could chatter, not one fight.
 “ I'll deal by them as is their due :
 “ Shough ! cry'd the Eagle ; off they flew.”
 His flashing eye their hearts confounds,
 Though by their flight secure from wounds,
 Which was a signal, fatal baulk
 To a late swift Italian hawk.

The Eagle would no rest afford,
 Till he had sent my lady word ;
 Who when she heard the dear surprise,
 Wonder and joy stood in her eyes.
 “ My faithful eagle, hast thou then
 My mortal foes destroy'd again ?
 Return, return, and on me wait ;
 Be thou the guardian of my gate ;
 Thee and thy friends are worth my care,
 Thy foes (if any such there are)
 Shall my avenging anger share.”
 So—lest new ills should intervene,
 She turn'd the Robin out again.
 The Samians now, in vast delight,
 Bless their good lady day and night ;
 Wish that her life might ne'er be done,
 But everlasting as the sun.
 The eagle high again did soar ;
 The lady was disturb'd no more,
 But all things flourish'd as before.

THE TALE AND ROMANCE

ROBIN RED-BREAST,
WITH THE BEASTS,
AN OLD CAT'S PROPHECY;

Taken out of an old Copy of Verses, supposed to be writ by John Lidgate, a Monk of Bury,

ONE that had in her infant state,
 While playing at her father's gate,
 Seen and was most hugely smitten
 With young dog and dirty kitten,
 Had took them up and lug'd them in,
 And made the servants wash them clean*.

When she to a fit age was grown,
 To be sole mistress of her own,
 Then to her favour and strange trust
 She rais'd these two: in rank the first
 The dog, who, with gilt collar grac'd,
 Strutted about. The cat was plac'd
 O'er all the house to domineer,
 And kept each wight of her in fear;
 While he o'er all the plains had power,
 That savage wolves might not devour
 Her flocks. She gave him charge great care
 To take: but beasts uncertain are!

Now see by these what troubles rise
 To those who in their choice unwise
 Put trust in such; for he soon join'd
 With beast of prey the dog combin'd,
 Who kill'd the sheep, and tore the hind;
 While he would stand, and grin, and bark,
 Concealing thus his dealings dark.
 A wolf, or so, sometimes he'd take;
 And then, O what a noise he'd make!
 But with wild beasts o'er-run yet are
 The plains: some die for want of fare,
 Or torn, or kill'd; the shepherds find
 Each day are lost of every kind.

Thy silly sheep lament in vain;
 Of their hard fate, not him, complain.

* The political drift of this pretended prophecy is still more evident than that of the preceding poem; the satire being abundantly more personal.

The shepherds, and the servants all,
 Against the traitor loudly bawl:
 But there was none that dar'd to tell
 Their lady what to them befel;
 For pufs a fox of wondrous art
 Brought in, to help, and take their part,
 By whose assistance to deceive,
 She made her every lie believe.

One lucky day, when she was walking
 In her woods, with servants talking,
 And stopp'd to hear how very well
 A red-breast sung, then him to dwell
 With her she call'd: he came, and took
 His place next to a favourite rook;
 Where Robin soon began to sing
 Such songs as made the house to ring:
 He sung the loss and death of sheep,
 In notes that made the lady weep:
 How for his charge the dog unfit,
 Took part with foes, and shepherds bit;
 Ev'n from his birth he did him trace,
 And shew him cur of shabby race;
 The first by wandering beggars fed,
 His fire, advanc'd, turn'd spit for bread;
 Himself each trust had still abus'd;
 To steal what he should guard, was us'd
 From puppy: known where'er he came
 Both vile and base, and void of shame.

The cat he sung, that none could match
 For venom'd spite, or cruel scratch;
 That from a witch transform'd she came,
 Who kitten'd three of equal fame:
 This first, one dead, of tabby fur
 The third survives, much noise of her
 Had been: a cat well known, with ease
 On errands dark, o'er land and seas,

She'd journies take to cub of bear,
 From these intriguing beasts, who swear
 They'll bring him to defend the wrong
 That they have done. Again he sung,
 How Tabby once, in moon-light night,
 Trotted with letter fox did write;
 In which he sends his best respects
 To the she-bear, and thus directs:
 "Madam, said he, your cub safe send,
 "None shall his worship soon offend;
 "It's all I can at present do
 "To serve him, as his friends well know."

At this the beasts grew in such rage,
 That none their fury could assuage;
 Nay, puffs her lady would have scratch'd,
 And tore her eyes, but she was watch'd;
 For she'd set up her back, and mew,
 And thrice ev'n in her face she flew.
 The dog, like an ungrateful spark,
 At her would dare to snarl and bark.
 Her tenants wondering stood to hear
 That she their insolence would bear;
 And offer'd their assistance to
 Soon make them better manners know:
 But she, to avoid all farther rout,
 Her window opening, turn'd Bob out;
 Hoping that then her beasts would live
 In peace, and no disturbance give.

Yet nothing she can do avails,
 Their rage against her still prevails;
 Though puffs was warn'd to fear their fate
 In lines (by old prophetic cat
 Writ before her transformation,
 When she was in the witch's station)
 Foretelling thus: "When beasts are grown
 "To certain heights, before unknown
 "Of human race, some shall aloud
 "Inflame and arm a dreadful crowd,
 "Who in vast numbers shall advance,
 "And to new tunes shall make them dance:
 "When this begins, no longer hope,
 "For all remains is ax and rope."

But, not deterr'd by this, they dar'd,
 With some who of their plunder shar'd,

T' affront their lady, and conspire
 To many with her money hire;
 Contemning her, to pay undue
 Regards unto this bestial crew:
 Though these resembled human shapes,
 They were indeed no more than apes;
 Who some in house, and some in wood,
 And others in high boxes stood,
 That chattering made such noise and stir,
 How all was due to fox and cur;
 Till, by their false deluding way,
 She found her flocks begin to stray.

Still Robin does for her his care
 And zeal express; on whom yet are
 His thoughts all fix'd. On her he dreams
 Each night. Her praises are his themes
 In songs all day. Now perch'd on tree,
 Finding himself secure and free,
 He pertly shakes his little wings,
 Sets up his throat: again he sings,
 "That she had left no other way
 To save her flocks, and end this fray,
 But soon to her assistance take
 One who could make these monsters shake;
 A well-known huntsman, who has skill
 The fiercest beasts to tame or kill:
 At her command he'd come; and he
 Would make her great, and set them free;
 That, should these beasts some evil day
 Bring cub into her grounds, she may
 Depend that not herself they'll spare,
 Since to insult her now they dare:
 All she at best can hope for then,
 Is to be safe shut up in den;
 Since by sure signs all these ingrate
 Are known to bear her deadly hate."

He ends his song, and preys to Heaven
 That she may have the wisdom given,
 Before it be too late, to take
 Such resolutions as may make
 Her safe, and that these beasts no more
 To ravage in the plains have power.

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM;

OR,

LORD BOLINGBROKE'S WELCOME FROM FRANCE*.

"Et thure, et fidibus juvat

"Placare, et vituli sanguine debito

"Custodes Numidæ Deos."

HOR. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium

Numidam, ob cujus ex Hispaniâ redditum gaudio exultat.

WHAT noise is this, that interrupts my sleep?
What echoing shouts rise from the briny deep?
Neptune a solemn festival prepares,
And peace through all his flowing orb declares:
That dreadful trident, which he us'd to shake,
Make earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,
Now, by his side, on ouzy couch reclin'd,
Gives a smooth surface and a gentle wind:
Innumerable Tritons lead the way,
And crowds of Nereids round his chariot play.
The ancient sea-gods with attention wait,
To learn what's now the last result of fate;
What earthly monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vicegerent of the seas.

By an auspicious gale, Britannia's fleet
On Gallia's coast this shining triumph meet:
These pomps divine their mortal sense surprise,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes:
Whilst scaly Tritons, with their shells, proclaim
The names that must survive to future fame;
And nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who, to purchase peace, make war:

* Lord Bolingbroke set out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare, one of his under-secretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbe Gaultier) Aug. 2; and arrived again in London, Aug. 21, 1712.

Then Neptune his majestic silence broke,
And to the trembling sailors mildly spoke:
"Throughout the world Britannia's flag display;
"Tis my command, that all the globe obey;
"Let British streamers wave their heads on high,
"And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure sky:
"The rest let Nereus tell"—
"If I have truth," says Nereus, "and foresee
"The intricate designs of Destiny;
"I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
"With sharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood;
"I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and
"Rome,
"Phœnician wealth, and Carthaginian doom;
"Must surely know what, in the womb of time,
"Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
"How wars upon the watery realm shall cease,
"And Anna give the world a glorious peace;
"Restore the spicy traffic of the east,
"And stretch her empire to the distant west:
"Her fleets descry Aurora's purple bed,
"And Phœbus' steeds after their labours fed.
"The southern coasts, to Britain scarcely known,
"Shall grow as hospitable as their own:
"No monsters shall be feign'd, to guard their store,
"When British trade secures their golden ore:

" The fleecy product of the Cotswold field
 " Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield :
 " Iron shall there intrinsic value show,
 " And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
 " Britannia's royal fishery shall be
 " Improv'd by a kind guardian deity :
 " That mighty task to Glaucus we assign,
 " Of more importance than the richest mine :
 " He shall direct them how to strike the whale,
 " How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
 " What treasure lies upon the frozen coast
 " Not yet explor'd, nor negligently lost.
 " In vast Acadia's plains, new theme for
 " fame,
 " Towns shall be built, sacred to Anna's * name :
 " The silver fir and lofty pine shall rise
 " From Britain's own united colonies,
 " Which to the mast shall canvass-wings afford,
 " And pitch, to strengthen the unfaithful board;
 " Norway may then her naval stores withhold,
 " And proudly starve for want of British gold.
 " O happy isle ! to such advantage plac'd,
 " That all the world is by thy counsels grac'd ;
 " Thy nation's genius, with industrious arts,
 " Renders thee lovely to remotest parts.
 " Eliza first the fable scene withdrew,
 " And to the ancient world display'd the new ;
 " When Burleigh at the helm of state was seen,
 " The truest subject to the greatest queen ;
 " The Indians, from the Spanish yoke made free,
 " Blest the effects of English liberty ;
 " Drake round the world his sovereign's honour
 " spread, [convey'd ;
 " Through straits and gulfs immense her fame
 " Nor rests inquiry here ; his curious eye
 " Descries new constellations in the sky,
 " In which vast space, ambitious mariners
 " Might place their names on high, and choose
 " their stars.
 " Raleigh, with hopes of new discoveries fir'd,
 " And all the depths of human wit inspir'd,
 " Rov'd o'er the western world in search of fame,
 " Adding fresh glory to Eliza's name ;
 " Subdued new empires, that will records be
 " Immortal of a queen's virginity †.
 " But think not, Albion, that thy sons decay
 " Or that thy princes have less power to sway ;
 " Whatever in Eliza's reign was seen,
 " With a redoubled vigour springs again :
 " Imperial Anna shall the seas control,
 " And spread her naval laws from pole to pole :
 " Nor think her conduct or her counsels less,
 " In arts of war, or treaties for a peace ;
 " In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
 " Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by stealth.
 " No nation can fear want, or dread surprise,
 " Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loss sup-
 " plies :
 " On him the public most securely leans,
 " To ease the burthen of the best of queens ;
 " On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
 " When war shall cease, and British commerce
 " rise.

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova-Scotia.

† Alluding to the first settlement of Virginia.

" Alcides' strength and Atlas' firmer mind
 " To narrow streights of Europe were confin'd.
 " The British sailors, from their royal change,
 " May find a nobler liberty to range.
 " Oxford shall be their pole-star to the south,
 " And there reward the efforts of their youth :
 " Whence, through his conduct, traffic shall in-
 " crease, [peace*,
 " Ev'n to those seas which take their name from
 " Peace is the sound must glad the Britons' ears :
 " But see ! the noble Bolingbroke appears ;
 " Gesture compos'd and looks serene declare
 " Th' approaching issue of a doubtful war.
 " Now my cœrulean race, safe in the deep,
 " Shall hear no cannons' roar disturb their sleep ;
 " But smoothest tides and the most halcyon gales
 " Shall to their port direct Britannia's sails.
 " Ye Tritons, sons of gods ! 'tis my command,
 " That you see Bolingbroke in safety land ;
 " Your concave shells for softest notes prepare,
 " Whilst Echo shall repeat the gentlest air ;
 " The river gods shall there your triumphs meet.
 " And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet ;
 " Thames shall stand wondering, Isis shall re-
 " joice,
 " And both in tuneful numbers raise their voice ;
 " The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
 " In swiftest streams, confess their true content ;
 " Avon and Severn shall in raptures join,
 " And fame convey them to the Northern Tyne ;
 " Tweed then no more the Britons shall divide,
 " But peace and plenty flow on either side ;
 " Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feasts,
 " And all the world invite for welcome guests."
 Faction, that through the land so fatal spread,
 No more shall dare to raise her Hydra's head ;
 But all her votaries in silence mourn
 The happiness of Bolingbroke's return ;
 Far from the common pitch, he shall arise,
 With great designs, to dazzle envy's eyes ;
 Search deep, to know of whiggish plots the source,
 Their ever-turning schemes, and restless course.
 Who shall hereafter British annals read,
 But will reflect with wonder on this deed ?
 How artfully his conduct overcame
 A stubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame ;
 Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
 And overthrew the Phaëtons of state !
 These wise exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
 And fir'd their souls, to see the wondrous man ;
 The aged counsellors, without surprise,
 Found wit and prudence sparkling in his eyes ;
 Wisdom that was not gain'd in course of years,
 Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
 But struck by force of genius ; such as drove
 The goddess Pallas from the brain of Jove.
 The youth of France, with pleasure, look'd to see
 His graceful mien and beauteous symmetry :
 The virgins ran, as to unusual shew,
 When he to Paris came, and Fontainebleau ;
 Viewing the blooming minister desir'd,
 And still, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
 Nor did the court, that best true grandeur knows,
 Their sentiments by lesser facts disclose,

† The Pacific Ocean.

By common pomp, or ceremonious train,
Seen heretofore, or to be seen again,
But they devis'd new honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any subject of a crown.

The Gallic king, in age and counsels wise,
Sated with war, and weary of disguise,
With open arms salutes the British peer,
And gladly owns his prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove descends,
With grateful errand, to heaven's choicest friends;
As Iris from the bed of Juno flies, [skies,
To bear her queen's commands through yielding
Whilst o'er her wings fresh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' sight,
With message heavenly; and, with equal light,
Dispels all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,
And in his mistress' name for peace declares:
Accents divine! which the great king receives
With the same grace that mighty Anna gives.

Let others boast of blood, the spoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endless woes,
Detested pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
With spangled ensigns, streaming in the air;
Count how they made Bavarian subjects feel
The rage of fire, and edge of harden'd steel;

Fatal effects of foul insatiate pride,
That deal their wounds alike on either side,
No limits set to their ambitious ends;
For who bounds them, no longer can be friends.
By different methods Bolingbroke shall raise
His growing honours and immortal praise.

He, fir'd with glory and the public good,
Betwixt the people and their danger stood:
Arm'd with convincing truths, he did appear;
And all he said was sparkling, bright, and clear.
The listening senate with attention heard,
And some admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;
Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demosthenic strength, and weight of sense,
Such as fond Oxford to her son supplied,
Design'd her own, as well as Britain's pride;
Who, less beholden to the ancient strains,
Might shew a nobler blood in English veins,
Oundo whatever Homer sweetly sung
Of Nestor's counsels, or Ulysses' tongue.

Oh! all ye nymphs, whilst time and youth allow,
Prepare the rose and lily for his brow. [low,
Much he has done, but still has more in view;
To Anna's interest and his country true.
More I could prophesy, but must refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain!

TO THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

A PARAPHRASE ON NAUDÆUS'S ADDRESS TO CARDINAL DE BAGNI.

THE time will come (if fate shall please to
give

This feeble thread of mine more space to live)
When I shall you and all your acts rehearse,
In a much loftier and more fluent verse;
To Ganges' banks, and China farther east,
To Carolina, and the distant west,
Your name shall fly, and every where be blest;

* Dr. King dedicated his English version of that work to the Duke of Beaufort.

Through Spain and tracts of Lybian sands shall go
To Russian limits, and to Zembla's snow.
Then shall my eager Muse expand her wing,
Your love of justice and your goodness sing;
Your greatness, equal to the state you hold;
In counsel wise, in execution bold;
How there appears, in all that you dispense,
Beauty, good-nature, and the strength of sense,
These let the world admire,—From you a smile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SONG.

You say you love ; repeat again
Repeat th' amazing sound,
Repeat the ease of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thousands have denied,
To me you freely give;
Whilst I in humble silence died,
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night,
Endymion fighting lay;
Gaz'd on the moon's transcendent light,
Despair'd, and durst not pray.

But divine Cynthia saw his grief,
Th' effect of conquering charms:
Unask'd the goddess brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

SONG.

TO CÆLIA.

The cruel Cælia loves, and burns
In flames she cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrsis, cold returns,
Treat her with scorn and pride.

You know the captives she has made,
The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
Or rack her with disdain!

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
She bends her knee divine;
Her tears, for Damon's sake, despise;
Let her kneel still, for mine.

Pursue thy conquest, charming youth,
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth—
Men can revenge their sex!

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were past,
When men in bonfires did their firing waste;
Yet still my monumental log did last:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the king's birth or coronation day,
Why with those oaks, under whose sacred shade
Charles was preserv'd, should any fire be made?
At last a frost, a dismal frost, there came,
Like that which made a market upon Thame:
Unruly company would then have made
Fire with this log, whilst thus its owner pray'd:
"Thou that art worship'd in Dodona's grove,
"From all thy sacred trees fierce flames remove:
"Preserve this groaning branch, O hear my
prayer,
"Spare me this one, this one poor billet spare;
"That, having many fires and flames withstood,
"Its ancient testimonial may last good,
"In future times to prove, I once had wood!"

TO LAURA.

In imitation of Petrarch.

At sight of murder'd Pompey's head
Cæsar forgets his sex and state,
And, whilst his generous tears are shed,
Wishes he had at least a milder fate.

At Absalom's untimely fall,
David with grief his conquest views:
Nay, weeps for unrelenting Saul,
And in soft verse the mournful theme pur-
sues,

The mightier Laura, from love's darts secure,
Beholds the thousand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with most cruel pain;
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears;
Her eyes betray no careless tears,
But persecute me still with anger and disdain.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LATE EARL OF ————,

Upon his disputing publicly at Christ Church, Oxford.

MUSE, to thy master's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodness won't deny :
With due submission, tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this design,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard just now from vanquish'd truth :
" Conquer'd, undone ! 'Tis strange that there
" should be
" In this confession pleasure ev'n to me. [barr'd,
" With well wrought terms my hold I strongly
" And rough distinctions were my surly guard.
" Whilst I, sure of my cause, this strength possess;
" A noble youth, advancing with address,
" Led glittering falsehood on with so much art,
" That I soon felt sad omens in my heart.
" Words with that grace," said I, " must needs
" persuade ;
" I find myself insensibly betray'd.
" Whilst he pursues his conquest, I retreat,
" And by that name would palliate my defeat.
" But here methinks I do the prospect see
" Of all those triumphs he prepares for me,
" When virtue or when innocence oppress
" Fly for sure refuge to his generous breast ;
" When with a noble mien his youth appears,
" And gentle voice persuades the listening peers.
" Judges shall wonder when he clears the laws,
" Dispelling mists, which long have hid their
" cause :
" Then, by his aid, aid that can never fail, [vail :
" Ev'n I, though conquer'd now, shall sure pre-
" Thousands of wreaths to me he shall repay,
" For that one laurel error wears to day."

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN your kind wishes first I sought,
'Twas in the dawn of youth :
I toasted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of truth.

You saw how still my fire increas'd ;
I griev'd to be denied :
You said, " till I to wander ceas'd,
" You'd guard your heart with pride."

I, that once feign'd too many lies,
In height of passion swore,
By you and other deities,
That I would range no more.

I've sworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer false and vain :
My passion is with honour mix'd,
And both shall ever reign.

* Probably James the third earl of Anglesea.

THE MAD LOVER.

I'LL from my breast tear fond desire,
Since Laura is not mine :
I'll strive to cure the amorous fire,
And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling shade
Soft slumbers I may find :
There all the vows to Laura made,
Shall vanish with the wind.

The speaking strings and charming song
My passion may remove :
Oh, music will the pain prolong,
And is the food of love.

I'll search heaven, earth, hell, seas, and air,
And that shall set me free :
Oh, Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be.

My soul must still endure the pain,
And with fresh torment rave :
For none can ever break the chain
That once was Laura's slave.

THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING.

A SOLILOQUY BY NAN THRASHERWELL.

Being part of a Play, called, " The New Troop."

O MY dear Thrasherwell, you're gone to sea,
And happiness must ever banish'd be
From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me !
Perhaps he is on land at Portsmouth now
In the embraces of some Hampshire sow,
Who, with a wanton pat, cries, " Now, my dear,
" You're wishing for some Wapping doxy here."—
" Pox on them all ! but most on bouncing Nan,
" With whom the torments of my life began :
" She is a bitter one !"—You lie, you rogue ;
You are a treacherous, false, ungrateful dog.
Did not I take you up without a shirt ? [dirt !
Woe worth the hand that scrubb'd off all your
Did not my interest lift you in the guard ?
And had not you ten shillings, my reward ?
Did I not then, before the serjeant's face, [grace ?
Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with dis-
And Thrasherwell before all others choose,
When I had the whole regiment to louse.
Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your sword,
The just revenger of your injur'd word !
The martial youth round in a circle stood,
With envious looks of love, and itching blood :
You, with some oaths that signified consent,
Cried " Tom is Nan's." and o'er the sword you
went.
Then I with some more modesty would step :
The ensign thump'd my hum, and made me leap
I leap'd indeed ; and you prevailing men
Leave us no power of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch, the farmer, had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afraid.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted:
Yet still into his story she would break
With, " 'Tis not so—pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.

He said, " That the next Tuesday noon would
" show

" Whether he were the lord at home, or no;
" When their good company he would entreat
" To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.
" I'll grant your wish," cries she, " that you may
" see

" 'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."

The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowfy Farmer with his simpering dame.

" Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, " why dost not thou
" appear!" [" here?"

" Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is
" I pardon ask," says Sue; " I'd not offend

" Any my dear invites, much less his friend."

Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying, " There was nothing fit to eat:

" The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef's not
" enough,

" The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough;

" The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;

" And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.

" 'Tis we are the first Slouches ever fate

" Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.

" What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed

" Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?

" Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be dress'd,

" When there's so many squab ones in the nest?

" This beer is sour; this musty, thick, and stale,

" And worse than any thing, except the Ale."

Sue all this while many excuses made:

Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.

Then cheese was brought. Says Slouch, " This
" e'en shall roll:

" I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl:

" This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go;

" And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."

But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
Nor longer could dissimulation last.

" Pray let me rise," says Sue, " my dear; I'll find
" A cheese perhaps may be to love's mind."

Then in an entry, standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might see;

And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,

And far enough on this occasion smelt;

" I'll try, my joy!" she cried, " if I can please

" My dearest with a taste of his old cheese!"

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous
hand

Wielding her oaken sapling of command,

Knew well the twang; " Is't the old cheese my
" dear?" [" swear,

" No need, no need of cheese," cries Slouch: " I'll

" I think I've din'd as well as my lord mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

Two neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married
be;

But did not in their choice of wives agree.

Clod thought a cuckold was a monstrous beast,

With two huge glaring eyes and spreading crest:

Therefore, resolving never to be such,

Married a wife none but himself could touch.

Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by fate,

Which shews us whom to love, and whom to hate,

To a young, handsome, jolly lass, made court,

And gave his friends convincing reasons for't,

That, since in life such mischief must be had,

Beauty had something still that was not bad.

Within two months, fortune was pleas'd to send

A tinker to Clod's house, with " Brasses to mend."

The good old wife survey'd the brawny spark,

And found his chine was large, though countenance
dark.

First she appears in all her airs, then tries

The squinting efforts of her amorous eyes.

Much time was spent, and much desire express'd:

At last the tinker cried, " Few words are best:

" Give me that skillet then; and, if I'm true,

" I dearly earn it for the work I do."

They 'greed; they parted. On the tinker goes,

With the same stroke of pan, and twang of nose,

Till he at Jolt's beheld a sprightly dame

That set his native vigour all on flame.

He looks, sighs, faints, at last begins to cry,

" And can you then let a young tinker die?"

Says she, " Give me your skillet then, and

" try."

" My skillet! Both my heart and skillet take;

" I wish it were a copper for your sake."

After all this, not many days did pass,

Clod, sitting at Jolt's house, survey'd the brass

And glittering pewter standing on the shelf;

Then, after some gruff muttering with himself,

Cried, " Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that skillet

" thine?" [" mine;

" You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; " 't'en't

" But I'll ask Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the

matter

In truth as 'twas; then cried, "You've got the better :

"For, tell me, dearest, whether you would choose

"To be a gainer by me, or to lose.

"As for our neighbour Clod, this I dare say,

"We've beauty and a skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

TOM BANKS by native industry was taught
The various arts how fishes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and single hair,
And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcast eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.

Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
They'd meet a fate more generous from his spear.

To basket oft' he'd pliant oziers turn,

Where they might entrance find, but no return.

His net well pois'd with lead he'd sometimes
Encircling thus his captives all below. [throw,

But, when he would a quick destruction make,

And from afar much larger booty take,

He'd through the stream, where most descending,
set

From side to side his strong capacious net ;

And then his rustic crew with mighty poles

Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,

And so pursue them down the rolling flood,

Gasping for breath, and almost chok'd with mud,

Till they, of farther passage quite bereft,

Were in the mesh with gills entangled left.

Trot, who liv'd down the stream, ne'er thought
his beer

Was good, unless he had his water clear.

He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale :

"Lord ! if you knew but how the people rail !

"They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse they say, }

"With water sometimes sink, and sometimes whey, }

"According as you meet with mud or clay. }

"Besides my wife these six months could not brew,

"And now the blame of this all's laid on you :

"For it will be a dismal thing to think

"How we old Trots must live, and have no drink

"Therefore, I pray, some other method take

"Of fishing, were it only for our sake."

Says Banks, "I'm sorry it should be my lot

"Ever to disoblige my gossip Trot :

"Yet 't'en't my fault ; but so 'tis fortune tries

"one,

["son ;

"To make his meat become his neighbour's poi-

"And so we pray for winds upon this coast,

"By which on t'other navies may be lost.

"Therefore in patience rest, though I proceed :

"There's no ill-nature in the case, but need.

"Though for your use this water will not serve,

"I'd rather you should choke, than I should

"starve."

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

OLD Paddy Scot, with none of the best faces,
Had a most knotty pate at solving cases ;

In any point could tell you, to a hair,

When was a grain of honesty to spare.

It happen'd, after prayers, one certain night,

At home he had occasion for a light

To turn Socinus, Lessius, Escobar,

Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre :

And therefore, as he from the chapel came,

Extinguishing a yellow taper's flame,

By which just now he had devoutly pray'd,

The useful remnant to his sleeve convey'd.

There happen'd a physician to be by,

Who thither came but only as a spy,

To find out others' faults, but let alone

Repentance for the crimes that were his own.

This Doctor follow'd Paddy ; said, "He lack'd

"To know what made a sacrilegious fact."

Paddy with studied gravity replies,

"That's as the place or as the matter lies :

"If from a place unsacred you should take

"A sacred thing, this sacrilege would make ;

"Or an unsacred thing from sacred place,

"There would be nothing different in the case ;

"But, if both thing and place should sacred be,

"'Twere height of sacrilege, as doctors all agree."

"Then," says the doctor, "for more light in

"this,

"To put a special case, were not amiss.

"Suppose a man should take a common prayer

"Out of a chapel where there's some to spare?"

"A common prayer?" says Paddy, "that would

"be

"A sacrilege of an intense degree."

"Suppose that one should in these holidays

"Take thence a bunch of rosemary or bays?"

"I'd not be too censorious in that case,

"But 'twould be sacrilege still from the place."

"What if a man should from the chapel take

"A taper's end : should he a scruple make,

"If homeward to his chambers he should go,

"Whether 'twere theft, or sacrilege, or no?"

The sly insinuation was perceiv'd :

Says Paddy, "Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,

"Unless in cases you distinguish right ;

"But this may be resolv'd at the first sight.

"As to the taper, it could be no theft,

"For it had done its duty, and was left :

"And sacrilege in having it is none,

"Because that in my sleeve I now have one."

THE CONSTABLE.

ONE night a fellow wandering without fear, }

As void of money as he was of care, }

Considering both were wash'd away with beer, }

With Strap the constable by fortune meets,

Whose lanterns glare in the most silent streets.

Resty, impatient any one should be

So bold as to be drunk that night but he :

"Stand ; who goes there," cries Strap, "at hours

"so late ?

[pate."—

"Answer. Your name ; or else have at your

"I wo'nt stand, 'cause I can't. Why must you

"know

"From whence it is come, or where I go ?"

"See here my staff," cries Strap; "trembling
 "behold
 "Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold:
 "Wooden authority when thus I wield,
 "Persons of all degrees obedience yield.
 "Then, be you the best man in all the city,
 "Mark me! I to the Counter will commit ye."
 "You! kifs, and so forth. For that never spare:
 "If that be all, commit me if you dare;
 "No person yet, either through fear or shame,
 "Durst commit me, that once had heard my
 "name."
 "Pray then, what is't?"—"My name's ADUL-
 "TERRY;
 "And, faith, your future life would pleasant be,
 "Did your wife know you once committed me."

LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London Paul the carrier coming down
 To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town;
 They both accost with salutation pretty,
 As, "How do'st, Paul?"—"Thank you: and
 "how do'st, Betty?"
 "Didst see our Jack, nor sister? No, you've seen,
 "I warrant, none but those who saw the Queen."
 "Many words spoke in jest," says Paul, "are
 "true,
 "I came from Windsor*; and, if some folks knew
 "As much as I, it might be well for you."
 "Lord, Paul! what is't?"—"Why give me some-
 "thing for't,
 "This kifs; and this. The matter then is short:
 "The parliament have made a proclamation,
 "Which will this week be sent all round the nation;
 "That maids with *little mouths* do all prepare
 "On Sunday next to come before the mayor,
 "And that all bachelors be likewise there:
 "For maids with little mouths shall if they please,
 "From out of these young men choose two a-
 "piece."

Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
 And then contracts her lips with simpering grace,
 Cries, "Hem! pray what must all the huge
 ones do

"For husbands, when we little mouths have two?"
 "Hold, not so fast," cries he, "pray pardon
 "me:
 "Maids with huge, gaping, *wide mouths*, must
 "have three."

Betty distorts her face with hideous squall,
 And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
 "Oh! ho! is't so? The case is alter'd, Paul.
 "Is that the point? I wish the three were ten;
 "I warrant I'd find *mouth*, if they'll find *men*."

HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckiest of the crew,
 Was still contriving something b. d, but new.

* Where Queen Anne and her Court frequently resided

His comrades all obedience to him paid,
 In executing what designs he laid:
 'Twas they should rob the orchard, he'd retire,
 His foot was safe whilst their's was in the fire.
 He kept them in the dark to that degree,
 None should presume to be as wise as he;
 But, being at the top of all affairs,
 The profit was his own, the mischief theirs.
 There fell some words made him begin to doubt,
 The rogues would grow so wise to find him out;
 He was not pleas'd with this, and so next day
 He cries to them, as going just to play,
 "What a rare jack-daw's nest is there! look up,
 "You see 'tis almost at the steeple's top."
 "Ah," says another, "we can have no hope
 "Of getting thither to 't without a rope"
 Says then the fleering spark, with courteous grin,
 By which he drew his infant cullies in;
 "Nothing more easy; did you never see
 "How, in a swarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
 "Make a long fort of rope below the tree.
 "Why may'nt we do the same, good Mr. John?
 "For that contrivance pray let me alone.
 "Tom shall hold Will, you Will, and I'll hold
 "you;
 "And then I warrant you the thing will do.
 "But, if there's any does not care to try,
 "Let us have no jack-daws, and what care I?"
 That touch'd the quick, and so they soon
 complied,
 No argument like that was e'er denied,
 And therefore instantly the thing was tried.
 They hanging down on strength above depend:
 Then to himself mutters their trusty friend,
 "The dogs are almost useless grown to me,
 "I ne'er shall have such opportunity
 "To part with them; and so e'en let them
 "go."
 Then cried aloud, "So ho! my lads! so ho!"
 "You're gone, unless you all hold fast below."
 "They've serv'd my turn, so 'tis time to drop
 "them;
 "The devil, if he wants them, let him stop them."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode astray,
 More out of choice, than that he lost his way:
 He let his company the hare pursue,
 For he himself had other game in view:
 A beggar by her trade; yet not so mean,
 But that her cheeks were fresh, and linen clean.
 "Mistress," quoth he, "and what if we two
 "Retire a little way into the wood." [should
 She needed not much courtship to be kind,
 He ambles on before, she trots behind;
 For little Bobby, to her shoulders bound,
 Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.
 He often ask'd her to expose, but she
 Still fear'd the coming of his company.
 Says she, "I know an unfrequented place
 "To the left hand, where we our time may pass,
 "And the mean while your horse may find
 "some graze."

" And gentlemen, you'd much mistaken be,
 " If any one should not think that of me.
 " Within these walls, my suppliant vassals know
 " What due obedience to their prince they owe,
 " And kiss the shadow of my papal toe,
 " My word's a law; when I my power advance,
 " There's not a greater monarch ev'n in France.
 " Not the Mogul or Czar of Muscovy,
 " Not Prester John, or Cham of Tartary,
 " Are in their houses monarch more than I.
 " My house my castle is, and here I'm king.
 " I'm pope, I'm emperor, monarch, every thing.
 " What though my wife be partner of my bed,
 " The monarch's crown fits only on this head."
 His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
 And, hearing all, thought his discourse too long:
 Her conscience said, he should not tell such lies,
 And to acknowledge such; she therefore cries,
 " D'ye hear—you—Sirrah—Monarch—there?—"
 " Come down
 " And grind the coffee—or I'll crack your crown."

JUST AS YOU PLEASE.

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to see
 One that would never discontented be,
 But in a careless way to all agree
 He had a servant, much of Æsop's kind,
 Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind:
 " Humpus," says he, " I order that you find
 " Out such a man, with such a character,
 " As in this paper now I give you here;
 " Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
 " Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
 " For I will break your back, and set you strait.
 " Bring him to dinner." Humpus soon withdrew,
 Was safe, as having such a one in view
 At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
 Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound.
 Who, solitary gaping without care,
 Seem'd to say, " Who is't? wilt go any where?"
 Says Humpus, " Sir, my master bade me pray
 " Your company to dine with him to-day."
 He snuffs; then follows; up the stairs he goes,
 Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
 But, looking round him, saw a handsome room,
 And did not much repent that he was come;
 Close to the fire he draws an elbow chair,
 And, lolling easy, doth for sleep prepare.
 In comes the family, but he sits still, [will!]
 Thinks, " Let them take the other chairs that
 The master thus accosts him, " Sir, you're wet,
 " Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
 Thinks he, " If I do spoil it, need I care?
 " I see he has eleven more to spare."
 Dinner's brought up; the wife is bid retreat,
 And at the upper end must be his seat.
 " This is not very usual," thinks the clown:
 " But is not all the family his own?
 " And why should I, for contradiction's sake,
 " Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?"

" If from his table she discarded be,
 " What need I care, there's the more for me."
 After a while, the daughter's bid to stand,
 And bring him whatsoever he'll command.
 Thinks he, " The better from the fairer hand."
 Young master next must rise to fill him wine,
 And starve himself, to see the booby dine.
 He does. The father asks, " What have you
 " there?
 " How dare you give a stranger vinegar?"
 " Sir, 'twas champagne I gave him.——" Sir, in-
 " deed!
 " Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;
 " Don't spare him for his tears or age: I'll try
 " If cat-of-nine tails can excuse a lie."
 Thinks the clown, " That 'twas wine I do be-
 " lieve;
 " But such young rogues are aptest to deceive;
 " He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
 " And how know I but 't may be for his good?"
 When the desert came on, and jellies brought,
 Then was the dismal scene of finding fault:
 They were such hideous, filthy, poisonous stuff,
 Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
 Humpus was ask'd who made them. Trembling he
 Said, " Sir, it was my lady gave them me."
 " No more such poison shall she ever give,
 " I'll burn the witch; 't'ent fitting she should live:
 " Set faggots in the court. I'll make her fry;
 " And pray, good Sir, may't please you to be
 " by?"
 Then, smiling, says the clown, " Upon my life,
 " A pretty fancy this, to burn one's wife!"
 " And since I find 'tis really your design,
 " Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine."

OF DREAMS.

" For a dream cometh through the multitude
 " of business."

ECCLES. V. 4.

" Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,
 " Non delubra deum nec ab æthere numina mit-
 " Sed sibi quisque facit," &c. [runr,
 PETRONIUS.

THE flitting dreams that play before the wind,
 Are not by Heaven for prophecies design'd;
 Nor by æthereal beings sent us down,
 But each man is creator of his own:
 For when their weary limbs are sunk in ease,
 The souls essay to wander where they please;
 The scatter'd images have place to play,
 And night repeats the labours of the day.

THE ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I.

Hasty Pudding.

I SING of food, by British nurse design'd,
 To make the stripling brave, and maiden kind.

Z z iiij

Delay not, Muse, in numbers to rehearse
The pleasures of our life, and sinews of our verse,
Let pudding's dish, most wholesome, be thy
theme,

And dip the swelling plumes in fragrant cream.

Sing then that dish, so fitting to improve

A tender modesty and trembling love;

Swimming in butter of a golden hue,

Garnish'd with drops of rose's spicy dew.

Sometimes the frugal matron seems in haste,

Nor cares to beat her pudding into paste:

Yet milk in proper skillet she will place,

And gently spice it with a blade of mace;

Then set some careful damsel to look to't,

And still to stir away the bishop's foot;

For, if burnt milk should to the bottom stick,

Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make folks sick.

Into the milk her flour she gently throws,

As valets now would powder tender beaux:

The liquid forms in hasty mass unite

Forms equally delicious, as they're white.

In shining dish the hasty mass is thrown,

And seems to want no graces but its own.

Yet still the housewife brings in fresh supplies,

To gratify the taste, and please the eyes.

She on the surface lumps of butter lays,

Which, melting with the hear, its beams displays;

From whence it causes, wondrous to behold,

A silver foil bedeck'd with streams of gold!

II.

A Hedge-hog after a Quaking-pudding.

As Neptune, when the three-tongu'd fork he
takes,

With strength divine the globe terrestrial shakes,

The highest hills, Nature's stupendous piles,

Break with the force, and quiver into isles;

Yet on the ruins grow the lofty pines,

And snow unmelted in the vallies shines:

Thus when the dame her hedge-hog-pudding
breaks,

Her fork indents irreparable streaks.

The trembling lump, with butter all around,

Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd;

And yet the tops appear, whilst almonds thick

With bright loaf-sugar on the surface stick.

III.

Puddings of various Colours in a Dish.

You, painter-like, now variegate the shade,

And thus from puddings there's a landscape made.

And Wife and London*, when they would dispose

Their ever-greens into well-order'd rows,

So mix their colours, that each different plant

Gives light and shadow as the others want.

IV.

Making of a good Pudding gets a good Husband.

Ye virgins, as these lines you kindly take,

So may you still such glorious pudding make,

* The two royal gardeners.

That crowds of youth may ever be at strife,
To gain the sweet composer for his wife!

V.

Sack and Sugar to Quaking-pudding.

"Oh, Delicious!"

BUT where must our confession first begin,
If sack and sugar once be thought a sin?

VI.

Broiled Pudding.

HID in the dark, we mortals seldom know

From whence the source of happiness may flow:

Who to broil'd pudding would their thoughts have
bent

From bright Pewteria's love-sick discontent?

Yet so it was, Pewteria felt Love's heat

In fiercer flames than those which roast her
meat.

No pudding's lost, but may with fresh delight

Be either *fried* next day, or *broil'd* at night.

VII.

Mutton Pudding.

BUT Mutton, thou most nourishing of meat,

Whose single joint† may constitute a treat;

When made a pudding, you excel the rest

As much as that of other food is best!

VIII.

Oatmeal Pudding.

OF oats decorticated take two pound,

And of new milk enough the same to drown;

Of raisins of the sun, ston'd, ounces eight;

Of currants, cleanly pick'd, an equal weight;

Of suet, finely slic'd, an ounce at least;

And six eggs, newly taken from the nest:

Season this mixture well with salt and spice;

'Twill make a pudding far exceeding rice;

And you may safely feed on it like farmers,

For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's.

IX.

A Sack-poffet.

FROM far Barbadoes, on the Western Main,

Fetch sugar, half a pound; fetch sack, from
Spain,

A pint; then fetch, from India's fertile coast,

Nutmeg, the glory of the British toast.

UPON A GIANT'S ANGLING.

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak;

His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke;

His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,

And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

† A loin.

ADVICE TO HORACE,

To take his Leave of Trinity College, Cambridge.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticising stuff
To Epicurus' school.

But, in excuse of this, you'll say,
You're so unwieldy grown,
That, if amongst that herd you lay,
You scarcely should be known.

How many butter'd crusts you've tast,
Into your weem so big,
That you're more like (at college cost)
A porpoise than a pig.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
And so from side to side:
You measure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you're wide.

Then blest me, Sir, how many craggs
You've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly swaggs,
That's rival to a *whale*.

E'en let the Fellows take the rest,
They've had a jolly taster;
But no great likelihood to feast,
'Twixt Horace and the master!

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.

CÆSAR, possess'd of Egypt's queen,
And conqueror of her charms,
Would envy, had he Darco seen
When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA.

Should Memnon that fam'd black revive,
Aurora's darling son,
For Zabra's heart in vain he'd strive,
Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO.

Fresh mulberries new-press'd disclose
A blood of purple hue;
And Zabra's lips, like crimson rose,
Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA.

The amorous sun has kiss'd his face;
And, now those beams are set,
A lovely night assumes the place,
And tinges all with jet.

DARCO.

Darkness is mystic priest to Love,
And does its rites conceal;
O'erspread with clouds, such joys we'll prove
As day shall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA.

In gloom of night, when Darco's eyes
Are guides, what heart can stray?
Whoever views his teeth, descries
The bright and milky way.

DARCO.

Though born to rule fierce Libya's sands,
That with gold's lustre shine,
With ease I quit those high commands
Whilst Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA.

Should I to that blest world repair,
Where whites no portion have,
I'd soon, if Darco were not there,
Fly back, and be a slave.

EPIGRAM.

Who could believe that a fine needle's smart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart;
That, from an orifice so very small,
The spirits and the vital blood should fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I'll be judg'd by you,
If more than this has not been found too true.
From smaller darts much greater wounds arise,
When shot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

SAM Wills had view'd Kate Bets, a smiling lass;
And for her pretty mouth admir'd her face.
Kate had lik'd Sam, for nose of Roman size,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met—says Sam, Alas, to say the truth,
I find myself deceiv'd by that small mouth!
Alas, cries Kate, could any one suppose,
I could be so deceiv'd by such a nose!
But I henceforth shall hold this maxim just,
To have experience first, and then to trust!

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one who, writing this,
Wishes you in the same that now he is;
Though to your person he may be unknown,
His wishes are as hearty as your own:
For Carter's drink, when in his master's hand,
Has pleasure and good-nature at command.
What though his lordship's lands are in your trust,
'Tis greater to his brewing to be just.
As to that matter, no one can find fault,
If you supply him still with well-dried malt.
Still be a servant constant to afford
A liquor fitting for your generous lord;
Liquor, like him, from seeds of worth in light,
With sparkling atoms still ascending bright.

May your accounts so with your lord stand clear,
And have your reputation like your beer;
The main perfection of your life pursue,
In March, October, every month, still brew,
And get the character of "Who but You?"

N E R O.

A SATIRE.

We know how ruin once did reign,
When Rome was fir'd, and senate slain;
The prince, with brother's gore imbrued;
His tender mother's life pursued;
How he the carcase, as it lay,
Did without tear or blush survey,
And censure each majestic grace
That still adorn'd that breathless face:
Yet he with sword could domineer
Where dawning light does first appear
From rays of Phœbus; and command
Through his whole course, ev'n to that strand
Where he, abhorring such a sight,
Sinks in the watery gloom of night:
Yet he could death and terror throw,
Where Thulé starves in northern snow,
Where southern heats do fiercely pass
O'er burning sands that melt to glass.
Fond hopes! Could height of power assuage
The mad excess of Nero's rage?
Hard is the fate, when subjects find
The sword unjust to poison join'd!

AD AMICUM.

PRIMUS Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus* in oras,
Palladias artes secum, cytharamque sonantem
Attulit; ast illi comites Parnassido una
Adveniunt, autorque viæ consultus Apollo:
Ille idem sparfos longè latèque colonos
Legibus in cœtus sæquis, atque oppida cogit;
Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
Crescere divitias et surgere tecta deorum.
Talibus auspiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
Sic byrsa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
Carthago regum domitrix; sic aurea Roma
Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit astris.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

TYNTE was the man who first, from British shore
Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
His tuneful harp attending muses strung,
And Phœbus' skill inspir'd the lays he sung.
Strong towers and palaces their rise began,
And listening stones to sacred fabrics ran.
Just laws were taught, and curious arts of peace,
And trade's brisk current flow'd with wealth's
increase.
On such foundations learned Athens rose;
So Dido's throng did Carthage first inclose:

* Major Taynte, Governor of Carolina.

So Rome was taught old empires to subdue,
As Tynte creates and governs, now, the new.

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

TELL me, old prophet, tell me how,
Estate when sunk, and pocket low,
What subtle arts, what secret ways,
May the desponding fortune raise?
You laugh: thus misery is scorn'd!

TIRESIAS.

Sure 'tis enough, you are return'd
Home by your wit, and view again
Your farm of Ithac, and wife Pen.

ULYSSES.

Sage friend, whose word's a law to me,
My want and nakedness you see:
The sparks, who made my wife such offers,
Have left me nothing in my coffers;
They've kill'd my oxen, sheep, and geese,
Eat up my bacon and my cheese.
Lineage and virtue, at this push,
Without the gelt, 's not worth a rush.

TIRESIAS.

Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averse to being poor;
Therefore find out some rich old cuss,
That never thinks he has enough:
Have you a swan, a turkey-pye,
With woodcocks, thither let them fly,
The first-fruits of your early spring,
Not to the gods, but to him bring.
Though he a foundling bastard be,
Convict of frequent perjury;
His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
By justice for that crime pursued;
Never the wall, when ask'd, refuse,
Nor lose your friend, to save your shoes.

ULYSSES.

'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
Which is the filthiest of the two?
Before Troy-town it was not so.
There with the best I us'd to strive.

TIRESIAS.

Why, by that means you'll never thrive.

ULYSSES.

It will be very hard, that's true:
Yet I'll my generous mind subdue.

TRANSLATION FROM TASSO.

CANTO III. ST. 3.

So when bold mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to seek some unfrequented shore:
The sea grown high, and pole unknown, do find
How false is every wave, and treacherous every
wind!
If wish'd for land some happier sight descries,
Distant huzzas, saluting clamours, rise:
Each strives to shew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets past danger, and the tedious way.

FROM HESIOD.

WHEN Saturn reign'd in heaven, his subjects here
 Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
 Care, pain, old age, and grief, were banish'd far,
 With all the dread of laws and doubtful war:
 But cheerful friendship, mix'd with innocence,
 Feasted their understanding and their sense;
 Nature abounded with unenvied store,
 Till their discreetest wits could ask no more;
 And when, by fate, they came to breathe their last,
 Dissolv'd in sleep their flitting vitals pass'd.
 Then to much happier mansions they remov'd,
 There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd.

THAME AND ISIS.

So the god Thame, as through some pond he
 glides,
 Into the arms of wandering Isis slides:
 His strength, her softness, in one bed combine,
 And both with bands inextricable join.
 Now no cœrulean nymph, or sea god, knows,
 Where Isis, or where Thame, distinctly flows;
 But with a lasting charm they blend their stream,
 Producing one imperial river—Thame.

I waked, speaking these out of a Dream in the Morning.

NATURE a thousand ways complains,
 A thousand words express her pains:
 But for her laughter has but three,
 And very small ones, Ha, ha, he!

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS.

TWENTY conundrums have of late
 Been buzzing in my addle pate.
 If earthly things are rul'd by heaven,
 Or matters go at six and seven,
 The coach without a coachman driven?
 A pilot at the helm to guide,
 Or the ship left to wind and tide?
 A great first cause to be ador'd,
 Or whether all's a lottery-board?
 For when, in viewing nature's face,
 I spy so regular a grace!
 So just a symmetry of features,
 From stem to stern, in all her creatures!
 When on the boistrous sea I think,
 How 'tis confin'd like any sink!
 How summer, winter, spring, and fall,
 Dance round in so exact a hawl!
 How, like a chequer, day and night,
 One's mark'd with black, and one with white!
 Quoth I, I ken it well from hence,
 There's a presiding influence!

Which won't permit the rambling stars
 To fall together by the ears:
 Which orders still the proper season
 For hay and oats, and beans and pease:
 Which trims the sun with its own beams;
 Whilst the moon ticks for her's, it seems,
 And, as ashamed of the disgrace,
 Unmasks but seldom all her face:
 Which bounds the ocean within banks,
 To hinder all its mad-cap pranks:
 Which does the globe to an axle fit,
 Like wheel to nave, or joint to spit!

But then again! How can it be
 Whilst such vast tracks of earth we see
 O'er-run by barbarous tyranny!
 Vile sycophants in clover blest;
 Whilst patriots with Duke Humphry feast,
 Brow-beaten, bullied, and oppress'd!
 Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule;
 Whilst he, who seems to be a tool,
 Is the priest's knave, the placeman's fool!

This whimsical phenomenon,
 Confounding all my *pro* and *con*,
 Bamboozles the account again,
 And draws me *nolens volens* in,
 Like a press'd soldier, to espouse
 The sceptic's hypothetic cause:
 Who Kent will to a codling lay us,
 That cross-or-pile refin'd the chaos;
 That jovial atoms once did dance,
 And form'd this merry orb by chance,
 No art or skill were taken up,
 But all fell out as round as hoop!

A *vacuum*'s another maxim;
 Where, he brags, experience backs him:
 Denying that all space is full,
 From inside of a Tory's skull.
 As to a deity, his tenet
 Swears by it, there's nothing in it;
 Else 'tis too busy, or too idle,
 With our poor bagatelles to meddle.

Anna's a curb to lawless Louis,
 Which as illustrious as true is;
 Her victories o'er despotic right,
 That passive non-resisting bite,
 Have brought this mystery to light:
 Have fairly made the riddle out,
 And answer'd all the squeamish doubt;
 Have clear'd the regency on high,
 From every presumptuous why.

No more I boggle as before,
 But with full confidence adore;
 Plain, as nose on face, expounding
 All this intricate dumb founding;
 Which to the meanest conception is,
 As followeth hereunder, viz.

"Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
 "To make their headlong fall the greater."

THE GARDEN PLOT, 1709.

WHEN Naboth's vineyard look'd so fine,
 The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"

And yet no reason could prevail,
To bring the owners to a sale;
Jezebel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab griev'd to be denied:
And thus accosted him with scorn,
" Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
" A king, and weep! the ground's your own;
" I'll vest the garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head.
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands, perhaps, were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near.
Hall, of small Scripture conversation,
Yet how'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident had got
The story of this garden plot;
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant;
Therefore resolv'd in humble sort
To begin first, and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

EPISTLE TO MR. GODDARD*;

WRITTEN BY DR. KING,

In the Character of "The Review"†.

To Windsor canon, his well-chosen friend,
The just Review does kindest greeting send,
I've found the man by nature's gift design'd
To please my ear and captivate my mind,
By sympathy the eager passions move,
And strike my soul with wonder and with love!

* Author of a sermon (against high-church, hereditary right, and Sacheverell), intitled, "The Guilt, Mischief, and Aggravation of Censure; set forth in a Sermon preached in St. George's Chapel, within her Majesty's Castle of Windsor, on Sunday the 25th of June, 1710. By Thomas Goddard, A. M. Canon of Windsor. London, printed for B. Lintot, 1710."
† A well-known political paper by De Foe, in which Mr. Goddard's sermon was commended.

Happy that place, where much less care is had
To save the virtuous, than protect the bad;
Where pastors must their stubborn flock obey,
Or that be thought a scandal which they say:
For, should a sin, by some grand soul belov'd,
Chance with an awkward zeal to be reprov'd,
And tender conscience meet the fatal curse,
Of hardening by reproof, and growing worse:
When things to such extremities are brought,
'Tis not the sinner's, but the teacher's fault.
With great men's wickedness, then, rest content,
And give them their own leisure to repent;
Whilst their own headstrong will alone must curb
them,
And nothing vex, or venture to disturb them,
Lest they should lose their favour in the court,
And no one but themselves be sorry for't.
Were I in panegyric vers'd like you,
I'd bring whole offerings to your merit due.
You've gain'd the conquest; and I freely own,
Dissenters may by churchmen be outdone.
Though once we seem'd to be at such a distance,
Yet both concenter in divine resistance;
Both teach what kings must do when subjects fight,
And both disclaim hereditary right.
By Jove's command, two eagles took their flight,
One from the east, the source of infant light,
The other from the west, that bed of night.
The birds of thunder both at Delphi meet,
The centre of the world, and wisdom's seat.
So, by a power not decent here to name,
To one fixt point our various notions came,
Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windsor
flew, [review.
Whilst shop and meeting-house brought forth
Your brains fierce eloquence and logic tried;
My humbler strain choice socks and stockings
cried;
Yet in our common principles we meet,
You sinking from the head, I rising from the feet.
Pardon a hasty muse, ambitious grown,
T' extol a merit far beyond his own.
For, though a modern painter can't command
The stroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand;
Yet their transcendent works his fancy raise;
And there's some skill in knowing what to praise.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. THOMAS SPRAT:

Containing

ODE ON THE DEATH OF CROMWELL,
EPISTLE TO HOWARD,

ODE ON THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS,
ODE ON COWLEY,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

—Hold thy headlong pace, my Muse—
Check thy young Pindaric heat,
Which makes thy pen too much to sweat;
’Tis but an infant yet,
And just now left the teat,
By Cowley’s matchless pattern nurs’d—
It is enough that thou hast learn’d, and spoke thy father’s name.

ODE ON COWLEY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

DR. THOMAS SPRAT

ODE ON THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS
ODE ON COWLEY

THE AUTHOR

It is enough that thou hast learn'd, and spoke thy father's name.
By Cowley's matchless pattern taught—
And just now left the tear.
The poet an infant yet,
Which might thy pen too much to wrest;
Check thy young Thibault's heat,
Hold thy breathing pace, my Muse—
ODE ON COWLEY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDRELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

June 1793.

THE LIFE OF SPRAT.

THOMAS SPRAT was the son of a private clergyman, and born at Tallaton, in Devonshire, in the year 1636.

He received the rudiments of his grammatical education, as he tells of himself, at "a little school by the church-yard side."

In 1651, he was entered a commoner in Wadham College, Oxford; where he prosecuted his studies with remarkable diligence, and distinguished himself by the correctness of his conduct, and his amiable manners.

In 1652, he was chosen a scholar; and having proceeded through the usual academical course, he was admitted Master of Arts in 1657, and soon after obtained a fellowship.

In 1658, he commenced poet, and wrote a pindaric *Ode on the Plague of Athens*, which he addressed to his friend and fellow collegian, Dr. Walter Pope, half-brother of the famous Dr. Wilkins, and afterwards astronomy professor in Gresham College, and author of the "Life of Dr. Seth Ward," and "The Old Man's Wish," and other humorous poems.

The year following, he wrote a pindaric ode *To the happy Memory of the Lord Protector*, which was published with the poems of Dryden and Waller on the same occasion.

In the dedication to Dr. Wilkins, then Warden of Wadham College, by whose approbation and request it was made public, he appears, by turns, the liberal encomiast of Cowley, Cromwell, and his patron. He speaks of his verses both as falling "so infinitely below the full and sublime genius of that excellent writer, who made this way of writing free of our nation," and being "so little equal and proportioned to the renown of that prince on whom they were written; such great actions and lives deserving rather to be the subject of the noblest pens and most divine fancies, than of such small beginners and weak essayers in poetry as myself." He adds, "Having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my studies and fortune, having been moulded, as it were, by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be injustice, but sacrilege."

At the Restoration, he changed his principles, and became a zealous royalist; but the versatility of his political sentiments does not appear to have lessened his credit with those parties he afterwards espoused.

He now took orders, and, by the recommendation of his friend Cowley, was made chaplain to Villiers Duke of Buckingham, whom he is said to have assisted in writing "The Rehearsal."

By the interest of Buckingham, his patron, who, notwithstanding his fickleness and inconsistent levity, never forsook him, he was introduced at court, and made chaplain to the King, whose regard he attracted by the politeness of his address, and happy powers in conversation.

As he was the favourite of Dr. Wilkins, at whose apartments in Wadham College those philosophical conferences commenced, which laid the foundation of "the Royal Society;" he was consequently engaged in the same studies, and became one of the fellows of the new institution, on their incorporation, in 1662.

In 1665, he published *Observations on Sorbier's Voyage into England, in a Letter to Dr. Wren*, professor of astronomy in Oxford. In this spirited performance, he has well lashed the trifling, conceited pedant with his own rod, and given an undeniable proof, that the strength and solidity of his pen is infinitely superior to the gallant air of the French voyager, who is sprightly without propriety, and positive without truth.

In 1667, he published his *History of the Royal Society*; a work which ranked him with the most polite and elegant writers of that age, and which is still admired for selection of sentiment, and elegance of diction.

In the next year, he published Cowley's Latin Poems, and prefixed, in Latin, the Life of the Poet, written with great zeal of friendship, and ambition of eloquence, which he afterwards placed before a new edition of his English Works, the revising and collecting of which were by will committed to his care.

The *Life of Cowley*, which resembles a funeral oration, rather than a history, is addressed to Martin Clifford, Esq., his learned friend, and, in the penury of English biography, has been esteemed the most elegant composition in our language.

This work was rewarded with its full proportion of praise; and ecclesiastical preferments now rapidly followed his literary honours.

In 1668, he was made a prebendary of Westminster, and had afterwards the church of St. Margaret adjoining to the Abbey. In 1669, he commenced Doctor in Divinity. In 1680, he was made canon of Windsor; in 1683, dean of Westminster; and in 1684, bishop of Rochester.

He shewed his gratitude to the Court, in writing the history of the Rye-house Plot; and, in 1685, published *A true Account and Declaration of the horrid Conspiracy against the late King, his present Majesty, and the present Government*; a performance which is little better than a romance, and which he thought proper, after the Revolution, to extenuate and excuse, in a letter to the Earl of Dorset.

The same year, being clerk of the closet to King James, he was made dean of the Chapel Royal; and the year following, appointed one of the commissioners for ecclesiastical affairs.

By sitting in the ecclesiastical commission, he drew upon himself almost an universal censure; which, in his letter to the Earl of Dorset, written in 1689, he acknowledges to be just. "Though I profess what I now say, I only intend a reasonable mitigation of the offence I have given, not entirely to justify my sitting in that court; for which I acknowledge I have deservedly incurred the censure of many good men; and I wish I may ever be able to make a sufficient amends to my country for it."

His offence, in this particular, was somewhat alleviated by his renouncing the commission, when he found that the powers of it were to be exercised against those who refused to read the *King's Declaration*, because it was founded on a *dispensing power*.

After the abdication of his old master, he complied with the new establishment; and though his offences were strenuously urged against him, he retained his ecclesiastical preferments, and was left unmolested by Government.

In 1692, he was accused, in an information laid before the Privy Council, of entering into an association with Sancroft, Marlborough, and other persons of distinction, to restore King James; and, by his great prudence and diligence, in detecting the characters of his informers, honourably acquitted. He published an account of his examination and deliverance, intitled, *A Relation of the wicked Contrivance of Stephen Blackhead and Robert Young, against the Lives of several Persons, by forging an Association under their Hands*, 4to, 1692. He ever after commemorated his deliverance, by an yearly day of thanksgiving.

He spent the remainder of his life in the quiet exercise of his function, and in the practice of those acts of beneficence, humility, and piety, for which he was justly distinguished.

He died of an apoplexy, at Bromley in Kent, 20th May 1713, in the 79th year of his age, and was buried in the Abbey-church of Westminster.

The Works of Sprat, besides his few Poems, are, The History of the Royal Society, The Life of Cowley, The Answer to Sorbier, The History of the Rye-house Plot, The Relation of his own Exa-

mination, the Letters to Lord Dorset, and a volume of Sermons; each of which is of a different kind, and has its distinct and characteristic excellence.

"The Bishop of Rochester," says Dr. Felton, "is the correctest writer of the age, and comes nearest to the great originals of Greece and Rome, by a studious imitation of the ancients: His plainness and accuracy, his sublime and oratory, are equally laboured. His Life of Cowley, and his excellent Discourse to his Clergy, are admirable for the modesty and plainness and inimitable simplicity of their dress. His answer to Sorbiere is so handsome a way of exposing an empty trifling pretending pedant, that he maketh his adversary at once the subject of our diversion and contempt. His Letters to my Lord Dorset, are the best patterns of apology, and a true epistolary style, on a public subject. His Sermons are truly fine, so very beautiful and so extremely studied in every bright thought and delicate expression, and all the charms of language, that Religion looketh lovely like herself, as well as venerable in our eyes. What is more than can be said of Tully, in the bishop we meet the poet and the orator eminently conjoined."

Sprat was a man of wit and a polite scholar; the pregnancy of his imagination, and the elegance of his language, have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature. But his style, in general, has been, perhaps too much applauded; it has neither the classic simplicity of Hobbes, nor the grace of Sir William Temple. He has, however, been justly ranked with the best writers in the reign of Charles II.

It appears from his writings, as well as his conduct, that his principles were far from being stubborn. He has represented Cromwell as a finished hero, and Charles I. as a glorified saint. He sat in the ecclesiastical commission, and was by no means averse from the Revolution. But he atoned for the inconsistencies and errors of his political conduct, by the exemplary dignity and decency of his episcopal and private character.

His Poems were reprinted among "The Works of the Minor Poets," in 2 volumes 12mo, 1742; and have been admitted, with the compositions of his poetical brethren, Rochester, Roscommon, Halifax, Stepney, and Duke, into the Temple of Fame, lately erected under the title of "The Works of the English Poets."

His poetry has the faults and beauties of the Pindaric style of writing, recommended by the example of his favourite Cowley. He supposed that as he was imitated, perfection in *the highest and noblest kind of writing in verse* was approached; and thought the *irregularity of his numbers the very thing* which makes *that kind of poetry fit for all manner of subjects*, and chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to prose. He indulged himself, therefore, in the utmost licence of Pindaric liberty and metaphorical extravagance. In his *Ode on the Plague of Athens*, his longest performance, he has amplified, but seldom improved the admirable descriptions of Thucydides and Lucretius. The *Ode on the Death of Cromwell*, exhibits sufficient proofs of strong intellectual exertion, but is encumbered by unskillful and improper decorations. His *Epistle to Howard* is an extravagant compliment on "the British Princes," which has exercised the wit of Butler, Waller, Denham, Dorset, and his friend Clifford of the Charter-house. The *Ode on Cowley* has much wit, and much praise, which appears confused and enlarged through the mist of panegyric.

"There is in his few productions," says Dr. Johnson, "no want of such conceits as he thought excellent; and of those our judgment may be settled by the first that appears in his praise of Cromwell, where he says, that Cromwell's "fame, like man, will grow white as it grows old."

P O E M S.

To the happy Memory of the late

L O R D P R O T E C T O R.

I.

'Tis true, great name, thou art secure
From the forgetfulness and rage
Of death, or envy, or devouring age;
Thou canst the force and teeth of time endure:
Thy fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of itself turn whiter too,
Without what needful art can do;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy hearse,
Though it were never heard or sung in verse.
Without our help thy memory is safe;
They only want an epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an inscription,
Remember'd only on the brass, or marble stone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our roses and perfumes
Will but officious folly show,
And pious nothings to such mighty tombs.
All our incense, gums and balm,
Are but unnecessary duties here:
The poets may their spices spare,
Their costly numbers, and their tuneful feet:
That need not be embalm'd, which of itself is sweet.

II.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof
Of our obedience and our love:
For when the sun and fire meet,
The one's extinguish'd quite:
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that write of thee, and join
Their feeble names with thine;
Their weaker sparks with thy illustrious light,
Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no fame to thee from hence be brought.
We know, blest'd spirit, thy mighty name
Wants no addition of another's beam;
It's for our pens too high, and full of theme:
The muses are made great by thee, not thou by them,
Thy fame's eternal lamp will live,
And in thy sacred urn survive,
Without the food of oil, which we can give.

'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our songs;
Duty commands our tongues:
Though thou want not our praises, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
For so men from religion are not freed,
But from the altars clouds must rise,
Though heaven itself doth nothing need,
And though the gods don't want an earthly sacrifice.

III.

Great life of wonders, whose each year
Full of new miracles did appear!
Whose every month might be
Alone a chronicle, or history!
Others great actions are
But thinly scatter'd here and there;
At best, but all one single star;
But thine the milky-way,
All one continued light, of undistinguish'd day;
They throng'd so close, that nought else could be
seen,
Scarce any common sky did come between:
What shall I say, or where begin?
Thou may'st in double shapes be shown
Or in thy arms, or in thy gown;
Like Jove, sometimes with warlike thunder,
and
Sometimes with peaceful sceptre in his hand;
Or in the field, or on the throne.
In what thy head, or what thy arm hath done,
All that thou didst was so refin'd,
So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
So pure, so weighty gold,
That the least grain of it,
If fully spread and beat,
Would many leaves and mighty volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy name was publish'd, and whilst yet
Thou only to thyself were great,
Whilst yet the happy bud
Was not quite seen or understood,
It then fore signs of future greatness shew'd:

Then thy domestic worth
 Did tell the world what it would be,
 When it should fit occasion see.
 When a full spring should call it forth :
 As bodies in the dark and night
 Have the same colours, the same red and white,
 As in the open day and light ;
 The sun doth only shew
 That they are bright, not make them so.
 So whilst but private walls did know
 What we to such a mighty mind should owe,
 Then the same virtues did appear,
 Though in a less and more contracted sphere,
 As full, though not as large as since they were :
 And like great rivers' fountains, though
 At first so deep thou didst not go :
 Though then thine was not so enlarg'd a flood ;
 Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

v.

'Tis true thou was not born unto a crown,
 Thy sceptre's not thy father's, but thy own :
 Thy purple was not made at once in haste,
 But after many other colours past,
 It took the deepest princely dye at last.
 Thou didst begin with lesser cares,
 And private thoughts took up thy private
 years :
 Those hands which were ordain'd by fates
 To change the world and alter states,
 Practis'd at first that vast design
 On meaner things with equal mien.
 That soul which should so many sceptres sway,
 To whom so many kingdoms should obey,
 Learn'd first to rule in a domestic way :
 So government itself began
 From family, and single man,
 Was by the small relation first
 Of husband and of father nurs'd,
 And from those less beginnings past,
 To spread itself o'er all the world at last.

vi.

But when thy country (then almost enthrall'd)
 Thy virtue and thy courage call'd ;
 When England did thy arms entreat,
 And 't had been sin in thee not to be great :
 When every stream, and every flood,
 Was a true vein of earth, and run with blood :
 When unus'd arms, and unknown war,
 Fill'd every place, and every ear ;
 When the great storms and dismal night
 Did all the land affright ;
 'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our light.
 Thou left'st thy more delightful peace,
 Thy private life and better ease ;
 Then down thy steel and armour took,
 Wishing that it still hung upon the hook :
 When death had got a large commission out,
 Throwing the arrows and her sting about ;
 Then thou (as once the healing serpent rose)
 Wast lifted up, not for thyself but us.

vii.

Thy country wounded was, and sick, before
 Thy wars and arms did her restore :
 Thou knew'st where the disease did lie,
 And like the cure of sympathy,

The strong and certain remedy
 Unto the weapon didst apply ;
 Thou didst not draw the sword, and so
 Away the scabbard throw,
 As if thy country shou'd
 Be the inheritance of Mars and blood :
 But that, when the great work was spun,
 War in itself should be undone :
 That peace might land again upon the shore,
 Richer and better than before :
 The husbandman no steel shall know,
 None but the useful iron of the plow ;
 That bays might creep on every spear :
 And though our sky was overspread
 With a destructive red,
 'Twas but till thou our sun didst in full light
 appear.

viii.

When Ajax dy'd, the purple blood,
 That from his gaping wound had flow'd,
 Turn'd into letter, every leaf
 Had on it wrote his epitaph :
 So from that crimson flood,
 Which thou by fate of times wert led
 Unwillingly to shed,
 Letters and learning rose, and arts renew'd :
 Thou fought'st, not out of envy, hope, or hate,
 But to refine the church and state ;
 And like the Romans, whate'er thou
 In the field of Mars didst mow,
 Was, that a holy island hence might grow.
 Thy wars, as rivers raised by a shower,
 Which welcome clouds do pour,
 Though they at first may seem
 To carry all away with an enraged stream ;
 Yet did not happen that they might destroy,
 Or the better parts annoy :
 But all the filth and mud to scour,
 And leave behind another slime,
 To give a birth to a more happy power.

ix.

In fields unconquer'd, and so well
 Thou didst in battles and in arms excel ;
 That steely arms themselves might be
 Worn out in war as soon as thee ;
 Success so close upon thy troops did wait,
 As if thou first hadst conquer'd fate ;
 As if uncertain victory
 Had been first o'ercome by thee ;
 As if her wings were clipt, and could not flee,
 Whilst thou didst only serve,
 Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve,
 Others by thee did great things do,
 Triumph'dst thyself, and mad'st them triumph too
 Though they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher sphere :
 Thou, the great sun, gav'st light to every star :
 Thyself an army wert alone,
 And mighty troops contain'd in one.
 Thy only sword did guard the land,
 Like that which, flaming in the angel's hand,
 From men God's garden did defend ;
 But yet thy sword did more than his,
 Not only guarded, but did make this land a para-
 dise.

x.

Thou fought'st not to be high or great,
 Nor for a sceptre or a crown,
 Or ermine, purple, or the throne;
 But as the vestal heat,
 Thy fire was kindled from above alone;
 Religion putting on thy shield
 Brought thee victorious to the field.
 Thy arms, like those which ancient heroes wore,
 Were given by the God thou didst adore:
 And all the swords thy armies had,
 Were on an heavenly anvil made;
 Not interest, or any weak desire
 Of rule or empire, did thy mind inspire:
 Thy valour like the holy fire,
 Which did before the Persian armies go,
 Liv'd in the camp, and yet was sacred too:
 Thy mighty sword anticipates
 What was deserv'd by heaven and those blest feats,
 And makes the church triumphant here below.

xi.

Though fortune did hang on thy sword,
 And did obey thy mighty word;
 Though fortune, for thy side and thee,
 Forgot her lov'd inconstancy:
 Amidst thy arms and trophies thou
 Were valiant and gentle too;
 Wound'st thyself, when thou didst kill thy foe.
 Like steel, when it much work has past,
 That which was rough does shine at last,
 Thy arms by being oftener us'd did smother
 grow.

Nor did thy battles make thee proud or high,
 Thy conquest rais'd the state, not thee:
 Thou overcam'st thyself in every victory.
 As when the sun in a directer line
 Upon a polish'd golden shield doth shine,
 The shield reflects unto the sun again his light:
 So when the heavens smil'd on thee in fight;
 When thy propitious God had lent
 Success and victory to thy tent;
 To heaven again the victory was sent.

xii.

England, till thou didst come,
 Confin'd her valour home;
 Then our own rocks did stand
 Bounds to our fame as well as land,
 And were to us as well
 As to our enemies unpassable:
 We were ashamed at what we read,
 And blush'd at what our fathers did,
 Because they came so far behind the dead.
 The British lion hung his mane, and droop'd,
 To slavery and burden stoop'd,
 With a degenerate sleep and fear
 Lay in his den, and languish'd there;
 At whose least voice before,
 A trembling echo ran through every shore,
 And shook the world at every roar:
 Thou his subdued courage didst restore,
 Sharpen his claws, and from his eyes
 Mad'st the same dreadful lightning rise;
 Mad'st him again affright the neighbouring
 floods,
 His mighty thunder sounds through all the woods:

Thou hast our military fame redeem'd,
 Which was lost, or clouded seem'd:

Nay, more, heaven did by thee bestow
 On us, at once an iron age and happy too.

xiii.

Till thou command'st, that azure chain of waves,
 Which nature round about us sent,
 Made us to every pirate slaves,
 Was rather burden than an ornament;
 Those fields of sea, that wash'd our shores,
 Were plow'd and reap'd by other hands than ours:
 To us the liquid mass,
 Which doth about us run,
 As it is to the sun,
 Only a bed to sleep on was:
 And not as now a powerful throne,
 To shake and sway the world thereon.
 Our princes in their hand a globe did shew,
 But not a perfect one,
 Compos'd of earth and water too.
 But thy commands the floods obey'd,
 Thou all the wilderness of water sway'd:
 Thou didst not only wed the sea,
 Not make her equal, but a slave to thee.
 Neptune himself did bear thy yoke,
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy stroke:
 He that ruled all the main,
 Acknowledg'd thee his sovereign:
 And now the conquer'd sea doth pay
 More tribute to thy Thames than that unto the sea.

xiv.

Till now our valour did ourselves more hurt;
 Our wounds to other nations were a sport:
 And as the earth, our land produc'd [us'd:
 Iron and steel, which should to tear ourselves be
 Our strength within itself did break,
 Like thundering cannons crack,
 And kill'd those that were near,
 While th' enemies secure and untouch'd were.
 But now our trumpets thou hast made to sound
 Against their enemies walls in foreign ground;
 And yet no echo back to us returning found.
 England is now the happy peaceful isle,
 And all the world the while
 Is exercising arms and wars
 With foreign or intestine jars.
 The torch extinguish'd here, we lent to others oil
 We give to all, yet know ourselves no fear;
 We reach the flame of ruin and of death,
 Where'er we please our swords t' unsheath,
 Whilst we in calm and temperate regions breathe:
 Like to the sun, whose heat is hurl'd
 Through every corner of the world;
 Whose flame through all the air doth go, [know.
 And yet the sun himself the while no fire does

xv.

Besides, the glories of thy peace
 Are not in number nor in value less.
 Thy hand did cure, and close the scars
 Of our bloody civil wars;
 Not only lanc'd but heal'd the wound,
 Made us again as healthy and as sound:
 When now the ship was well nigh lost,
 After the storm upon the coast,
 By its mariners endanger'd most;

3 A iii

When they their ropes and helms had left,
 When the planks asunder cleft,
 And floods came roaring in with mighty sound,
 'Thou a safe land and harbour for us found,
 And savedst those that would themselves have
 drown'd;

A work which none but heaven and thou could do,
 'Thou madst us happy whether we would or no:
 Thy judgment, mercy, temperance so great,
 As if those virtues only in thy mind had seat:
 Thy piety not only in the field, but peace,
 When heaven seem'd to be wanted least;
 Thy temples not like Janus only were
 Open in the time of war,
 When thou hast greater cause to fear:
 Religion and the awe of heaven possessest
 All places and all times alike thy breast.

xvi.

Nor didst thou only for thy age provide,
 But for the years to come beside;
 Our after times and late posterity
 Shall pay unto thy fame as much as we;
 They too are made by thee.
 When fate did call thee to a higher throne,
 And when thy mortal work was done,
 When heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
 Thou him to bear thy burden chose,
 Who might (if any could) make us forget thy
 Nor hadst thou him design'd, [lofs;
 Had he not been
 Not only to thy blood, but virtue kin,
 Not only heir unto thy throne, but mind:
 'Tis he shall perfect all thy cares,
 And with a finer thread weave out thy loom:
 So one did bring the chosen people from
 Their slavery and fears,
 Led them through their pathless road;
 Guided himself by God,
 H'as brought them to the borders; but a second
 hand
 Did settle and secure them in the promis'd land.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

(MR. EDWARD HOWARD),

*Upon his incomparable, incomprehensible Poem, in-
 titled "The British Princes."*

Your book our old knight errants fame revives,
 Writ in a style agreeing with their lives.
 All rumours strength their prowess did out-go,
 All rumours skill your verses far out-do:

To praise the Welsh the world must now com-
 bine,

Since to their leeks you do your laurel join:
 Such lofty strains your country's story fit,
 Whose mountain nothing equals but your wir.

Bonduca, were she such as here we see
 (In British paint), none could more dreadful be:
 With naked armies she encounter'd Rome,
 Whose strength with naked nature you o'er-
 come.

Nor let small critics blame this mighty queen,
 That in king Arthur's time she here is seen:
 You that can make immortal by your song,
 May well one life four hundred years prolong.
 Thus Virgil bravely dar'd for Dido's love,
 The settled course of time and years to move,
 Though him you imitate in this alone,
 In all things else you borrow help from none:
 No antique tale of Greece or Rome you take,
 Their fables and examples you forsake.

With true heroic glory you display
 A subject new, writ in the newest way.

Go forth, great author, for the world's delight;
 Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to
 write;

They talk strange things that ancient poets did,
 How trees and stones they into buildings lead:
 For poems to raise cities, now, 'tis hard;
 But yours, at least, will build half Paul's church-
 yard.

ON HIS MISTRESS DROWN'D.

SWEET stream, that dost with equal pace
 Both thyself fly and thyself chace,
 Forbear awhile to flow,
 And listen to my woe.

Then go and tell the sea that all its brine
 Is fresh, compar'd to mine:
 Inform it that the gentler dame
 Who was the life of all my flame,
 I th' glory of her bud
 Has pass'd the fatal flood,
 Death by this only stroke triumphs above
 The greatest power of love:
 Alas, alas! I must give o'er,
 My sighs will let me add no more.
 Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
 No more than does my troubled breast;
 And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,
 These tears, these tears, shall mend thy way.

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS,

WHICH HAPPENED IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE
PELOPONNESIAN WAR:

First described in Greek by Thucydides, then in Latin by Lucretius.

To my worthy and learned Friend,

D R. W A L T E R P O P E,

Late Proctor of the University of Oxford.

S I R,

I KNOW not what pleasure you could take in bestowing your commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which nature sometimes cherishes and allows monsters, the love of variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolished copy, and comparing it with my excellent patterns, the Greek and Latin. By this you will see how much a noble subject is changed and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reason Alexander had to forbid his picture to be drawn but by some celebrated pencil. In Greek, Thucydides so well and so lively expresses it, that I know not which is more a poem, his description or that of Lucretius. Though it must be said, that the historian had a vast advantage over the poet: he, having been present on the place, and assaulted by the disease himself, had the horror familiar to his eyes, and all the shapes of the misery still remaining on his mind, which must needs make a great impression on his pen and fancy; whereas the poet was forced to follow his footsteps, and only work on that matter he allowed him. This I speak, because it may in some measure too excuse my own defects: for being so far removed from the place whereon the disease acted his tragedy, and time having dejected us many of the circumstances, customs of the country, and other small things which would be of great use to any one who did intend to be perfect on the subject; besides only writing by an idea of that which I never yet saw, nor care to feel (being not of the humour of the painter in Sir Philip Sidney, who thrust himself into the midst of a fight, that he might the better delineate it). Having, I say, all these disadvantages, and many more for which I must only blame myself, it cannot be expected

that I should come near equalling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, Sir, by emboldening me to this rash attempt, you have given opportunity to the Greek and Latin to triumph over our mother-tongue. Yet I would not have the honour of the countries or languages engaged in the comparison, but that the inequality should reach no farther than the authors. But I have much reason to fear the just indignation of that excellent person (the present ornament and honour of our nation) whose way of writing I imitate: for he may think himself as much injured by my following him, as were the heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the sacred and unimitable noise of thunder, by the sound of brass and horses hoofs. I shall only say for myself, that I took Cicero's advice, who bids us, in imitation, propose the noblest pattern to our thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common level, though we come infinitely short of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any fault in the excellent musician, that the weak bird, endeavouring by straining its throat to follow his notes, destroyed itself in the attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have chosen rather to expose myself than to be disobedient, you may guess with what zeal and hazard I strive to approve myself,

S I R,

Your most humble and
affectionate servant,

THO. SPRAT.

THUCYDIDES.

LIB. II.

AS IT IS EXCELLENTLY TRANSLATED BY MR. HOBBS.

IN the very beginning of summer, the Peloponnesians, and their confederates, with two-thirds of their forces, as before, invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamas, king of Lacedæmon; and, after they had encamped themselves, wasted the country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the plague first began amongst the Athenians, said also to have seized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elsewhere; but so great a plague, and mortality of men, was never remembered to have happened in any place before: for at first neither were the physicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the men that most approached the sick, nor any other art of man availed whatsoever. All supplications to the gods, and inquiries of oracles, and whatsoever other means they used of that kind, proved all unprofitable, insomuch as, subdued with the greatness of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) first in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt and Afric, and into the greatest part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a sudden, and touched first upon those that dwelt in Pyræus, insomuch as they reported that the Peloponnesians had cast poison into their wells; for springs there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high city, and then they died a great deal faster. Now let every man, physician or other, concerning the ground of this sickness, whence it sprung, and what causes he thinks able to produce so great an alteration, speak according to his own knowledge: for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only such things as one may take his mark by to discover the same if it come again, having been both sick of it myself, and seen others sick of the same. This year, by confession of all men, was of all other, for other diseases, most free and healthful.

If any man were sick before, his disease turned to this; if not, yet suddenly, without any apparent cause preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken first with an extreme ache in their heads, redness and inflammation in the eyes; and then inwardly their throats and tongues grew presently bloody, and their breath noisome and unfavoury. Upon this followed a sneezing and hoarseness; and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breast: and when once it was settled in the stomach, it caused vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that physicians ever named. Most of them had also the hickyeye, which brought with it a strong convulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch were neither very hot nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beset with little pimples and wheals; but so burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lightest clothes or linen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but mere nakedness, but rather most willingly to have cast themselves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate thirst, ran unto the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent, being still from ease and power to sleep as far as ever.

As long as the disease was at the height, their bodies wasted not, but resisted the torment beyond all expectation, insomuch as the most of them either died of their inward burning in nine or seven days, whilst they had yet strength; or if they escaped that, then, the disease falling down in their bellies, and causing there great exulcerations and immoderate looseness, they died many of them afterwards through weakness; for the disease (which first took the head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole body: and he that overcame the worst of it was yet marked with the loss of his extreme parts; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at

their fingers and toes, many with the loss of these escaped. There were also some that lost their eyes, and many that presently upon their recovery were taken with such an oblivion of all things whatsoever, as they neither knew themselves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of sickness which far surmounted all expression of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared also otherwise to be none of those diseases that are bred among us, and that especially by this; for all, both birds and beasts, that use to feed on human flesh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or tasting, perished. An argument whereof, as touching the birds, was the manifest defect of such fowl, which were not then seen, either about the carcases, or any where else; but by the dogs, because they are familiar with men, this effect was seen much clearer. So that this disease (to pass over many strange particulars of the accidents that some had differently from others) was in general such as I have shewn; and for other usual sicknesses at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, some for want of attendance, and some again with all the care and physic that could be used. Nor was there any, to say, certain medicine, that applied must have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another: nor any difference of body for strength or weakness that was able to resist it; but carried all away, what physic soever was administered. But the greatest misery of all was, the defection of mind, in such as found themselves beginning to be sick (for they grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without making any resistance); as also their dying thus like sheep, infected by mutual visitation: for if men forbore to visit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty, for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themselves, and principally the honestest men: for out of shame they would not spare themselves, but went in unto their friends, especially after it was come to that pass, that even their domestics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatness of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But those that were recovered, had much compassion both on them that died, and on them that lay sick, as having both known the misery themselves, and now no more subject to the like danger; for this disease never took a man the second time, so as to be mortal. And

these men were both by others counted happy; and they also themselves, through excess of present joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other sickness hereafter. Besides the present affliction, the reception of the country people and of their substance into the city, oppressed both them, and much more the people themselves that so came in: for, having no houses, but dwelling at that time of the year in stifling booths, the mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the streets, and men half dead about every conduit through desire of water. The temples also where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppressed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careless, both of holy and profane things alike. And the laws which they formerly used touching funerals were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things necessary, after so many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends: for when one had made a funeral pile, another getting before him would throw on his dead, and give it fire: and when one was in burning, another would come, and, having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the city, began at first from this disease: for that which a man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuousness, he durst now do freely, seeing before his eyes such quick revolution, of the rich dying, and men worth nothing inheriting their estates; insomuch as they justified a speedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleasure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour, to take any, because they thought it uncertain whether they should die or not before they achieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship or not worship, from seeing that alike they all perished: nor the latter, because no man expected that his life would last till he received punishment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads some far greater judgment decreed against them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy some little part of their lives.

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

I.
UNHAPPY man! by nature made to sway
 And yet is every creature's prey,
 Destroy'd by those that should his power obey.
 Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
 Flattering ourselves with mighty words;
 Of all things we the monarchs are,
 And so we rule, and so we domineer;
 All creatures else about us stand
 Like some prætorian band,
 To guard, to help, and to defend;
 Yet they sometimes prove enemies,
 Sometimes against us rise;
 Our very guards rebel and tyrannise.
 Thousand diseases sent by fate
 (Unhappy servants!) on us wait;
 A thousand treacheries within
 Are laid, weak life to win;
 Huge troops of maladies without
 (A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout!)
 Some formal sieges make,
 And with sure flowness do our bodies take;
 Some with quick violence storm the town,
 And throw all in a moment down;
 Some one peculiar fort assail,
 Some by general attempts prevail.
 Small herbs, alas! can only us relieve;
 And small is the assistance they can give;
 How can the fading offspring of the field
 Sure health and succour yield?
 What strong and certain remedy,
 What firm and lasting life can ours be,
 When that which makes us live doth every win-
 ter die?

II.
 Nor is this all: we do not only breed
 Within ourselves the fatal seed
 Of change, and of decrease in every part,
 Head, belly, stomach, and root of life, the heart;
 Not only have our autumn, when we must
 Of our own nature turn to dust,
 When leaves and fruit must fall;
 But are expos'd to mighty tempests too,
 Which do at once what they would slowly do,
 Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.
 From ruin we in vain
 Our bodies by repair maintain,

Bodies compos'd of stuff
 Mouldering and frail enough;
 Yet from without as well we fear
 A dangerous and destructive war.
 From heaven, from earth, from sea, from air,
 We like the Roman empire shall decay;
 And our own force would melt away
 By the intestine jar
 Of elements, which on each other prey,
 The Cæsars and the Pompeys which within we
 bear;
 Yet are (like that) in danger too
 Of foreign armies, and external foe.
 Sometimes the Gothish and the barbarous rage
 Of plague or pestilence attends man's age,
 Which neither force nor arts assuage,
 Which cannot be avoided or withstood,
 But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

III.
 On Ethiopia, and the southern sands,
 The unfrequented coasts, and parched lands,
 Whither the sun too kind a heat doth send,
 (The sun, which the worst neighbour is, and the
 best friend)
 Hither a mortal influence came,
 A fatal and unhappy flame,
 Kindled by heaven's angry beam.
 With dreadful frowns, the heavens scatter'd
 here
 Cruel infectious heats into the air:
 Now all the stores of poison sent,
 Threatening at once a general doom,
 Lavish'd out all their hate, and meant
 In future ages to be innocent,
 Not to disturb the world for many years to come.
 Hold, heavens! hold; why should your sa-
 cred fire,
 Which doth to all things life inspire,
 By whose kind beams you bring
 Forth yearly every thing,
 Which doth th' original seed
 Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
 With vital heat and quickening feed;
 Why should you now that heat employ,
 The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
 That which before reviv'd, why should it now de-
 stroy?

IV.

Those Afric deserts straight were double deserts
The ravenous beasts were left alone, [grown,
The ravenous beasts then first began
To pity their old enemy man,
And blam'd the plague for what they would them-
selves have done.

Nor staid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;
Plagues presently forsake
The wilderness which they themselves do make.
Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
Driven by a mighty wind,
They a new booty and fresh forage find:
The loaded wind went swiftly on,
And as it pass'd, was heard to sigh and groan.
On Egypt next it seiz'd,
Nor could but by a general ruin be pleas'd,
Egypt, in rage, back on the south did look,
And wonder'd thence should come th' unhappy
stroke,

From whence before her fruitfulness she took.
Egypt did now curse and revile
Those very lands from whence she has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew God,
Another angel's hand, a second Aaron's rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the sacred land
Its angry forces did command;
But God did place an angel there
In violence to withstand,
And turn into another road the putrid air.
To Tyre it came, and there did all discover;
Though that by seas might think itself secure.
Nor staid, as the great conqueror did,
Till it had fill'd and stopp'd the tide,
Which did it from the shore divide,
But pass'd the waters, and did all possess,
And quickly all was wilderness.
Thence it did Persia over-run,
And all that sacrifice unto the sun:
In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
Tortur'd with secret coals they melt;
The Persians call'd their sun in vain,
Their god increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their god no more,
But curse the beams they worshipped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with the ruin of the east,
She took her wings, and down to Athens pass'd;
Just plague! which dost no parties take,
But Greece as well as Persia sack,
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like frogs and mice) each other slay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'st both away.
Thither it came, and did destroy the town,
Whilst all its ships and soldiers looked on;
And now the Asian plague did more
Than all the Asian force could do before.
Without the wall the Spartan army fate,
The Spartan army came too late:
For now there was no farther work for fate,
They saw the city open lay,
An easy and a bootless prey;

They saw the rampires empty stand,
The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or slaughters now,
The plague had finish'd what they came to do;
They might now unresisted enter there,
Did they not the very air
More than the Athenians fear.

The air itself to them was wall and bulwarks too;

VII.

Unhappy Athens! it is true thou wert
The proudest work of nature and of art:
Learning and strength did thee compose,
As soul and body us:
But yet thou only thence art made
A nobler prey for fates t' invade;
Those mighty numbers that within thee
breathe,
Do only serve to make a fatter feast for death.
Death in the most frequented palace lives;
Most tribute from the crowd receives;
And though it bears a scythe, and seems to own
A rustic life alone,
It loves no wilderness,
No scatter'd villages,
But mighty populous palaces,
The throng, the tumult, and the town.
What strange unheard-of conqueror is this,
Which by the forces that resist it doth increase!
When other conquerors are
Obliged to make a flower war,
Nay sometimes for themselves may fear,
And must proceed with watchful care,
When thicker troops of enemies appear;
This stronger still, and more successful grows,
Down sooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of men do it oppose.

VIII.

The tyrant first the haven did subdue;
Lately th' Athenians (it knew)
Themselves by wooden walls did save,
And therefore first to them th' infection gave,
Lest they new succour thence receive.
Cruel Pyrræus! now thou hast undone
The honour thou before hadst won;
Not all thy merchandise,
Thy wealth, thy treasures,
Which from all coasts thy fleet supplies,
Can to atone this crime suffice.
Next o'er the upper town it spread,
With mad and undiscerning speed;
In every corner, every street,
Without a guide did set its feet,
And too familiar every house did greet.
Unhappy queen of Greece! great Theseus now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When first in walls I did thee close,
When first he did thy citizens reduce,
Houses and government, and laws to use.
It had been better if thy people still
Dispersed in some field or hill,
Though savage and undisciplined, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame, and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be subdu'd,
To be by their own swarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be destroy'd.

ix.

Minerva started when she heard the noise,
 And dying men's confused voice.
 From heaven in haste, she came, to see
 What was the mighty prodigy.
 Upon the castle pinnacles she sat,
 And dar'd not nearer fly,
 Nor midst so many deaths to trust her very deity.
 With pitying look she saw at every gate
 Death and destruction wait:
 She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
 And all th' immortal powers above;
 But though a goddess now did pray,
 The heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.
 She brought her olive and her shield,
 Neither of these, alas! assistance yield.
 She lookt upon Medusa's face,
 Was angry that she was
 Herself of an immortal race,
 Was angry that her Gorgon's head
 Could not strike her as well as others dead.
 She sat and wept a while, and then away she fled.

x.

Now death began her sword to whet,
 Not all the Cyclops sweat,
 Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils, could prepare
 Weapons enough for her.
 No weapons large enough, but all the age
 Men felt the heat within them rage,
 And hop'd the air would it assuage,
 Call'd for its help, but th' air did them deceive,
 And aggravate the ills it should relieve.
 The air no more was vital now,
 But did a mortal poison grow:
 The lungs, which us'd to fan the heart,
 Only now serv'd to fire each part;
 What should refresh, increas'd the smart:
 And now their very breath,
 The chiefest sign of life, was turn'd the cause
 of death.

xi.

Upon the head first the disease,
 As a bold conqueror, doth seize,
 Begins with man's metropolis,
 Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
 It could at pleasure weaker parts subdue.
 Blood started through each eye;
 The redness of that sky
 Foretold a tempest nigh.
 The tongue did flow all o'er
 With clotted filth and gore;
 As doth a lion's when some innocent prey
 He hath devour'd and brought away:
 Hoarseness and sores the throat did fill,
 And stop't the passages of speech and life;
 No room was left for groans or grief;
 Too cruel and imperious ill!
 Which, not content to kill,
 With tyrannous and dreadful pain;
 Dost take from men the very power to complain.

xii.

Then down it went into the breast,
 There all the seats and shops of life possess'd.
 Such noisome smells from thence did come,
 As if the stomach were a tomb;

No food would there abide,
 Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's side,
 The very meat new poisons to the plague supply'd.
 Next, to the heart the fires came,
 The heart did wonder what usurping flame,
 What unknown furnace, should
 On its more natural heat intrude;
 Straight call'd its spirits up, but found too well,
 It was too late now to rebel.
 The tainted blood its course began,
 And carried death where'er it ran;
 That which before was nature's noblest art,
 The circulation from the heart,
 Was most destructive now,
 And nature speedier did undo,
 For that the sooner did impart
 The poison and the smart,
 Th' infectious blood to every distant part.

xiii.

The belly felt at last its share,
 And all the subtle labyrinths there
 Of winding bowels did new monsters bear.
 Here seven days it rul'd and sway'd,
 And often kill'd, because it death so long delay'd.
 But if through strength and heat of age
 The body overcame its rage,
 The plague departed as the devil doth,
 When driven by prayers away he goeth.
 If prayers and heaven do him controul,
 And if he cannot have the soul,
 Himself out of the roof or window throws,
 And will not all his labour lose,
 But takes away with him part of the house:
 So here the vanquish'd evil took from them
 Who conquer'd it, some part, some limb,
 Some lost the use of hands and eyes,
 Some arms, some legs, some thighs;
 Some all their lives before forgot,
 Their minds were but one darker blot;
 Those various pictures in the head,
 And all the numerous shapes were fled;
 And now the ransack'd memory
 Languish'd in naked poverty,
 Had lost its mighty treasury; [die.
 They pass'd the Lethe lake, although they did not

xiv.

Whatever lesser maladies men had,
 They all gave place and vanished;
 Those petty tyrants fled,
 And at this mighty conqueror shrunk their head.
 Fevers, agues, palsies, stone,
 Gout, cholic, and consumption,
 And all the milder generation,
 By which mankind is by degrees undone,
 Quickly were rooted out and gone;
 Men saw themselves freed from the pain,
 Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain:
 'Twas an unhappy remedy,
 Which cur'd them that they might both worse
 and sooner die.

xv.

Physicians now could nought prevail,
 They the first spoils to the proud victor fall;
 Nor would the plague their knowledge trust,
 But fear'd their skill, and therefore slew them
 first:

So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
 First make the chiefest men to feel the stroke,
 The chiefest and the wisest heads, lest they
 Should soonest disobey, [way.
 Should first rebel, and others learn from them the
 No aid of herbs, or juices power,
 None of Apollo's art could cure,
 But help'd the plague the speedier to devour.
 Physic itself was a disease,
 Physic the fatal tortures did increase,
 Prescriptions did the pains renew,
 And Æsculapius to the sick did come,
 As afterwards to Rome,
 In form of serpent, brought new poisons with
 him too.

xvi.

The streams did wonder that, so soon
 As they were from their native mountains gone,
 They saw themselves drunk up, and fear,
 Another Xerxes' army near.
 Some cast into the pit the urn,
 And drink it dry at his return;
 Again they drew, again they drank:
 At first the coolness of the stream did thank,
 But straight the more were scorch'd, the more
 did burn;
 And, drunk with water, in their drinking sat:
 That urn which now to quench their thirst
 they use,
 Shortly their ashes shall enclose:
 Others into the chrystal brook
 With faint and wondering eyes did look,
 Saw what a ghastly shape themselves had took,
 Away they would have fled, but them their legs
 forsook.

Some snatch the waters up,
 Their hands, their mouths the cup:
 They drank, and found they flam'd the more,
 And only added to the burning store.
 So have I seen on lime cold water thrown,
 Straight all was to a ferment grown,
 And hidden seeds of fire together run:
 The heap was calm and temperate before,
 Such as the finger could endure;
 But, when the moistures it provoke,
 Did rage, did swell, did smoke,
 Did move, and flame, and burn, and straight
 to ashes broke.

xvii.

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,
 They like some mighty burden bear
 The lightest covering of air.
 All sexes and all ages do invade,
 The bounds which nature laid,
 The laws of modesty and nature made:
 The virgins blush not, yet uncloth'd appear,
 Undress'd to run about, yet never fear.
 The pain and the disease did now
 Unwillingly reduce men to
 That nakedness once more,
 Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before.
 No sleep, no peace, no rest,
 Their wandering and affrighted minds possess'd;
 Upon their souls and eyes
 Hell and eternal horror lies,

Unusual shapes and images,
 Dark pictures and resemblances
 Of things to come, and of the world below,
 O'er their distemper'd fancies go:
 Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
 The gods above, the gods beneath;
 Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
 Not sleep, but waking now was sister unto death.

xviii.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay, [away.
 The earth call'd to the fowls to take their flesh
 In vain she call'd, they come not nigh,
 Nor would their food with their own ruin
 buy:

But at full meals they hunger, pine, and die.
 The vultures afar off did see the feast,
 Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taste,
 They rallied up their troops in haste
 Along came mighty droves,
 Forsook their young ones and their groves,
 Each one his native mountain and his nest;
 They come, but all their carcases abhor,
 And now avoid the dead men more
 Than weaker birds did living men before.
 But if some bolder fowls the flesh assay,
 They were destroy'd by their own prey.
 The dog no longer bark'd at coming guest,
 Repents its being a domestic beast,
 Did to the woods and mountains haste:
 The very owls at Athens are
 But seldom seen and rare,
 The owls depart in open day,
 Rather than in infected ivy more to stay.

xix.

Mountains of bones and carcases,
 The streets, the market-place possess,
 Threatening to raise a new Acropolis.
 Here lies a mother, and her child,
 The infant suck'd as yet, and smil'd,
 But straight by its own food was kill'd.
 Their parents hugg'd their children last,
 Here parting lovers last embrac'd,
 But yet not parting neither,
 They both expir'd, and went away together.
 Here prisoners in the dungeon die,
 And gain a two-fold liberty;
 They meet and thank their pains,
 Which them from double chains
 Of body and of iron free.
 Here others, poison'd by the scent
 Which from corrupted bodies went,
 Quickly return the death they did receive,
 And death to others give;
 Themselves now dead the air pollute the more,
 For which they others curs'd before,
 Their bodies kill all that come near,
 And even after death they all are murderers here.

xx.

The friend doth hear the friend's last cries,
 Parteth his grief for him, and dies,
 Lives not enough to close his eyes.
 The father at his death
 Speaks his son heir with an infectious breath;
 In the same hour the son doth take
 His father's will and his own make.

The servant need not here be slain,
To serve his master in the other world again;
They languishing together lie,
Their souls away together fly;
The husband gaspeth, and his wife lies by,
It must be her turn next to die:
The husband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the gods did entertain
Had made their prayer here in vain;
No fates in death could them divide,
They must without their privilege together both
have dy'd.

xxi.

There was no number now of death;
The sisters scarce stood still themselves to breathe:
The sisters now quite wearied
In cutting single thread,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One stroke did give whole houses dooms:
Now dy'd the frosty hairs,
The aged and decrepid years;
They fell, and only begg'd of fate
Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then death, as if alham'd of that,
A conquest so degenerate,
Cut off the young and lusty too:
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys they had in store:
But fate, e'er they had finish'd their account,
them flew.

The wretched usurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his treasures
hid;
The merchant did behold
His ships return with spice and gold;
He saw't, and turn'd aside his head,
Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidst his
riches dead.

xxii.

The meetings and assemblies cease; no more
The people throng about the orator,
No course of justice did appear,
No noise of lawyers fill'd the ear,
The senate cast away
The robe of honour, and obey
Death's more resistless sway,
Whilst that with dictatorial power
Doth all the great and lesser officers devour.
No magistrates did walk about;
No purple aw'd the rout:
The common people too
A purple of their own did shew:
And all their bodies o'er
The ruling colours bore.
No judge, no legislators sit,
Since this new Draco came,
And harsher laws did frame,
Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.
The benches and the pleading-place they leave,
About the streets they run and rave:
The madness which great Solon did of late
But only counterfeit
For the advantage of the state,
Now his successors do too truly imitate.

xxiii.

Up starts the foldier from his bed,
He, though death's servant, is not freed,
Death him cashier'd, 'cause now his help she did
not need.

He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back, or leave the field,
Would fain now from himself have fled.
He snatch'd his sword now rusted o'er,
Dreadful and sparkling now no more,
And thus in open streets did roar;
How have I, Death, so ill deserv'd of thee,
That now thyself thou should'st revenge on me?
Have I so many lives on thee bestow'd?
Have I the earth so often dy'd in blood?
Have I, to flatter thee, so many slain?
And must I now thy prey remain?

Let me at least, if I must die,
Meet in the field some gallant enemy.
Send, gods, the Persian troops again:
No, they're a base and a degenerate train;
They by our women may be slain.

Give me, great heavens, some manful foes,
Let me my death amidst some valiant Grecians
choose,

Let me survive to die at Syracuse,
Where my dear country shall her glory lose
For you, great gods! into my mind infuse,

What miseries, what doom,
Must on my Athens shortly come!

My thoughts inspir'd presage
Slaughters and battles to the coming age:
Oh! might I die upon that glorious stage:
Oh! that! but then he grasp'd his sword, and
death concludes his rage.

xxiv.

Draw back, draw back thy sword, O Fate!
Lest thou repent when 'tis too late,
Lest, by thy making now so great a waste,
By spending all mankind upon one feast,
Thou starve thyself at last:

What men wilt thou reserve in store,
Whom in the time to come thou may'st devour,
When thou shalt have destroyed all before?

But, if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy stomach calls for more,
If more remain whom thou must kill,

And if thy jaws are craving still,
Carry thy fury to the Scythian coasts,
The northern wilderness and eternal frosts!
Against those barbarous crowds thy arrows whet,
Where arts and laws are strangers yet;
Where thou may'st kill, and yet the loss will not
be great.

There rage, there spread, and there infect the
air,

Murder whole towns and families there,
Thy worst against those savage nations dare,
Those whom mankind can spare,

Those whom mankind itself doth fear;
Amidst that dreadful night and fatal cold,

There thou may'st walk unseen, and bold,
There let thy flames their empire hold.

Unto the farthest seas, and nature's ends,
Where never summer's sun its beams extends;

Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
Thy raging fires, thy torturing sweats,
Where never ray or heat did come,
They will rejoice at such a doom,
They'll bless thy pestilential fire,
Though by it they expire,
They'll thank the very flames with which they do
consume.

xxv.

Then if that banquet will not thee suffice,
Seek out new lands where thou may'st tyrannize;
Search every forest, every hill,
And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
Those wild and untame troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the rest of men secure,
And that the rest of men will thank thee for.
Let all those human beasts be slain,
Till scarce their memory remain;
Thyself with that ignoble slaughter fill,
'Twill be permitted thee that blood to spill.
Measure the ruder world throughout,
March all the ocean's shores about,
Only pass by and spare the British isle.
Go on, and (what Columbus once shall do
When days and time unto their ripeness grow)
Find out new lands and unknown countries too:
Attempt those lands which yet are hid
From all mortality beside:
There thou may'st steal a victory,
And none of this world hear the cry
Of those that by thy wounds shall die;
No Greek shall know thy cruelty,
And tell it to posterity.

Go, and unpeople all those mighty lands,
Destroy with unrelenting hands;
Go, and the Spaniard's sword prevent,
Go, make the Spaniard innocent;
Go, and root out all mankind there,
That when the European armies shall appear
Their sin may be the less,
They may find all a wilderness,
And without blood the gold and silver there possess.

xxvi.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
Rather than thou should'st full employment want,
(We do permit) in Greece thy kingdom plant.
Ransack Lycurgus' streets throughout,
They've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
On wanton and proud Corinth seize,
Nor let her double waves thy flames appease.
Let Cyprus feel more fires than those of love:
Let Delos, which at first did give the sun,
See unknown flames in her begun,
Now let her wish she might unconstant prove,
And from her place might truly move:
Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
And think that a new Vulcan fell,
And brought with him new anvils, and new hell.
Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
All that thou find'st in field, or camp, or shop:
Make havoc there without controul
Of every ignorant and common soul.
But then, kind Plague, thy conquests stop;
Let arts, and let the learned, there escape,
Upon Minerva's self commit no rape;

Touch not the sacred throng,
And let Apollo's priests be, like him, young,
Like him, be healthful too, and strong.
But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilst I
Strive to keep off the misery,
The learned too, as fast as others, round me die;
They from corruption are not free,
Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

xxvii.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
What help, what cure, what remedy,
All nature's stores against this plague supply;
And though besides they shunn'd it every where,
They search'd it in their books, and fain would
meet it there;
They turn'd the records of the ancient times,
And chiefly those that were made famous by their
crimes,
To find if men were punish'd so before;
But found not the disease nor cure.
Nature, alas! was now surpris'd,
And all her forces seiz'd,
Before she was how to resist advis'd.
So when the elephants did first affright
The Romans with unusual sight,
They many battles lose,
Before they knew their foes, [pose.
Before they understood such dreadful troops t'op-

xxviii.

Now every different sect agrees
Against their common adversary, the disease,
And all their little wranglings cease;
The Pythagoreans from their precepts swerve,
No more their silence they observe,
Out of their schools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan;
They now desir'd their metempsychosis;
Not only to dispute, but wish
That they might turn to beasts, or fowls, or fish.
If the Platonics had been here,
They would have curs'd their master's year,
When all things shall be as they were,
When they again the same disease shall bear:
All the philosophers would now,
What the great Stagyrice shall do,
Themselves into the waters headlong throw.

xxix.

The Stoics felt the deadly stroke,
At first assault their courage was not broke,
They call'd in all the cobweb aid
Of rules and precepts, which in store they had;
They bid their hearts stand out,
Bid them be calm and stout,
But all the strength of precept will not do't.
They can't the storms of passion now assuage;
As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
The gods are call'd upon in vain,
The gods gave no release unto their pain,
The gods to fear ev'n for themselves began.
For now the sick unto their temples came,
And brought more than an holy flame,
There at the altars made their prayer,
They sacrific'd, and died there,
A sacrifice not seen before;
That heaven, only us'd unto the gore

Of lambs or bulls, should now
Loaded with priests see its own altars too!
xxx.
The woods gave funeral piles no more,
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty conqueror o'erpower.
The noble and the common dust
Into each other's graves are thrust.
No place is sacred, and no tomb;
'Tis now a privilege to consume;
Their ashes no distinction had;
Too truly all by death are equal made.
The ghosts of those great heroes that had fled
From Athens, long since banished,
Now o'er the city hovered;
Their anger yielded to their love,
They left th' immortal joys above,
So much their Athens' danger did them move.
They came to pity, and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite dismay'd,
When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
And poor men's bones the noble urns invade;
Back to the blessed seats they went,
And now did thank their banishment,
By which they were to die in foreign countries sent.

xxxx.
But what, great Gods! was worst of all,
Hell forth its magazines of lust did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of souls were thither sent;
Into the upper world it went.
Such guilt, such wickedness,
Such irreligion did increase,
That the few good which did survive [live:
Were angry with the plague for suffering them to
More for the living than the dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though sure to be infected ere they fled,
Though in the very air sure to be punished.
Some nor the shrines nor temples spar'd,
Nor gods nor heavens fear'd,
Though such example of their power appear'd.
Virtue was now esteem'd an empty name,
And honesty the foolish voice of fame;
For, having past those torturing flames before,
They thought the punishment already o'er,
Thought heaven no worse torments had in
store;
Here having felt one hell, they thought there was
no more.

Upon the Poems of the

ENGLISH OVID, ANACREON, PINDAR, AND VIRGIL,

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

In imitation of his own Pindaric Odes.

i.
LET all this meaner rout of books stand by,
The common people of our library;
Let them make way for Cowley's leaves to
come,
And be hung up within this sacred room:
Let no profane hands break the chain,
Or give them unwish'd liberty again.
But let his holy relic be laid here,
With the same religious care
As Numa once the target kept,
Which down from heaven leapt;
Just such another is this book,
Which its original from divine hands took,
And brings as much good too, to those that on it
look.

But yet in this they differ. That could be
Eleven times liken'd by a mortal hand;
But this which here doth stand
Will never any of its own sort see,
But must still live without such company.
For never yet was writ,
In the two learned ages which Time left behind,
Nor in this ever shall we find,
Nor any one like to it,
Of all the numerous monuments of wit.
ii.
Cowley! what God did fill thy breast,
And taught thy hand t'indite?
(For God's a poet too,
He doth create, and so do you)
Or else at least

What angel sat upon thy pen when thou didst write?

There he sat, and mov'd thy hand,
As proud of his command,
As when he makes the dancing orbs to reel,
And spins out poetry from heaven's wheel.
Thy hand too, like a better sphere,
Gives us more ravishing music made for men to hear.

Thy hand too, like the sun which angels move,
Has the same influence from above,
Produces gold and silver of a nobler kind;
Of greater price, and more refin'd.
Yet in this it exceeds the sun, 't has no degenerate race,
Brings forth no lead, nor any thing so base.

III.

What holy vestal hearth,
What immortal breath,
Did give so pure poetic flame its birth?
Just such a fire as thine,
Of such an unmix'd glorious shine,
Was Prometheus's flame,
Which from no less than heaven came.
Along he brought the sparkling coal,
From some celestial chimney stole;
Quickly the plunder'd stars he left,
And as he hasten'd down
With the robb'd flames his hands still shone,
And seem'd as if they were burnt for the theft.
Thy poetry's compounded of the same,
Such a bright immortal flame;
Just so temper'd is thy rage,
Thy fires as light and pure as they,
And go as high as his did, if not higher,
That thou may'st seem to us
A true Prometheus, [fire.
But that thou didst not steal the least spark of thy

IV.

Such as thine was Arion's verse,
Which he did to the listening fish rehearse;
Which when they heard play'd on his lute,
They first curst nature that she made them mute.
So noble were his lines, which made the very waves
Strive to turn his slaves,
Lay down their boisterous noise,
And dance to his harmonious voice,
Which made the syrens lend their ear,
And from his sweeter tunes some treachery fear;
Which made the dolphin proud,
That he was allow'd
With Atlas, the great porter of the skies, to take
Such heavenly music up, and carry't on his back.
So full and graceful thy words go,
And with the same majestic sweetness flow.
Yet his verse only carried him o'er the seas;
But there's a very sea of wit in these,
As salt and boundless as the other ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great Amphion's song,
Which brought the wondering stones along;
The wondering stones skipt from their mother earth,
And left their father cold as his first birth;

VOL. VI.

They rose, and knew not by what magic force they hung.

So were his words, so plac'd his sounds,
Which forc'd the marbles rise from out their grounds,
Which cut and carved, made them shine,
A work which can be outdone by none but thine.
Th' amazed poet saw the building rise,
And knew not how to trust his eyes:
The willing mortar came, and all the trees
Leap into beams he sees.

He saw the streets appear,
Streets, that must needs be harmonious there:
He saw the walls dance round t' his pipe,
The glorious temple shew its head,
He saw the infant city ripe,
And all like the creation by a word was bred.
So great a verse is thine, which though it will not raise

Marble monuments to thy praise;
Yet 'tis no matter, cities they must fall,
And houses, by the greatest glutton Time be eaten all:

But thy verse builds a fame for thee,
Which fire cannot devour, nor purify,
Which sword and thunder doth defy,
As round, and full, as the great circle of eternity.

VI.

To thee the English tongue doth owe,
That it need not seek
For elegancy from the round-mouth'd Greek;
To thee, that Roman poets now may hide,
In their own Latium, their head:
To thee, that our enlarged speech can shew,
Far more than the three western daughters born
Out of the ashes of the Roman urn:
Daughters born of a mother, which did yield to admit

The adulterate seed of several tongues with it;
More than the smooth Italian, though nature gave
That tongue in poetry a genius to have,
And that she might the better fit it to't,
Made the very land a foot.

More than the Spanish, though that in one mass
The Moorish, Jewish, Gothish treasures has,
And just as in their kingdom, in their tongue,
Most quarters of the earth together throng.
More than the courtly French, though that doth pace,

And not trot o'er the tongue its race;
That has not any thing, so elaborate wit; [it.
Though it by its sliding seems to have more oil in
Thy soul hath gone through all the muses' track;
Where never poets feet were seen before,
Hath pass'd those sands where others left their wrecks,
And sail'd an ocean through, which some thought
had no shore.

Thy spirit has discover'd all poetry;
Thou sound'st no tropics in the poet's sky.
More than the sun can do, hast brought a sacred flower
To Mount Parnassus; and hast open'd to our hand
Apollo's holy land,

Which yet hid in the frigid zone did lie.
 Thou hast sail'd the muses' globes,
 Not as the other Drake, or Ca'ndish did, to rob.
 Thou hast brought home the treasure too,
 Which yet no Spaniard can claim his due :
 Thou hast search'd through every creek,
 From the East Indies of the poets' world, the
 Greek,
 To the America of wit,
 Which was last known, and has most gold in it.
 That mother-tongue which we do speak,
 This world thy greater spirit has run through,
 And view'd and conquer'd too,
 A world as round and large as th' other is,
 And yet in it there can be no antipodes,
 For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets till now deserv'd excuse, not praise,
 Till now the muses liv'd in taverns, and the bays
 That they were truly trees did shew,
 Because by sucking liquor they did only grow.
 Verses were counted fiction, and a lie
 The very nature of good poetry.
 He was a poet that could speak least truth :
 Sober and grave men scorn'd the name,
 Which once was thought the greatest fame.
 Poets had nought else of Apollo, but his youth :
 Few ever spake in rhyme, but that their feet
 The trencher of some liberal man might meet.
 Or else they did some rotten mistress paint,
 Call her their goddess, or their saint.
 Though contrary in this they to their master run,
 For the great god of wit, the sun,
 When he doth shew his mistress, the white moon,
 He makes her spots, as well as beauty, to be shewn.
 Till now the sisters were too old, and therefore
 grew
 Extremely fabulous too :
 Till you, Sir, came, they were despis'd ;
 They were all heathens yet,
 Nor ever into the church could get ;
 And though they had a font so long, yet never
 were baptis'd.

VIII.

You, Sir, have rais'd the price of wit,
 By bringing in more store of it :
 Poetry, the queen of arts, can now
 Reign without dissembling too.
 You've shewn a poet must not needs be bad ;
 That one may be Apollo's priest,
 And be fill'd with his oracles, without being mad ;
 Till now, wit was a curse (as to Lot's wife
 'Twas to be turn'd to salt)
 Because it made men lead a life
 Which was nought else but one continual fault.
 You first the muses to the Christians brought,
 And you then first the holy language taught :
 In you good poetry and divinity meet,
 You are the first bird of paradise with feet.

IX.

Your Miscellanies do appear
 Just such another glorious indigested heap
 As the first mass was, where
 All heavens and stars enclosed were,
 Before they each one to their place did leap.

Before God the great censor them bestow'd,
 According to their ranks, in several tribes abroad ;
 Whilst yet the sun and moon
 Were in perpetual conjunction :
 Whilst all the stars were but one milky way,
 And in natural embraces lay.
 Whilst yet none of the lamps of heaven might
 Call this their own, and that another's light,
 So glorious a lump as thine,
 Which chemistry may separate, but not refine :
 So mixt, so pure, so united does it shine,
 A chain of sand, of which each link is all divine

X.

Thy mistress shews, that Cupid is not always
 blind,
 Where we a pure exalted muse do find,
 Such as may well become a glorified mind.
 Such songs tune angels when they love,
 And do make courtship to some sister-mind above
 (For angels need not scorn such soft desires,
 Seeing thy heart is touch'd with the same fires).
 So when they clothe themselves in flesh,
 And their light in some human shapes do dress
 (For which they fetch'd stuff from the neigh-
 bouring air) :
 So when they stoop, to like some mortal fair,
 Such words, such odes as thine they use,
 With such soft strains, love into her heart infuse.
 Thy love is on the top, if not above mortality ;
 Clean, and from corruption free,
 Such as affections in eternity shall be ;
 Which shall remain unspotted there,
 Only to shew what once they were :
 Thy Cupid's shafts all golden are ; [see.
 Thy Venus has the salt, but not the froth o' th'

XI.

Thy high Pindarics soar
 So high, where never any wing till now could get
 And yet thy wit
 Doth seem so great, as those that do fly lower.
 Thou stand'st on Pindar's back ;
 And therefore thou a higher flight dost take :
 Only thou art the eagle, he the wren,
 Thou hast brought him from the dust,
 And made him live again. [just
 Pindar has left his barbarous Greece, and thinks it
 To be led by thee to the English shore ;
 An honour to him : Alexander did no more,
 Nor scarce so much, when he did save his house
 before, :
 When his word did assuage
 A warlike army's violent rage :
 Thou hast given to his name,
 Than that great conqueror sav'd him from, a
 brighter flame. [stay,
 He only left some walls where Pindar's name might
 Which with time and age decay :
 But thou hast made him once again to live ;
 Thou didst to him new life and breathing give.
 And as in the last resurrection,
 Thou hast made him rise more glorious, and put on
 More majesty ; a greater soul is given to him, by
 you,
 Than ever be in happy Thebes or Greece could
 shew.

XII.

Thy David too—
 But hold thy headlong pace, my muse;
 None but the priest himself doth use
 Into the holiest place to go.
 Check thy young Pindaric heat,
 Which makes thy pen too much to sweat;
 'Tis but an infant yet,
 And just now left the teat,
 By Cowley's matchless pattern nurs'd:
 Therefore it is not fit
 That it should dare to speak so much at first.
 No more, no more for shame.
 Let not thy verse be, as his worth is, infinite:
 It is enough that thou hast learn'd, and spoke thy
 father's name.

He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praise you,
 Had need of brazen lungs and forehead too.

EPIGRAM ON A PIGMY'S DEATH.

BESTRIDE an ant a Pigmy great and tall
 Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall;
 Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
 All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
 "Behold, base, envious world, now, now laugh on,
 "For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaëton!"

3 B ij

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES MONTAGUE,
EARL OF HALIFAX.

Containing

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES II.
MAN OF HONOUR,

|| ODE ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE LADY ANNE,
EPISTLE TO LORD DORSET,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For ever, HAMPTON! sacred be thy towers,
Spring fresh thy greens, and flourish thick thy bowers;
There, still defended by indulgent skies,
The warrior's wreath, and poet's garland rise!
These scenes with deep regard, ye sages, grace,
Ye bards, with solemn honours mark the place;
Raise it as high in ages yet to come,
As CHAUCER's grove, or TULLY's *Tusculum*.
Then, while posterity their acts display,
The generous *Briton* shall with rapture say,
"These shades, absolv'd from war, great WILLIAM fought;
"And HALIFAX in those recesses thought."
When sixteen barren centuries had past,
This second great MÆCENAS came at last;
In whom example and protection join'd
All sciences improv'd, all arts refin'd,
And made our stubborn *English* sense submit
To the just culture of *Athenian* wit.

DR. SEWELL'S EPISTLE TO ADDISON.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF HALIFAX.

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Earl of Halifax, was the fourth son of the Honourable George Montague, a younger son of Henry, first Earl of Manchester, and was born at Horton, in Northamptonshire, 16th April 1661.

After he had gone through the first rudiments of learning in the country, he was removed to Westminster school; where, in 1677, he was chosen a King's scholar, and distinguished himself by his felicity in extemporary epigrams.

At school, he contracted a very intimate friendship with Stepney; and, in 1682, when Stepney was elected to a vacancy in Trinity College, Cambridge, his election not being to proceed till the year following, he was afraid, lest, by being placed at Oxford, he might be separated from his friend, and therefore solicited to be removed to Cambridge, without waiting for the advantages of another year.

His relations having consented to his removal, he was entered a commoner in Trinity College, with a handsome allowance for his maintenance, and placed under the particular care of his relation Dr. John Montague, then Master of the College, and afterwards Dean of Durham.

Here he commenced an acquaintance with the great Newton, which continued through his life, and was at last attested by a legacy of a hundred pounds.

In 1683, he wrote, in concert with Stepney and other wits of the university, a *Latin Ode on the Marriage of Lady Anne*, printed among the Cambridge Verses; and an *English Ode* on the same occasion.

In 1685, he wrote a copy of verses *On the Death of his most sacred Majesty Charles II.*, which procured him an invitation to town, with his friend Stepney, from the Earl of Dorset, and laid the foundation of his future promotion.

He was introduced by his patron, Dorset, to Sir Charles Sedley, and the other wits, and was soon furnished with occasions of increasing the reputation for wit and learning, he had brought from the university, by new acquisitions of fame and esteem.

In 1687, he joined with Prior, in writing the *City Mouse and Country Mouse*; a very successful burlesque of Dryden's "Hind and Panther," written in vindication of his desertion, as he himself calls it, to the *Royal Party*, and with a design to reconcile the nation to the *Religion of the Court*. The preface was entirely his own composition.

When the tyranny of King James called the Prince of Orange to vindicate the liberties of Britain, he signed the invitation to the Prince, and sat in the Convention that met 22d January 1688, and declared the throne vacant on the 7th of February following.

After the coronation of William and Mary, he was introduced to his Majesty, by the Earl of Dorset, with this expression, "May it please your Majesty, I have brought a *Mouse*, to have the honour of kissing your hand;" at which the King smiled; and being told the reason of his being so called, replied, with an air of gaiety, "You will do well, to put me in a way of making a *Man* of him;" and ordered him an immediate pension of 500*l. per annum*, out of the privy purse, all an opportunity should offer.

About the same time, he married the Countess Dowager of Manchester, and intended to have taken orders; but afterwards altering his purpose, he purchased, for 1500 l., the place of one of the clerks of the council.

In 1690, he wrote *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset, occasioned by his Majesty's Victory in Ireland*, which has received from Addison, in his "Account of the greatest English Poets," at least its full proportion of praise:

"The noble Montague remains unnam'd
For wit, for honour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use,
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains!
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in full array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea."

In 1691, he distinguished himself by his speeches in parliament, in favour of a law, to grant the assistance of counsel in trials of high treason. In the midst of one of his speeches, falling into some confusion, he could not for a while go on; but having recovered himself, took occasion, from his very surprise, "to enforce the necessity of allowing counsel to prisoners, who were to appear before their judges, since he, who was not only innocent and unaccused, but one of their own members, was so disconcerted, when he was to speak before that wise and illustrious Assembly."

The same year, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and soon after sworn of the Privy Council.

In 1694, he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the next year, he engaged in the great attempt of the recoinage of silver, which, by his great prudence and indefatigable industry, was in two years happily completed.

In 1696, he projected the *general fund*, and proposed the issuing of Exchequer bills, to supply the scarcity of money, which has since been adopted, to the great benefit of the nation.

In 1698, after inquiry concerning a grant of Irish Crown-lands, the House of Commons voted, *That Charles Montague, Esq., Chancellor of the Exchequer, for his good services to the Government, did deserve his Majesty's favour.*

The same year, he was advanced to the first commission of the Treasury, and appointed one of the Lords Justices of England, in the King's absence. The next year, he was made auditor of the Exchequer; and, the year after, advanced to the dignity of *baron Halifax*, in the county of York.

He was, however, impeached by the Commons, for advising his Majesty to sign the *Partition Treaty*; but the articles were dismissed by the Lords.

At the accession of Queen Anne, he was dismissed from the council; and, in the first parliament of her reign, was again attacked by the Commons, and again escaped by the protection of the Lords.

In 1704, he wrote an answer to Bromley's speech against occasional conformity, which had great influence in strengthening the Whig interest on the succeeding elections.

On the removal of Nottingham and the Tories, he was recalled to his former seat in the council, and attended the Queen from Newmarket to Cambridge, where, by her Majesty's special grace, he was created Doctor of Laws.

In 1705, he moved the famous question, *Whether the Church of England was in danger under her Majesty's administration?* which was carried in the negative, by a great majority.

In 1706, he proposed and negotiated the treaty of Union between the two kingdoms, as a solid foundation of peace and happiness in both countries; and moved the bill for the naturalization of the house of Hanover, and for the better security of the succession of the crown in the Protestant line.

After the act had passed, he was appointed to carry the ensigns of the Order of the Garter to the Elector of Hanover, by whom he was received with extraordinary marks of distinction and honour.

On his return to England, he was graciously received by the Queen, and continued in her favour till the change of the ministry in 1710, in consequence of the memorable trial of Dr. Sacheverel, at which he sat as a judge, and voted for a mild sentence.

Being no longer in favour, he acted vigorously in support of the Queen's *parliamentary* right; and, in opposition to the addresses in vindication of her *hereditary* title, published *Seasonable Questions concerning a new Parliament*; and contrived to obtain a writ for summoning the Electoral Prince to parliament, as Duke of Cambridge.

At the Queen's death, he was appointed one of the regency; and, at the accession of George the First, was made Earl of Halifax, and Viscount Sunbury, Knight of the Garter, First Commissioner of the Treasury, with a grant to his nephew of the reversion of the auditorship of the Exchequer, and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Surrey.

He died of an inflammation of his lungs, on the 19th of May 1715, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in Westminster abbey.

Leaving no issue by his lady, whom he survived several years, his title of *baron*, and his estates, devolved on his nephew, George Montague, Esq. of Horton; except his manor of Apscourt, which he left to Mrs. Barton, niece of Sir Isaac Newton, with a legacy of 5000*l.*, as a token of his affection and esteem for her person, and as a small recompence for the pleasure and happiness he had in her conversation.

Though Halifax ranks high as a patriot and a statesman, it is not to his patriotism, nor his influence in the state, but to his rank among the English poets, that he derives a claim to attention in this collection.

Considered as a poet, he belongs to an inferior class: he ranks with Stepney and Walsh, with whom he is associated in "The Works of the Minor Poets;" but makes a less considerable figure than Dorset, or even than Sedley and Hopkins, who do not appear in his company, though they, as well as Oldham, have as just a claim to admission as several names which appear in it, and were originally selected by the compiler of these narratives, from "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," for this collection; and have been rejected only, because they could not be properly received, in consequence of some arrangement relative to the size of the publication.

His poems consist chiefly of academical exercises, and of verses written on public occasions. Among the former, his Latin compositions seem to deserve the preference, though they are inferior to similar compositions by Smith, Prior, and Stepney. Among the latter, his *Verses on the Battle of the Boyne* is his most celebrated performance: though it merits not all the praise it has received, it has some descriptive and interesting passages, which deserve commendation. *The Man of Honour* is vigorously written, and contains some pointed sentences, and striking delineations of character. The *Verses written on the Toasting-Glasses of the Kit-Kat Club* cannot be easily exceeded: they are genteel, sprightly, and elegant. His other pieces have also their brighter passages: but, in general, there is a languor in his verses, which seems to indicate a propensity to poetry, rather than a power of excelling in it.

The works of him, who was not only a poet and a scholar, but the general patron of poets and men of letters, could not miss of more than due celebration. Addison, whose judgment was probably influenced by affection, or gratitude, began to praise him early, and was followed or accompanied by almost all the contemporary writers of verse, except Swift, his political opponent, and Pope; who forbore to praise him during his life, and after his death spoke of him, the one with slight censure, and the other, in the character of *Bufo*, with satirical severity.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.

"All the bright images," says Steele, in addressing to his lordship the 4th volume of the Tatler, "which the wits of past ages have left behind them in their writings, the noblest plans which the greatest statesmen have laid down for the administration of affairs, are equally the familiar objects of your knowledge. But what is peculiar to your lordship, above all the illustrious personages that have appeared in any age, is, that wit and learning have, from your example, fallen into a new *era*. Your patronage has produced those arts, which before shunned the commerce of the world, into the service of life, and it is to you we owe that the man of wit has turned himself to be a man of business. Your own studies have been diverted from being the brightest ornament, to the brightest use to mankind; and the capacities that would have rendered you the greatest poet of your age, have, to the advantage of Great Britain, been employed in pursuits which have made you the most able and unbiassed patriot."

"He rested not," says Tickell, "in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himself was so great a master, but was acted by that humanity they naturally inspire; which gave rise to many excellent writers, who have cast a light upon the age in which he lived, and will distinguish it to posterity. It is well known that very few celebrated pieces have been published for several years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or supported by his approbation, or recompensed by his bounty. The cause of liberty will receive no small advantage in future times, when it shall be observed that the Earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that most of those who were eminent in the several parts of polite or useful learning, were, by his influence and example, engaged in the same interest."

His character, as given by Dr. Johnson, shews the prejudices of our great poetical biographer, against a Whig patron of literature, who is enumerated among the most eminent poets, yet is despised.

"Many a blandishment was practised upon Halifax, which he would never have known had he had no other attractions than those of his poetry, of which a short time has withered the beauties. It would now be esteemed no honour, by a contributor to the monthly bundles of verses, to be told, that, in strains either familiar or solemn, he sings like Montague."



P O E M S.

On the Death of his most sacred Majesty

K I N G C H A R L E S I I.

FAREWELL, great Charles, monarch of blest re-
nown,

The best good man that ever fill'd a throne;
Whom Nature as her highest pattern wrought,
And mix'd both sexes virtues in one draught;
Wisdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's sweetness, temper'd manly wit,
And loving pow'r, did crown'd with meekness sit;
His awful person reverence engag'd,
With mild address and tenderness assuag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious King above
Does both command our fear, and win our love.

With wonders born, by miracles preserv'd,
A heavenly host the infant's cradle serv'd;
And men his healing empire's omen read,
When sun with stars, and day with night agreed.
His youth for valorous patience was renown'd;
Like David, persecuted first, then crown'd;
Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our nation's glory, and its shame:
They blest the isle where such great spirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the men that could such worth expel.
To spare our lives, he meekly did defeat
Those Sauls whom wand'ring asses made so great;
Waiting till heav'n's election should be shewn,
And the Almighty should his unction own:
And own he did—his powerful arm display'd;
And Israel, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning nation, the black storms appeas'd,
Did greater blessings, than he took, afford;
England itself was more, than he, restor'd.
Unhappy Albion, by strange ills oppress'd,
In various fevers tost, could find no rest;
Quite spent and weary'd, to his arms she fled,
And rested on his shoulders her fair bending head.

In conquests mild, he came from exile kind;
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind;

No malice shew'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
But rul'd as meekly, as his father dy'd;
Eas'd us from endless wars, made discords cease,
Restor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace.
A mighty series of new time began,
And rolling years in joyful circles ran.
Then wealth the city, business fill'd the port,
To mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to sport:
Then learning flourish'd, blooming arts did spring,
And the glad muses prun'd their drooping wing:
Then did our flying towers improvement know,
Who now command as far as winds can blow;
With canvass wings round all the globe they fly,
And, built by Charles's art, all storms defy;
To every coast with ready sails are hurl'd,
Fill us with wealth, and with our fame the world;
From whose distractions seas do us divide;
Their riches here in floating castles ride.
We reap the swarthy Indian's sweat and toil;
Their fruit, without the mischiefs of their soil.
Here in cool shades their gold and pearls receive,
Free from the heat which does their lustre give.
In Persian silks, eat eastern spice; secure
From burning fluxes, and their calenture:
Under our vines, upon the peaceful shore,
We see all Europe tost, hear tempests roar:
Rapine, sword, wars, and famine, rage abroad,
While Charles their host, like Jove from Ida,
aw'd,

Us from our foes and from ourselves did shield,
Our towns from tumults, and from arms the field;
For when bold faction goodness could disdain,
Unwillingly he us'd a straiter rein:
In the still gentle voice he lov'd to speak.
But could with thunder harden'd rebels break.
Yet though they wak'd the laws, his tender mind
Was undisturb'd, in wrath severely kind;
Tempting his power, and urging to assume;
Thus Jove in love did Semele consume.

As the stout oak, when round his trunk the vine
Does in soft wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
Easy and slight appears; the winds from far
Summon their noisy forces to the war:
But though so gentle seems his outward form,
His hidden strength out-braves the loudest storm:
Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the field,
Shewing stout minds, when unprovok'd, are
mild;

So when the good man made the crowd presume,
He shew'd himself, and did the king assume:
For goodness in excess may be a sin;
Justice must tame, whom mercy cannot win.

Thus winter fixes the unstable sea,
And teaches restless water constancy,
Which under the warm influence of bright days,
The fickle motion of each blast obeys.
To bridle factions, stop rebellion's course,
By easy methods, vanquish without force;
Relieve the good, bold stubborn foes subdue,
Mildness in wrath, meekness in anger shew,
Were arts great Charles's prudence only knew.
To fright the bad, thus awful thunder rolls,
While the bright bow secures the faithful souls.

Such is thy glory, Charles, thy lasting name,
Brighter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame,
More noble than the spoils that battles yield,
Or all the empty triumphs of the field.

'Tis less to conquer, than to make war cease,
And without fighting, awe the world to peace:
For proudest triumphs from contempt arise;
The vanquish'd first the conqueror's arms despise:
Won ensigns are the gaudy marks of scorn;
They brave the victor first, and then adorn.
But peaceful monarchs reign like gods; while
none

Dispute, all love, blest, reverence their throne.
Tigers and bears, with all the savage host,
May boldness, strength, and daring conquest boast;
But the sweet passions of a generous mind
Are the prerogative of human kind;

The godlike image, on our clay impress,
The darling attribute which heaven loves best:
In Charles, so good a man and king, we see
A double image of the deity.

Oh! had he more resembled it! Oh, why
Was he not still more like, and could not die?

Now do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
And faint ideas of our blessing frame!

In Thames, the Ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleasing emblem of his reign does glide:
Thames, the support and glory of our isle,
Richer than Tagus, or Ægyptian Nile:

Though no rich sand in him, no pearls are found,
Yet fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around;
Less wealth his bosom holds, less guilty stores,
For he exhausts himself, to enrich the shores.

Mild and serene the peaceful current flows,
No angry foam, no raging surges knows;
No dreadful wrecks upon his banks appear,
His crystal stream unstain'd by widows tear,
His channel strong and easy, deep and clear.

No arbitrary inundation's sweep
The ploughman's hopes and life into the deep;
His even waters the old limits keep.

But oh! he ebbs, the smiling waves decay,
For ever, lovely stream, for ever stay!
To the black sea his silent course does bend,
Where the best streams, the longest rivers, end.
His spotless waves there undistinguish'd pass,
None see, how clear, how bounteous, sweet, he
was.

No difference now, though late so much, is seen,
'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.

But, lo! the joyful tide our hopes restores,
And dancing waves extend the wid'ning shores.
James is our Charles in all things but in name:
Thus Thames is daily lost, yet still the same.

O D E

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE
PRINCESS ANNE AND PRINCE
GEORGE OF DENMARK.

I.

WHILST black designs (that direful work of fate)
Distract the labouring state;

Whilst (like the sea) around loud discords roar,
Breaking their fury on the frighted shore;
And England does like brave Vienna stand,
Besieg'd by Infidels on either hand;

What means this peaceful train, this pompous sight?

What means this royal beauteous pair?

This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once astonish and delight;

Great Charles, and his illustrious brother here,
No bold assassinate need fear;

Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts and Beauty here can
wound.

II.

How grateful does this scene appear

To us, who might too justly fear

We never should have seen again

Aught bright, but armour on the plain!

Ne'er in their cheerful garb t' have seen the fair,
While all, with melting eyes and wild dishevel'd
hair,

Had mourn'd their brothers, sons, and husbands
These dusky shadows make this scene more bright;

The horror adds to the delight.

This glorious pomp our spirits cheers; from hence
We lucky omens take, new happiness commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering clouds a storm prepare
And their black force associate in the air,

(Endeavouring to eclipse the bounteous light,

Who, with kind warmth, and powerful rays,

Them to that envy'd height

From their mean native earth did raise)

A thoughtful sadness sits on all,

Expecting where the full-charg'd clouds will fall:

But if the heavenly bow

Deck'd like a gaudy bride appears,

And all her various robes displays,

Painted by th' conquering sun's triumphant rays

It mortals drooping spirits cheers;
 Fresh joy, new light, each visage wears:
 Again the seaman trusts the main,
 The jocund swains their coverts leave again;
 Again, in pleasant warbling notes,
 The cheerful poets of the wood extend their tune-
 ful throats.

IV.

Then, then, my muse, raise with the lyre thy
 voice,
 And with thy lays make fields and woods rejoice:
 For, lo! the heavenly pledge appears,
 And in bright characters the promise bears:
 The factious deluge shall prevail no more;
 In vain they foam, in vain they rage,
 Buffet in vain the unmov'd shore, [assuage.
 Her charms, and Charles's power, their fury shall
 See! see! how decently the bashful bride
 Does bear her conquest; with how little pride
 She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
 Who made the north with fear to quake,
 And did that powerful empire shake;
 Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,
 The frightened Roman eagles fled.

V.

Whatever then was his desire,
 His cannons did command in fire:
 Now he himself for pity prays,
 His love in timorous sighs he breathes,
 While all his spoils, and glorious wreaths
 Of laurel, at her feet the vanquish'd warrior lays.
 Great prince! by that submission you'll gain more
 Than e'er your haughty courage won before;
 Here on your knees a greater trophy gain,
 Than that you brought from Lunsden's famous
 plain;
 Where, when your brother, fired with success,
 Too daringly upon the foe did press,
 And was a captive made, then you alone
 Did with your single arm support the throne:
 Your generous breast, with fury boiling o'er,
 Like lightning through their scatter'd troops you
 flew, [bore.
 And from th' amazed foe the royal prize in triumph

VI.

You have your ancestors in this one act out-done,
 Though their successful arms did this whole isle
 o'er-run.

They, to revenge a ravish'd lady, came,
 You, to enjoy one spotless as your fame:
 Before them, as they march'd, the country fled,
 And back behind them threw
 Their curses as they flew;
 On the bleak shore, expecting you, they stand,
 And with glad shouts conduct to land:
 Through gaping crowds you're forc'd to press
 your way, [ones pray
 While virgins sigh, the young men shout, and old
 And with this beauteous lady you may gain
 (This lady, that alone
 Of greater value is than any throne)
 Without that rapine, guilt, and hate,
 By a calm and even fate,
 That empire, which they did so short a while
 maintain.

O D E

ON THE SAME OCCASION *.

I.

Hinc, hinc, Camœnæ, cedite inutiles,
 Nam cor potenti numine gaudium
 Afflavit, exultansque pectus
 Corripuit meliore flammâ.
 Talesque cantus fundere gestio,
 Ismene, quales auribus hauseras
 Utrisque, quando Dithyrambis
 Pindarus incaluit solutis.
 Dum nescit æquo flumine gaudium
 Prolabi, et arctis limitibus, vagè
 Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorsum,
 Vorticibus furit inquietis.
 Adsis, triumphos dum canimus tuos,
 Adsis, Cupido, illabere pectori:
 Dum personamus te, decoris
 Carminibus, bona Cypris, adsis.
 Cypron beatam sperne volatilis,
 Huc, huc Amorum septa cohortibus,
 Molire gressus, ad Britannos
 Cæruleos age, Diva, currus.

Fallor? an ex lævâ Convexi parte sereni
 Diva vocata venit?
 Ecce! citis magnum (pendens in verbere prona)
 Tranat inane rotis.
 Fronde comas, auroque premit pulcherrima, Mar-
 Qualis adire solet. [tem
 Gaudia, Blanditias, hilari vultuque renidens
 Spargit ubique Jocos.
 Lascivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
 Idaliusque puer.
 Adventu dispersa Deæ sunt nubila, venti
 Nec fremuere minis.
 Dum Nymphas una ante alias formosior omnes,
 Dignaque cura Deæ,
 Sic pæana canit, cælum et modulamine complet
 Vox sociata lyræ:

"Egregiam laudem, Venus, et spolia ampla re-
 fertis
 Tuque, Puerque tuus; si Virgo Britannica victa
 Agnoscat numen (mentem jam faucia) vestrum.
 Si votis, si sæva ullis insucta moveri,
 Aut precibus præbere suas tractabilis aures,
 Illum jam sentit, quem non miserata furorem est.
 Fervidus et Daniæ Princeps, cui prælia curæ,
 (Detestata Tibi) pictis et splendor in armis,
 Qui nec militiam vestram, nec castra, Cupido,
 Novit, sed flammæ et inania spicula risit,
 Dum trepidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
 Jam venerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
 Extendit palmas ad numina læsa rebelles.

Jam non bella placent, et lituo lyram
 Præfert, atque caput Itali casside ferreâ
 Urgeri solitum, divitis Itali
 Unguentum redolens, suæ

* From the "Hymenæus Catabrigiensis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683."

Reclinat gremio conjugis; immemor
Somni, dumque vagis luminibus deam
Perlustrat, roseis oscula quæ labris
Libavit sitiens bibit,

Deponitque gravi militiâ latus
Defessum in thalamo lætus amabili:
Hæc mercede juvant vulnera, sic caput
Objecisse periculis.

Plaudit, Dione, læta Britannia,
Olim cruentum nec meminit mare,
Fusosve cives indecorè, aut
Regna Dano populata forti;

Hæc dum renidens vindicat omnia
Pulchris ocellis Anna, Georgium
Ducensque captivum catenis,
Per thalamum graditur triumphans.

Tuisque surgit laudibus Hæstia,
Volvendo retrò secula præcinens,
Cum Cimber Anglo junctus omni
Det trepido sua jura mundo,

Iò Dione! Suecia jam canit,
Pulsos colonos dum neque fulgidis
Deterret armis, nec trenjendo
Georgius indomitus tumultu.

Vos, par beatum, ter, ter et ampliùs,
Vos obligatam ferte deæ dapem,
Semperque amantes hanc benignam
Perpetuo celebrate plausu!

CAROLUS MONTAGU, *Generosus, et A. M. Trin. Coll.*

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

OCCASIONED BY A POSTSCRIPT OF PENN'S LETTER.

NOT all the threats or favour of a crown,
A prince's whisper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the spirit, or allure the mind,
Of him, who to strict honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleasure that does wait
On public places, and affairs of state,
Should fondly court him to be base and great;
With even passions, and with settled face,
He would remove the harlot's false embrace.
Thou all the storms and tempests should arise,
That church-magicians in their cells advise,
And from their settled basis nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence condemn them all,
And decently array'd in honours fall.

For this, brave Shrewsbury and Lumley's name
Shall stand the foremost in the list of fame;
Who first with steady minds the current broke,
And to the suppliant monarch boldly spoke;
"Great Sir, renown'd for constancy, how just
"Have we obey'd the crown, and serv'd our trust,

"Espous'd your cause and interest in distress,
"Yourself must witness, and our foes confess!
"Permit us then ill fortune to accuse,
"That you at last unhappy councils use,
"And ask the only thing we must refuse.
"Our lives and fortunes freely we'll expose,
"Honour alone we cannot, must not lose;
"Honour, that spark of the celestial fire,
"That above nature makes mankind aspire;
"Ennobles the rude passions of our frame
"With thirst of glory, and desire of fame;
"The richest treasure of a generous breast,
"That gives the stamp and standard to the rest:
"Wit, strength, and courage, are wild dangerous
"force,
"Unless this softens and directs their course;
"And would you rob us of the noblest part?
"Accept a sacrifice without a heart?
"'Tis much beneath the greatness of a throne,
"To take the casket when the jewel's gone;
"Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
"And teach the nobles to be false and base;
"What confidence can you in them repose,
"Who, ere they serve you, all their value lose?
"Who once enslave their conscience to their
"lust,
"Have lost their reins, and can no more be just.
"Of honour, men at first like women nice,
"Raise maiden scruples at unpractis'd vice;
"Their modest nature curbs the struggling flame,
"And stifles what they wish to act, with shame:
"But once this fence thrown down, when they
"perceive
"That they may taste forbidden fruit and live;
"They stop not here their course, but safely in,
"Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in sin;
"True to no principles, press forward still,
"And only bound by appetite their will:
"Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
"But shift with every veering blast their sails.
"Mark those that meanly truckle to your power,
"They once deserted, and chang'd sides before,
"And would to morrow Mahomet adore.
"On higher springs true men of honour move,
"Free is their service, and unbought their love:
"When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
"With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
"When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
"And shook with gathering multitudes the throne,
"Where were the minions then? What arm, what
"force,
"Could they oppose to stop the torrent's course?
"Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly stood,
"Free of their lives, and lavish of their blood;
"But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
"With the same constancy they all resign."
Thus spake the youth, who open'd first the
way,
And was the phosph'rus to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious splendid host,
Than any age, or any realm can boast:
So great their fame, so numerous their train,
To name were endless, and to praise in vain;
But Herbert and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar;

So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
 Exceeding wonder, and surpassing fame:
 Rise, glorious church, erect thy radiant head;
 The storm is past, th' impending tempest fled;
 Had fate decreed thy ruin or disgrace,
 It had not given such sons so brave a race;
 When for destruction heaven a realm designs,
 The symptoms first appear in slavish minds.
 These men would prop a sinking nation's weight,
 Stop falling vengeance, and reverse ev'n fate.
 Let other nations boast their fruitful soil,
 Their fragrant spices, their rich wine and oil;
 In breathing colours, and in living paint,
 Let them excel; their mastery we grant.
 But to instruct the mind, to arm the soul
 With virtue which no dangers can control;
 Exalt the thought, a speedy courage lend,
 That horror cannot shake, or pleasure bend;
 These are the English arts, these we profess,
 To be the same in misery and success;
 To teach oppressors law, assist the good,
 Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.
 Such are our souls: but what doth worth avail
 When kings commit to hungry priests the scale?
 All merit's light when they dispose the weight,
 Who either would embroil or rule the state,
 Defame those heroes who their yoke refuse,
 And blast that honesty they cannot use;
 The strength and safety of the crown destroy,
 And the king's power against himself employ;
 Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
 Bereft of these, he must become their slave.
 Men, like our money, come the most in play,
 For being base, and of a course allay.
 The richest medals, and the purest gold,
 Of native value, and exactest mould,
 By worth conceal'd, in private closets shine,
 For vulgar use too precious and too fine;
 Whilst tin and copper with new stamping bright,
 Coin of base metal, counterfeit and light,
 Do all the business of the nation's turn,
 Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in scorn;
 So shining virtues are for courts too bright,
 Whose guilty actions fly the searching light:
 Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
 Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
 Give place to fools, whose rash misjudging sense
 Increases the weak measures of their prince;
 They blindly and implicitly run on,
 Nor see those dangers which the others shun;
 Who, slow to act, each business duly weigh,
 Advise with freedom, and with care obey;
 With wisdom fatal to their interest, strive
 To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
 Such have no place where priests and women reign,
 Who love fierce drivers, and a looser rein.

AN EPISTLE

TO

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

Occasioned by his Majesty's victory in Ireland, 1690.

WHAT! shall the king the nation's genius raise,
 And make us rival our great Edward's days;

Yet not one muse, worthy a conqueror's name,
 Attend his triumphs, and record his fame?
 Oh, Dorset! you alone this fault can mend,
 The muses' darling, confident, and friend;
 The poets are your charge, and, if unfit,
 You should be fin'd to furnish abler wit;
 Oblig'd to quit your ease, and draw again,
 To paint the greatest hero, the best pen.

A hero, who thus early doth out-shine
 The ancient honours of his glorious line;
 And, soaring more sublimely to renown,
 The memory of their pious triumphs drown;
 Whose actions are deliver'd o'er to fame,
 As types and figures of his greater name.

When fate some mighty genius has design'd,
 For the relief and wonder of mankind,
 Nature takes time to answer the intent,
 And climbs, by slow degrees, the steep ascent:
 She toils and labours with the growing weight,
 And watches carefully the steps of fate;
 Till all the seeds of providence unite,
 To set the hero in a happy light;
 Then, in a lucky and propitious hour,
 Exerts her force, and calls forth all her power.

In Nassau's race she made this long essay:
 Heroes and patriots prepar'd the way,
 And promis'd, in their dawn, this brighter day;
 A public spirit distinguish'd all the line,
 Successive virtues in each branch did shine,
 Till this last glory rose, and crown'd the great
 design.

Blest be his name! and peaceful lie his grave,
 Who durst his native soil, lost Holland, save!
 But William's genius takes a wider scope,
 And gives the injur'd, in all kingdoms, hope;
 Born to subdue insulting tyrants' rage,
 The ornament and terror of the age;
 The refuge where afflicted nations find
 Relief from those oppressors of mankind,
 Whom laws restrain not, and no oaths can bind.
 Him, their deliverer Europe does confess,
 All tongues extol, and all religions bless;
 The Po, the Danube, Boetis, and the Rhine,
 United in his praise, their wonder join;
 While, in the public cause, he takes the field,
 And shelter'd nations fight behind his shield.
 His foes themselves dare not applause refuse:
 And shall such actions want a faithful muse?
 Poets have this to boast: without their aid,
 The freshest laurels nipp'd by malice, fade,
 And virtue to oblivion is betray'd:
 The proudest honours have a narrow date,
 Unless they vindicate their names from fate.

But who is equal to sustain the part?
 Dryden has numbers, but he wants a heart;
 Injoin'd a penance, which is too severe
 For playing once the fool to persevere.
 Others, who knew the trade, have laid it down:
 And, looking round, I find you stand alone.

How, Sir, can you, or any English Muse,
 Our country's fame, our monarch's arms, refuse?
 'Tis not my want of gratitude, but skill,
 Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
 I cannot sing of conquests as I ought,
 And my breath fails to swell a lusty note.

I know my compass, and my muse's size,
She loves to sport and play, but dares not rise;
Idly affects, in this familiar way,
In easy numbers loosely to convey,
What mutual friendship would at distance say.

Poets assume another tone and voice,
When victory's their theme, and arms their choice.
To follow heroes in the chace of fame,
Asks force and heat, and fancy wing'd with flame.
What words can paint the royal warrior's face?
What colours can the figure boldly raise,
When, cover'd o'er with comely dust and smoke,
He pierc'd the foe, and thickest squadrons broke?
His bleeding arm, still painful with the sore,
Which, in his people's cause, the pious father bore:
Whom, cleaving through the troops a glorious way,

Not the united force of France and hell could stay.

Oh, Dorset! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
And, if my strength could answer my desire,
In speaking paint this figure should be seen,
Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mien;
And gods descending should adorn the scene.

See, see! upon the banks of Boyne he stands,
By his own view adjusting his commands:
Calm and serene the armed coast surveys,
And, in cool thoughts, the different chances weighs.

Then, fir'd with fame, and eager of renown,
Resolves to end the war, and fix the throne.
From wing to wing the squadrons bending stand,
And close their ranks to meet their king's command;

The drums and trumpets sleep, the sprightly noise
Of neighing steeds, and cannons louder voice,
Suspended in attention, banish far

All hostile sounds, and hush the din of war:
The silent troops stretch forth an eager look,
Listening with joy, while thus their general spoke:

"Come, fellow-soldiers, follow me once more,
"And fix the fate of Europe on that shore;
"Your courage only waits from me the word,
"But England's happiness commands my sword:
"In her defence I every part will bear,
"The soldier's danger, and the prince's care,
"And envy any arm an equal share.

"Set all that's dear to men before your fight:
"For laws, religion, liberty, we fight;
"To save your wives from rape, your towns from flame,

Redeem your country sold, and vindicate her
At whose request and timely call I rose,

"To tempt my fate, and all my hopes expose;
"Struggled with adverse storms and winter seas,
"That in my labours you might find your ease.

"Let other monarchs dictate from afar,
"And write the empty triumphs of the war;
"In lazy palaces supinely rust;
"My sword shall justify my people's trust,
"For which—But I your victory delay;
"Come on; I and my genius lead the way."

He said, new life and joy ran through the host,
And sense of danger in their wonder lost;
Precipitate they plunge into the flood,
In vain the waves, the banks, the men, withstood:

The king leads on, the king does all inflame,
The king—and carries millions in the name.

As when the swelling ocean bursts his bounds,
And foaming overwhelms the neighbouring grounds,

The roaring deluge, rushing headlong on,
Sweeps cities in its course, and bears whole forests down;

So on the foe the firm battalions prest,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the rest;
Fierce, gallant, young, he shot through every place,

Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chace;
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face.

Stop! stop! brave prince! allay that generous flame,

Enough is given to England, and to fame.

Remember, Sir, you in the centre stand,
Europe's divided interests you command,
All their designs uniting in your hand:
Down from your throne descends the golden chain,
Which does the fabric of our world sustain;
That once dissolv'd by any fatal stroke,
The scheme of all our happiness is broke.

Stop! stop! brave prince! fleets may repair again,

And routed armies rally on the plain;
But ages are requir'd to raise so great a man!

Hear, how the waves of French ambition roar,
Disdaining bounds, and breaking on the shore,
Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild destructive power,

That strength remov'd; again, again, they flow,
Lay Europe waste, nor law nor limits know.

Stop! stop! brave prince—what, does your Muse, Sir, faint?

Proceed, pursue his conquests—faith, I can't:
My spirits sink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and fury carry'd me thus far
Transported and amaz'd——

That rage once spent, I can no more sustain
Your flights, your energies, and tragic strain,
But fall back to my natural pace again;
In humble verse provoking you to rhyme;
I wish there were more Dorset's at this time.

Oh! if in France this hero had been born,
What glittering tinsel would his acts adorn!
There 'tis immortal fame, and high renown,
To steal a country, and to buy a town:
There triumphs are o'er kings and kingdoms sold,
And captive virtue led in chains of gold.

If courage could, like courts, be kept in pay,
What sums would Louis give, that France might say

That victory follow'd where he led the way?
He all his conquests would for this refund,
And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
Then, what advice, to spread his real fame,
Would pass between Versailles and Nôtre-dame?
Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,

And operas repeat no other sound:
Boyne would, for ages, be the painter's theme,
The Gobelins labour, and the poets dream:

The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms,
And bleed for ever scarlet in the looms:
Boileau with this would plume his artful pen:
And can your muse be silent? Think again.

Spare your advice; and since you have begun,
Finish your own design; the work is done.

Done! nothing's done! nor the dead colours
laid,

And the most glorious scenes stand undisplay'd:
A thousand generous actions close the rear;
A thousand virtues, still behind, stand crowding
to appear.

The queen herself, the charming queen should
grace

The noble piece, and in an artful place
Softens war's horror with her lovely face.
Who can omit the queen's auspicious smile,
The pride of the fair sex, the goddess of our isle?
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her fears for him, her prudence for the state?
Disguising cares, she smooth'd her looks with
grace,

Doubts in her heart, and pleasure in her face,
As danger did approach, her spirits rose,
And, putting on the king, dismay'd his foes.
Now, all in joy, she gilds the cheerful court;
In every glance descending angels sport.
As on the hills of Cynthus, or the meads
Of cool Eurotas, when Diana leads

The chorus of her nymphs, who there advance
A thousand shining maids, and form the dance;
The stately goddess with a graceful pride,
Sweet and majestic, does the figure guide,
Treading in just and easy measures round;
The silver arrows on her shoulder sound;
She walks above them all. Such is the scene
Of the bright circle, and the brighter queen.

These subjects do, my lord, your skill command,
These none may touch with an unhallow'd hand:
Tender the strokes must be, and nicely writ,
Disguis'd encomiums must be hid in wit,
Which modesty, like theirs, will e'er admit.
Who made no other steps to such a throne,
But to deserve, and to receive, the crown.

WRITTEN AT ALTHROP,

In a blank Leaf of Waller's Poems,

UPON SEEING VANDYKE'S PICTURE OF THE
OLD LADY SUNDERLAND.

VANDYKE had colours, softness, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire;
And Sacharissa was his fond desire.
Why then at Althorp seem her charms to faint,
In these sweet numbers and that glowing paint?
This happy seat a fairer mistress warms;
This shining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brightest Sacharissa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could soar;
But she ne'er made a finish'd piece before.

VOL. VI.

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF
THE KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

Duchess of St. Alban's.

THE line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race com-
plete;
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

Duchess of Beaufort.

Offspring of a tuneful fire,
Blest with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a mother's face,
Blest with more than mortal grace;
Yox with double charms surprise,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady Mary Churchill.

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,
Blest with your parents wit, and her first bloom-
ing face;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

Duchess of Richmond.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boast,
Theirs was the first, and ours the brightest toast;
Th' adorers offerings prove who's most divine,
They sacrific'd in water, we in wine.

Lady Sunderland.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear:
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

Mademoiselle Spanbeime.

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The stubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toasts enrol your name.

ON THE

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF ****.

COURAGE, dear Moll, and drive away despair.
Mopsa, who in her youth was scarce thought fair,
In spite of age, experience, and decays,
Sets up for charming, in her fading days;
Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow
Have at the heart of every ogling beau!
This goodly goose, all feather'd like a jay,
So gravely vain, and so demurely gay,
Last night, t' adorn the court, did overload
Her bald buff forehead with a high commode:

3 C

Her steps were manag'd with such tender art,
 As if each board had been a lover's heart,
 In all her air, in every glance, was seen
 A mixture strange, 'twixt fifty and fifteen.
 Admiring fops about her crowding prefs;
 Hampden himself delivers their address,
 Which she, accepting with a nice disdain,
 Owns them her subjects, and begins to reign:
 Fair queen of Fopland is her royal style;
 Fopland! the greatest part of this great isle!
 Nature did ne'er so equally divide
 A female heart, 'twixt piety and pride:
 Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
 And, all in order, on her toilet lay
 Prayer-books, patch-boxes, sermon notes, and
 paint,
 At once t' improve the sinner and the saint.
 Farewell, friend Moll; expect no more from me;
 But if you would a full description see,
 You'll find her somewhere in the Litany,
 With pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy.

VERSES BY LORD HALIFAX,

From Dr. Z. Grey's MSS.

ALL the materials are the same
 Of beauty and desire,
 In a fair woman's goodly frame
 No brightness is without a flame,
 No flame without a fire.
 Then tell me what those creatures are,
 That would be thought both chaste and fair?

Go ask but thy philosophy
 What gives her lips the balm,
 What makes her breasts to heave so high,
 What spirit gives motion to her eye,
 Or moisture to her palm?
 Then tell me, &c.

Ah Cælia, then, be not so nice,
 For that betrays thy thoughts and thee;
 There's not a feature or a grace
 Bedecks thy body or thy face,
 But pimps within for me.
 Then tell me, &c.

ON
 O R P H E U S
 AND

SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITA.

HAIL, tuneful pair! say, by what wondrous
 charms, [arms?
 One 'scap'd from hell, and one from Greber's
 When the soft Thracian touch'd the trembling
 strings, [wings:
 The winds were hush'd, and curl'd their airy
 And when the tawny Tuscan rais'd her strain,
 Rook furls his sails, and dozes on the main.
 Treaties unfinish'd in the office sleep,
 And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.
 Thus equal charms and equal conquests claim;
 To him high woods and bending timber came, }
 To her shrub Hedges and tall Nottingham.

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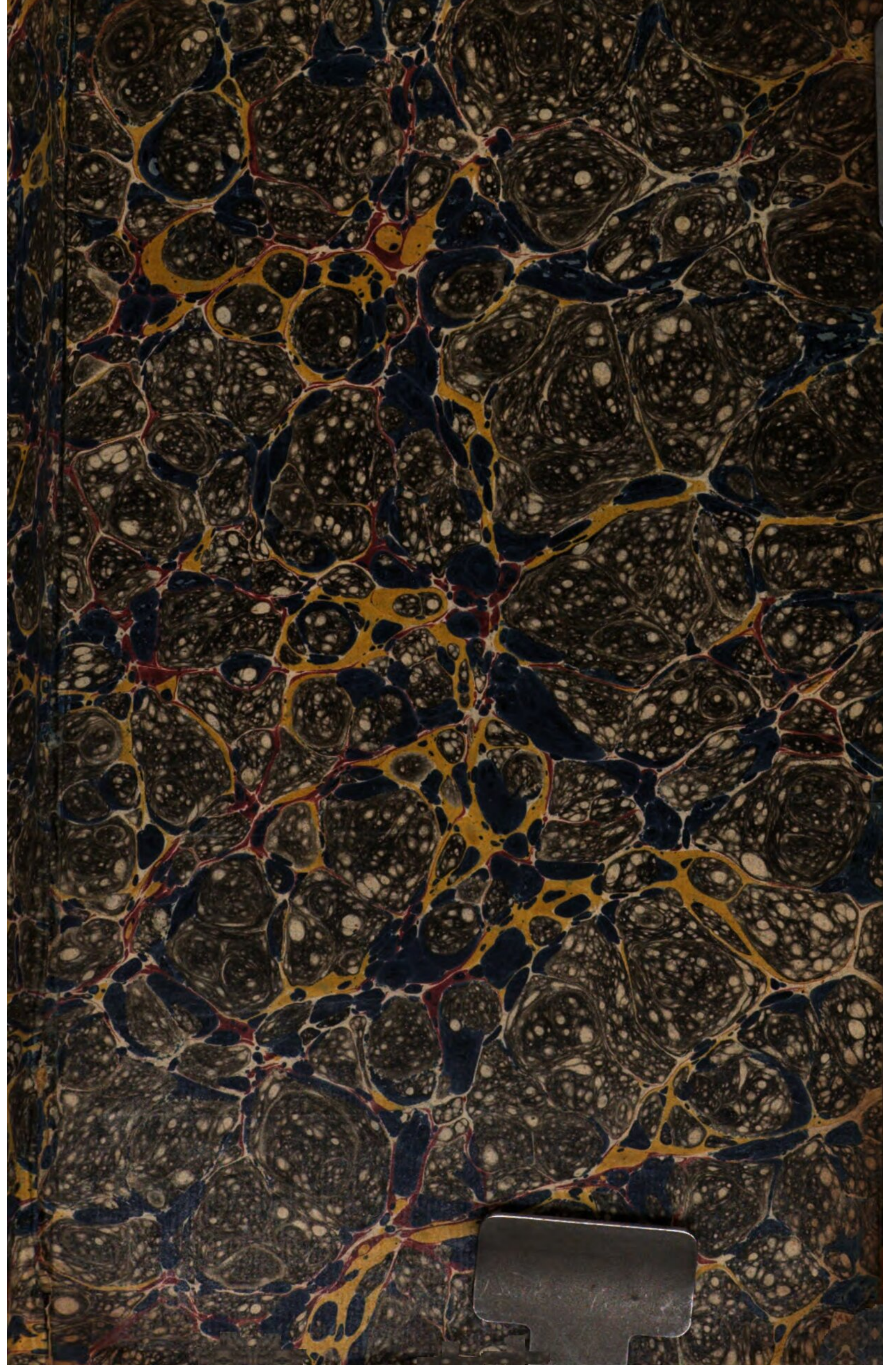
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